

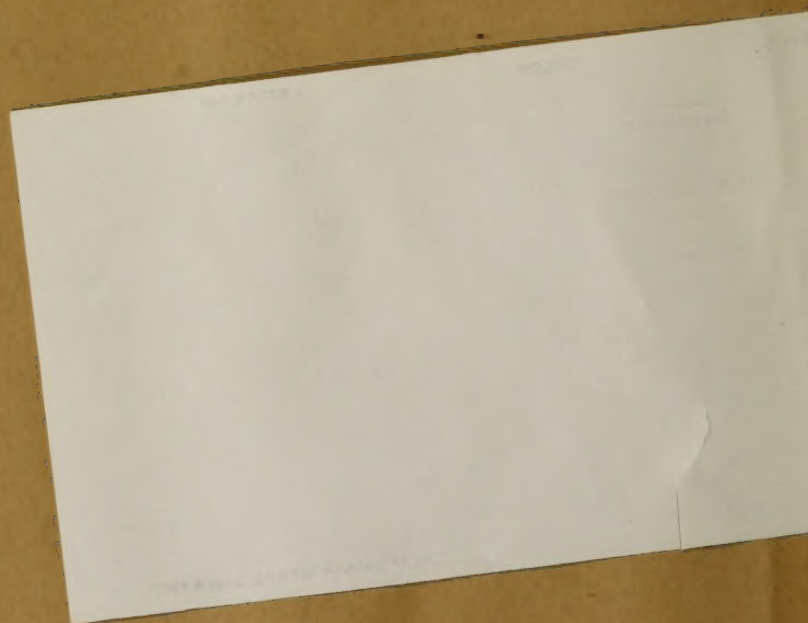
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXIV. No. 1141

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 4, 1914

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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San Francisco, July 4, 1914

No. 1141

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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The State Versus Ruef

The Hon. "Tears" McLaughlin, now prison commissioner by grace of Governor Johnson, long famous in nativesondom for his facility of lacrimation, earned and won his sobriquet while practicing the gentle art of spellbinding. It has been supposed that when he dissolved in tears the delinquency was induced by the sound of his own voice; for its accents in pathetic passages are as sobful as his sentiments and not less heartrending. But it appears that the self-melting of the distinguished commissioner is not a tonal phenomenon at all. He can even write himself into tears, as we learn from his elaborate letter explanatory of his scruples against the paroling of Abe Ruef. This letter abounds in imaginary pictures of human anguish that must have rent the soul of the author and tapped every susceptible duct in his system. If the paper before him wasn't soaked, it was because he keeps a lacrimatory at hand for just such emergencies. Commissioner McLaughlin it appears has no prejudices against Ruef, but he thinks it would set a bad example to let him out. He explains that he didn't need to hear Ruef's petition as he knows the Ruef case from A to Z, having followed it faithfully in the press. The commissioner we fear has not a good memory. He should go over the record again. Ruef's case is peculiar in this,—that he was deprived of his liberty without a hearing which, it is universally admitted, he was entitled to. Whatever were the sins of Ruef against the State, multiply them a hundredfold and they will still be less than the one sin of the great State of California against him. If it be said that Ruef is asking too much when he asks the commissioners to give him the benefit of a liberal interpretation of the law of parole rather than compel him to suffer the disadvantage of one of their own rules, it may be said by way of retort that Ruef is asking too little when instead of demanding that he be pardoned he merely asks to be paroled. But why enter into disputation with Commissioner McLaughlin, the puppet of Governor Johnson! Is it because Governor Johnson is a stickler

for technicalities that the man who was accidentally jockeyed out of a hearing in the Supreme Court is kept in a prison cell in despite the denial to him of a Constitutional guarantee? The improbability of such being the case will be obvious to any one who will read the record of Governor Johnson's behavior as the prosecutor of Ruef. No, Governor Johnson has no superstitious reverence for technicalities. There must be some other reason for his stern and uncompromising attitude toward Ruef; a reason not to be recklessly divulged, maybe. Whatever it is it may have something of the nature of a two-edge sword, for the man who was once regarded chiefly as a rogue is rapidly taking on the appearance of a martyr.

The Pinchot Impertinence

Superficially regarded the demand of one of the Pinchot brothers for the resignation of George W. Perkins from the Progressive party is but a random impertinence, but philosophically considered it must be applauded for its inspirational effect. It has been often asserted and as often denied that there is but one Progressive and his name is Teddy. The dullest Pinchot has made the matter clear. The Progressive party was in Europe when the Pinchot demanded the resignation of Perkins. Immediately from all sections of the country came echoes of the Pinchot demand—for be it known the rich Pinchot brothers have a very efficient press bureau, the same one that they organized to blacken the Taft Administration when the Forester was conducting his conspiracy against the Secretary of the Interior. It seemed as though the sentiment against Perkins was unanimous in the Army of Armageddon. Then the Progressive party came back, and when he heard of the attack on the "angel" of the last campaign he threw a fit and split the welkin with his roar. "If they read Perkins out they'll have to read me out too," said Teddy. And at once everybody understood. Without Teddy there would be no Progressive party: nothing but wooden images, pale reflections like Chester Rowell and Judge Lindsey and Victor Murdock. Teddy is all but one of the parts of the party—its head, heart, mouth, lungs and spleen—and Perkins is the leg.

Okuma on Deck

When Count Okuma was empowered to form a Cabinet in Japan some months ago it was to be expected that Japan's protests against the California alien land law would soon be renewed and that demand would be made for a settlement of the issue. Okuma is the incarnation of all that is proud, spirited and self-conscious in the patriotism of Japan. A Samurai by birth, he is intensely democratic and therefore

very popular. He reflects the sentiments and aspirations of modern Japan, and is bent on compelling recognition of his country as the equal of any Western Power without exception. While he is the cordial friend of the United States, he will never consent to any discrimination against his countrymen. Under his Premiership a strong foreign policy will be adopted, for this is what he has always advocated. He is on record in favor of naval expansion, and though he is in favor of devoting all effort at present to the development of Corea, Manchuria and Formosa, he believes that in time there will be emigration on a considerable scale to South America. He maintains that if the United States ever sells the Philippines they should be conveyed to Japan as the great Asiatic Power in the Far East. So Okuma is a man with ideas; and as the Japanese have a blind faith in his wisdom and patriotism whatever course he resolves to pursue he will have the people at his back.

A White House Transcendentalist

The tide of foolishness in the affairs of this nation is now at the full. If presently the resources of rampant lunacy are exhausted, and the tide ebbs, and we return from protracted pursuit of the ideal to a state of equilibrium, we shall be indebted to President Wilson, the man who used to teach the young idea to shoot beneath the bangs of the girls at Byrn Mawr. Believing that he is hastening the day of relief we feel that we should not get too angry with him or lose our patience in his moments of tete-a-tete with the infinite. In a very definite sense President Wilson is rendering a great public service. He is rushing us to the logical wind-up of a debauch of ideals that we have been on for more than a lustrum. It is well that we should get the fumes out of our system, quit canting, and return to earth from that higher plane where we have been threatening to beat the angels at their own game. How long in ordinary circumstances and the absence of Mr. Wilson we might go on disdaining the practicable and real, and preening ourselves on our high altitude above the lowlands of a sordid workaday world, it is impossible to say, but with the help of the esthetic gentleman in the White House we must soon regain our senses. And though the disillusioning of us is not intentional we should nevertheless expedite our grateful acknowledgements to our scholarly President. Mr. Wilson is the first genuine exponent of twentieth century American transcendentalism to give us a taste of the angel food that our college professors and higher cultists have been baking through the years. When he was placed in nomination at Baltimore by Judge Wescott that gentleman said of him that he was "a

statesman, not a doctrinaire, a political economist, not an egotistical theorist," but now we see that Judge Wescott didn't know what he was talking about. If you want to know the real Wilson read his speeches. Here is a paragraph with an autobiographical interest from his address at the American University:

"The object of scholarship, the object of all knowledge, whether you call it by the large name of scholarship or not, is to understand, is to comprehend, is to know what the need of mankind is and to find that need in yourself, so that you can interpret it without going to the books—merely by looking in your own heart and listening to your own understanding."

There you have the real Transcendentalist, the man who scorns facts and insists on the power of Thought and of Will, on inspiration, on miracle, on individual culture. Mr. Wilson is the man of the internal oracle. He is a walking Delphi.

A Benevolent Nation

On consulting the internal oracle President Wilson found that it was up to him "to release the human spirit," as he said, "from every kind of thralldom," which explains why he has been spending the money and blood of his countrymen in Mexico. Further it was at the instigation of the oracle that he dedicated the United States to the service of mankind. Incredible? Yes, but true nevertheless. Be not incredulous in these piping times of piffle. It is not easy to exaggerate the news from Washington where ardent souls suspire a finer air than hereabouts. To our Transcendentalist the world is an allegory, and he is the appointed apostle of the higher life maintaining the fire of Vesta. If you are in doubt about the dedication of the United States read these words delivered by our President on Flag Day in Washington: "No nation is ever going to doubt our power to assert our rights or to put it (the flag) to the best use to which a great emblem of justice can be put. . . . Henceforth to stand for self-possession, for dignity, for the assertion of our right to serve the other nations of the world." The sentiments thus expressed were first uttered by the President over the dead of Vera Cruz. And it is because of the policy thus outlined that we are serving Mexico by supporting Villa. Also it is in pursuance of that policy that we have assumed an attitude of contrition in Colombia where we purpose to salve the wounds inflicted by a previous Administration. We are taking many steps to convince the world of our magnanimity and disinterestedness. We have entered, under the rule of the foremost Idealist, on a policy of universal mediatorship abroad, while at home we are putting all business under the tutelage of government bureaus, inspectors, investigators and dictators. There has been too much material success in this country, and not enough spiritual endeavor to suit the pious panjandaram; consequently profits must be kept down and aspirations must be heightened. Naturally, now that the people are perceiving just what idealism

means they will be seized shortly with a longing for a return to common sense. The true prophet has opened their eyes, and they are able to see that the Promised Land is a broad stretch of barren soil.

The New Freedom

All our worries and anxieties will be assuaged when President Wilson puts through his anti-trust legislation. We have the President's word for it. Unfortunately as the President's infallibility has not yet been decreed by Providence, there is a great deal of scepticism regarding the general policy of improving things by the simple process of transferring the management of private business to public commissions. This policy postulates the superior wisdom, impeccable virtue and all-round efficiency of our politicians. Now surely we do not have to be told that there is no warrant for such an assumption. Many years ago the same absurd theory on which our statesmen are acting prevailed in England, and Herbert Spencer discussed the folly of the course that was being pursued in his essay on "Over-Legislation," which makes interesting reading at this time in view of what is happening in Washington. Spencer pointed out that while we no longer coerce men for their spiritual good, we still think ourselves called upon to coerce men for their material good—not seeing that one is as useless and unwarrantable as the other. "Take up a daily paper," he said, "and you will probably find a leader exposing corruption, negligence or mismanagement of some State department. Cast your eye down the next column, and it is not unlikely that you will read proposals for an extension of State-supervision. Yesterday came a charge of gross carelessness against the Colonial office; today Admiralty bunglings are burlesqued; tomorrow brings the question: 'Should there not be more coal mine inspectors?' Now there is a complaint that the Board of Health is useless; and now an outcry for more railway regulation." While every day chronicled a failure, said Spencer, every day there reappeared the belief that it needed "but an Act of Parliament and a staff of officers to effect any end desired." This is precisely as it is today. We see the State unable to fulfil efficiently or decently its elemental duties, and yet we are increasing its powers and the scope of its activities.

Prohibition in Kansas

The dull person never makes a more amusing exhibition of his vacuity and self-sufficiency than when in controversy he argues himself in the wrong believing the while that he is overwhelming his adversary. An instance of this sort of asininity is to be found in last week's issue of Collier's, the most zealous of all prohibition organs. Prohibitionists have long been worried about conditions in Kansas, which is one of the States that the allied interests point to as an illustration of the futility of prohibition. Now a writer in Collier's would have us believe that prohibition has been vindicated in Kansas, and he says:

"The antibooze laws have been on the books thirty years, but until six years ago they were enforced spasmodically or in spots." He goes on: "Seven years ago the Kansas towns along the Missouri River all had open saloons. There was no pretense of complying with the law. There were more saloons in Atchison, for instance, than in any high license town of equal size." But for the last six years the lid has been on, and this fact, according to the writer in Collier's, proves that prohibition is a blessing. Now consider the absurdity of this argument. A law has been enforced six years out of the thirty years of its existence, therefore it is a good law, and all other States should follow the example of the State against which so stinging an indictment may justly be brought. What is to be inferred as to conditions in Kansas during the twenty-four years of the open violation of the law? Kansas of course was governed by men who took advantage of opportunity made by prohibition. A strong temptation was put in their way by the fanatics of the "holy cause" and the temptation was not resisted. Wholesale blackmail was practiced in Kansas, the officials were grafters, every saloon-keeper was a law-breaker, and public sentiment was quiescent. Obviously the people of Kansas themselves were implicated in the crimes. All of which bears out the official ballot argument of the allied interests of California. In the course of that argument it is said that "nothing ever remains of any artificial reform except what was ripe in the conscience of the masses;" also, that prohibition "breeds general demoralization," since officials "are corrupted by law-breakers as always where laws are not sanctioned by a heartfelt and vigilant public sentiment." The people of Kansas wanted booze and they got it, but now the lid is on. How long will the lid remain on? Does Collier's know? How long does a lid remain on anywhere? The lid is on, but the Demon has not abandoned Kansas. The open saloon has gone, but the blind pig has taken its place. Yet Collier's insists that prohibition is a great success in Kansas, and tells us that there has been reared in Kansas "a generation of young men who don't know what alcohol tastes like." How rapid is the growth of a generation in Kansas! And how lovely not to know the taste of alcohol provided one has been reared in an atmosphere of hypocrisy and corruption where the Demon mocks at the institutions of a great State!

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CLXXXIV—FRANK BURT

By Edward F. O'Day

Frank Burt is the Atlas of Panama-Pacific. Not that he reminds you of a Cram or Rand-McNally publication. I don't mean that kind of atlas. I am thinking of the elderly Sandow of mythology who held the world on his shoulders. Frank Burt is not sustaining a world, but he's supporting a World's Fair. No World's Fair can succeed if its concessions department loses money, and Frank Burt is Director of Concessions for Panama-Pacific. A stocky little man, vigorous, alert and clear of eye, Frank Burt carries the weight of our Exposition much more easily than you or I would carry the responsibility of a church entertainment. There is no record in the classical writers that Atlas ever dropped the world; and after meeting Frank Burt and talking to him, you become quite confident that our World's Fair won't suffer any mishap as long as he's on the job.

It was a lucky day for the Fair when Thornwell Mullally of the Concessions department, casting about for a Director of Concessions, discovered that Frank Burt was the man for the place. When you get to know something of Frank Burt's career you begin to think that fate shaped his life to train him for his present position. It took Frank Burt thirty years to accumulate the experience which he is now putting at the service of our World's Fair directors. He is wise in the ways of human nature. He has an X-ray eye for frauds and bluffers. He knows the amusement business forwards and backwards. He keeps right up to date. And the best warranty of his success as Director of Concessions is that he has always been successful in the past.

Frank Burt got into the amusement world by accident. He was credit man for a business house when a friend came to him to borrow five hundred dollars. The friend wanted the money to finance a show named "Little Trixy" which he had written. Burt lent it, and took an interest in the production. The first year "Little Trixy" paid him eight thousand dollars.

"That was thirty years ago," says Frank Burt. "'Little Trixy' is still playing the rube towns, and it pays us fifty dollars a week royalties."

Burt decided to learn this theatrical business which paid such alluring dividends. He went into vaudeville, and began saving his money when a friend of his who was a New York banker pointed out the advantage of a bank account.

"It has often been said," says Burt, "that the first thousand is the hardest to save, and it was true in my case. When I had a thousand to my credit I was the happiest man in New York barring the banker who was just as happy over it as I was. Years afterwards when I was fighting Klaw and Erlanger and needed four hundred thousand to build a theatre in Brooklyn, I thought of my old banker friend. I inquired for him, and

found that he was dead. But I learned that his son had a bank in Brooklyn. So I went to the son. He told me that his father had often spoken to him about the way I saved that first thousand, and on the strength of the remembrance he let me have the four hundred thousand. So that first thousand of mine did me more than one good turn."

In the thirty years following Burt built sixty-five theatres in various parts of the country. He made money out of all of them, and controls a number of them today. Of course he had his ups and downs. Once he just escaped becoming a tragedian.

"I was out of a job in Chicago," he says, "and went to a friend of mine who was a booking agent. He fixed me up at forty dollars a week and gave me a ticket to Henderson, Kentucky. When I got off the train a very imposing looking man in a fur coat ran up and threw his arms



FRANK BURT

about my neck. 'What a splendid Richmond you'll make to my Richard!' was the way he greeted me. I found I was joining a Shakespearean troupe and that my friend in the fur coat was Edward Wodiskey, the star. I excused myself for a few minutes, and as soon as his back was turned I jumped on the train that was just leaving and went back to Chicago."

There is a sequel to this story, and its scene is laid at the White City, Burt's amusement park in Denver.

"One day," continues Burt, "my secretary asked me if I had time to see an old friend. I told him an old friend was always welcome, and Edward Wodiskey walked into my office.

"You owe me forty dollars and the price of a railroad ticket," he said, "but we'll let that go. I just want to tell you that you were a very wise young man. You showed sound judgment when you took that train back to Chicago. Henderson, Kentucky, wouldn't stand for my Richard the Third. They broke up the show the night we tried to open. I gave up Shakespeare and went back to my old job as a cigar salesman. Now I have a million dollar factory at Tampa."

The same good judgment which told Frank

Burt that he would be a failure in Shakespearean tragedy has enabled him to recognize genius when he sees it. About twelve years ago when he was running a vaudeville theatre in Columbus a friend came to him and said he knew a talented girl who wanted to go on the stage. He said her name was Elsie Bierbower, that her father had died poor and that Elsie was anxious to help her mother. Soon afterwards a vaudeville act was "closed" in the Columbus house, and Burt needed somebody to fill in. So he sent for Elsie Bierbower. He found that she had a marvelous talent for mimicry and he signed her at fifteen dollars a week. She opened in a bill that also contained Ezra Kendall and Pauline Hall. Kendall's salary was seven hundred and fifty a week; Pauline Hall's was three hundred. But the little mimic who was getting fifteen took the show away from these bill toppers. When the time came for Elsie to play Toledo, her mother timidly asked for a raise to twenty-five dollars. Frank Burt gave her forty, and a letter to a New York booking agent.

"And that," says Frank Burt, "was the way Elsie Janis started."

Frank Burt is a mine of theatrical anecdote. And he can talk all day about amusement parks—he has built a half-dozen of them, from Coney Island to Denver. But just at present he prefers to talk World's Fair. Burt doesn't theorize about expositions; he talks facts and figures with all the authority of a wide-awake man who has had experience with seven big fairs. He can tell you why St. Louis lost a million and a half on its concessions. He can tell you why the concession receipts at the Omaha Exposition jumped sixty-five per cent when the loose methods which enabled the concessionaires to rob the fair directors were corrected; for he's the man who discovered the graft and stopped it. He's the terror of the crooks who batten on world's fairs when they get a chance. It doesn't look as though they will have much of a chance in San Francisco. He has passed on seven thousand applications for concessions, and has only signed up two hundred and sixty-seven of them. The rest went in the discard because Frank Burt's experience told him that they were impractical, visionary, foolish, insane or licentious. He is proud to point out that at our Fair, for the first time, two great railroads will be among the concessionaires; the Union Pacific which is reproducing Yellowstone Park, and the Santa Fe which is reproducing the Grand Canyon. I asked him whether the railroads would attract many tourists to the Yellowstone and the Grand Canyon by means of these concessions.

"There was an Alpine concession at St. Louis," he replied, "and since then American travelers have spent sixteen millions in Alpine sightseeing. Half of that amount at least may be credited to the Alpine concession at St. Louis."

It is too bad that I haven't space for some of

(Continued on Page 16.)

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Perspective Impressions

Breakfast isn't the same since the papers began to neglect Father Ricard.

The water wagon is an admirable vehicle, but why should the whole State be asked to ride on it?

Was the Claflin failure pulled off by Wall Street to work up sentiment against the great Psychologist?

Dr. Aked may be an expert fisherman, but somehow or other we don't put him in gentle Izaak Walton's class.

A local clergyman suggests as a substitute for vacation "an occasional excursion into the psychic realm of gratitude." A sort of Christian Science vacation, eh?

A statistician with nothing better to do has figured out that New York loses forty million dollars a year through the death of babies. This is expected to impress mothers so profoundly that they will no longer let their babies die.

What's the matter? The Examiner hasn't bought the United Railroads for several days.

Andy Carnegie has been given the freedom of the city of Coventry. Does that mean that when Godiva rides Andy may peep?

The ever-faithful Norman Hapgood assures us: "What looks like the lessening of the President's prestige the last few weeks is a temporary illusion." He means a psychological illusion.

Mr. Hearst, once the shrillest of all shriekers for business regulation, is now agitating for a halt. If the principle of paternalism is good why be afraid to go the full distance?

According to an affidavit recently unearthed General Grant said in 1861 that the war was not waged to abolish slavery, and added, "If I thought such to be the case I would lay down my arms at once and return home." These putative utterances, according to the Examiner, "put a strange light on the man." Apparently the notion still persists that the war of secession was a war to abolish slavery.

Before you commit yourself to a legislative candidate, find out whether he was in the last Legislature; and if he was, find out what he advocated.

"Sugar," says a Louisville doctor, "will ferment in the stomach as surely as in a distiller's vat," and that is why some folks get drunk on chocolate and some on grape juice. Which may be explanatory of our statesmanship.

Former Assistant Secretary of State Loomis says that professional lobbyists and political brigands intent on looting the United States Treasury are behind Bryan's Colombian treaty. This may be true, but of course "Honest Bill" doesn't know anything about them.

The Baptist Missionary Union of Little Rock says that the young men of Arkansas keep indoors "as much as possible to avoid the degrading spectacle of pure women wearing hobble and split skirts." Even indoors must have its irresistible temptations for young men so susceptible as those of Arkansas.

Who's Who Hereabouts

XVII—JOHN ESHLEMAN

This is the day of high ideals in politics. Idealists are everywhere. They are especially numerous in politics. Unveil a demagogue, and at once an idealist stands before you, his mouth full of platitudes about the rights of the dear people. "Disturb any social rubbish heap," says Strindberg, "and idealists will crawl out like earthworms." Let a vacancy occur in public office, and idealists swarm like flies. They have become so common they have ceased to attract attention. Yet, but a short time ago praise of the idealist in politics accompanied by bugle calls to purity in office were felt to be the country's daily need. These like the vague but exciting exhortations of old to rally round the Constitution are heard no more. But silence on the themes that used to fill the Rooseveltian mouth is no longer a sign of heresy, but proof rather of a profound conviction that certain things may be taken for granted. Now it has come to pass that a man in public office may prove himself a faithful servant of the people without getting a hand from the polloi. Here is John Eshleman for instance. The Progressives are running him for lieutenant-governor because of his record as railroad commissioner, they are pointing to him with pride and predicting that his fame will go ringing down the grooves of time, but thus far he has utterly failed to vivify a listless and drooping campaign. Apparently nobody cares how zealous a reformer John Eshleman is, or how many ideals he has accumulated. Maybe the explanation of this cold indifference is that the public has been overdosed with politics and thrown into a state of chronic lassitude. Whatever the explanation it is clear that the star performer of the Progressives hasn't caught the imagination of the populace. Hailed as a headliner, put forward to electrify, he has utterly failed to get his personality over. It would seem that notwithstanding all the shouting of the captains, all the red fire and verbal pyrotechnics, John Eshleman isn't well known hereabouts. Apparently there are many folks asking themselves, Who in hell is Eshleman?

Now the man that confesses that he doesn't know Eshleman argues himself an indifferent citizen, for John has been serving the people ever since he got out of school. He is a politician by training and profession. As a student at the State university he was engrossed in class politics. While other young men were meditating on how Caesar built bridges in Gaul, John Eshleman was studying the principles of Caesarian political strategy, and he made such rapid progress that he was elected to every class office that was worth while. Emerging from school he dropped into politics in Berkeley, his home town. Like all astute Progressives he began his political career as a henchman of the machine, and at the first rattle out of the box John was on the government payroll. He has been there ever since. His first job was in the office of Labor Commissioner Stafford, as faithful a representative of the old machine as ever lived. The future gubernatorial candidate was a zealous deputy of the labor commissioner. He made friends in labor unions, and had his fences in fine shape when he ran for the Legislature in 1907, to which he was elected while in Stafford's office.

During his first experience in Sacramento he observed that there was a growing sentiment against the race-track, and he introduced a bill to put it out of business. That was his only notable achievement. But in those days Eshleman was in poor health. It was supposed that he had tuberculosis, was ordered south, and started for the new county of Imperial to give his lungs dry air. While he was en route the report reached Sacramento that he died on the train, and on motion of Grove L. Johnson the Legislature adjourned out of respect to his memory. The assemblyman was in a mighty weak condition when he reached Imperial, but the dry air was full of politics, and it revived him and stimulated him and put red corpuscles in his blood. Into the business of organizing the new county government Eshleman plunged with alacrity, and his friends, the people, elected him district attorney. He was soon strong enough to attend to private

business as well as to his public duties. Imperial county was full of reclamation and irrigation schemes, and there were promoters galore from Los Angeles who made litigation and kept lawyers busy.

Carnegie tells us that college spoils a young man for money-making on a large scale, and we know that politics don't qualify a man for eminence in the learned professions, but Eshleman is no slouch. True, one may meet him without incurring danger of severe shock from collision with a mind in motion, but in Imperial county he did very well. He made some money there, though not enough to make money-making more alluring than politics. Once more he went a candidatin', and was elected to the railroad commission. Now the railroad commission is regarded as the instrument by which Governor Johnson wedged the octopus out of politics. This is the story the Progressive captains tell. There is another story the wicked reactionaries tell, to the effect that the bill under which the railroad commission is working isn't regarded by the railroad law departments as a bad bill at all. Further, the wicked reactionaries affect to be unable to discover anything that has been done by the railroad commission so prejudicial to railroad interests that it might not have been offset in the operation of the eternal law of compensation. In short even the enemies of the commission allow that it has been exceedingly fair. You

(Continued on Page 17.)

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The Superlative

By John Galsworthy

Though he had not yet arrived, he had personally no doubt about the matter. It was merely a question of time. Not that for one moment he approved of "arriving" as a general principle. Indeed, there was no one whom he held in greater contempt than a man who had arrived. It was to him the high-water mark of imbecility, commercialism and complacency. For what did it mean save that this individual had pleased a sufficient number of other imbeciles, hucksters and fatheads, to have secured for himself a reputation? These pundits, these mandarins, these so-called "masters"—they were an offense to his common-sense. He had passed them by, with all their musty and sham-Abraham achievements. That fine flair of his had found them out. Their mere existence was a scandal. Now and again one died; and his just anger would wane a little before the touch of the Great Remover. No longer did that Pundit seem quite so objectionable now that he no longer cumbered the ground. It might even, perhaps, be admitted that there had been something coming out of that one; and as the years rolled on, this something would roll on too, till it became quite a big thing; and he would compare those miserable Pundits who still lived, with the one who had so fortunately died, to their great disadvantage. There were, in truth, very few living beings that he could stand. Somehow they were not—no, they really were not. The Great—as they were called forsooth—artists, writers, politicians—what were they? He would smile down one side of his long nose. It was enough. Forthwith those reputations ceased to breathe—for him. Their theories, too, of Art, Reform, what not—how puerile! How utterly and hopelessly old-fashioned, how worthy of all the destruction that his pen and tongue could lavish on them!

For, to save his country's Art, his country's Literature, and Politics—that was, he well knew, his mission. And he periodically founded, or joined, the staff of papers that were going to do this trick. They always lasted several months, some several years, before breathing the last impatient sigh of genius. And while they lived, with what wonderful clean brooms they swept! Perched above all that miasma known as human nature, they beat the air, sweeping it and sweeping it, till suddenly there was no air left. And that theory, that real vision of Art and Existence, which they were going to put in place of all this muck, how near—how unimaginably near—they brought it to reality! Just another month, another year, another good sweeping, would have done it! And on that final ride of the broomstick, he—he would have arrived! At last someone would have been there with a real philosophy, a truly creative mind; someone whose poems and paintings, music, novels, plays and measures of reform would at last have borne inspection! And he would go out from the office of that Great Paper so untimely wrecked, and, conspiring with himself, would found another.

This one should follow principles that could not fail. For, first, it should tolerate nothing—nothing at all. That was the mistake they had made last time. They had tolerated some reputations. No more of that; no more! The imbeciles, the shallow frauds, let them be carted once for all. And with them let there be cremated the whole structure of Society, all its worn-out formulas of Art, Religion, Sociology. In place of them he would not this time be content to put nothing. No; it was the moment to elucidate and develop that secret rhyme and

pulsation in the heart of things hitherto undisclosed to any but himself. And all the time there should be flames going up out of that paper—the pale-red, the lovely flames of genius. Yes, the emanation should be wonderful. And, collecting his tattered mantle round his middle so small, he would start his race again.

For three numbers he would lay about him and outline religiously what was going to come. In the fourth number he would be compelled to concentrate himself on a final destruction of all those defenses and spiteful counter-attacks which wounded vanity had wrung from the Pundits, those apostles of the past; this final destruction absorbed his energies during the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth numbers. In the ninth he would say positively that he was now ready to justify the constructive prophecies of his first issues. In the tenth he would explain that unless a blighted Public supported an heroic effort better, genius would be withheld from them. In the eleventh number he would lay about him as he had never done before, and in the twelfth give up the ghost.

In connection with him one had always to remember that he was not of those complacent folk whose complacency stops short somewhere; his was a nobler kind, ever trying to climb into that heaven which he alone was going to reach some day. He had a touch of the divine discontent even with himself; and it was only in comparison with the rest of the world that he felt he was superlative.

It was a consolation to him that Nietzsche was dead, so that out of a full heart and empty conscience he could bang upon the abandoned drum of a man whom he scarcely hesitated to term great. And yet, what—as he often said—could be more dimly asinine than to see some of these live stucco moderns pretending to be supermen—Save this Nietzsche he admitted perhaps no philosopher into his own class, and was most down on Aristotle, and that one who had founded the religion of his country.

Of statesmen he held a low opinion—what were they, after all, but politicians. There was not one in the whole range of history who could take a view like an angel of the dawn surveying creation; not one who could soar above a contemptible adaptation of human means to human ends.

His poet was Blake. His playwright Strindberg, a man of distinct promise—fortunately dead. Of novelists he accepted Dostoevsky. Who else was there? Who else that had gone outside the range of normal, stupid, rational humanity, and shown the marvelous qualities of the human creature drunk or dreaming? Who else who had so arranged his scenery that from beginning to end one need never witness the dull shapes and colors of human life not suffering from nightmare? It was in nightmare only that the human spirit revealed its possibilities.

In truth he had a great respect for nightmare, even in its milder forms, the respect of one who felt that it was the only thing which an ordinary sane man could not achieve in his waking moments. He so hated the ordinary sane man, with his extraordinary lack of the appreciative faculty.

In his artistic tastes he was Paulo-post-futurist, and the painter he had elected to admire was one that no one had yet heard of. He meant, however, that they should hear of him when the moment came. With the arrival of that one would begin a new era of art, for which in the past there would be no parallel, save possibly one

Chinese period long before that of which the Pundits—poor devils—so blatantly bleated.

He was a connoisseur of music, and nothing gave him greater pain than a tune. Of all the ancients he recognized Bach alone, and only in his fugues. Wagner was considerable in places. Strauss and Debussy, well—yes, but now vieux jeu. There was a Finn. His name? No, let them wait! That fellow was something. Let them mark his words, and wait!

It was for this kind of enlightenment of the world that he most ardently desired his own arrival, without which he sometimes thought he could no longer bear things as they were, no longer go on watching his chariot unhitched to a star, trailing the mud of this musty, muddled world, whose ethics even, those paltry wrappings of the human soul, were uncongenial to him.

Talking of ethics, there was one thing especially that he absolutely could not bear—that second-hand creature, a gentleman; the notion that his own Superlative self should be compelled by some mouldy and incomprehensible tradition to respect the feelings or see the point of view of others—this was indeed the limit. No, no! To bound upon the heads and limbs the prejudices and convictions of those he came in contact with, especially in print, that was a holy duty. And, though conscientious to a degree, there was certainly no one of all his duties that he performed so conscientiously as this. No amenities defiled his tongue or pen, nor did he ever shrink from personalities—his spiritual honesty was terrific. But he never thrust or cut where it was not deserved; practically the whole world was open to his scorn, as he well knew, and he never needed to go out of his way to find victims for it. Indeed, he made no cult at all of eccentricities—that was for smaller creatures. His dress, for instance, was of the soberest, save that now and then he would wear a purple shirt, grey boots and a yellow-ochre tie. His life and habits, lost in the future, were, on the whole, abstemious. He had no children, but set great store by them, and fully meant when he had time to have quite a number, for this was, he knew, his duty to a world breeding from mortal men. Whether they would arrive before he did was a question, since, until then, his creative attention could hardly be sufficiently disengaged.

At times he scarcely knew himself, so absorbed was he; but you knew him because he breathed rather hard, as became a man lost in creation. In the higher flights of his genius he paused for nothing, not even for pen and paper—he touched the clouds indeed—and, like the clouds, height piled on vaporous height, his images and conceptions hung wreathed, immortal, evanescent as the very air. It was an annoyance to him afterwards to find that he had neglected to take them down. Still, with his intolerance of all except divinity, and his complete faith that he must in time achieve it, he was perhaps the most interesting person to be found in the purlieus of—whatever it might be.

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Poems About San Francisco

CLII—DISCOVERY OF SAN FRANCISCO BAY

By Richard E. White

(The following stanzas are taken from the poem "Discovery of San Francisco Bay" to be found in Richard E. White's volume "The Cross of Monterey," published in this city in 1882, before the correct spelling and pronunciation of Portola's name were beyond dispute. Mr. White is already represented in this series by his sonnet "San Francisco," to be found in the same volume.)

And with what a thrill of pleasure,
All their toils and dangers through,
Gazed they on this scene of beauty,
When it burst upon their view,
As Portala and his army,
Standing where I stand today,
Saw before them spread in beauty
Green-clad hills and noble bay.

Then the Governor Portala
Broke the spell of silence thus:
"To this place through Padre Serra
Hath Saint Francis guided us,
So the bay and all around it
For the Spanish King I claim,
And forever, in the future,
Let it bear Saint Francis' name."

Thus he spoke—and I am standing
On the self-same spot today,
And my eyes rest on the landscape,
And the green hills, and the bay,
And upon Saint Francis' city,
As, with youth and hope elate,
She is gazing toward the ocean,
Sitting by the Golden Gate.

Needless were such gifts as heaven
Gave to holy seers of yore,
To foretell the meed of glory,
Fairest town, for thee in store!
To foretell the seat of empire
Here will be, not far the day,
Where Balboa's sea doth mingle
With the waters of the bay!

The Spectator

"Organized Felony"

This is the title of a brochure recently published in this city which has not been reviewed by the dailies. This neglect is probably due to the fact that "Organized Felony" is but another name for organized labor. Our newspapers being very careful about the feelings of our labor lords have put "Organized Felony" on the Index. The brochure was published by the Franklin Printing Trades Association, which comprises most of the printing houses in San Francisco. This Association has had a strike on its hands for a year, and it has had a very tough experience, and the brochure was published to tell the story and disseminate a few appropriate remarks. At this writing there is a prospect of an early settlement of the strike on terms that mean the return of the strikers on the basis on which they were employed when they walked out. The employers have gained a victory, but it was a costly one, and they are indignant at the treatment they received from the press, Mayor Rolph and the police judges. They tell us in their brochure that owing to the monopoly enjoyed by labor, this city has lost nearly all its manufactures, and is rapidly falling behind other coast cities in development. The Franklin Association cannot see that any good is to be accomplished by booster banquets and prosperity shrieks while the press, the public and city officials are tolerant of organized lawlessness.

The Casualties

The brochure contains a list of strike casualties from which it appears that from July 1913 to May of this year San Francisco was badly in need of some kind of intervention or mediation. The employers had no trouble in filling the places of the strikers with competent workmen, but they had considerable difficulty in keeping their men out of the hospital. During the first two weeks of the strike five men were assaulted, one of whom was badly injured, and not an arrest was made. One of the victims was assaulted while returning home from a theatre with his wife. On July 19, 1913, ten men entered the shop of the

Isaac Upham Company and assaulted a man 60 years of age. He had to go to a hospital for a week. No arrests were made. Four girls employed by the Blair, Murdock Company were attacked one day by a man who squirted a noxious liquid in their faces. He was arrested, and found guilty, and Judge Crist, the recall jurist put on the bench by the good women of San Francisco, instead of sending the scoundrel to jail let him go on probation. Nobody suggested that Crist be recalled. On August 1st S. R. Thompson employed by the Blair, Murdock Company was assaulted by four men on Kearny street. His skull was fractured, no arrests were made, and "Mission Jim" didn't even visit him in the hospital where he was under treatment five weeks.

More Casualties

Always the non-union men were attacked by gangs. Generally it was considered safe for four to attack one, but on August 4th two pressmen employed by the Sunset Publishing House were attacked by a gang of twenty, and not one man was arrested. On August 13th W. Neilson was attacked by three men, and one of them was arrested and identified by a disinterested witness, but the case was dismissed by Judge Deasy, the distinguished jurist who is now a candidate for the Superior Court bench. One day Gus Carlson, employed by the H. S. Crocker Co., was attacked by two pickets. He drew a gun to defend himself, and was promptly arrested and fined \$20. Up to this time there had been fifteen assaults and only three arrests. Nobody had been sent to jail, but one man had been fined \$10 for battery. This was the highest fine imposed during the whole strike, save the one imposed on the non-union man for defending himself. The police judges were very good to the strikers. When one man was convicted in Judge Deasy's court he was kindly released on his own recognition. But the police were just as kind as the judges. On September 15th three assaults were committed and not an arrest made. In one of the assaults thirty pickets were engaged.

Armed with clubs and gas pipes they attacked five non-union men in broad daylight, and all of the strikers got away.

The Complaisant Ones

Over one hundred men were injured during this strike that is now drawing to a close. There was much bloodshed, many men were permanently injured, deadly weapons were used and the most barbarous cruelties were practiced, in some instances on men lying prostrate and insensible. Strikes marked by not half the violence and lawlessness that has occurred in this city during the past year, have been written up in all the magazines and newspapers of the country, but here where the press and the authorities were complaisant, where judges and police seemed to encourage the most revolting brutalities, hardly anybody knew that a strike was in progress. Mayor Rolph knew, but he didn't tell anybody. The daily newspapers knew, but they were so busy getting advertisements from our lovely merchants who are deeply interested in the public welfare, that they forgot to publish the news. If they didn't comment, it was because they needed all their editorial space for their preachments on civic virtue and the moral uplift, and for denunciation of gambling and wicked corporations. About oath-breaking officials who tolerate crime committed in the interest of organized labor and who have no sympathy with

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The Anti-Kahn Movement

Why this sudden and most aggressive movement for the overwhelming of our old friend Julius Kahn? Who is the author of the shibboleth "Kahn must go!" Who effected the combination of Democrats, Progressives and Laborites and invested it with authority to hand out a fusion nomination for Congress for the express purpose of defeating California's most efficient Representative? These were the questions that folk not on the inside were asking a few weeks ago. The opposition to Kahn was shrouded in mystery. It excited curiosity on account of the phenomenon, remarkable in these direct primary days, of an apparent automatic union of interests. In the wicked days of old it required a pretty shrewd boss, a genius at manipulation, to reconcile as many as three factions in one party, but here we find, notwithstanding the haphazard state of affairs resulting from the elimination of the boss, a fusion of three parties, and all for the purpose of beating one Congressman, and that one the most inoffensive of men. The achievement stimulated conjecture, but in vain. The secret, however, has leaked out.

Genesis of the Deal

The opposition to Kahn was organized in Washington. And by whom, do you suppose? Well, it looks to me that primarily Providence had a hand in it, but this is merely conjecture. Whatever the truth as to that, ultimately the beautiful bunch known as "The Administration" rigged up the combination. This is not conjecture. This is the plain unadorned truth. It's hard to keep a secret when it has to be lodged in several breasts. Too many politicians had to be taken in on this one. The scheme had to be handled by the leaders of the Federal brigade in San Francisco, and they had to take into their confidence the Sullivans and Dwyers, who for the present are untrue to Democracy and doing business with the State machine. Then some of the Labor leaders had to be called in, and of course they must have been willing, especially if word came from the President's intimate friend Sam Gompers. So you see the achievement wasn't so hard as it looks at first sight.

Kahn On Their Nerves

Now as to the animus of the movement. A little light is thrown on it by Mrs. Caminetti, who, by the way, has been conducting the quest of the right man for fusion candidate. According to Mrs. Caminetti the Administration is sore at Kahn for the fun he had out of a cause celebre that bristled with material for satirical allusion to the methods of the Department of Justice. But it was not wholly as a result of this case that Kahn got mixed up with the Administration goat. The fact is that Julius has been having the time of his life in Washington since the firm of Bryan & Wilson began making history. He has developed into a very sprightly commentator, and his amiable efforts to set things right by irradiating public questions with the flash-light of his common sense have not earned for him the gratitude of the solemnest of statesmen. On the contrary they have taken his pleasantries amiss. Indeed they have frothed somewhat at the mouth, and now in their rage they have rendered Kahn a great service while conspiring to do him a great injury. For certainly they have made his re-election a cinch. What more could Kahn ask for than a combination of the two Administrations—Federal and State—to beat him? What greater advantage could a man have at the polls at this time than the opposition of the two dispensations of the toughest period in the history of California?

Their Excellent Choice

From the dailies I learn that the man first agreed upon as the fusion candidate was President William F. Humphrey of The Olympic Club. From this choice it would appear that the conspirators are not wholly bereft of intelligence, or, perhaps, I should say political cunning. A more popular candidate they could not find, but that they should expect Mr. Humphrey to enter the Congressional race argues that they are not well informed about matters non-political. William F. Humphrey is one of the leaders of the San Francisco bar, a man with a lucrative practice that engages all his attention, and with no interest in politics save that which he takes in the activities of his friends. But these are not the only reasons why it was absurd to expect Humphrey to become the fusion candidate against Kahn. Another reason is that the attorney believes it would be against the interests of California to defeat a congressman of Kahn's experience and influence. The truth is that Humphrey is for Kahn, and I am told that he so informed the delegates who importuned him to run.

The Confident Bourbons

There are times when running for office seems to be a form of temporary insanity. Candidates who couldn't win in a thousand years work themselves into the belief that their election is certain. They become the deluded victims of auto-hypnosis, spend their savings, pity their opponents and—wake up the day after election to wonder how they could have been so mistaken. Such candidates afford us material for study of a curious angle of psychology. Take the Democratic candidates for the governorship. I can enumerate five of them, but there may be more. My quintet consists of Fred Hall of Bakersfield, "Constitutional" John Curtin of Sonora, Sidney Van Wyck of San Francisco, Charles King of Kings county and Ed White of Watsonville. All these men are quite convinced of what the outcome of the election will be. Every one of them thinks that he will be not only nominated but elected. I hear that Fred Hall has already advised his wife to pick out a suitable gown for the inaugural. Curtin thinks there is "nothing to it." Van Wyck is offended if you

so much as hint to him that the result is in doubt. King who carved a county out of Fresno and had it named after him, thinks he will win in a walk. Ed White, with less political acumen than his lamented brother Steve possessed, regards the contest as decided in his favor right now.

Self-Deception in Politics

Of course all five cannot win the Democratic nomination. To the outsider it looks as though Fred Hall is the likeliest for primary honors. He has a good deal of money, and is spending it pretty freely, although he doesn't get adequate returns for all he spends. But Fred Hall is not a whit more self-confident than the rest. It is a striking instance of self-deception. For these candidates do deceive themselves. Not all the people they meet pretend to believe in their overwhelming strength. There are always plenty of hand-shakers to tell a candidate that he cannot lose; but there are lots of others who try to tell him the truth. The truth, when it is unpleasant, is something a candidate for office will not listen to. If you try to deal frankly with him he suspects that you are his enemy. So it is always just as well not to tell a candidate that you think he has no chance. It does him no good, and exposes you to disagreeable suspicions. Perhaps the ordinary candidate has enough fun deceiving himself during the cam-

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paign to soften the blow that falls on him when the votes are counted and he finds himself an "also-ran."

Van Wyck, Irrigationist

The five Democratic candidates for the governorship spoke recently at a Bourbon rally in the Hotel Oakland. Fred Hall dilated on his favorite theme, voting by postal for absentee electors. Curtin told how he would reduce the expenses of State administration. Ed White dilated on his peculiar fitness. Van Wyck made a glowing speech on irrigation and what he would do for the irrigationists. King spoke last, and as he "kidded" all the other candidates his was the most interesting speech of the evening. He paid his disrespects to Hall, Curtin and White, and then turned his attention to Van Wyck.

"That was a very interesting speech Mr. Van Wyck made about irrigation," he drawled, "a very eloquent speech. I judge from it that Mr. Van Wyck's experience with irrigation has been confined to a garden hose in a back yard!"

They Like Our Dentists

Sam Blythe, the "who's-whoer" of the Saturday Evening Post, is in San Francisco. So is our old townsman David Warfield. Blythe came here to look over the political situation. Warfield came here for his vacation, part of which he likes to spend at the Bohemian Grove. But both have secondary reasons for coming to San Francisco. Blythe and Warfield are having their teeth attended to during their sojourn. It may seem strange that a writer who lives in the national capital and an actor who lives in New York should come to San Francisco to have dental work done, but it's a fact nevertheless. It seems to me that it's quite a boost for our dentists. One recalls in this connection that Dr. Younger of this city was one of the first to introduce American dental methods in Europe where American dentists still hold first place.

Vive La Gai!

This Mlle. La Gai who is teaching la danse at the Berkeley summer school, seems to be a young woman or ardent temperament. In Sunday's Examiner she was allowed two columns of space so that she might tell us how she learned to make love. For La Gai love making is an art which must be learned. Being in no sense a pedant she did not go to books for instruction in this art amatory. Not for her the poisoned sugar of Ovidius Naso or the lubricities of Secundus. She went straight to nature for her education. Two leopards—or rather, a leopard and a leopardess—taught her the mysteries of the paphian cult. She observed them at length and with close attention, so she is able to recount the entire process. It is true she leaves some things unsaid, but she has a way of stimulating the imagination of her readers, and doubt-

less they find it not too difficult to visualize that which she omits. Her account is as glowing as a page out of—shall we say Gautier, remembering "Mlle. Maupin?" or Balzac, having in mind "The Passion in the Desert?" No; perhaps we can better compare her description to the asterisked pages of Elinor Glyn. Just the same, I should rather have La Gai teach me to dance than to make love. She shows too much admiration for feline tactics. She might scratch!

In Praise of Pipe Lines

Without seeking to emulate Dean Swift who enthused over a broom stick, or Elbert Hubbard who went into ecstasies over a drug store, or Dr. Aked who was lost in admiration of a dictionary, I must confess to a great interest in pipe lines. It is part of my lay ignorance, the ignorance which throws me into open-mouthed wonder over steam engines, aeroplane motors and other mechanical contrivances which I don't in the least understand. The pipe line is stuff for poetry. It is inspiring. It hits the imagination. It is wrapped round with the indubitable romance of commerce. If Midas dreamed he must have dreamed of something like the pipe line. Think of it! A conduit through which wealth flows, not in a fugurative but in a literal sense. Think of the engines pumping, pumping, ceaselessly pumping this black, greasy wealth over mountains, down valleys, across rivers, through desert and blooming places. The purse of Fortunatus must have been at the receiving end of a pipe line!

The Standard's Pipe Line

I have just chanced to pick up the Standard Oil Bulletin, an interesting monthly publication of John D.'s California corporation. I was attracted by the cover which bore a colored picture of a bronzed and booted husky with a telephone strapped on his hip. He is striding along a rough road, and there is alert watchfulness in his eye. He is the pipe line walker. An article on the Standard Oil pipe line explains him. He patrols the pipe line which extends for two hundred and eighty miles from Bakersfield to San Pablo. This is the great San Joaquin Valley trunk line which carries the Standard's oil from the fields of Kern to the refinery on San Francisco bay. Every fifteenth mile along this trunk line there is a pump station, and the pumps never stop night or day. And every mile of the line is patrolled, some sections by men in light rigs and others by walkers. The line walker has thirty miles of pipe to watch for leaks, and his equipment consists of climbing irons and a telephone instrument. Wherever the company has an oil line it has also its own telegraph and telephone wires, and when the line walker finds a leak he has only to climb a pole and report to the nearest station. It's a job like carrying the hod—the other man does the work!

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5,000 SQUARE MILES
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SHASTA LIMITED—Extra Fare \$5

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Three-Room Suites	Barber Shop
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Standard Pullman and Tourist

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Observation Car

Dining Car to Portland

All Classes of Tickets

OREGON EXPRESS

Lv. San Francisco, Ferry Station, 8:20 p. m.

Standard Pullman and Tourist

Sleeping Cars

Dining Car to Portland

All Classes of Tickets

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

THE EXPOSITION LINE—1915



ANGLO & LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK

SAN FRANCISCO

Paid-Up Capital.....\$ 4,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....\$ 1,600,000
Total Resources.....\$40,000,000

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Cultivating the Desert

I learn from the same article that Standard Oil had to establish pumping stations in arid regions. In some of these everybody thought that water was unobtainable, but Standard Oil came along and developed it. Then the company planted umbrella trees, cottonwoods and small patches of alfalfa. Rapid growth has shown that these regions, long considered worthless, have splendid agricultural possibilities. If that man is a benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before—and that he is a benefactor we have been assured in a thousand speeches—what shall we say of Standard Oil which makes trees and alfalfa grow where there was nothing before but alkali? I am not going to summarize the article on the pipe line. Suffice it to say that from the time the oil starts on its long journey from Bakersfield to the refinery it engages the thoughts of a hundred Standard Oil men. Indeed it receives almost as much attention as a railroad president on an inspection tour. Its gravity, its fluidity, its temperature are matters of import. It is pampered, but why not? It is wealth, raw wealth like gold or diamonds. In more ways than one it enriches California as the pumps urge it on toward San Francisco bay.

The Indoor Yachtsmen

It was merely a coincidence that the Indoor Yachtsmen housewarming their new club rooms on the night which saw the abolition of liquor in the navy. The non-nautical tars are outside the jurisdiction of Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels, and entertain the heartiest contempt for his policies. So there was no grape juice broached at Four Eddy on Tuesday night; and as for water—it was not mentioned till Nat Goodwin dropped in after "Never Say Die" and recited "Gunga Dhin." Nat is a loyal member of the Indoor Yacht Club. The club had sent him an immense floral tribute on his opening night, and he was received with great enthusiasm when he joined the housewarmers. Like Willie Collier, Jim Corbett, Walter "Virginia Judge" Kelly and other celebrated raconteurs who belong to this unique organization, Nat has never been known to tell the same story twice. He told some perfectly new ones to the assemblage of Indoor Yachtsmen, stories dealing with a period he fixed as "the time I was living in England with one of my wives." And then he recited Kipling's poem about the regimental bheestee. I have heard a great many men recite "Gunga Dhin," including Ernest Glendenning, the actor, and Hartley Manners, the author of "Peg o' My Heart;" and I must say that Nat's version compares favorably with the best in my memory. When he concluded there was a roar of applause which must have startled Powell street.

A Growing Club

This Indoor Yacht Club is coming along. It has traveled a long way in the few years that have passed since its members first met haphazardly in the long room behind the "Willis" uptown. It has grown amazingly in membership, and still more amazingly in influence (as the candidates for office who were out in force for the housewarming, will tell you). It has gained dignity, but happily, not too much dignity. I could prove by several local examples that when a club begins to take its dignity too seriously, it ceases to be a club worth while. The Indoor Yacht Club is in no such danger now, and may it long continue so! Clubs of ultra dignity become very self-conscious in the matter of entertainment, with the result that their entertainments become an awful bore. There was something charmingly refreshing about the entertainment the Indoor Yacht Club gave Tuesday night. It was the sort

of entertainment that won celebrity for the Press Club. It was a judicious mixture of art and nonsense, a great deal of the gay and a very little of the grave. I noticed that among the hundreds who enjoyed it hugely were a number of men who are prominent in the entertainment councils of more pretentious clubs. That shows that the Indoor Yacht Club makes a wide appeal. As evidence of its healthy growth I may mention that at this housewarming there was considerable difficulty about accomodating all the members who attended.

The Katzenjammer War

Devotees of the Sunday comics are wondering why it is both the Examiner and Chronicle are publishing the Katzenjammer pictures; also why both papers are advertising the pictures so extensively. The explanation is simple enough. For years the Katzenjammer pictures were the most popular of the Hearst comics, and Rudolph Dirks who drew them received a fancy salary. About a year ago he was lured from Hearst by another newspaper syndicate which offered him more money. When the rival syndicate published the pictures with the title "The Katzenjammer Kids," Hearst went into court asking for an injunction on the ground that this title was the copyrighted property of his papers. This was not the first time the issue was raised. The New York Herald raised it when Outcault left that paper to draw his "Buster Brown" pictures for the Hearst publications. The Herald was successful in the courts. It lost Outcault but kept the name "Buster Brown," and that title has never been placed over the "Buster Brown" pictures in the Hearst papers. As the Herald was successful before, so Hearst has been successful now. He retains the right to

the title "The Katzenjammer Kids;" so he has again begun publication of pictures bearing this title. But they are not drawn by the originator of the Katzenjammers, Rudolph Dirks. They are drawn by some artist who does not sign his name to them. The Katzenjammer pictures in the Chronicle are drawn by Rudolph Dirks, but the best the Chronicle can do is to announce them as drawn by Dirks, "the originator of the Katzenjammer Kids." So Hearst has the magic title and cleverly imitated pictures; while the Chronicle has the real pictures, but not the magic title. It's a queer mixup.

Puzzling Geography

"How can I ever expect to master the geography of this charming State of yours?" exclaimed a Britisher who recently took up his residence in this city.

I asked him what the trouble was.

"Well, take Mount Lassen," he said. "I naturally thought it was in Lassen county. But it isn't. I find it's in Tehama. Then there's Mount Shasta. It ought to be in Shasta county by all the rules, but it's in Siskiyou. There are other puzzles too. Yuba City isn't in Yuba county; it's in Sutter, I find. Placerville we might expect to find in Placer county. But it's in El Dorado. Santa Cruz Island isn't anywhere near Santa Cruz; and Santa Barbara Island isn't near Santa Barbara. Lake Tulare isn't in Tulare county; it's in Kings. King City, I should think, ought to be in Kings; but I find it's in Monterey. Angels is not in Los Angeles, but in Calaveras. I'll never get your geography straight!"

A Respectable Picnic

A West Oakland negro waited on Captain

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

BANK OF ITALY

SAVINGS

Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco and The San Francisco Clearing House Association

MEMBER

COMMERCIAL

JUNE 30, 1914

ASSETS

First Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	\$ 6,359,715.15
Real Estate, Bank Buildings, Furniture, Fixtures and Safe Deposit Vaults.....	815,977.95
Time Loans (Collateral and Personal).....	602,609.14
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit.....	201,451.98
Other Assets	19,196.82
United States, State, Municipal and Other Bonds.....	\$2,766,033.68
Demand Loans (Collateral and Personal).....	3,975,226.87
CASH	2,430,313.34
	\$17,170,524.93

LIABILITIES

Capital Paid Up.....	\$ 1,250,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	340,221.33
Dividends Unpaid	37,646.00
Letters of Credit.....	201,451.98
DEPOSITS	15,341,205.62
	\$17,170,524.93

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco:

J. H. SKINNER and A. PEDRINI, being each separately, duly sworn, each for himself, says that said J. H. Skinner is Vice-President and that said A. Pedrin. is Cashier of the Bank of Italy, the corporation above mentioned, and that every statement contained therein is true of our own knowledge and belief.
J. H. SKINNER,
A. PEDRINI.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of June, 1914.

THOMAS S. BURNES, Notary Public.

The Story of Our Growth

As Shown by a Comparative Statement of Our Assets.

December 31, 1904	\$285,436.97
December 31, 1905	\$1,021,290.80
DECEMBER 31, 1906	\$1,899,947.28
DECEMBER 31, 1907	\$2,221,347.35
December 31, 1908	\$2,574,004.90
December 31, 1909	\$3,817,217.70
DECEMBER 31, 1911.....	\$8,379,347.02

DECEMBER 31, 1910.....	\$6,539,861.47
DECEMBER 31, 1912....	\$11,228,814.56
DECEMBER 31, 1913, -	\$15,882,911.61
June 30, 1914 -	\$17,170,524.93

NUMBER OF DEPOSITORS, 47,000.

Savings Deposits Made on or Before July 10th Will Earn Interest from July 1st

Leale a few days ago for the purpose of chartering the good ship "Caroline" to carry a boatload of colored people on a picnic. Captain Leale was a bit dubious about the project. He foresaw the possibility of trouble.

"Is this going to be a respectable picnic?" he asked.

"Well, Ah should say so!" answered the nigger. "Ah am in pussional charge of this picnic, and every colored gentleman what goes on that boat will be searched by me for knives and razors!"

Good Tidings for Gus

Gus Hartman went campaigning on the Barbary Coast a few nights ago, for the Barbary Coast is part of the senatorial district Gus aspires to represent once more in the Legislature. The Barbary Coast is not what it used to be, but there are more votes than ever down there, for the sirens who make life mildly gay on Pacific street share the ballot with their high-toned sisters of Pacific avenue. The one and only Gus paid a visit to Lou Purcell's, an interesting resort affected by ladies and gentlemen of African extraction. A black Venus who was spending a few hours of elegant leisure in Lou's, took a great interest in the arrangements between Gus and the bar tender for the display of Gus' picture on the back bar. She knew the former senator by sight.

"Senator," she finally asked, "is you all gwine to be elected?"

"I hope so," was Gus' modest response. "I have the endorsement of the Bar Association."

"In that case," said the black Venus very seriously, "mah gentleman friend will sure vote for you. He's a bar tender down at the corner!"

The Dread Alternative

Why mention his name? It is not necessary, and would cause him trouble at home. Suffice it that he's a prosperous young clubman, well known to the night life. He swayed unsteadily in front of the Orpheum as the crowd crushed into the playhouse, surveying the scene through half-closed eyes with an air of contemplative profundity. Because he swayed a bit too much and jostled several passers-by, the policeman told him to move on. He moved on to the cigar store west of the Orpheum, and resumed his silent study of humanity. But his imperfect equilibrium led to more jostling of passers-by, and though

he apologized profusely to those he jostled, the policeman bade him a little more sternly to move on again. So he moved on to the cigar store just east of the Orpheum. He proved to be in the way there too, so the policeman lost patience.

"See here," said the copper, "if you don't go home I'll have to take you to the station and lock you up."

He surveyed the policeman for all the world as if his uniform was a phenomenon deserving of careful study before he replied:

"Many thanks, old man. My dear wife would give me an awful time if I went home like this. I think I better go to the station!"

The policeman called a taxi and sent him to the baths.

For the Nobel Prize

The fact that a volcanic eruption of Mount Lassen was described in "Yermah the Dorado," a novel of prehistoric California by Mrs. Frona Wait Colburn of this city, has directed a good deal of attention to the book, and all our clubwomen are reading it. It may not be generally known that Mrs. Colburn is a candidate for the Nobel Prize. As soon as her book came from the publisher she sent a copy of it to the Board of Directors of the Nobel Institute in Stockholm. The prize is awarded on the tenth of December, the anniversary of the death of the great scientist who invented dynamite. Needless to say, Mrs. Colburn must be awaiting the tenth of December with a great deal of interest. A number of her enthusiastic friends in women's club circles think that Mrs. Colburn has a very good chance to win. The prize is not to be sneezed at; it amounts to about forty thousand dollars, a sum considerably in excess of what novelists usually make from a single book. It remains to be seen whether Mrs. Colburn's name will be exalted with those of Sully Prudhomme, Mommensen, Bjornson, Mistral, Echegaray, Sienkiewicz, Carducci, Kipling, Eucken, Selma Lagerlof, Hauptmann and Rabindranath Tagore, to name some of those who have obtained the Nobel Prize for literature in the past.

The Trip to Muir Wood

That most delightful of all garden spots hereabouts—Muir Wood—is now accessible by railway, the Mt. Tamalpais Railway Company having completed its new extension to a point within three minutes' walk of the giant and ancient red-

woods. The beautiful valley is now in gala dress, and the days on the banks of the limpid stream are most delightful. But all days are summer in Muir Wood. Here the calm of nature is never ruffled. The perennial atmosphere of the gorgeous valley may always be depended upon to impart serenity to the mind. Now that it is within such easy reach of San Francisco, our nature lovers will doubtless spend more of their time there. The trip to the summit of Mount Tamalpais and into the placid depths of the luxuriant forest may be made in one day without inconvenience and with plenty of time to indulge in communion with nature in all her manifold aspects. How fortunate are the people of a great city that numbers among its priceless assets such picturesque and delightful resorts as those that are to be found just over the bay in Marin!

Tavern Prizes

At the Supper Dance recently held at Techau Tavern, the fair decisions of Judge Shortall who awarded the prizes proved most satisfactory to all concerned. Ably assisting Judge Shortall were Supervisor Hilmer and William Rutherford Cohn. Mr. Cohn is an exceptionally fine dancer and won the second award at a previous dancing contest held at the Tavern. The informal dansant held last Wednesday evening was quite as great a success as all previous dances of this character given at the Tavern and taxed the capacity of the cafe to its utmost. Three of the ladies present received magnificent gifts from the collection now on display in the show case on the main floor of the cafe. These objets d'art were recently purchased by the management of the Tavern from the collection of S. & G. Gump Co., the well known art dealers.

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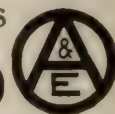
*Shasta Springs, Lamoine, Sims, Sweet Briar, Castella, Castle Rock, Castle Crag,
Dunsmuir, Upper Soda Springs, Shasta Retreat, Sisson, McCloud,
Klamath Falls, Pelican Bay, Eagle Ridge, Etc.*

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8:00A	Bay Point and Way Stations.
9:00A	Sacramento and Pittsburg only. Carries Parlor Observation Car.
9:20A	Concord and Way Stations. Sunday only.
11:00A	Sacramento, Pittsburg, Bay Point.
11:20A	Bay Point and Way Stations.
1:00P	Sacramento, Pittsburg, Bay Point.
1:40P	Concord and Way Stations.
3:00P	Sacramento, Pittsburg, Bay Point.
4:00P	Bay Point and Way Stations.
4:40P	Sacramento, Marysville, Colusa, Oroville and Chico. Pittsburg only stop. Carries free observation car.
5:15P	Concord and Way (except Sundays).
6:00P	Pittsburg and Way Stations.
8:00P	Sacramento, Pittsburg and Way.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Mrs. Peter Wasn't There

It has been remarked by a correspondent of an eastern journal devoted to society gossip that Mrs. Peter Martin was not "among those present" at the dinner given by Mrs. Eleanor Martin in honor of Agnes Tillmann and her fiancé; also, it has been suggested that Mrs. Peter "is being allowed to take a back seat." Perhaps this surmise is correct, but one must remember that it is not easy for a member of the Martin clan to take a back seat. Mrs. Eleanor Martin keeps the members of the family busy avoiding front seats. There isn't one of them capable of the pace set by this most nimble of all hostesses. Mrs. Peter Martin can go some herself, but if she attempted to go the social pace of her mother-in-law she would soon be rushed to a sanatorium for the rest cure. There is another conjecture that one may indulge respecting the absence of Mrs. Peter from the dinner given by Mrs. Eleanor. The dinner gave no promise of a thrill. Mrs. Eleanor Martin's dinners though they might delight a Brillat-Savarin would hardly appeal to the taste of—well, let us say Mrs. Peter Martin. Mrs. Peter Martin is not an epicure. She enjoys the flow of soul. A pretty and a nimble wit has Mrs. Peter, and she loves atmosphere, and so she would much prefer a dinner at the Cliff House to one at Mrs. Eleanor's house. Which reminds me that the story of the smoking incident at the Cliff is somewhat inaccurate. There was a time when ladies were not permitted to smoke at the Cliff, but Mine Host Carruthers is now indulgent toward Lady Nicotine. Some months ago when Mrs. Vanderbilt was in town she puffed a cigarette in the Cliff House dining room, and one of the captains served notice on the Vanderbilt party that ladies were not permitted to smoke. Mrs. Vanderbilt went right on puffing her cigarette. The following evening she again paid the Cliff House the tribute of her presence, and again she had her cigarette case with her, and after the black coffee she lighted up and soothed her nerves with a Turkish weed. On this occasion the management was quiescent. Never since has any woman been threatened with forfeiture of her personal liberty within sound of the barking seals. Mrs. Vanderbilt made it obvious that if a woman had the courage of the cigarette habit it would be futile for the management to put up a "Don't smoke" sign.

A Church Entertainment

The amateurs of the Family Club gave an entertainment at Redwood City last Saturday even-

ing for the benefit of the Congregational Church at Woodside. The Alhambra Theatre was filled, and a tidy sum of money was realized for the charitable purpose. Every detail of the affair was handled by members of the Family working under the direction of James R. Miller, the architect, who has a home at Woodside near the church. Family clubmen made up the program, played in the orchestra, attended to the lights and took the tickets at the door. One of the clubmen who contributed to the gaiety of the entertainment was J. Frank Moroney who delivered a monologue interspersed with stories.

"As I entered the theatre," said Moroney, "I wondered whether this entertainment was really being given for a Congregational church. It seems strange that at a Congregational church entertainment the door should be in charge of a Toplitz and a Kelly! I noticed also that Kelly took the tickets while Toplitz collected the money!"

What's in a Name?

Larry Harris was the presiding genius of the entertainment, and his inimitable wit made the announcement of the various numbers one of the most enjoyable parts of the entertainment. Before the entertainment started Harris asked "Jimmy" Miller the name of the pastor of the Woodside Church.

"There are two Congregational clergymen interested," explained Miller; "the pastor at Woodside and the pastor here at Redwood. The pastor at Woodside is named Beanblossom."

"Beanblossom, eh?" said Harris. "And what is the Redwood pastor's name?"

"His name is Crabtree," answered Miller.

"Quit your kidding," said Harris. "I'm serious."

When Harris had been convinced that Miller was also serious he appeared before the audience to open the entertainment. When he referred to the Woodside pastor he called him inadvertently "the Reverend Mr. Peachblossom."

"Beanblossom," corrected Miller from the wings.

"The gentlemanly prompter in the wings tells me I have made a mistake," continued Harris, no whit disconcerted. "The name is not Peachblossom but Beanblossom. I apologize to the reverend gentleman, and hereby pluck him off the tree and plant him in the ground!"

A Synagogue Next?

Harris told the audience about a dispute he had overheard a few days before in the Family Club. Several men were discussing the approach-

ing entertainment, among them "Pop" Hamilton and John I. Walter.

"The club," said Hamilton, "has given an entertainment for the Catholic church at Portola. Now it is going to give an entertainment for the Congregational church at Woodside. If there's a synagogue in San Mateo it's only fair that we should arrange an entertainment for its benefit too."

"Utterly useless doing that," said Jack Walter.

"Why?" demanded Hamilton.

"Nobody would believe that the synagogue needed the money," said Walter.

French and American Wooing

Mlle. La Gai, the French danseuse now instructing American girls in dancing at the State university, believes that she is capable of teaching American women how to woo. She says American women do not know how to woo. Mlle. Gai is convinced of her own proficiency in the art, and she says a young man, "a very dear friend," says he knows she knows, for he stood beside her in Le Jardin des Plantes while both of them watched a female leopard woo a male of the species. After the performance the young man told Mlle. Gai that she and the female of the leopard species were "all the same." Such is the story as published in the Sunday Examiner, and it has provoked much comment, especially over tea cups. Mlle. Gai is characteristically French in her frankness and in her assumption that the women of her nation are superior to all others. Womanly fascinations are not a matter of nationality, but of individuality. That the French woman is not the most alluring of women is evident from the fact that the errant husband is one of France's most notable products. Many a Frenchman married to a daughter of the soil has been lured away by a fascinating American. A stunning American in Paris is always a conquering heroine, and Frenchmen in this country become quite foolish about our women. A notable recent instance of the failure of a French woman to hold her husband is that of Anna Held. Anna is a very attractive woman, charming on the stage but one hundred per cent more so in private life with a poise and a polish which a successful stage career develops more than a royal court environment. It was an American, Lillian Lorraine (born plain Miss Brown of San Francisco), who alienated the Ziegfeld heart. But she wearied of him, and married another, and though all the while Anna was in love with her former husband, he married one of those Americans who do not know how

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to woo—Billie Burke. The mystery of all these love affairs is why three attractive women should have fallen in love with so unattractive a man as Ziegfeld.

The American Art

Mlle. La Gai feels sorry for the large army of unmated American women. Perhaps this large army may be accounted for by the disinclination of American woman to study the ways of the leopard and make them her own. The American woman is an insidious wooer; that is, she is the genuine artist whose art is concealed. The man doesn't know he is being wooed. George Bernard Shaw says that the female of the species is the pursuer and man is her quarry. This may be so, but the American woman plays the game so skilfully that she has the man in thrall before he knows it, and when it is all over he thinks he has been doing the pursuing and has made an exceedingly clever capture. If in France the proportion of unmarried women is comparatively small it is not to be wondered at inasmuch as it is the custom there to "arrange marriages." Such being the case it would seem that wooing is so little practiced there that it is really necessary for those that wish to try their hand to go to the circus and study the leopard.

A Democratic Nobleman

It was to be expected that the papers would make a great deal out of the fact that Agnes Tillmann was marrying a baron. No matter how much we may protest, we Americans have an utterly snobbish love of titles of nobility. The fact that Jan Carel van Pantheleon van Eck happens to be a baron is much more important in the eyes of the public, and in the eyes of the bavardes who reflect the public view of the matter, than the equally indubitable fact that he is a very superior young man. This fussing over titles is particularly malapropos in the case of a titled Hollander, for the monarchy of Holland is the most democratic monarchy in Europe. Titles are very rarely used in Holland. To his Dutch friends Agnes Tillmann's husband is not Baron van Eck, but plain, homely, unpretentious Mister van Eck. It is not considered good form in Holland to call a man "Baron" simply because he happens to own such a handle to his name. This is a point of etiquette about which Americans prefer to be ignorant. They just love to mouthe titles. In the United States, therefore, Baron van Eck will always be called Baron, and our charming Agnes will be Baroness. But in Holland she will be Mrs. van Eck to all excepting visiting Americans. And I imagine that Agnes who is a girl with as much sound sense as charm—and that means a great deal—will prefer the simpler, the less ostentatious and the more American designation.

Out of Town

Mr. and Mrs. Peter F. Dunne and family are at the Vendome for the summer. Lake Tahoe is daily luring the fortunate possessors of homes on its lovely shores. Here the Fred Kohls have their favorite home. They have arrived and will give a series of house parties as usual. The lake would not seem the same with the Tevis place closed. Mrs. Tevis will arrive from her health quest in Europe before long and the festivities at their place will begin. Mrs. Herbert Moffitt will probably have her pretty sisters in succession. Those not so fortunate as to have homes on the lake which Mark Twain described as infinitely more lovely than Lake Como are comfortable at the various resorts.

Five Talented Graduates

The eighth semi-annual graduation of the Butler-Nelke Dramatic Academy on Friday evening, the 26th, was a brilliant event. A large audience filled Golden Gate Commandery Hall where the exercises were held. There were five graduates, Margaret Goetting, Grace Pierce, Margaret Potter and Willma Wilkie of San Francisco and Gladys Morgan of Portland, Oregon. In stage-presence, voice, naturalness, ease and dramatic power the graduates showed a professional finish truly remarkable. It was hard to realize that their training had extended over but one year. There were four one-act plays presented: "The Woman Finds a Way," "Dolores of the Sierras," "Kitty Clive" and "His Model Wife." An Oriental dance, a Spanish dance, Schumann's "Moment Musical," a monologue "The Matinee Girl," monologues in dialect and two fencing bouts comprised the remainder of the program and displayed the versatile accomplishments of the graduates. Miss Nelke, principal of the academy, addressed the audience and graduates, giving a review of the year's work and praising the graduates for their diligence and fine scholarship throughout their course. She then presented the diplomas. The graduates were showered with beautiful floral offerings.

Dancing at Pastori's

Pastori's! There's magic in the word. It whisks the mind away from the dust and turmoil of city streets to the quietude and comfort of Marin's most fascinating spot. Pastori's is a place to dream of; and happily, one can make the dream come true! There nature and art combine in an amiable conspiracy to ease the mind and soothe the body. Nature contributes her stimulating ozone, her balsamy breezes, the fragrance of her trees and flowers, the beauty of her ever-changing aspects. Art, in the charming person of Madame Pastori, contributes—cuisine! Only a cordon bleu can do justice to Madame Pastori's carte du jour. Her kitchen is a magician's study where culinary miracles are worked. The gastronome never forgets Pastori's. You may find him dining there every night this summer. Madame Pastori's permanent guests are many, and they are discriminating. Not all of them are solely intent on nature and cuisine, however. They share the craze for dancing. So Madame Pastori, progressive woman that she is, caters to this taste too. There are dansants at Pastori's every Saturday for the special benefit of dinner guests. They are merry gatherings, indeed, and to take part in them is to add a great deal to one's joy of living. Long may Pastori's flourish! It is an institution we cherish. Fire could not subdue it. Like a certain bird that has been overworked by orators at prosperity banquets it arose more beautiful from its ashes. So here's three cheers for Pastori's and a tiger for Madame!

Russian Dances at Tait's

There's an especially interesting bill of entertainment at the Tait-Zinkand Cafe this week. The main attraction is an exhibition of Russian dances which is very pleasing. There is also some exceptionally fine singing to be heard and the peerless orchestra is outdoing itself in providing the highest class music. The special luncheon at 50 cents served daily still continues to draw large crowds. They say it is the best noonday meal in town for the price.

"You don't seem enthusiastic about elevating the stage."

"No," said the theatrical manager. "The more you try to elevate the stage, the more depressed the box office seems to become."

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Another Revival

By Theodore Bonnet

For more than a year there has been "psychological depression" in the theatre as well as in all other shops devoted to mechanical industries. In the early part of last season the theatre manager found himself in a state like the region of the doldrums that perplex the mariner. In his desperate anxiety to raise the wind he turned his back on the contemporary playwright who had supplied him with a number of failures, and he renewed acquaintance with the successful dramatists of other days. "Diplomacy" had the breath of life blown into it once more, and the vitality of it was amazing. Oscar Wilde was brought back to the stage, and it was found that the brilliant Irishman scintillated as in days of yore when he was the pet and the lion of London drawing-rooms. Now it is not to be wondered at that Wilde and Sardou should be able to entertain and delight twentieth century audiences. They were playsmiths who knew their trade. They wrote plays that have a permanent appeal. Hardly as much is to be said for Robert Marshall, whose farce "His Excellency, the Governor" was revived at the Columbia this week by the All-Star Players, and yet in his day Marshall had some vogue, and this farce was a profitable play. Moreover it is a jolly farce, with the shreds of authentic comic vesture clinging about it here and there. It has ingenuity and urbanity, it

abounds in idle talk, froth for froth's sake, and there is no end of the crackling of thorns under a pot. In short it has the quintessentials of farce, and ought to be delightful to folks that like that sort of thing. But in this sophisticated day and generation folks are easily surfeited with farce. Life has become a very serious thing with us since we began improving on the work of the Almighty. We are taking precautions against everything, including love. Marriage, except on a scientific basis, is becoming tabu. There is a widespread demand for the interdiction of all forms of temptation, and life itself has become so hazardous a thing to us that to laugh without sympathy is regarded as a ruinous abuse of a noble function. So the times are not propitious for farce, unless farce approach us in a subtle form intent on tickling us through the only emotion which is not under repression—the sexual. What a great farce could be made out of "Damaged Goods!" Consider the uproarious complications that could be invented for a farce motived in Eugenics! How easily Pink Dominoes could be brought down to date! Even "His Excellency" might be made risqué enough to warm an audience into the most ardent sympathy, but as Marshall wrote it—well it is artistically valuable only by reason of the fine execution of the players. It asks one to take a derisive joy in seeing peo-

ple make fools of themselves, and as these people are impelled only by a simple, insipid and honest passion, the artifice is lacking in body, the main-spring is too frail. But if not a tonic or a stimulant the Marshall farce may be highly recommended as a sedative. And anyway it's good to see this company of players, the finest that has visited this city in many a day. If only the management would let us see them taking life seriously! If we must have revivals why not "Lady Windermere's Fan," or "Diplomacy" or "The Joy of Living?" But suggestions of this sort are in the nature of an impertinence, which is something one should avoid, especially after having been vouchsafed the treat of seeing Charles Cherry in the role of John Baverstock. Here is one of the drollest of comedians, an actor whose mannerisms, if quite as pronounced as those of John Drew and Henry Miller, are also quite as interesting and diverting. Sharing the honors with Cherry are Gladys Hanson in Carmenesque poses with a politely rakish air and Carroll McComas, an ingenue afire with animation. Charles Richman is in the cast, very much so, being in the title role, which was written for some one not at all like Richman. But Richman is too good an actor not to make the best of it, though comic awkwardness is something one does not expect him to simulate successfully.

Gossip of the Theatre

Nathaniel Redivivus

It's the good old Nat of yesteryear who is playing at the Cort. The king of drolls is once more on his throne, and the interregnum is forgotten. His faithful subjects yield him the accustomed homage of laughter. "Never Say Die!" Why, it might be Nat's motto! And the author might well have had him in mind when he wrote the play. The middle-aged hero who comes back from the jaws of death and wins a beautiful young wife is Nat all over. It's almost as though a slice of Nat's life had been dramatized. Perhaps that is why he's so happy in the part. You can see with half an eye that he enjoys every minute of it. Of course his enjoyment is contagious. The audience is laughing all the time Nat is on the stage, and he's on the stage nearly all the time. Nobody else counts for much. Still, the cast is very good. Miss Margaret Moreland (why not Marjorie?) has a congenial role, for its only demand is that she look beautiful. She does that without half trying, in common with Nat's other wives. And it's easy to see that she enjoys having Nat make love to her, even though it be only stage love. He's irresistible, whether as a lovmaker or as a laughmaker. I defy anybody to keep a straight face when Nat is being funny. In "Never Say Die" the author hasn't given him a single solemn moment. And Nat doesn't give the audience a single solemn moment either. I haven't laughed so much in a long time. Indeed, I enjoyed myself so much that I'd have gone to the Cort again Tuesday night if I had a chance. What a contrast between that big Monday night audience and the handful that saw Nat the last time he was here, playing Fagin in "Oliver Twist!" Dionysius Woodberry suits Nat and Nat's admirers much better than Fagin. Of course Nat realizes that now. He told us Monday night that he was coming to San Francisco

next year in another play by the same author. May it be the same sort of play! And may Nat be spared to return for many years! After all, he's only fifty-seven. Never say die, Nat!

—Edward F. O'Day.

"The Case of Becky" at Alcazar

Another great David Belasco success is scheduled for production at the Alcazar next week, beginning Monday night. This will be the first production at popular prices of the powerful psychological melodrama "The Case of Becky," from the pen of the young Eastern dramatist Edward J. Locke, the author of "The Climax." It will be recalled by local playgoers that this extraordinary play of a dual personality was played with remarkable success by Frances Starr, one of Belasco's most famous and popular stars, and ingenue at the old Alcazar before the fire. Miss Starr appeared in "The Case of Becky" at the Belasco Theatre in New York three years ago and so great was her triumph that star and play remained in the Eastern metropolis for two solid years. Then followed a year in the principal cities throughout the East, including long runs in Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia. Bessie Barriscale will have the dual role. Thurston Hall will have an almost equally powerful role, and the balance of the Alcazarans will be splendidly cast. The production will be a marvel of accuracy and attention to detail.

"Trifling With Tomorrow" at Columbia

San Francisco is to be the scene of one of the earliest, if not the earliest dramatic premiere of the season, for on Monday night at the Columbia, for the first time on any stage, will be seen the new play entitled "Trifling With Tomorrow." The All Star Players will make their appearance in this piece which is from the pen

of a young San Franciscan Frank Mandel, who has come to the fore during the past two seasons as one of the most brilliant playwrights of America. He has to his credit three successes, and at the present time a number of New York producers hold his manuscripts and will produce the plays within the next few months. "Trifling With Tomorrow" will see its New York production after it has been staged here with one of the finest casts available. Those who have read the play stamp it as a work with the necessary "punch" and there is no doubt that the splendid company at the Columbia will give a performance of great worth and brilliancy. The play is in three acts and there are in all seven principal characters. The story deals in main with a quartet of strongly drawn characters, two men and two women, whose lives are devoted to a cause which brings them into sympathetic touch with humanity and their own stories of love make a profound impression as told by the author. He has been able to carry a great interest from the very first and has retained a vital, unexpected situation until the final curtain. The principal characters, the doctor, the nurse and the drug fiend, will be played respectively by Charles Richman, Gladys Hanson and Charles Cherry. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays.

D'Annunzio Film at Gaiety

Constructed by the Itala Film Company from a D'Annunzio vision, set with a symphonic score by the noted composer, Idelmando de Parma, and produced at the fabulous cost of a half million dollars, "Cabiria" will be the climax of the Gaiety's motion picture season. For several weeks this film version of D'Annunzio's "vision of the third century B. C.," has been a sensation at the Knickerbocker Theatre. An orchestra of symphonic proportions and a choral auxiliary of

more than thirty voices will be enjoyed at the Gaiety when this attractions opens on July 11. Over five thousand actors participate in the picture which is said to be even a greater production than the Itala's "Fall of Troy." The film is about the epochal struggle which reduced the Carthaginian empire and elevated Rome.

Another Week of Nat

Nat C. Goodwin in "Never Say Die" has been playing to big audiences all week at the Cort. The advance sale for the second and final week of the engagement which begins Sunday night, augurs a most successful fortnight. The celebrated Italian tragedienne, Mimi Aguglia, comes to the Cort with a repertoire of classic and standard plays, beginning Monday, July 13.

Beauty Parlor Play at Orpheum

The Orpheum will offer a fascinating bill next week. William A. Brady who has joined the ranks of vaudeville producers, will present "Beauty Is Only Skin Deep," a one-act play by Elizabeth Jordan. There are nine actresses appearing in the sketch. Yvette, "the whirlwind violinist," is a very attractive girl from the Folies Bergere, Paris, where she created a furore. Her gowns are the very latest Paris creations. Dave Kramer and George Morton are black-faced comedians. "The Stranger," a comedy sketch by Herbert Bashford, will be presented by Charles Yule, Ferd Munier and company. It may be described as a "slice of life." Yule has been leading support for Max Figman and other famous comedians. Munier was last seen with Miss Virginia Harned in "The Woman He Married." Miss Charlotte Treadwell is the very clever little ingenue. Next week will be the last of Henry Lewis; Doris

Wilson and Company; the Gardiner Trio, and "Wronged from the Start."

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 5.)

Frank Burt's stories of the queer characters who turn up at World's Fairs. There is the mysterious man who has tried in vain to obtain the Temple of Solomon concession at Chicago, at St. Louis and at San Francisco. This man makes a great deal of money promoting irrigation projects, and spends it all trying to realize his seven hundred and fifty thousand dollar dream. There is also the "Roadtown" man who has written a book urging the construction of one long building straight across the United States from Atlantic to Pacific to house our ninety million inhabitants. He came to San Francisco with a plan to build his "Roadtown," as he calls it, in miniature for the Fair. When he arrived he had plenty of money, and he dressed like a very finicky millionaire. He left San Francisco, pitifully shabby, on borrowed money. These are only two among innumerable cases of the same sort. There is tragedy and comedy aplenty in Frank Burt's office record of rejected concessions. Burt can also tell you stories that glow with the romance of sudden fortune. There is the story, for instance, of his friend George Williams who started with nothing but a patent for an improved roaster and cleaned up a million on peanuts. Money-making seems a simple matter when you talk to Frank Burt.

If I were a concessionaire, I'd be very glad that Frank Burt was Director of Concessions. I'd feel that my money was safe in his hands. All the concession money, as you know, will be

in his hands. This is to be the first fair at which the fair people will do the collecting. The concessionaire will get what is coming to him, and nothing more. The ticket-taker will get his salary, and nothing more. There will be no chance for the graft which Burt stopped at Omaha. There will be no danger of the deficit which crippled St. Louis. Burt is on the job to protect the Fair and the concessionaire. As for you and me who have not the good fortune to be concessionaires, Burt is looking out for us too—for our women folk especially.

"A woman will be just as safe in The Zone at ten o'clock at night," says Frank Burt, "as she is in her own home."

That's saying a lot, but if you had your eye on Burt when he said it, you'd believe it.

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Who's Who Hereabouts

(Continued from Page 6.)

may even hear high praise of the commission by the really bad reactionaries. They point out that the Administration has done much to enlarge the field of patronage, thus insuring good times for the unregenerate when they get back on the job. In the old days, as the wicked, frankly practical politicians will tell you, the railroad commission didn't have many sinecures to hand out, but now they have a plenitude. Under the Wright act the biennial cost of the railroad commission was only \$84,000. Along came the Progressives with Mr. Eshleman keeping things straight, and at once the cost jumped to \$283,800, an increase of over 334 per cent. Which bears out the apothegm that "Reform comes high." In the old days the biennial salaries of the commissioners aggregated \$24,000. Now they aggregate \$60,00. So you see John Eshleman has been doing things, such big things that the failure of the public to sit up and take notice that he is running for lieutenant-governor is incomprehensible. Is it because the people are tired of being governed by men who are in the business of governing primarily because they find it a source of income? Or is it that we are beginning to feel that if there is anything in public life worth attaining it ought to go to some one who is not a politician. A professional politician may really be a very good fellow. He may do a great deal better by us than we have a right to expect, but some of us scorn his avocation and are too ready to believe that he follows it for low motives. Let no such error be made about the gallant young Eshleman, who,

I am told, is really sacrificing himself on the altar of public duty.

Letters

A Novel by Frank Harris

If there is any period of the world's history which would seem to have been done to death both by fictionists and serious writers it is that of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic era which followed it. Apparently we have seen it from every point of view, that of the officer and the soldier in the ranks, the patriot and the proscribed, the foreigner and the native. But Frank Harris really has discovered a new perspective and his "Great Days" is well worth at least one reading. His hero, young Jack Morgan, the son of a village inn keeper on the Channel coast, when he had reached the ripe age of sixteen years, persuaded the elder Morgan to allow him to take active part in the lucrative business of smuggling for which the nominal inn-keeping was but a screen. The running of the contraband cargoes took the youth into Bordeaux and Boulogne, Calais, Cherbourg and other French ports where, though primarily concerned with the securing of a profitable freight for his fast cutter, he had opportunities of seeing at close range not only some of the bestiality of the revolutionists but likewise the misery which led them to their excesses. Later on, when Napoleon had placed himself at the head of affairs, it was an easy step from smuggling to privateering, as profitable as it was exciting until the turn of fortune's wheel which landed the youth with his crew in a French prison where he was in but

nominal confinement and found opportunity to improve his knowledge of French, acquire skill as a swordsman and perfect himself in the art of amorous dalliance. Returned once more to England Jack Morgan's first-hand knowledge of French affairs and his inclination to look at both sides puts him at variance with his old neighbors who could admit nothing good of the French. Both Charles James Fox and Napoleon Bonaparte are introduced, the latter offering flattering inducements to the young English sailor to join the French fleet, but Morgan, with an adherence to principle which he never learned at the paternal knee, remained faithful to his fatherland. The story, however, is more concerned with the individual than with the great cause and it is interesting to note that despite the political upheavals and the dangers and disasters, the smugglers occupied themselves little if at all with any other matter save the running of their cargoes, the escaping from the heavier and slower Channel cruisers of both nations and the outwitting of the coast guards, rejoicing when especial vigilance on the part of their enemies had raised the price of their commodities, and indulging in private fights and retaliations in their camps. These minor novels which are quite as accurate as the more pretentious historical romances, make an excellent background for the real histories. Mitchell Kennerly, New York.

Cried Maude, "My gown is cut so low,
I am ashamed to wear it!
But though my back will make a show—
I'll have to grin and bare it!"



MARGARET MORELAND

Who is Mrs. Nat. C. Goodwin in private life and is the comedian's leading woman in "Never Say Die" at the Cort.



SOPHONISBA

Daughter of Hasdrubal, the Carthaginian general, in "Cabiria" coming to the Gaiety.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Trading was light and price changes utterly negligible. Volume of business to close of week was accordingly small and little improvement was expected in the next few days. The head of one of the large houses expressed the opinion that President Wilson's optimism regarding the business situation might be based largely on knowledge regarding the character of the rate decision and the possible consequences of placing the transportation companies in a position to undertake development and improvement work which they had been obliged to put off in the past few years. Missouri Pacific was a strong feature and its strength was said to be based on the excellent crop situation in the road's territory, where wheat has already been harvested with good results. Steel orders are as heavy as during the first two weeks of the month, although the Steel Corporation's bookings have held to about 25,000 tons a day. The present day-to-day stock market is very inconsistent, but its resistance to recent bad news lends encouragement to a belief that it will do better with any good news.

Wheat—The lowest prices on the crop were made last week with the market showing very little snap, and rallies did not hold. The news regarding winter wheat of course has been pretty thoroughly discounted. The weather has been ideal for cutting and thrashing; still, there is a lot of wheat that has not been harvested as yet on account of the lack of help and the spring wheat crop is not made yet nor out of danger. The export sales of winter wheat have been immense. They have been large through Chicago and larger still through the gulf ports. About all the vessel room obtainable in Montreal and the Northwest and through Galveston in the South and Southwest has been taken, showing an immense amount of wheat that is wanted by Europe, and the very large clearances that we will see during July and August in filling sales that have been made during the last three weeks or more, and that will be made right along during the next two months or more. Prices may sell lower when the movement becomes more heavy, for it has just started, but all the good things have been so thoroughly discounted that we are now becoming a little afraid of the short side of the market.

Corn—Considering the weakness in wheat, corn gave a good account of itself, holding its own and on several days showing an advance whenever wheat showed any inclination to rally. Receipts of corn have been small and the demand, while not urgent, has been strong enough to prevent any accumulation at primary markets. The Eastern demand also showed quite an improvement owing to continued wet weather in the Argentine, and Argentine shippers were said to be trying to cancel shipments made to arrive the

first week in July. The weather map is now becoming a factor and parts of the corn belt, especially east of the Mississippi River, need rain, and unless that section gets a general rain soon, the market will likely respond to any buying based on dry weather.

Cotton—Although cables from Liverpool complain of poor business and the sales of spot cotton are small every day, other information is that spinners are calling cotton and the market is poorly supplied. With these conflicting statements, the foreign market each day shows better than our close, and while nothing sensational, this upward trend is to be noted because it is in face of considerable selling occasioned by the undoing of straddles, of which July in New York was one end and the recent business reverses of a large American concern. Private condition and acreage reports will be plentiful next week and as these guesses are gauged by the weather, it will be recalled that the weather, up to and including the 25th of June, the day of compilation by Government, has been very favorable and these reports will, in all likelihood, reflect it, but they will do little toward changing the opinion of some astute traders who always expect recessions in bull years and feel that the growing crop can only be a moderate one and as it will be inadequate for coming needs, the price must ultimately go higher.

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Employees' Pension Fund	177,868.71
Number of Depositors	66,367

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 6 p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

For the 6 months ending June 30, 1914, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared.

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NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF SHREVE, TREAT & EACRET.

Pursuant to a resolution duly offered and adopted by the Board of Directors of Shreve, Treat & Eacret, at a special meeting of said Board called for that purpose, held at the office of said corporation on the 1st day of May, A. D. 1914, and entered in the minute book of said corporation as a part of the proceedings at said meeting, notice is hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders of said corporation is hereby called, and will be held at the office of said corporation at No. 136 Geary Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of July, 1914, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation to the sum of one million (1,000,000) dollars.

Dated: San Francisco, Cal., May 6, 1914.
SHREVE, TREAT & EACRET, a Corporation,
By WALTER P. TREAT, President,
and GODFREY EACRET, Secretary.
HOUGHTON & HOUGHTON,
1305 Merchants Exchange Bldg.,
Attorneys for said Corporation.

5-9-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 55,785.

WILLIAM G. HARRY, Plaintiff, vs. J. W. HORN, V. GAMBONI MAZZETELLI and All Other Persons, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: J. W. HORN, V. GAMBONI MAZZETELLI and all other persons, Defendants. This action is brought to quiet title in the plaintiff to Lots 33 and 34 of San Miguel Homestead Association as designated on the Map or Plat of said San Miguel Homestead Association filed and Recorded in Liber E and F of Maps at page 14, on November 16, 1896, in the County Recorder's office of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, said lots being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and having a frontage of 88 feet on the west side of Tara Street, between Unadilla Avenue and Mount Vernon Avenue, by a depth of 103.6 feet.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3rd day of April, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

P. M. BRUNER, Attorney for Plaintiff,
First National Bank Building,
Oakland, Cal.

5-2-10

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of MRS. MARY E. CONRAD, Deceased.—No. 16,822 (N. S.), Dept. No. 9, Probate.

ORDER APPOINTING TIME FOR HEARING PETITION FOR SPECIFIC PERFORMANCE OF CONTRACT TO CONVEY.

IDA V. BOGART, having filed her verified petition in this Court, setting forth facts on which she bases a claim that Viola F. Brand is entitled to the specific performance of a contract, made with her by said decedent, in her lifetime, to convey certain real estate, upon the payment of certain moneys which said contract is set forth in the petition of said Ida V. Bogart, and praying for an order requiring the administratrix of the above-entitled estate to execute to said Viola F. Brand a conveyance of the following described real property, to-wit:

All those certain pieces or parcels of land situate in the City of Berkeley, County of Alameda, State of California, according to the amended official map of Regents Park, filed with the Recorder of said County and being Lots numbered 5 and 6 in Block "M" as delineated upon said map.

IT IS ORDERED that Monday, the 20th day of July, 1914, and the court-room of said court in the temporary City Hall, 1231 Market Street, Department No. 9 thereof, Room 529, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be, and the same are hereby appointed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition; and that notice thereof be served by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in this State, for at least four (4) successive weeks before said hearing.

Dated: June 19, 1914.

J. V. COFFEY,
JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

(Endorsed): Filed June 19, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.
FRANKLIN P. BULL, Attorney for Plaintiff,
637 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

6-27-4

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALEXANDER WHELDEN-WHELDEN, sometimes known as Alexander W. Whelden, Deceased.—No. 16,327; Dept. No. 10.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE.

NOTICE IS HERBY GIVEN, that pursuant to an order of the Superior Court, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, duly made and given on the 10th day of June, 1914, and filed therein on the 12th day of June, 1914, in the Matter of the Estate of said Alexander Whelden-Whelden, sometimes known as Alexander W. Whelden, deceased, the undersigned, Executors of the last Will and Testament of said deceased, will, on or after Wednesday, the 15th day of July, sell, at private sale, to the highest and best bidders, for cash, in gold coin of the United States, either in one parcel or in subdivisions, and subject to the confirmation of said Court, all the right, title, interest or estate of said deceased in and to all those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at the point of intersection of the northerly line of Geary Street with the westerly line of Baker Street; thence running northerly along said westerly line of Baker Street thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles westerly and parallel with Geary Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles southerly and parallel with Baker Street thirty (30) feet to the northerly line of Geary Street; thence at right angles easterly along said northerly line of Geary Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches, to the northwest corner of Geary Street and Baker Street and the point of commencement; BEING a portion of Western Addition Block number Five Hundred and Eighty-five (585).

COMMENCING at a point on the westerly line of Ninth Avenue distant thereon two hundred and fifty (250) feet southerly from the southerly line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue); running thence southerly along the westerly line of Ninth Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles northerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet, to the point of commencement; BEING a portion of Outside Lands Block number Two Hundred Seventy-five (275).

ALSO, contract of purchase of that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate in Sacramento County, State of California, particularly described as follows:

FARM number One Hundred Ninety-two (192), containing ten (10) acres, more or less, of CENTRAL CALIFORNIA TRACTION COLONY NO. 2, as designated on plat thereof filed in the office of the County Recorder of said County.

OFFERS OR BIDS will be received at the law office of HUGO K. ASHER, ESQ., Room 1004, French Bank Building, 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF SALE: Offers or bids must be in writing and accompanied by ten per cent. (10%) of the amount bid, the balance of the amount to be paid upon confirmation of sale by said Court. Offers or bids may be made at any time after the first publication of this notice, and before the acceptance of the highest offer or bid after said date of sale as hereinabove mentioned.

DATED: San Francisco, California, this 22nd day of June, A. D. 1914.

JOSEPH C. MEYERSTEIN,
ANDREW PETER MacKILLIP,

Executors of last Will and Testament of Alexander Whelden-Whelden, sometimes known as Alexander W. Whelden, Deceased.

HUGO K. ASHER,
Attorney for said Executors,
110 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

6-27-3

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 16,345; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MOSES SALOMON, Deceased.

Max Salomon and Jacob Salomon, as the executors of the last will and testament of Moses Salomon, deceased, having filed their petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the whole of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 28th day of July, 1914, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10, Probate—of said Superior Court, in the new City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said executors to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, June 23, A. D. 1914.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.
E. H. WILLIAMS, Attorney for Executors,
615 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

6-27-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GOLDIE ZIMET, formerly GOLDIE HELLER, sometimes known and called GOLDIE HELLER and GOLDA HELLER, Deceased—No. 17,060; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Goldie Zimet, formerly Goldie Heller, sometimes known and called Goldie Heller and Golda Heller, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, Charles E. A. Creighton, Room 419, City Hall, 1231 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Goldie Zimet, formerly Goldie Heller, sometimes known and called Goldie Heller and Golda Heller, deceased.

LOUIS ZIMET,

Administrator of the Estate of Goldie Zimet, formerly Goldie Heller, etc., Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 13, 1914.
CHARLES E. A. CREIGHTON, Attorney for Administrator,
419 City Hall, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CATHERINE MCCORKELL, Deceased—No. 17,061; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Catherine McCorkell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix, at the office of her attorney, Charles E. A. Creighton, Room 419, City Hall, 1231 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Catherine McCorkell, deceased.

CATHERINE IRWIN, now CATHERINE McCANN,
Administratrix of the Estate of Catherine McCorkell, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 13, 1914.
CHARLES E. A. CREIGHTON, Atty. for Administratrix,
419 City Hall, San Francisco, Cal.

6-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LOUIS GLAUDON (also called L. Glaudon), Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of LOUIS GLAUDON (also called L. Glaudon), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LOUIS GLAUDON (also called L. Glaudon), deceased.

AUGUSTA GLAUDON,
Executrix of the last will and testament of LOUIS GLAUDON, (also called L. Glaudon), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 4, 1914.
A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Executrix,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

7-4-5

DIVIDEND NOTICE

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market St., near Fourth. For the half year ending June 30, 1914, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1914. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1914. H. C. KLEVESAHN, Cashier.

* * *

DIVIDEND NOTICE

BANK OF ITALY, southeast corner Montgomery and Clay Sts. Market Street Branch, junction Market, Turk and Mason Sts. For the half year ending June 30, 1914, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1914. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1914. Money deposited on or before July 10, will earn interest from July 1, 1914. L. SCATENA, President. A. PEDRINI, Cashier.

* * *

DIVIDEND NOTICE

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 316 Montgomery Street. For the half year ending June 30, 1914, a dividend upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum will be payable on and after July 1, 1914. S. L. ABBOT, Vice-President.

* * *

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street. Mission Branch, corner Mission and 21st Sts. Richmond District Branch, corner Clement St. and 7th Ave. Haight Street Branch, corner Haight and Belvedere Sts. For the half year ending June 30, 1914, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1914. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from July 1, 1914. GEORGE TOURNY, Manager.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXIV. No. 1142

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 11, 1914

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXIV.

San Francisco, July 11, 1914

No. 1142



LIANE CARRERA

Anna Held's daughter who will appear next week at the Orpheum.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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Los Angeles Representative, W. R. Baranger, 432 South Main street.

We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledge within four weeks are rejected.

Shortridge for Senator

In the current politics of California much may be open to conjecture, but the sentiment of the State regarding the principles that should be voiced and advocated in the national legislature is removed from the region of dubiety. Nowhere is there evidence of a desire to strengthen the clumsy hand now tormenting the country, or of a round-up of deserters from the Army of Armageddon. Radicals of all hues are becoming as scarce as hens' teeth hereabouts. It goes without saying that Senator Perkins will be succeeded by a Republican. The only question is, By what Republican? For the party nomination there are two candidates—Samuel M. Shortridge, a lifelong Republican, and Joseph R. Knowland, a lifelong office-holder; one a lawyer who has served the party from the day on which he reached his majority; the other a politician who has been supported by the party from the days of his youth. We would say naught in disparagement of Congressman Knowland as a citizen or as a man. Indeed, so far as we know there is nothing to be said against Congressman Knowland. If we prefer Samuel M. Shortridge for Senator it is in a measure because we know him to be a stancher Republican than his opponent, one in no sense a politician, just a forthright man, scornful of the circuitous and roundabout processes of indirection, and with but one code of maxims for practice as well as profession. This is no time for huckstering and trimming. The Republican party is passing through an ordeal, and it owes something to the men who stood by it through thick and thin; nothing at all to those who manoeuvred for personal advantage, conciliating the enemy, playing hot and cold as occasion suggested. Now as to Shortridge's fidelity there is not a scintilla of doubt in any man's mind. Too honest and conscientious to conceal his opinions or to trim them to suit the breeze, he has always been bold enough to do battle not only against the pressure of popular error but against the demagogues by whom error is cultivated and propagated. We have said he is a stancher Republican than his opponent. Proof is manifest at this moment. The party to which Mr. Knowland is indebted for all the offices he ever held is now intent on wresting control of Congress from bungling hands, and Mr. Knowland intent only on gratifying personal ambition is placing a

seat in Congress in jeopardy. In other words, though Mr. Knowland could be easily re-elected to the Lower House where Republicans are needed he has deserted his post and made way for a Progressive in the hope of being nominated for a seat which his party is in no danger of losing. Now this course, we submit, savors at once of disloyalty to party and indifference to the interests of the great State that is now languishing under the blight of a Wilson tariff. These are some of the reflections by which we have been led to the choice we have made. Doubtless the same reflections have occurred to others. Doubtless there are many sharing the sentiment that it is time to put men on guard, men of stout moral and intellectual honesty, not disposed to waver in their loyalty to principle, or inclined to run with the hares and hunt with the hounds. The imagination to which men of this type appeal must be more or less quickened by the candidacy of Samuel M. Shortridge. In him is recognized the Republican of the old school. Through storm and schism he has been loyal to the Republican party, rejoicing in its triumphs, faltering not in its defeats. If he has been sensible of its errors he has been broad enough of mind to perceive that whatever its imperfections it was the one party of constructive principles, and he has had faith in its power of self-regeneration. Heresy he has refuted, false gods denounced, and today he is one of the few leaders of his party who have no conflicting opinions to reconcile. Men of the Shortridge calibre are very much needed these days in the Senate of the United States. This body was designed by the Founders to check the fatal propensity of legislative assemblies to yield to the impulse of sudden and violent passion and to be seduced by demagogues into intemperate and pernicious resolutions. A body intended to correct infirmities ought to be free from them. If there were fewer men of the Ashurst type in the Senate it would approximate a little closer the character contemplated. Of late the Senate has been sicklied o'er with the Ashurst cast of thought. The leaven of common sense in the Senate has been steadily diminishing. If formerly the Senate was too heavily ammoniated with the Bailey-Aldrich tincture assuredly it has not been improved by the sansculottism from Arizona and New Jersey. There is really exigent need of men of first-rate ability in the Upper House of Congress, and it would be decidedly to California's advantage to elect a Senator qualified by temperament and study to enlighten deliberations on questions of policy and government. Also, we may add, it would be creditable to the Republican party to pay the tribute of its gratitude to the man who through the years has fought for its principles and its candidates without hope of reward.

The Eruption of a Diplomat

What President Wilson hopes to do for Mexico the Hon. George F. Williams has resolved, determined and made ready to do for Albania. Nay, he is already in the

midst of action. The President has not the speed of Mr. Williams. While the President has done nothing more than give aid and comfort to Mexican rebels, Mr. Williams has become the author of a revolt against a throne. Mr. Williams is making things hum. He has set the Powers of Europe by the ears, having lectured them on their moral obligations and divers delinquencies, and he has consecrated his talents to the holy business of organizing "cantonal governments" in the Balkans. Were Mr. Williams acting merely as a benefactor of mankind he would not attract much attention in Europe, but as he embarked on his philanthropic career while occupying the post of United States Minister to Greece it is natural that he should command widespread attention. In this country his activities have been viewed with feelings of chagrin and amazement, and he has been bitterly censured by certain editors who have lost sight of the fact that the superman in the White House has dedicated the flag to the service of the race. In justice to Mr. Williams it should be said that he is merely carrying out the President's benevolent intentions, and if he has erred at all it is in having started his colossal operations on his own hook without even advising his friend Bryan, by whom he was contributed to the gaiety of nations. But no great harm has been done. Now that the Powers understand that Mr. Williams has not the backing of the grape-juice State Department, and that they are not to be menaced by the dry fleet, they are accepting the outbreak of the distinguished American diplomat as a harmless manifestation of the New Freedom.

Blaming It on George

The Examiner's most distinguished special contributor, Rev. C. F. Aked, would have us believe that the American Revolution was not the result of a quarrel between the colonies and the people of England. It was precipitated, according to Dr. Aked, by a stupid King who was not an Englishman, and who hated Americans because Pitt, whom he hated, was "so loyal and glorious a friend of the colonies." It would seem that our Puritan friend of Post street reads history as intelligently as he reads the Bible. Either that or his study of history has been confined to superficial historians, the kind that jump to conclusions on meagre evidence. George the Third, it is not to be denied, was a stupid King, but he was not wholly to blame for taxing the colonies unjustly; nor was his hatred of the colonies due to his hatred of Pitt. To understand George one must first understand that he possessed the Puritan cast of mind. He was a bigot, he was averse to all innocent pleasures, his was the dullest, gloomiest, soberest, solemnest Court ever in Europe. It is not surprising that he reasoned much in the same fashion as Dr. Aked. "I have no wish but the prosperity of my dominions," he wrote on one occasion: "I wish nothing but good, therefore every man who does not agree with me is a traitor and a scoundrel." Is not this pure, unadulterated Puritanese? Now George re-

garded himself as the father of his people, and when he found them in rebellion he determined that they should be flogged into submission. That's the simple truth of the matter; but George wasn't wholly to blame. Thackeray in his lives of the four Georges tells the whole story in a line: "It was he, with the people to back him, who made war with America." The war never would have been prosecuted if English public opinion had not been overwhelmingly in favor of it. The fact is it was a popular war in England. History is borne out on this point by some luminous figures. In 1775 the address in favor of coercing the colonies was carried by 304 to 105 in the Commons, and by 104 to 29 in the Lords. Are not these figures conclusive as to public sentiment? How disingenuous to acquit England with the plea that George was not an Englishman! Englishmen were proud of him, and they held him up as the type of a great King.

The Reign of Lawlessness

When the McNamars were under arrest for the cowardly slaughter of defenceless human beings they explained that their crimes were committed "for a principle." Doubtless it was with the same principle in mind that gangs of strikers assaulted more than one hundred men in this city during the past year. In the last analysis this principle is that no manual toiler in this free country should earn his bread in the sweat of his brow without first becoming a member of the American Federation of Labor, the all-powerful anti-social organization whose president, Samuel Gompers, is coddled by the Chief Magistrate of the nation, and whose lawless purposes the leaders of the party now in power wish to encourage and justify. The criminal policy of the American Federation of Labor has long been tolerated in all sections of this country, but it remained for the Government of San Francisco to permit members of that organization to commit their brutal crimes without the slightest effort at hindrance. For more than a year there has been a reign of lawlessness in this city. Never before was the tyranny of organized labor so freely exercised; and that public sentiment might not be aroused the daily papers suppressed the news of the brutalities to which American citizens were subjected. There is no blacker blot on the history of this city than that which resulted from the pressmen's strike. In view of the

cowardly conduct of the newspapers during this strike how pharisaical must all their preachments seem when they espouse a virtuous cause. Fancy a newspaper editor being revolted by night life on the Barbary Coast while aware that gangs of ruffians have permission to knock any non-union pressman down on Market street and kick him into insensibility! Consider the editor who is incensed at the police for tolerating a gambling game, but who has nothing to say to the police judge who condones the brutalities of organized ruffians. What a delightful moralist is the refined and sensitive journalist who demands that prize-fighting be prohibited, and at the same time orders that nothing be said to rouse the authorities to a sense of their duty toward men who are conducting their business with the same terror that inspired the people of India when the spirit of thuggery was at its height!

Re-Enter, the Colonel

Fresh from the conquest of new wilds, somewhat weak of throat but strong of epithet, the flamboyant Colonel is still able to take an audience off its feet with his spectacular Thersitisms and tonal thunders. He has returned at a propitious time. The people, flatulent with the east wind of doctrinaire statesmanship are in the mood to greet and embrace the Caesar of Oyster Bay. His nebulous but sonorous buncumbe, as intelligible as Choctaw, as lucid as Bedlam, is sweet, inspiring music to their ears. By his vehemence he convinces. Of his sincerity there is no question in the minds of the masses. The man who split his party wide open for following his own precedent in the use of the steam roller, today charges the Republican leaders with responsibility for Wilson, and it is taken for granted that he believes what he says. If all men had as much faith in God as some men have in the author of the "Dear Maria" and "Practical Men" letters the devil would have to go out of business. The man who gave absolution to Boss Flynn, and who, for more than half his political life was the glad recipient of the favors of Platt and Quay, and who worked with them cordially, is once more chattering against the bosses, thus vindicating the lofty moral enthusiasm that inspires him, and the people applaud uproariously. He censures the Administration for its incompetence, for "hurting business," and apparently nobody remembers that when the

Colonel was on the job no greater reproach could be hurled against a man than that his concern for business rendered him purblind to the advantages of a moral uplift. It really looks as though the Colonel has mastered the secret of starting the storm and riding the whirlwind. Read his first annual message of 1901 and you will find that therein he congratulated Congress on the "abounding prosperity" of the country. You will also find that he denied that "law" alone had created it. "Individual capacity" had done its share, yet he insisted that "very serious social problems" confronted the country, and that "old laws and old customs" were insufficient. Among the perils of the time he specified a startling increase in aggregate wealth, and "especially in very large corporate fortunes." To the control of corporations he devoted a large part of his first and much of his following annual messages to Congress. Uncertainty regarding the final outcome of "My Policies" checked the abounding prosperity existing when Theodore Roosevelt entered the White House, and that uncertainty continued until Woodrow Wilson dropped the ferule and seized the wheel. The uncertainty is rapidly vanishing. We are now able to glimpse the consequence of the practical application of the Roosevelt philosophy. Of course the Colonel may plausibly affirm that his solution of "the very serious social problems" that confronted us in 1901 would have been somewhat different from Mr. Wilson's; but at any rate he must own that he discovered the problems in the midst of "abounding prosperity." About those problems he had so much to say that eventually somebody had to try to solve them. Unfortunately for Woodrow Wilson the task fell to him. The Colonel sowed the dragons' teeth and Woodrow reaped the crop. And now the Colonel is telling us once more what's best for the country. Under the lens of critical examination his remarks are vague, sleazy and hazy, but so was his talk of other days when he began undermining confidence in the government of our original institutions. The Colonel might be more definite were it not for his sporadic modesty. Believing that what's best for the country is the election of himself to the Presidency he is inclined to leave the matter to the imagination of the dear people on which he knows so well how to play.

Perspective Impressions

All girls are not as transparent as their diaphanous waists.

Another fiscal year, and taxes higher than ever before!

How can a rich man's son be expected to turn out well when the yellow press nicknames him "the million dollar baby?"

The Monday morning papers continue to make it clear that to avoid the perils of the road motorists must get out and walk.

Will Ulster have a safe and sane Twelfth of July?

Like all college professors, President Wilson is strong on affirmation but weak on proof.

It is not advisable to tell a woman candidate that politics makes strange bedfellows.

What chance would some of these direct primary candidates have in the old-fashioned convention?

When the effulgent J. Ham Lewis beamed on Coney Island all the minor shows paled their ineffectual fires.

A church choir of nude Indians has been found in Brazil. The transparent skirt doesn't always follow the Bible.

Our idea of a pedant is a man who takes Gibbon's Decline and Fall with him when he goes on a vacation.

Varied Types

CLXXXV—EMMA GOLDMAN

By Edward F. O'Day

"California and the Middle West do not compare with the East in culture," says Emma Goldman. "They are not informed. They lack general knowledge. I come from the East, but I cannot be suspected of localism. The small communities of California are terribly provincial. Your middle class is too comfortable to care for vital issues. Too much affluence, you know, is not good for the mind.

"San Francisco and Los Angeles have large contingents of cultured people, it is true. Here in San Francisco there is a rebellious working section that has a great respect for culture. The spirit of your workers is splendid. They are awake and turbulent. They are eager for culture."

In the privacy of her apartment Emma Goldman is a picture of middle class contentment. She sits with feet crossed and arms comfortably folded, talking without effort and without enthusiasm. Her utterance is glib, mechanical; her manner aloof, uninterested. She might be speaking of wash day or the butcher's bill, there is so little animation in what she says. Her indifference is so pronounced that it depresses you. You are quite sure that she is indifferent to your opinion about Emma Goldman or any other subject. She is very sure of herself, and that is sufficient. What she says you may take or leave, as you please. She is dogmatic, like most opponents of dogma; but not aggressively so. She is a blase high priestess, but if you dispute her pontifical allocutions, she won't leave her tripod to convert you. Clearly, you are not worth the effort.

"You may judge of San Francisco's interest in culture," continued Emma Goldman, "from the fact that a thousand pounds of books were shipped here for my present course of lectures. Owing to hard times the sales have not been as large this time as last. Still, we have sold a great many."

It was the first time I ever heard the love of literature estimated in poundage or culture calculated in terms of f. o. b. But it was interesting to learn that the coming of the Social Revolution might be delayed by hard times. Here was a consequence of "psychological depression" that perhaps even the President overlooked.

Emma Goldman showed me one of the books hawked at her lectures—her essays on "The Social Significance of the Modern Drama." I glanced through the table of contents. Here were Ibsen and Strindberg to represent the Scandinavian drama; Hauptmann, Sudermann, Wedekind for the German; Maeterlinck bracketed with Rostand and Brieux; Shaw, Galsworthy, Houghton and Githa Sowerby to represent England; the Irishmen Yeats, Lenox Robinson and T. G. Murray; Tolstoy, Tchekhof, Gorki and Andreyev for the Russian drama.

"They are all precursors of the Social Revolution," explained Emma Goldman. "Most of

those who attend my lectures don't know these dramatists." I introduce them, but not in the way society ladies or the Drama League would like to have them introduced. I do for them what Shaw did for Ibsen in England, though he did it in a limited measure. I explain their spiritual significance."

I gathered vaguely that Emma Goldman had a good deal of contempt for society ladies and the Drama League, perhaps because they were not interested in the spiritual significance of the modern dramatists. I gathered too that she has slight respect for Shaw, "the perfect Ibsenite," even while expounding the Shavian drama.

"These men are all rebels, social iconoclasts, anarchists in the deeper sense," continued Miss



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EMMA GOLDMAN

Goldman. "Ibsen, Strindberg, Tolstoy and Hauptmann are the outstanding, colossal figures among them. Ibsen was opposed to all existing institutions. He did for the drama what Darwin did for science."

These are strange claims, but one does not contradict Emma Goldman when she makes them. There is an effect of patter about her talk which discourages argument. Yet I wondered just what she thought Darwin did for science. It is a point on which scientists refuse to agree. I remembered that Gaston Bonnier of the Sorbonne said of Darwin who hated philosophers and called himself a mere observer, that he was "a profoundly original philosopher, a shrewd observer, superficial, but of surprising ingenuity."

"What I say of Ibsen is true also of Strindberg," continued Emma Goldman. "Of course he was too complex to fit in any narrow frame. At one period he was enmeshed in mysticism; but at the end he was a transcendentalist like Emerson."

Does the reader get the pattery effect of these sayings? It seems to me that Miss Goldman displays a shell of terminology with nothing much inside. Strindberg a transcendentalist at the end! Was it a transcendentalist who gave these direc-

tions for his burial: "Put on my breast the crucifix which I now wear and wrap me in my old brown cloak. Over the grave erect a black wooden cross, with these words: O Crux ave; spes unica?" Was it a transcendentalist who just before death took the Bible from the table at his side and pressed it to his bosom, uttering these, his last words: "My life is ended; here is the only truth?" Was not Strindberg still "enmeshed in mysticism?"

"Hauptmann is primarily the artist," continued Miss Goldman, "but he is also the rebel, uncompromising. Wedekind has done more than any other to disrupt the conspiracy of silence which denies sex enlightenment to children. I have sold a thousand copies of his 'Awakening of Spring' in San Francisco. Yes, I believe in sex education in the schools. Rostand is a rebel, at least in 'Chantecler' which was so badly played in America by Maude Adams. Of course there is something of the reactionary spirit in all French artists. Yeats is a rebel against the State, the church and all material things."

I asked about the omission from her list of certain distinguished draamtists.

"Synge is entirely the poet," she explained. "D'Annunzio is a conjuror of words without much substance. Schnitzler is light and amusing. The Austrian school has never appealed to me. It bears the same relation to the German school that the French does to the Spanish—it is less thoughtful, more superficial.

"As for America, the only drama that is significant from the social viewpoint is 'The Easiest Way.' And George Middleton has a future. He has written some splendid one-act plays. But America is only making a beginning, a commendable beginning perhaps. American plays are very amateurish attempts. I always leave an American theatre with a broken heart, the plays are so poor or so poorly done. Still, we have some good actors—Julia Marlowe, Mrs. Fiske, Mary Shaw and Frances Starr."

I asked Miss Goldman about the English militants. She smiled.

"I do not believe in the vote. It is not an agent of the Social Revolution. But I am in sympathy with the methods of the militants. You know, I have no reverence for property."

It seemed strange that as she said this she should be indorsing two checks brought to her by her manager. She apologized, not for this compromise with the world of property, but for the interruption.

I quoted Mrs. Atherton who has said that "twenty thousand militants are not worth one Velasquez." Emma Goldman smiled in quite a superior way.

"Mrs. Atherton makes all sorts of foolish statements," she said.

I am very far from agreeing with that remark,

(Continued on Page 17.)

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Who's Who Hereabouts

XVIII—MRS. CLARA DARLING

This is the day of sex patriotism and the self-consciousness of women. When a woman achieves anything there is an uproar as though the whole sex had risen up to point to her with pride. And women are exhorting one another to stand together, to fight shoulder to shoulder and not give up the ship. It is as though women were of a species apart. Sex partisanship animates whole groups of women whose central idea is that it behooves the sex to vindicate itself. And to this end they take up burning questions, and handle them without tongs till there is nothing left but ashes. Many of them are concerned about posterity, but are not contributing to it except in an academic sort of way. All this, I take it, is but a casual delirium, one of those periodical visitations like the French Revolution that may be reckoned on at intervals. The whole world craves excitement, and women must get their share, especially women who have no resources within themselves. But there is really no danger for the present of the feminization of the world along new lines. Love will continue to be the whole mystery of the ideal for a while longer, and there is no immediate prospect of a cataclysm fatal to either of the world's axes—love and hunger—on which all humanity has been turning for many centuries. One may still meet the woman who apprehends the significance of her sex and is not addicted to burning questions or inner circles, the woman with the imponderable force of personality which needs no reinforcement from sex-groups. This type of woman who has been man's best friend through the ages, is still with him. She is a happy woman, full of the present, for its bounty suffices her. Of this type is Mrs. Clara Darling, daughter of S. Clinton Hastings, first chief justice of the Supreme Court of the State of California. Here is a woman who never felt the need of emancipation, never complained of the inequality of the sexes. Women of this type take the world as they find it, and make the most of it. Fancy Lady Hamilton, or Madame de Cayliss, or the daughter of Coke of Norfolk, or Elizabeth Barrett championing the sex on a partisan basis!

Mrs. Darling is the sort of woman who, did she feel the need of emancipation, would not think of asking for it. She would command it. A great jurist was Chief Justice Hastings, and students of heredity may speculate idly on the share his daughter has of his characteristics, and find her to be a chip of the old block. How far the comparison could be carried through a schedule of identities and differences I would not venture to say, but that Mrs. Darling has great strength of mind is evident from her career. At the same time she combines with her womanliness a high degree of culture, which accounts for her interest in serious affairs and men engaged in them. Her interest in men, by the way, reminds one of the noted women of French history whose homes were the rendezvous of statesmen and literary men. While Mrs. Darling makes no pretense at keeping a salon, she would rather entertain men than women, and that is why she has never concerned herself about social leadership. What a social leader she would make! How different from the typical hostess of our provincial aristocracy—the lady who conforms to all the punctilios of social usage. Ever on the alert like the nervous pilot in shallow soundings, she backs water at the slightest suspicion of ineptitude. She has but one aim—to keep afloat, skim

the surface of things and pass gently down the social stream on a current that eludes squalls. It is this sort of hostess who has dulled the edge of table-talk and brought social intercourse to the region of boredom. The women who find the company of this hostess congenial would never interest Mrs. Darling. Maybe that is why Mrs. Darling gives dinners mainly to men. Jurists and lawyers are her favorite guests, and when she is at the head of the table the conversation never lags. For Mrs. Darling is a delightful conversationalist. Her habitual conversation, always flowing and animated, has many vivid flashes, and is dotted with amusing reminiscences and anecdotes. The worldly power of discerning character is hers. She knows everybody's strong and weak points, and she has a delicate causticity of comment, yet an urbanity withal, the urbanity with which irony and suavity are at once compatible, and that is expressive of a certain polish of manner and intellect.

I suppose Mrs. Darling's fondness for the society of members of the bench and bar is due in no small measure to her experience as a litigant as well to the fact that she is a judge's daughter. Having, ever since the death of her father, dominated the big Hastings Trust, she has spent much of her time in the atmosphere of the law. As that trust involves five millions of dollars worth of property, it is not strange that it should figure in court occasionally. So much wealth tied up by a trust deed excites some little concern. Mrs. Darling's attitude has not always been pleasing to the heirs. They have given her some opposition, but she has managed to have her way. Even daughters have rebelled, and if they have not been spanked, at any rate they have been pacified. The truth is,—let it be paranthetically affirmed—that with all her firmness and strength of character, Mrs. Darling is above all things a mother; nay, the kindest and sweetest of mothers.

But to come back to her dinners. She has presided as chief justice over a table where the conversation was thick with law, and it was she that quickened it. A wonderful memory has Mrs.

Darling. She can tell you about a case decided twenty years ago, and she can tell you why it was decided a certain way. She remembers the lawyers on both sides, and all the ins and outs of the case, even the issue and principles involved. It was at Mrs. Darling's table that a great dispute arose one night between Thomas B. Dozier, the astute attorney, and Judge Cooper who was at that time of the Court of Appeal. It was over the decision in the Ruef case, and I believe Dozier rapped the jurist pretty hard. If Mr. William F. Herrin wasn't present, or Louis Hoefler, or Judge Coffey, or Judge Graham, or Peter F. Dunne, or Archibald Barnard, the Bolivian Consul, it was one of the few dinners at Mrs. Darling's that any of those gentlemen missed. I'm sure there have been occasions when she presided over them all at one and the same time.

But let it not be supposed that Mrs. Darling is preoccupied with the law and its votaries. She has her lighter moments when she entertains her old friends of her girlhood days, and she takes a sympathetic interest in the affairs of young folks, not a few of whom she has taken under her wing and guided to happiness.

If the most striking feature of Mrs. Darling is her firm, clear and observant mind, there are graces that mingle with it and crown it. She is an accomplished French scholar, and music is her hobby. In the days of her youth she cultivated the vocal art, and was a sweet singer. In her travels and sojourns in Europe she met the notabilities of all the arts. She has entertained many of them and corresponded with them. Ah, what interesting memoirs Mrs. Darling could write! Few women have seen more of the comedy of life. Married into the army, she knows the life of it. She has mingled with its most distinguished representatives. She knows West Pointers as she knows lawyers and judges and statesmen, and the women of the world she knows too, the wives of great literary artists, the great women of the stage. No wonder she is an interesting conversationalists. She is one of the few women who never knew ennui.



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Poems About San Francisco

CLIII—SAN FRANCISCO

By James Linen

(James Linen, one of our earlier versifiers, has been represented already in this series by two or three of his serious attempts at poetry—not bad attempts either. Here is something more from his pen, written when he was in his not uncommon jocular mood. It is the introduction to a longish poem called "San Francisco," but devoted to the downfall of Harry Meiggs, the builder of Meiggs' Wharf. It is to be found in the scarce volume "Poetry and Prose by James Linen," published in 1865 by W. J. Widdleton of New York and A. Roman and Company of this city.)

Anent oak-wooded Contra Costa,
Built on hills, stands San Francisco;
Built on tall piles Oregonian,
Deeply sunk in mud terraqueous,
Where the crabs, fat and stupendous,
Once in all their glory revelled;
And where other tribes testaceous
Felt secure in Neptune's kingdom;
Where sea-sharks, with jaws terrific,
Fled from land-sharks of the Orient;
Not far from the great Pacific,
Snug within the Gate called Golden,

By the Hill called Telegraph,
Near the Mission of Dolores,
Close by the Valley of St. Ann's,
San Francisco rears its mansions,
Rears its palaces and churches;
Built of timber, bricks, and mortars,
Built on hills and built in valleys,
Built in Beelzebubian splendor,
Stands the city San Francisco,
Right between the point called Rincon,
And the Wharf named after Harry.

The Spectator

Johnson, Ruef and Older

That was a mighty good reply brief of Governor Johnson's in the matter of Abe Ruef's application for parole. And the scoop was good journalism on the part of Editor Stanton of the Examiner, for Ruef is once more in the limelight, taking on the appearance of a martyr. All that Governor Johnson says is quite true. There has been no discrimination against Ruef at San Quentin. All the discrimination exercised with reference to the distinguished prisoner by the prison authorities has been in his favor, and there have been loud calls for more which could not be vouchsafed without grave danger of seriously impairing prison discipline. On the narrow issue as to whether Ruef should be paroled or not before his time Governor Johnson has all the logic of the argument on his side. Ruef, though an astute lawyer, has permitted himself to be manoeuvred into a position advantageous to the enemy. He is in the position of asking a favor that was never granted to any prisoner at San Quentin, and apparently there is not a good and sufficient reason for singling him out for an exceptional benefaction. It is Ruef's misfortune that he suffered himself to fall into the hands of his friends, conspicuous among whom is Mr. Fremont Older, editor of the Bulletin, who employed some hundreds of words the other day to conceal his thoughts respecting Governor Johnson's attitude toward Ruef.

The Russianization of Justice

Ruef, of course, ought to be pardoned by the Governor. He ought to be pardoned because he was put into San Quentin by hocus-pocus. It is hardly just or decent to hold that it doesn't matter how his enemies got him there, since every-

body knows he was guilty of certain crimes. The law should be allowed to take its course for as well as against a man accused of crime. The law wasn't allowed to take its course in the Ruef case. And even the course of the law in the Ruef case, as far as it was allowed to go, was exceedingly tortuous. Ruef was given a trial by Judge Lawlor that was not as fair a trial as Ruef's co-religionist, Beilis, was given in Russia. In the midst of his trial the prosecuting attorney Francis J. Heney, was shot down in the courtroom by a man whom he had ruthlessly driven to despair, whose reason he had dethroned. Immediately the Mayor of the city, the press and the officers of the court proceeded to intensify public sentiment against the defendant by disseminating the suspicion that Heney was the victim of a conspiracy, in which, presumably, Ruef had a hand. A public indignation meeting was held, and the jury was permitted to attend a theatrical performance in a theatre adjoining the hall where an overflow meeting was being harangued by the molders of public sentiment. Then Ruef was tried partly under the indictment and partly under the suspicion that he inspired the attempt to assassinate his prosecutor.

Lawlor and Johnson

Judge Lawlor, the same jurist who is now a candidate for the Supreme Court, resumed the trial of the case within three days after the shooting, with nearly a hundred armed detectives, mounted police and deputy sheriffs ostensibly guarding his courtroom against an enraged populace, and thus making a thrilling spectacle for the jury. Several of the jurors asked Judge Lawlor to be discharged, saying that they had been prejudiced against Ruef by reason of the shooting, but he refused to discharge them and advised them to keep their feelings to themselves. Finally came the argument by Hiram Johnson, now Governor of California, who says he has no prejudice. Did he ask the jurors to weigh the evidence and render a verdict in accordance with the dictates of their consciences? No, the future Governor reminded them of the shooting of Heney and dared them to acquit. Yea, verily, not in Russia, but in California, an officer of the court, a representative of the majesty of the law, dared a jury to find a verdict

other than the one he demanded. Here are his words: "Dare you acquit this man? Dare you? And when you have finished I will ask you again, my friends." No, indeed they wouldn't, not while indignation meetings were on tap; especially not with Hiram Johnson shouting into their ears: "Good God, all this blood that has been shed!" "All this trial, tribulation and all this blood;" "Away with the assassins!" "If he is not guilty may the good God deal with you. Are you in the face of all this to turn him loose and tell him to go hence? If you are ready to do it by the gods above we will know the reason why." Was there ever another such a trial on soil where the principles of Anglo-Saxon justice are supposed to prevail? And Ruef, mind you, was subsequently tricked out of a hearing in the Supreme Court. All these things are known to Fremont Older, but notwithstanding his compassion for Ruef, his earnest desire for clemency and mercy, and his rage against the prison commissioners, he thought of nothing but parole. Never did he demand that Governor Johnson repair the wrong that had been done and in which he was implicated. Why?

Mainly Pose

The noble editor's heart bleeds for Ruef, but his soul overflows with charity for the Governor. If Abe is satisfied he has become somewhat unsophisticated during his enforced absence from the haunts of the wise, and he is more deserving of pity than is apparent at first blush. Poor Ruef! He has been receiving mighty shabby treatment not only from his enemies but from

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his friends. From the moment of his incarceration he has served the purposes of the editor of the Bulletin, playing the foil by which that distinguished gentleman has been able to impart verisimilitude to a Christ-like pose. From the housetops, through a megaphone, we had it shrieked into our ears day after day that compassion for Ruef had brought the editor of the Bulletin to a realization of the beauty of all the beatitudes. He became a follower of Christ, with bells on him, gave himself publicly to compassion of heart, confessed his sins, and wept aloud for suffering humanity. Then he got Ruef to write for the Bulletin. Every little while he abused the warden for not being kind to Ruef, and he railed at the prison commission for not letting Ruef out. But never has he demanded that Ruef be pardoned. The prison commissioners may plausibly ask why they should be called upon to discriminate in favor of Ruef, but Governor Johnson can make no reasonable objection to a petition for pardon. He knows that Ruef was not given a fair trial. He knows that on a technicality Ruef was deprived of a hearing in the Supreme Court. The editor of the Bulletin knows these things too, but has he ever asked the Governor to repair the wrong that was done by the State to one of its citizens? The truth appears to be that the editor of the Bulletin has done more harm than good to Ruef. And certainly he is not the friend that he pretends to be, or he would go the distance instead of shielding Governor Johnson by diverting public thought from the circumstances in which Ruef was deprived of his liberty.

Eshleman's Defiance

"The sooner it is understood by the utilities," said Railroad Commissioner Eshleman in the Monterey gas and electric hearing, "that under modern conditions they are literally at the mercy of the State, the sooner they will realize that only equitable considerations are the ones that will finally have weight." This statement was quoted in the papers the day after it was spoken; and as there has been no disclaimer on the part of the president of the Railroad Commission, I assume that the papers quoted him accurately. Indeed, it sounds like Eshleman—the Eshleman who denounced tipping on Pullman cars, the Eshleman who is running for lieutenant-governor. What Eshleman wanted to enunciate when he told the public utilities that they were at the

mercy of the commission he heads, was not entirely unreasonable; but when he came to express it in words he seemed unable to avoid a demagogic pronouncement. Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth spoke. In his mind's eye Johnnie sees the public utilities pinned beneath his thumb, and the vision is so overpowering that it sets his tongue a-wagging.

One Direct Result

Public utilities do not like to be told that they are at anybody's mercy. Such a statement on the part of one in authority is deplorable because it is not calculated to improve the relations between utility corporations and the State. It is deplorable for other reasons too. Let me illustrate. The day on which Eshleman's pronouncement was published in the papers an investor from New York went to the official of a big public utility of this State, and asked him about Eshleman and the Railroad Commission. He had the newspaper with the statement in his hand. This man from New York is connected with one of the greatest banks in America, and he had come to California with seven hundred thousand dollars to invest in a public utility. He had investigated the public utility, and it satisfied him. But Eshleman's statement gave him pause. The San Franciscan to whom he went agreed that the statement was a deplorable one, but he pointed out that the Railroad Commission had treated utilities with fairness, and that in all likelihood Eshleman had been carried away and had said more than he meant. The investor from New York shook his head.

"Arizona has followed California in the adoption of a stringent Railroad Commission act," he said, "and I have had an experience with the Railroad Commission of Arizona. It was not a pleasant experience. What happened in Arizona may happen here. I guess I shall not take a chance with Mr. Eshleman."

That man has returned to New York with the seven hundred thousand dollars that he was prepared to invest in California.

Feminine Fight Fans

A few years ago no woman was seen at a prizefight. Some women attended fights, it is true, but they were carefully hidden from the general eye. Thus, at Mechanics Pavilion where so many of our great fights were held, a certain number of women were usually smuggled into

a small room on the gallery where they could watch the fight from behind curtains as cunningly draped as the curtains of a harem window. These women were for the most part demi-mondaines, but a few of our more adventurous society girls did not disdain to mingle with their frail sisters on these occasions. Some good stories might be told about the company gathered one time or another in that little room. I recall an occasion when a fight much more interesting than the event in the roped arena downstairs was staged in that room. There were several society girls present; and I'll wager they recall the incident more vividly than I do. The fight promoter had provided beer and sandwiches for his fair guests. One young woman of the night life complained that she was used to champagne, and a rival queen of the tenderloin expressed her scorn of this pretension by hitting the pretentious one with a sandwich. There followed a scrimmage which sent the society girls into hysterics, and I suppose fear that the incident would become public kept them awake for many a night afterwards. But I am not reminiscing; I am moralizing. The point is, those women attended the fights under cover of the most studied secrecy. Later on, when Bob Fitzsimmons was in his prime, his first wife Rose Julian used to sit in his corner and give him encouragement. That caused a good deal of unfavorable comment. Mark how times have changed since then!

In Open Attendance

There was a specially constructed box for women at the Jeffries-Johnson fight at Reno. It was at the most remote corner of the arena, but there was no particular effort made to conceal its occupants from the public gaze, though some of the women fight fans did take the precaution to wear heavy black veils. Jack Johnson's white wife sat in a prominent place near the ring, and there were other women sitting with men. When Jack Johnson fought that disgraceful fight with Moran in Paris a few days ago, the cabled accounts mentioned that there were a great many women present. There were women at the Welsh-Ritchie fight. And finally, at the Chip-Murray fight in Daly City on the Fourth of July, there was a sprinkling of women in the arena. I counted seven women near me, and there must have been a good many more. I noticed none that was veiled. They all occupied prominent box seats. They chatted with their male escorts quite unconcernedly, and watched the fight with lively interest. If those I saw felt any embarrassment, they concealed it well, although they

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must have been aware that a great many men were eying them curiously. Truly, times change! Feminism has worked many wonders. I look to see the number of women at fights steadily increase.

A Changed Nat

"He's a changed Nat," said one of the St. Francis philosophers as our eyes followed Nat Goodwin's leisurely progress from the news stand to the elevator.

"How so?" I asked.

"Every night," explained the lobby philosopher, "he goes straight from the theatre to his apartment. In the old days Nat never wanted to go to bed as long as there was anybody to sit up and talk to. Nat loved to 'talk beneath the stars' as much as Maurice Barrymore did. But now Nat's habits are as careful as John Drew's or Otis Skinner's, or any other of the actors who live on a well regulated schedule. And did you notice that Nat played his matinee on the Fourth of July?"

"Why shouldn't he?" I asked.

"What? With a fight going on? The Nat of other days would cut the most important of matinees to see a fight. Quantum mutatus ab illo!"

The Mandel Premiere

When have we had a first night like it? Had it been merely the premiere in San Francisco of some drama which had come across the continent to us hall-marked with the mystic sign of metropolitan success, it would have been an unusually memorable first night. Every orchestra chair of the Columbia seemed to have an occupant; most of the boxes had their parties; and there was a comfortable assemblage in the balcony; yes, even the gallery held its quota. Clearly this was an audience to warm the cockles of the heart of any theatrical manager in these parlous times when people seem to care more for "The Spoilers" and "The Valley of the Moon" presented film-fashion than for our good old reliable friend the legitimate drama. It was a very smart audience too. It ran heavily to crinkled shirt fronts and black pearls, to bare bosoms and jeweled coiffures. And it exhibited an enthusiasm not ordinarily associated with the dress of ceremony. Truly Frank Mandel is a fortunate youngster. The first presentation on any stage of his new play "Trifling with Tomorrow" was not only an auspicious, it was indeed a splendid occasion.

A Houseful of Friends

If our old class room enemy Cicero had wandered up from the land of shades and had drifted into the Columbia, he'd have found new and inspiring material for that celebrated brochure of his entitled "De Amicitia." For the Columbia

was full of Frank Mandel's friends. First of all, his mother and father were there; and I shall not attempt to fathom their profound feelings of pride in the triumph of their only offspring. And his uncle, the distinguished Doctor Joseph Oakland Hirschfelder was there, those distinctive Dundrearies of his vibrant with capillary excitement. All the rest of Frank Mandel's relatives unto remote degrees of consanguinity were there. And his friends! The boys and girls who knew him at high school, the young men and the young ladies who knew him at college were all in evidence, ecstatic over his success. I have never seen a more aggressively friendly audience. Happy the dramaturge who submits his untried effort to such a houseful of sympathetic critics.

The Assembled Playwrights

I saw three San Francisco playwrights in the audience, and you may be sure they were all intently observant of the progress of the play. Charlie Kenyon, the author of "Kindling," was one of them. Maurice Samuels, author of "The Florentines," was another. Maurice is back from New York after an absence of several years, and the friends who met him in the lobby between the acts wished him all the happiness he deserves in married life. "The Florentines" has appeared in book form, but I think, has never been produced. The third playwright I noticed was not Dick Tully, although he may have been present. It was a playwright who has not yet been glorified by either publication or production. I refer to Harry Goldberg, the author of "Roland of Rolandseck," and one of the most indefatigable students of the ancient and modern drama I know. Harry has learned by experience that it is harder to get a play produced than to write it, but he is not disheartened. Stay with it, Harry! Who knows but that you may some day have a San Francisco premiere as glorious as Frank Mandel's?

Sampling the Punch

Dick O'Connor, one of Mandel's high school pals, sat in front of me. He was enthusiastic but critical; full of loyalty but exacting. The muchly advertised "punch" at the end of the second act disappointed him. He turned to me as the curtain subsided after Frank Mandel's modest and fluttered speech.

"It's a good play," he commented, "but the 'punch' seems to be a morphine sundae!"

Players in the Audience

A playwright who personally superintends the first production of a play is apt to be on the worst possible terms with the players by the time of dress rehearsal. Playwrights are prone to self-opinionation; so are actors and stage directors. Clashes are almost inevitable, and there are plenty of instances where relations become so strained that playwright and players refuse

to speak. I remember, for instance, how indignant James K. Hackett and the members of his company were when Brandon Tynan, supervising the production of a new play at the Columbia, insisted on giving his directions during rehearsals with a megaphone! That megaphone nearly disrupted the long-standing friendship between Hackett and Tynan. Well, Frank Mandel stood the test of rehearsals very well indeed. He made himself so popular with the All-Star Players that Rose Coghlan and Charlotte Tittell who were not in the cast, donned their handsomest gowns and attended the performance. Needless to say, they attracted a great deal of attention from the audience, for theatregoers love to see a star on the non-professional side of the footlights. The players in the cast seemed to show by their looks that they rejoiced in the young playwright's success. They beamed on him when he appeared hand in hand with Charles Richman to stammer in happy incoherence.

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Knight for Shortridge

George A. Knight has come out for Samuel M. Shortridge for United States Senator, and is giving valuable assistance in public and private. It will be remembered that in the old ante-primary days, when the "machine" was in power, Knight was a candidate for the Senate before the legislature, but was turned down in favor of Frank Flint of Los Angeles. The rank and file of Republicans regarded Knight as the logical man for the toga, and now that he is for Shortridge he will doubtless influence many voters. Knight and Shortridge have had much the same experience in politics. Campaign after campaign they worked for the success of the Republican party, and were rewarded with empty honors. They toured the State in the interest of the party, paying their expenses out of their own pockets, which, by the way, is not what the average campaign orator does. The average campaign orator gets pay for his services and a job afterwards.

The Speeding Record

Two convicts doing a comedy stunt in the Fourth of July show at San Quentin were interrupted by an automobile horn sounded in the wings.

"What's that?" asked one.

"That's Barney Oldfield breaking the world's record for speeding," answered the other.

"What's Barney's record?" asked the first convict.

"Ninety miles an hour," responded the second.

"There's a better record than that," said the first convict.

"What is it?" queried the second.

"Why, the car that took Harry Thaw from Matteawan did ninety-five miles an hour with a loose nut!"

Which is not bad for penitentiary humor. But did it originate in San Quentin, or was it brought in by some recent arrival?

No "Maternity" for Him

Before the "Damaged Goods" company left

San Francisco, Richard Bennett sought out Wallace Munro, the director of the All-Star Players at the Columbia. Bennett told Munro that the "Damaged Goods" tour would come to an end within a short time, in fact before the All-Star Players finished their summer season at the Columbia. And he said that he would like to come back to San Francisco and present Brieux' "Maternity" at the Geary street playhouse with the assistance of Charles Cherry, Rose Coghlan and the other fine actors at present appearing there. Munro had not read "Maternity," so he told Bennett that he would have to familiarize himself with the play before giving an answer. He read the play that night, and Bennett called on him the following day.

"Nothing doing," said Munro.

"Why not?" asked Bennett, a good deal disappointed.

"Because I read 'Maternity' before going to bed," replied Munro, "and it gave me one of the worst nightmares I ever had!"

E. F. Hutton and Co. Move

E. F. Hutton and Co., members of the New York Stock Exchange, have recently moved into their new offices at 61 Broadway, New York. The firm has branches in San Francisco, San Jose, Los Angeles and Pasadena. They were the first New York Stock Exchange house to establish offices on the Pacific Coast. The members of the firm are Edward F. Hutton, George A. Ellis Jr., Franklyn L. Hutton, Edward E. B. Adams, Hosmer J. Barrett, Richard E. Mulcahy and George B. Wagstaff. The present St. Francis Hotel branch will be moved into the new wing "ground floor" of the St. Francis, corner of Post and Powell streets. Mr. Mulcahy, western partner of the firm, will make his headquarters at the St. Francis office.

Informal Dance at Tavern

The informal dansant held at Techau Tavern on the evening of Wednesday, July 8, was as usual a pronounced success. The dancing com-

menced at 10 o'clock and continued the entire evening, and while there was no dancing contest, the interest was maintained by the fact that the management presented to three of the lady guests, beautiful and costly gifts which were recently purchased from the magnificent collection of S. & G. Gump Co., the well known art dealers. As is customary at these informal dances at the Tavern, there was no specially arranged supper and it was not necessary to reserve tables in advance. The affair was informal in every sense and enjoyed by all those who attended.

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Other U. S. Bonds at par.....	155,000.00
Other Bonds.....	3,863,738.27
Other Assets.....	400,000.00
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit.....	1,980,145.54
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	11,441,685.93

\$40,758,264.32

LIABILITIES

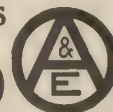
Capital Stock.....	\$ 4,000,000.00
Surplus.....	1,500,000.00
Undivided Profits.....	279,044.29
Circulation.....	2,500,000.00
Letters of Credit, Domestic and Foreign.....	1,980,145.54
Deposits.....	30,499,074.49

\$40,758,264.32

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1:40P	Concord and Way Stations.
3:00P	Sacramento, Pittsburg, Bay Point.
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Harry's Triumph

The latest instance in point is the announcement that Harry Scott has captured the heart of Norma Preston Ames. Everybody is interested, but nobody is surprised. The engagement was forecasted. Harry does not hide his feelings, makes no secret of his devotion. When he loses his heart he's at no pains to conceal the pleasant deprivation. So everybody knew that he was head over heels in love with beautiful Norma Preston Ames. The outcome was expected, for Mrs. Ames showed signs of liking Harry's attentions. When her former husband Worthington Ames took unto himself a second helpmeet a very short time ago, we all said that Norma would not keep her liberty very long. And as we said, so it is. Harry's a lucky chap.

Broken Hearts?

Are there any shattered hearts among the debutantes in consequence of Harry's engagement? Well, Harry has always fascinated. His attentions were always welcome. You see, Harry is so enormously eligible. The Scott fortune is such an imposing fortune; the Scott position is such an impregnable position. To marry Harry is to step to the top of the heap at once. That appeals to all our girls. Say what they will, money and position enter into their romantic calculations. So some of them were undoubtedly chagrined when they read that a grass widow had cut them out. But broken hearts? No, I don't think so. The hearts of our debutantes don't break easily; they are composed of sterner

stuff; they can stand a good deal of buffeting. At the same time, I could name a girl or two who shed a tear or two over the announcement. But Harry need not worry about that. If he sends them cards they'll go to the wedding and beam conventionally.

A Blithe Bachelor

Bachelorhood has not seemed to sit heavily on Harry Scott. If he was eager to take on the responsibilities of married life he did not display his eagerness. It is true he has been devoted to several girls at one time or another, but he was in no case persistent until he began to worship the ground Norma Preston Ames walked upon. His engagement has been rumored times out of number of course. It was inevitable considering his position. On one memorable occasion Harry even went to the trouble of announcing his engagement. He did it by wiring from out of town to one of our morning newspapers. But that turned out a mistake. He wasn't engaged; he only thought he was. Such things will happen, especially to one of Harry's joyous temperament. I don't know a man in society who has had a better time than Harry Scott. He likes to dance; indeed he is an enthusiastic ragger. He likes to play golf, and plays a fairly good game, being rated E in the Green Book of Golf. He likes to hunt big game; witness the trip to Alaskan waters with young Borden. He is good-natured and always ready to help out at a charity bazaar or lawn party or benefit dance by taking tickets, acting on committees and so forth.

Beautiful Norma

And he's engaged to one of the handsomest women of the country set. Norma Preston was one of the greatest beauties of her debutante year. She queened it continuously thereafter, and Worthington Ames was accounted a mighty lucky young fellow when he claimed her at one of the big weddings a few years ago. They hit it off together very well at first, but incompatibility finally manifested itself. But that is all an old story now. Worthington is happily married again, and Norma stands once more on the threshold of nuptial bliss.

Married Twice in One Day

Miss Agnes Tillman was married twice in one day, a fact of which the papers seemed ignorant. The statement is not as startling as it seems; there is absolutely no bigamous implication in it. For Miss Tillmann was married both times to the same bridegroom, the Baron Jan Carel van Pantheleon van Eck. To put the matter in more exact terms, Miss Tillmann was only married once, but there were two ceremonies, a civil ceremony and a religious ceremony. This was in accordance with the laws of her bridegroom's country, for Holland like most countries of Europe demands a civil ceremony of marriage. As both parties to this international romance have large property interests, it was necessary to conform to Dutch as well as to American law and custom.

The Banns Cried

The civil ceremony was performed at eleven o'clock in the morning of the same day on which Bishop Nichols performed the religious ceremony. It took place at the Dutch consulate in the Mills Building, Consul General Henry A. van

Coenen Torchiana, Queen Wilhelmina's representative in San Francisco officiating. In accordance with the custom of Holland the banns had been published at the consulate for two weeks previous. More than that, the banns were cried twice. Once a week the vice-consul Dr. Bunge went solemnly to the door of the consulate and with the usual preliminary of "Hear ye! Hear ye!" called upon all persons who might have any reason to advance why the marriage should not take place to come forward and state the objection. It was quaint, but there was no exciting incident, for there wasn't a reason in the world why this very interesting and congenial marriage shouldn't take place, and nobody came forward to forbid the banns. The ceremony of civil marriage was very impressive. The entire bridal party was present, and all agreed that Consul General Torchiana acquitted himself with great dignity, the fact that it was the first marriage he performed since becoming consul general failing to make him the least bit nervous. At the wedding supper Consul General Torchiana was the guest of honor, and made the only speech of the evening.

The Adventuress Countess

A notable American woman died on the Riviera the other day, and presently we shall be reading about her in the Sunday supplements. She was the Countess di Castelmenardo, a name not familiar to the bavardes of this city, though the

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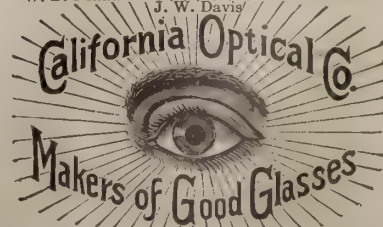
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countess was here about a year ago, stopping at the St. Francis where her exotic style made her the subject of inquiry and comment. The countess was Edith Van Buren of New York, a great grand-niece of President Martin Van Buren. She had an interesting career, and as she had something of the dash and love of adventure that gave distinction to Lily Hitchcock in pioneer days, she figured frequently in the chit-chat of the New York smart set. From girlhood she was of an adventurous disposition, a dashing horsewoman, and an excellent whip. She was as well known in Europe as in this country, and among her most ardent admirers was King Leopold of Belgium. Fourteen years ago she became the Countess di Castelménardo, but lived with the Count only three years. In March 1906 the Count was convicted of unfaithfulness at Genoa and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. Some years ago the Countess went to Dawson with another woman, where she pitched a tent, staked out a claim and sold canned goods to the miners with whom they became very popular. On Sundays they held religious services, which were attended by great crowds.

Flowers for the Fair

The California Building at the World's Fair will be adorned with masses of beautiful cut flowers every day the Fair is open. The blooms will come from the gardens of San Mateo, Hillsborough, Burlingame and other places down the peninsula. They will be voluntary offerings made by more than a hundred of our best families, including some of the most prominent millionaires in the West. The Crockers, the De Sablas, the Carolans, the Breedens, the Tobins, the Clarks, the McNears, the Taylors and any number of others will contribute their choicest blooms every day. Mrs. Coryell will give masses of her magnificent orchids. Visitors to the California Building will be in no danger of forgetting that California is the Land of Flowers, or that the country to the south of San Francisco is one of California's most fragrant beauty spots.

The Fourth at Paso Robles

Paso Robles Hot Springs presented a very gay appearance on the Fourth of July. A large number of people from the bay cities were down for the holidays. The hotel management entertained their guests with a fine display of fireworks. A number of those who went down for the Fourth decided to protract their stay, so much did they enjoy themselves. Among recent arrivals: Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Crist, Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Upham, E. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ede, William Ede Jr., Alan Ede and nurse, Mrs. C. T. Young and daughter, S. G. Young, Miss V. K. Prinz, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Burnett, W. W. Burnett Jr. and maid, Mr. and Mrs. A.

Meyer, Miss A. G. Hill, Jas. Greeley, Rabbi M. S. Levy, Mrs. M. S. Levy, Miss Welcome Levy, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Crossett, Jas. J. Schmit, Mrs. M. Fay, Jos. Schweitzer and wife, Dr. W. W. Kerr and wife, Jas. W. Kerr and wife, Lester Rand, Geo. G. Moran and wife, Miss Alice Petersen, Mrs. Petersen, Lester Ulfelder and wife, Wm. H. Ulfelder, Jeremiah Mahoney, John J. Mahoney, Capt. and Mrs. Rodwell Meyer, G. A. Wahlgren, Mrs. S. W. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Hughes, Miss Helena Speyer, T. A. Woods and wife, F. H. Church, Roland Grubb, Jos. R. Grubb, M. Andrews, Mrs. Wm. D. Barnard, Alice G. M. Reed and family, San Francisco; J. Elmer Jones, Atlanta, Ga.; Mary K. Glaser, Warren, Ohio; G. W. Duffey and wife, Sacramento; R. H. Stevens and wife, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. W. Johnson, Carmel; D. T. Carlisle, Elgin, Ill.; Prof. H. W. Campbell, Racine, Wis.; H. S. Rich and wife, C. W. Sutton and wife, Mrs. M. M. Barnard, Minneapolis; P. J. Barnard, Chicago; L. R. Pierce, Salt Lake City; M. M. Barnet and wife, Master Meyer Barnet, Berkeley; James H. Lewis and wife, Dr. Murray L. Johnson and wife, James A. Johnson and wife, Grey C. Earl, Oakland; Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Robbins, Mrs. C. A. Muller and child, Miami; Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Gould, M. Lynch, St. Louis; H. W. Campbell, Lincoln, Neb.; Jas. H. Tallman, Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. J. B. Lencioni, Los Gatos; Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Weston, Miss Weston, Santa Clara; Mr. and Mrs. M. Standish, Mrs. Catherine Ede, Palo Alto; Mrs. T. R. Turner and family, San Mateo; Mr. and Mrs. Chester Rowell, three children and maid, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Lozier, Master R. Lozier, Lompoc.

At Castle Crag

Guests at Castle Crag are spending enjoyable times fishing, riding and in general outdoor sports. Thursday last a pretty dance was given, splendid music being provided by Messrs. Foster Miles, Richard Cockcroft, Ellsworth Le Count and Bruce Farrington. The Fourth was celebrated with enthusiasm and enjoyment. Among those registered at Castle Crag from San Francisco are: Prof. J. W. Griffith and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Magee, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Permyer, Mrs. J. W. Crocker, Mr. E. W. Hopkins, Raymond Armsby, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. S. Cole, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Duncan and children, Mrs. J. Zentner and maid, Miss Dorothy H. Zentner, Miss C. H. Waller, Mrs. E. Keffer, Mr. and Mrs. B. Livingston and maid, Masters K. J. and E. Livingston, Mrs. J. W. Bower, Mrs. C. B. Sheldon, Mr. Richard Altschul, Mr. H. G. Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Paul M. Nippert, Mr. H. E. Burnett, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Corbusier, Mr. H. R. Blanding, Mrs. Horace Orear, Miss Hazel Orear, Masters Horace and Harold Orear, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Miller and children, Mrs. A. Comte, four children and maid, Miss Emily Chapuis.

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"Trifling With Tomorrow"

By Edward F. O'Day

"We cannot trifle with tomorrow," says Dr. Linnell to the head nurse Katharine when she has declared her belief in euthanasia. Naturally one jumps to the conclusion that euthanasia is to be the theme of Frank Mandell's play. A splendid theme too. Gertrude Atherton wrote a most powerful short story on the subject. Is euthanasia ethically right? Should it be legally permissible? There is controversy on the subject, controversy pointed quite recently by an arresting case in the East. It was a case where euthanasia seemed a merciful treatment to eminent authorities, yet the patient made an astounding recovery. Yes, euthanasia would make an inspiring theme in this day of the clinical drama. But Frank Mandell did not write a drama of euthanasia. I suspect that he started out to do so and found himself sidetracked; that his story ran away with him. That being the case, it is too bad he didn't start all over again. As it is, he left enough talk of euthanasia in the first act to confuse the audience. And euthanasia suggested the title of his play, an admirable title for a play motived in euthanasia, but a meaningless title for this play, which is not a play of euthanasia but simply a melodrama of today wherein situations not unknown yesterday or yesteryear are dressed in new clothes and made very presentable indeed. The head nurse Katharine loves and is loved by Dr. Manning. But there is a bar to their marriage, a worthless husband, the prey of drink and drugs from whom she is separated, not divorced. The worthless husband comes to the hospital to extort money, and she hides him over-night in her bed chamber, fearful all the time of a scene which will publish her unhappiness to the doctor she loves and the rest of the hospital staff. This is not a new situation, of course, but though an old one it is an old one Frank Mandell has every right to use provided he makes it interesting. Unfortunately, he can only make it interesting to those of us who accept the artifices of the stage without question, who do not insist that the plausibilities of life shall be respected in the

mimic world illuminated by the footlights. And in "Trifling with Tomorrow" the situation is far from plausible. I cannot convince myself that Katharine's trouble would ever have become acute enough to develop the dramatic situations Frank Mandell has contrived. The simple thing for a woman to do when she is suffering under the burden of an impossible marriage is to obtain a divorce. It would have been the simplest thing in the world for Katharine to obtain a divorce from that drunken, drug-fiend, robbing husband of hers. She voices no religious scruple against divorce. She has not sought divorce merely because she shrinks from the disagreeable publicity it would entail. But this won't do! A strong-minded head nurse who believes in euthanasia and is hungry for the freedom which would permit her to marry a man who adores her, would not be kept out of the divorce court in this day and hour by any such consideration. That, I say, is a weakness of "Trifling with Tomorrow," a structural flaw that diminishes its interest for the theatregoer who is a bit analytical. The occasion comes when Katharine may obtain her release without the unpleasant recourse to the divorce court. Her miserable husband, after extorting money from her and leaving her in a wild rage because she refuses to buy from him an uncontested divorce, returns chastened, remorseful, eager to expiate his wrongdoing by quitting the world. He begs her to give him poison so that he may commit suicide. This is where the "punch" of the play is landed—at the end of the second act. Katharine is sorely tempted to let him have his way. I have said that euthanasia is not the theme of this play, and I do not think that Frank Mandell regards what follows as an experiment with euthanasia. To think so would be to suppose that he does not know what euthanasia means. To connive at the suicide of another does not come within the meaning of that term. Katharine is about to connive at her husband's suicide, but a flash of lightning, "God's thunderbolt" it is called in the play, frightens her and saves her from being accessory to murder.

The punch is landed, and poor Katharine is as badly off as before. In the third act the worthless husband smooths out all complications by taking poison. But he does it in such wise that Katharine is suspected of having murdered him; in such wise too that Katharine supposes his death was due to the mistake of another nurse, the daughter of the doctor she loves. There is a fine mix-up here, a mix-up which enables Frank Mandell to write a very interesting act. It is an act reminiscent in its merciless cross-examination of a lying woman of "Mrs. Dane's Defense," but that does not detract from its interest. It is the best act of the three, and so written that with very little change it would be an excellent one-act play. It has an ending that probably takes most of the audience by surprise, for only a slender clue has been supplied, obviously written to cloak plot weakness and that the audience should know what is coming. Whether it is dramatically proper to trick an audience I shall not stop to consider, for the audience may guess the ending if it is alert enough. It is of more importance to know that while there are plenty of thrills in the first and second acts, the third is really quite breathless with suspense. You may pick all the flaws you please in "Trifling with Tomorrow:" you may say that it is miscalled, that it leans on a reed of a motive, that much of its dialogue is obviously written to cloak weakness and that its leading character, the head nurse, would never have been found relieving a student nurse in the care of a charity or any other patient—and still it remains a melodrama with a "punch," a play that audiences will like. If I had not learned by experience that forecasting the fate of new plays is more hazardous than "calling" elections, I should say that "Trifling with Tomorrow" will be a success. But this much is outside the realm of prophecy—the boy who is capable of writing "Trifling with Tomorrow" is sure to do fine work when he grows up. If Frank Mandell does this sort of thing before he's thirty, he ought to be a wonder before he's forty!

Gossip of the Theatre

The Case of Bessie

In its way the case of Bessie is even more interesting than "The Case of Becky." The case of Bessie is histrionic rather than psychological. Here is a young actress we have been accustomed to see in sweet, ingenuous roles and who has never disappointed us in her portrayals. If asked about it we should probably have said that sweet, ingenuous roles were her forte and that it would be ruinous for her to attempt anything more ambitious. How wrong that answer would have been Miss Barriscale has been demonstrating all week at the Alcazar. The dual role she was given in "The Case of Becky" is one which taxed the powers of Frances Starr, a young actress of wider experience than Miss Barriscale's. Had she failed in it there would be many sufficient excuses for her failure. But she has not failed in it. She has been quite triumphantly successful in it. She has actually played the dual role in "The Case of Becky" better than Frances Starr played it! And so she has made a sensation in O'Farrell street. She has taken her audiences off their feet, but prob-

ably to no greater extent than she has taken her associate players of Alcazar Stock off their feet. They didn't really know it was in her to reach the dramatic heights she has scaled this week. This is not to say that Bessie Barriscale has arrived, because she arrived a long time ago. But she has moved to a higher histrionic plane. She can never again be regarded as a mere ingenu; she takes her place among our authentic feminine interpreters of highly difficult dramatic roles. The support accorded her by the company is splendid. Thurston Hall gives a very fine performance. So does Howard Hickman. But primarily it's a case of Bessie at the Alcazar this week.

—The Second Nighter.

Bessie Barriscale in "The Runaway"

After offering her remarkable interpretation of the dual roles in "The Case of Becky," dainty, clever little Bessie Barriscale will next week at the Alcazar give further proof of her splendid talents in the first production here, and at popular prices, of Billie Burke's greatest success

"The Runaway." It is a delightful little comedy from the French, the authors being the well known writers of farce, Pierre Veber and Henri de Grosse. The play was done into English for Billie Burke by Michael Morton. The leading role of Colette, the young girl who runs away from home because of the restrictions put upon her by her relatives, will find excellent interpretation at the hands of Miss Barriscale. Thurston Hall will be seen to excellent advantage, and the long cast of characters will find splendid interpretation at the hands of the clever Alcazarans, augmented by a number of specially engaged players.

"Fine Feathers" at Columbia

"Fine Feathers" is to be the play for the fourth week of the All-Star Players' season at the Columbia, commencing Monday night. This announcement is sufficient to attract throngs to the box office, for the Eugene Walter play is considered one of the dramatic sensations of today. Its triumphant tour last year was productive of more comment than has been accorded any play

in many seasons past. The author of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "Paid in Full" and other plays has given the stage in "Fine Feathers" a modern work that has all the elements of success. The All-Star Players will be cast to superb advantage. The talkative Mrs. Collins will again be played by Rose Coghlan, and the wife Jane Reynolds who seeks to live beyond her husband's income will be portrayed by the talented Gladys Hanson. George Stuart Christie will be seen as the embezzling husband, and Charles Richman will play the role of John Brand, the supposed friend. Charles Cherry will be seen as Dick Meade, the role of Frieda has been entrusted to Charlotte Tittell and that of the nurse to Carroll McComas. This is a remarkably fine cast and the play is sure to receive the finest interpretation it has ever known. Matinees are announced for Wednesday and Saturday.

The D'Annunzio Film

The judgment of the first audience that witnessed "Cabriria" at the Gaiety was entirely in



MIMI AGUGLIA

The celebrated Italian tragedienne who will be seen at the Cort Theatre beginning Monday night, July 13.

accord with advance claims for the great D'Annunzio film. In every respect San Francisco has endorsed the opinion of Rome, Milan, London, New York and Chicago in proclaiming this master work of the Itala Film company the most stupendous photo-spectacle ever offered. In the midst of a setting of splendor, war and intrigue is laid the pretty, romantic story of the love of a Roman soldier for a Sicilian girl; but around this romance is laid the epoch-making struggle of the Roman forces with the Carthaginian heroes. Hannibal is seen crossing the Alps and reaching Rome with his menacing troops; the Roman fleet is seen scattered and destroyed on the blue waters of the Mediterranean; a village of Sicily is shown under the rain of a fiery torrent belched from Aetna and torn with earthquake tremors; and finally the forces of Rome are seen in the struggle before Carthage wherein ends Carthage supremacy. The splendor of courts, half barbaric, half civilized; the rites of an ancient religion, the sacrifice of human victims and the solemn march of princely corteges across the sands of Sahara are some of the episodes which are visualized in this remarkable spectacle, the like of which the stage has never before seen.

Anna Held's Daughter at Orpheum

An interesting event is the first appearance in this city at the Orpheum next week of Liane Carrera, the daughter of Anna Held. She will offer a musical melange written for her by

Irving Berlin, in which she will be assisted by Tyler Brooke and a chorus of six stunning show girls. This pretentious offering was staged by F. Stammers who brought from Paris the scenic investiture and costumes. Miss Carrera is eighteen and beautiful. M. and Mme. Corradini's menagerie is composed of trained zebras, elephants, a horse and several dogs. "A Ragtime Soldier" is a droll skit of music and novelties offered by John and Mae Burke. Miss Burke is a handsome blonde. Sammy Burns and Alice Fulton are a dainty and finished dancing couple. Britt Wood who, on account of his character work, is referred to as "The Boob," is one of the most original jesters of the period. Next week will be the last of Yvette, the whirlwind violinist, Kramer and Morton and William A. Brady's "Beauty Is Only Skin Deep."

Mimi Aguglia at Cort

Monday night's performance will usher in the much discussed engagement of Mimi Aguglia, the celebrated Italian tragedienne, at the Cort. Interest in this season of Italian drama is being evidenced to considerable degree among American theatregoers, for the fame of the Latin star has traveled, and she is sure to be greeted with a large house on the occasion of her local debut. Aguglia has been pronounced by European writers and the leading critics of New York and Chicago one of the most remarkable actresses of our time. She is supported by a large company of players, every member of which has been with her since the start of her preesent world tour, which began in Rome almost a year ago. The versatility of Aguglia is truly amazing. She has played the leading roles in 200 plays, and the parts she will portray at the Cort have been selected with a view to showing the many sides of her art. The opening bill Monday night will be "The Daughter of Jorio," by D'Annunzio. Sardou's "Fedora" is announced for Tuesday. Wednesday matinee will see a repetition of "The Daughter of Jorio," and "Odette" will be the offering Wednesday night. "The Schemer's Supper," a tragedy by Sem Benelli will be given on Thursday night. "Camille" on Friday night should prove popular. Saturday afternoon's performance will see a repetition of "The Schemer's Supper" and Luigi Capuana's tragedy "Malia" is to be Saturday night's bill. "Camille" will be repeated at the Sunday matinee, with "The Hidden Torch" as the attraction Sunday night. Nat Goodwin in "Never Say Die" will be seen for the last time tonight.

The Limit

Just to prove that I am game, dear,
I'll do any old thing once;
Tackle any task you name, dear,
Pull the wildest kind of stunts.

I will turkey trot or two step,
Castle walk or serpent glide,
Tackle any silly new step,
Wiggle worm or walrus glide.

I'll recite or sing a ballad,
Turn a handspring, run a race,
Trim a hat or make a salad,
Fight a duel or say grace.

I'll do anything for you, dear,
Whether mankind lauds or mocks—
Anything a man can do, dear;
But I will not wear white socks.

Mrs. Tiff—Can you recall the day we married?
Mr. Tiff—No; I can't recall it, so I try to forget it.

"Do you know the parables, my boy?" said a bishop once.

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"And which of the parables do you like best?"

"I like the one," he answered, after a moment's thought, "where somebody loafs and fishes."

Gaiety

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Varied Types

(Continued from Page 6.)

but I quote it gladly, hoping that it may reach Mrs. Atherton's eye. I should love to hear what Mrs. Atherton has to say in reply.

"I have no reverence for property," continued Miss Goldman, blotting the indorsements, "but I revere art. The possibilities of creative art are limitless. But art cannot be without repose, and we lack repose."

This did not seem to agree very well with what went before. She had said that our California middle class was too comfortable to care for vital issues. Is not art a vital issue with Miss Goldman? Too much affluence, she had said, is not good for the mind. Too much of anything is not good, of course; but affluence makes for repose. So art should get a hearing in our affluent middle class which, says Miss Goldman, is terribly provincial. Her statements seem to require co-ordination. However, I let that pass with the rest, and asked how we were to acquire repose. The answer was surprising, but rendered in her most matter-of-fact way.

"By rebellion," she said. "Rebellion must come before repose, just as sickness comes before bodily rest. Sickness is the rebellion of the body against the abuses heaped upon it. The Social Revolution is the rebellion which will be the medium of establishing repose. And the Social Revolution is imminent. Like all other revolutions it will be accompanied by violence. It will be a reaction, a violent reaction from materialism to social service."

I asked her how she regarded the assassination of Francis Ferdinand and his wife.

"I loathe the destruction of human life," she answered. "It is deplorable but inevitable. Organized violence at the top of society causes violent resistance at the bottom."

Words! Plausible words! Plitudinous patter! Sophistical phrase-making! Glittering culture! I went away feeling as though I had been fed on "vacant chaff well meant for grain."

Letters

Jack London's Thirty-third Book

With "The Strength of the Strong" Jack London comes before the public for the thirty-third time, bok in hand, and this does not include a very good juvenile, at that. The new volume contains seven stories of which the first gives title to the collection though it is not the best in the book. These new tales all have a philosophical and sociological trend, and like all the author's works they are interesting in theme and well told so that even the most captious critic is constrained to read them to a finish and reserve his carping until the book is closed. Perhaps the one which will produce the strongest local interest is "South of the Slot," for not only will the title arrest the eye of every San Franciscan but the familiar aspect of some of our labor strikes will be brought visibly before him. The story itself is comedy or tragedy, according to the view of the reader. It concerns a case of double personality, but with this difference: the hero was consciously aware of the dual identity and for reasons of his own cultivated both aspects of his individuality until he became suddenly aware that one or the other must triumph and it was obligatory for him to make a choice ere it made itself in spite of him. Professor Frederick Drummond, doctor of philosophy at one of the universities, had masqueraded as an unskilled laborer in order to gather data at first hand for his books. Large of frame, class conscious and fastidious, he was in every respect save in physical proportions the opposite of Bill Totts, the

roughneck laborite, and very proud was the professor of his fine acting. Suddenly he discovered that Bill Totts was falling in love with a girl of his own class and that if Frederick Drummond were not alert to extricate himself he would be taken unaware and permanently submerged. The immediate way out was for him to marry into his own class and forsake his sociological investigations. Something dramatic occurred but it would be an injustice to readers to hint just what. "A Dream of Debs" is a story of an universal strike in which all the workers, skilled and unskilled, go out together without giving notice, and of the distress and inevitable reversion to savagery which result. It, too, has a local setting. "An Unparalleled Invasion" has for its theme "the yellow peril," and the desperate but not impossible means that were resorted to to restrain the horde of Mongolians that simply swelled and burst their borders and overran the earth. Two other of the tales take us over-seas to the coast of Ireland, to a race which, though born in Irish territory and claiming Ireland as its nativity, is in language, religion, mental and moral strain Scotch. "The Sea Farmer" is the story of a man whose whole heart was bound up in farming and land-owning but who, according to the local custom of primogeniture, was obliged to go to sea. Captain MacElrath was a conscientious officer, a good seaman who considered his owners, but he literally farmed the sea for their benefit. He worked steadily and earnestly at his "job" but he never loved nor even liked it, never recognized wonder or beauty or mystery. It was a power to be overcome or circumvented, and some day, the sooner the better, to be abandoned. "Samuel" again is a story of Island Magill, the tragedy of a woman who had the courage and confidence to set herself against the superstitious conviction of her family and neighbors. Coincidences strengthened them in their beliefs and Margaret Henan was ostracized and outcast. A weaker woman would have given way in mind or body, but not so this heroine who refused to believe that an all-wise and powerful God would wreak spite on one of his creatures simply because she had a liking for the name of Samuel. It is as grim and ghastly as any tale of the New England persecutions for witchcraft. Jack London is a master hand at story telling. If this were the first volume from his pen it would attract

the encomiums of the critics. Few if any of our prolific authors have maintained as high an average, not to take into consideration the variety and versatility of his themes. From the Macmillan Company, New York.

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Very desirable quarters suitable for Club or Society. Equipped with auditorium and stage. Centrally located in high-class building. Inquire of HIRSCH & KAISER, 218 Post St., or of your real estate agent.

(Advertisement)

A Dialogue at the Door

Citizen Outforwork, hat in hand- accosted the Professor as he came out of Candid House: "I have a wife and four small children—"

"You only think you have," said the Professor; "your state is merely psychological."

"I haven't had any work for six months, since the factory—"

"Fie," cried the Professor, taking off his eyeglasses and waving them in a wide gesture of deprecation; "don't you know that non-employment is merely psychological?"

"My wife and children are actually hungry—"

"Nonsense, my dear sir; hunger is merely psychological."

"My brother has just been 'fired' by the X Y & Z railroad; the railroad people said they had to reduce expenses."

"How ridiculous; expenses of railroads are merely psychological. So is your brother's discharge."

"Professor, will you lend me a dollar? When better times—"

"This is most unbecoming language. What times could be better than these? Times are merely psychological. So is your assumed need of a dollar. Learn to know the need of mankind and to find that need in yourself. Does mankind need money? Do you need money? Then find the money in yourself. Everything but Colonel House and my Mexican policy is merely psychological. Money to a victim of the merely psychological state called 'out of a job?' Good-by. I wish you more psychology and a better frame of mind."—New York Sun.



SCENE FROM "CABIRIA" AT THE GAIETY.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Very little was done in the stock market last week, but stocks held their gains very well and the strength of undertone was regarded as reflex of quiet accumulation by large interests. The traders seemed to be utterly unable to account for the strength in Amalgamated, as they said the trade was in bad condition and that the forthcoming monthly figures would be unfavorable. The rise of copper in London, however, indicated that the trade experts anticipate a revival of the demand for the metal. On a couple of transactions Goodrich advanced sharply. The increase in the number of automobiles in service implies an increased demand for tires, of which the Goodrich Company is a very large manufacturer. The recent interview with Mr. Morgan is the chief topic of interest. After the rate decision, the grain crop report will come in for more consideration and it is expected will furnish the nucleus for a demonstration—a mild one at any rate. Important interests appear favorable to an upturn in prices which we believe will occur. Would buy good rails on soft spots.

Wheat—The week has witnessed an extraordinary decline in prices. The compelling cause of course has been the realization of the great crop and its early movement, some communities reporting the earliest receipts in years. While a large business has been done in both old and new wheat for domestic use and for export, this demand has been altogether unequal to the offerings. Purchases in the main have been for the purpose of covering short contracts, which usually leave the market in a weak technical condition. There has been some talk of too much rain in the Northwest, but very slight attention has been given to it yet. Foreign crop conditions show some improvement, but not to such an extent as to lessen the prospect of a large demand for our wheat from that source. At the low level, the market shows as little vigor as at any time preceding and there is slight prospect of values having any but temporary advances until the market has declined to a level which will of itself stop offerings by the country. Apparently an export demand of even greater proportions than now exist is not sufficient to accomplish this. We therefore look for a declining market while present conditions remain.

Corn—Showed some stubbornness in the early part of the week, but has recently suffered a considerable decline. This weakness has resulted in a measure from the liquidation by longs in the July month. The supply and demand situation has not undergone any appreciable change, although cash prices are somewhat easier. Country offerings are running rather light, but at the moment there is no keen demand. At one time this week the Eastern demand showed quite an improvement, but clearing weather in the Argentine, with a freer movement in that country and a

more satisfactory condition of the cereal, has quieted the demand. Generous rains during the week have done considerable to ease apprehension over dry conditions in certain sections and crop conditions at this time appear to be quite favorable. The market declines easily and there is a surprising lack of buying power. This is due somewhat presumably to Argentine and to the substitution of wheat as feed, factors which to some extent relieve the shortage in supplies. We believe prices will work lower.

Cotton—Liquidation following the publication of the Government crop figures has been in evidence all week and prices were forced down to around the 12 cent level. At the decline the market ran into a demand for spinners and trade resources that found few contracts and could only be supplied at a sharp upturn in price. While some rain fell over the week-end and has likely done much good to the growing crop in some places, it has been scattered and very light and cannot be considered generally beneficial. Many reports are reaching market of need of moisture and the plant is said to be going backward from these causes. The recent liquidation has put the market in an excellent technical position, many features that have had a depressing influence on the price having been eliminated and the trade in general now devoting itself to considering the possibility of a crop of sufficient size to meet requirements, which a great majority think cannot be secured on the present prospect. In the meantime the last few days have witnessed the passing into strong hands of many contracts which should import strength until more promising news of the crop is received.

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Savings Incorporated 1868 Commercial
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Member of the Associated Savings Banks
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RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH, S. W. Corner
CLEMENT and 7th AVE.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, S. W. Corner
HAIGHT and BELVEDERE

June 30th, 1914:

Assets	\$58,656,635.13
Capital actually paid up in Cash.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	1,857,717.65
Employees' Pension Fund.....	177,868.71
Number of Depositors.....	66,367

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 6 p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

For the 6 months ending June 30, 1914, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared.

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We can prove this statement by our new Pneumatic-Oscillation Treatment. By this new, marvelous treatment men and women who have been deaf for years and considered incurable have been made to hear distinctly and perfectly with their own ears without the use of any artificial instrument for hearing.

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All Classes of Tickets

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NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF SHREVE, TREAT & EACRET.

Pursuant to a resolution duly offered and adopted by the Board of Directors of Shreve, Treat & Eacret, at a special meeting of said Board called for that purpose, held at the office of said corporation on the 1st day of May, A. D. 1914, and entered in the minute book of said corporation as a part of the proceedings at said meeting, notice is hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders of said corporation is hereby called, and will be held at the office of said corporation at No. 136 Geary Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of July, 1914, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation to the sum of one million (1,000,000) dollars.

Dated: San Francisco, Cal., May 6, 1914.

SHREVE, TREAT & EACRET, a Corporation,
By WALTER P. TREAT, President,
and GODFREY EACRET, Secretary.

HOUGHTON & HOUGHTON,
1305 Merchants Exchange Bldg.,
Attorneys for said Corporation.

5-9-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LOUIS GLAUDON (also called L. Glaudon),
Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of LOUIS GLAUDON (also called L. Glaudon), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LOUIS GLAUDON (also called L. Glaudon), deceased.

AUGUSTA GLAUDON,

Executrix of the last will and testament of LOUIS GLAUDON, (also called L. Glaudon), deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, July 4, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Executrix,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

7-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CATHERINE McCORKELL, Deceased—No. 17,061; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Catherine McCorkell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix, at the office of her attorney, Charles E. A. Creighton, Room 419, City Hall, 1231 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Catherine McCorkell, deceased.

CATHERINE IRWIN, now CATHERINE McCANN,
Administratrix of the Estate of Catherine McCorkell, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 13, 1914.

CHARLES E. A. CREIGHTON, Atty. for Administratrix,
419 City Hall, San Francisco, Cal.

6-13-5

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of MRS. MARY E. CONRAD, Deceased.—No. 16,822 (N. S.), Dept. No. 9, Probate.

ORDER APPOINTING TIME FOR HEARING PETITION FOR SPECIFIC PERFORMANCE OF CONTRACT TO CONVEY.

IDA V. BOGART, having filed her verified petition in this Court, setting forth facts on which she bases a claim that Viola F. Brand is entitled to the specific performance of a contract, made with her by said decedent, in her lifetime, to convey certain real estate, upon the payment of certain moneys which said contract is set forth in the petition of said Ida V. Bogart, and praying for an order requiring the administratrix of the above-entitled estate to execute to said Viola F. Brand a conveyance of the following described real property, to-wit:

All those certain pieces or parcels of land situate in the City of Berkeley, County of Alameda, State of California, according to the amended official map of Regents Park, filed with the Recorder of said County and being Lots numbered 5 and 6 in Block "M" as delineated upon said map.

IT IS ORDERED that Monday, the 20th day of July, 1914, and the court-room of said court in the temporary City Hall, 1231 Market Street, Department No. 9 thereof, Room 529, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be, and the same are hereby appointed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition; and that notice thereof be served by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in this State, for at least four (4) successive weeks before said hearing.

Dated: June 19, 1914.

J. V. COFFEY,

JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

(Endorsed): Filed June 19, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.

By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

FRANKLIN P. BULL, Attorney for Plaintiff,

637 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

6-27-4

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALEXANDER WHELDEN-WHELDEN, sometimes known as Alexander W. Whelden, Deceased.—No. 16,327; Dept. No. 10.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE.

NOTICE IS HERBY GIVEN, that pursuant to an order of the Superior Court, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, duly made and given on the 10th day of June, 1914, and filed therein on the 12th day of June, 1914, in the Matter of the Estate of said Alexander Whelden-Whelden, sometimes known as Alexander W. Whelden, deceased; the undersigned, Executors of the last Will and Testament of said deceased, will, on or after Wednesday, the 15th day of July, sell, at private sale, to the highest and best bidders, for cash, in gold coin of the United States, either in one parcel or in subdivisions, and subject to the confirmation of said Court, all the right, title, interest or estate of said deceased in and to all those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at the point of intersection of the northerly line of Geary Street with the westerly line of Baker Street; thence running northerly along said westerly line of Baker Street thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles westerly and parallel with Geary Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles southerly and parallel with Baker Street thirty (30) feet to the northerly line of Geary Street; thence at right angles easterly along said northerly line of Geary Street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches, to the northwest corner of Geary Street and Baker Street and the point of commencement; BEING a portion of Western Addition Block number Five Hundred and Eighty-five (585).

COMMENCING at a point on the westerly line of Ninth Avenue distant thereon two hundred and fifty (250) feet southerly from the southerly line of Geary Street (formerly Point Lobos Avenue); running thence southerly along the westerly line of Ninth Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles northerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet, to the point of commencement; BEING a portion of Outside Lands Block number Two Hundred Seventy-five (275).

ALSO, contract of purchase of that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate in Sacramento County, State of California, particularly described as follows:

FARM number One Hundred Ninety-two (192), containing ten (10) acres, more or less, of CENTRAL CALIFORNIA TRACTION COLONY NO. 2, as designated on plat thereof filed in the office of the County Recorder of said County.

OFFERS OR BIDS will be received at the law office of HUGO K. ASHER, ESQ., Room 1004, French Bank Building, 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF SALE: Offers or bids must be in writing and accompanied by ten per cent. (10%) of the amount bid, the balance of the amount to be paid upon confirmation of sale by said Court. Offers or bids may be made at any time after the first publication of this notice, and before the acceptance of the highest offer or bid after said date of sale as hereinabove mentioned.

DATED: San Francisco, California, this 22nd day of June, A. D. 1914.

JOSEPH C. MEYERSTEIN,

ANDREW PETER MACKILLIP,

Executors of last Will and Testament of Alexander Whelden-Whelden, sometimes known as Alexander W. Whelden, Deceased.

HUGO K. ASHER,

Attorney for said Executors,
110 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

6-27-3

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 16,345; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MOSES SALOMON, Deceased.

Max Salomon and Jacob Salomon, as the executors of the last will and testament of Moses Salomon, deceased, having filed their petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the whole of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 28th day of July, 1914, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10, Probate, of said Superior Court, in the new City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said executors to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, June 23, A. D. 1914.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed June 23, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.

By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

E. H. WILLIAMS, Attorney for Executors,
615 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

6-27-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GOLDIE ZIMET, formerly GOLDIE HELLER, sometimes known and called GOLDIE HELLER and GOLDA HELLER, Deceased—No. 17,060; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Goldie Zimet, formerly Goldie Heller, sometimes known and called Goldie Heller and Golda Heller, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, Charles E. A. Creighton, Room 419, City Hall, 1231 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Goldie Zimet, formerly Goldie Heller, sometimes known and called Goldie Heller and Golda Heller, deceased.

LOUIS ZIMET,

Administrator of the Estate of Goldie Zimet, formerly Goldie Heller, etc., Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 13, 1914.

CHARLES E. A. CREIGHTON, Attorney for Administrator,
419 City Hall, San Francisco, Cal.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 57,695.

MARIA BASCOU BARLETTA, Plaintiff, vs. HENRY CALVET, et al., Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Henry Calvet, J. A. McDonald, John Titus James, Lubec's Investment Company, a corporation, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 1st day of July, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. L. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH A. BROWN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

7-11-10

DIVIDEND NOTICE

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market St., near Fourth. For the half year ending June 30, 1914, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1914. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1914. H. C. KLEVESAHLE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street. Mission Branch, corner Mission and 21st Sts. Richmond District Branch, corner Clement St. and 7th Ave. Haight Street Branch, corner Haight and Belvedere Sts. For the half year ending June 30, 1914, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1914. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from July 1, 1914. GEORGE TOURNY, Manager.

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Attorneys at Law and Proctors in Admiralty

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STATEMENT

of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities of

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

HIBERNIA BANK

DATED JUNE 30, 1914

ASSETS

1—Bonds of the United States (\$5,575,000.00), of the State of California and Cities and Counties thereof (\$6,002,350.00), of the State of New York (\$1,899,000.00), the actual value of which is.....	\$13,988,091.11
2—Cash in Vault: U. S. Gold & Silver Coin \$2,493,021.32 Checks	51,375.25
	2,544,396.57
3—Miscellaneous Bonds (\$4,856,000.00), the actual value of which is.....	4,719,743.91
	\$21,252,231.59

They are:

"San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$476,000.00), "Southern Pacific Company, San Francisco Terminal 4 per cent Bonds" (\$150,000.00), "Western Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$127,000.00), "San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$30,000.00), "Northern California Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$83,000.00), "Market Street Railway Company First Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds" (\$728,000.00), "Los Angeles Pacific Railroad Company of California Refunding 5 per cent Bonds" (\$400,000.00), "Los Angeles Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" (\$334,000.00), "The Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$167,000.00), "Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$150,000.00), "Gough Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$20,000.00), "San Francisco, Oakland and San Jose Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$5,000.00), "The Merchants' Exchange 7 per cent Bonds" (\$1,400,000.00), "San Francisco Gas & Electric Company 4½ per cent Bonds" (\$535,000.00), "Los Angeles Gas & Electric Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$100,000.00), "Spring Valley Water Company 4 per cent Bonds" (\$50,000.00), "German House Association 6 per cent Bonds" (\$101,000.00).

4—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is.....	34,194,150.94
---	---------------

The Condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister and Jones Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State, and the States of Oregon and Nevada. Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.

5—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is.....	508,330.00
---	------------

The Condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge and hypothecation of Bonds of Railroad and Quasi-Public Corporations and other securities.

6—(a) Real Estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco (\$1,902,634.55), and in the County of Santa Clara (\$1.00), in this State, the actual value of which is	1,902,635.55
---	--------------

(b) The Land and Building in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is	988,819.38
---	------------

The Condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation, and part of it is productive.

7—Interest on Loans and Bonds—Uncollected and accrued	174,989.15
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TOTAL ASSETS\$59,021,156.61

LIABILITIES

1—Said Corporation owes Deposits amounting to and the actual value of which is.....	\$55,151,348.18
(Number of Depositors, 85,363 Average Amount of Deposits, \$646.08)	
2—Contingent Fund—Accrued Interest on Loans and Bonds	\$ 174,989.15
3—Reserve Fund, Actual Value.....	3,694,819.28
	3,869,808.43

TOTAL LIABILITIES\$59,021,156.61

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By CHARLES MAYO, President.
THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

CHARLES MAYO and R. M. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said CHARLES MAYO is President and that said R. M. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

CHARLES MAYO, President.
R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of July, 1914,

CHAS. T. STANLEY,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of
San Francisco, State of California.

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXIV. No. 1143

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 18, 1914

PRICE, 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXIV.

San Francisco, July 18, 1914

No. 1143

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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Sex Hygiene Tabu

So it is the sense of the National Education Association that it is not advisable to teach sex hygiene in the public schools! This is another instance of plucking a fad before it is ripe, a practice at variance with American custom and very discouraging to our busy inventors of schemes for perfecting the delinquent human race. The action of the National Education Association is amazing, for enthusiasm for sex hygiene is not on the wane like enthusiasm for eugenics and the minimum wage. Only the other day Dean Rieber of the University summer school, speaking of sex hygiene, said that there was a great demand for the position of teacher of sex hygiene at the summer session. "Fully one-half the applicants," he observed, "seemed to be of unbalanced mind," and he added, "Truly a lunatic fringe hangs around every progressive movement." Truly an astonishing utterance from a representative of that progressive university of which Professor Boke and Tommy Reed are shining lights. Is U. C. becoming reactionary even while Hiram is on the job? Perish miserably the thought! We have but this to suggest to Dean Rieber,—that he take a day off and yield his intellectuals to that most passionate of all the apostles of sex hygiene and sex everything else—the Rev. C. F. Aked.

The Impotency of Law

At a meeting of the Medico-Psychological Society the other day resolutions advocating "clean bills of health" and "evidence of normal mind" in candidates for marriage licenses were emphatically rejected. It appears that the scientists of this society are not much impressed by the purposes of eugenicists. Not that they have no faith in the principles of eugenics. On the contrary their theory is that "as education of the people continues, and the lay public becomes more and more familiar with the consequences of the marriage of the unfit" common sense will master the unreason of impetuous love. In other words, the scientists are not in sympathy with the scheme to remake the world overnight. They do not

believe in spontaneous reform by legislative enactment, which always excites resentment and brings in its train unnecessary suffering and lawlessness. Being intelligent men they are aware of the genesis of social structures and functions which has been going on through the ages, and which education is forever quickening. "Undeveloped intelligences," says Spencer, "cannot recognize the results of slow, silent, invisible causes." The undeveloped intelligence is what this country is suffering from today. It is because of the enthusiasm of undeveloped intelligences that we have so many propagandas for changing the habits of a people by writing laws in the statute books. The man whose intelligence has been but half developed has unbounded faith in what Spencer called "artificial causation"—the causation by appointed agencies and through force directed by this or that individual will. The Medico-Psychological Association has affirmed the impotency of law to bring about a condition that can only be brought about by the silent processes of social evolution, and if other societies would recognize the fact that progress is not measured by statutory enactments we should be less frequently tormented by mischievous agitations.

Heney and Rowell

Since the return of the Hon. Francis J. Heney from Arizona the Progressive campaign for United States Senator has taken on a purple patch and shown signs of animation. Whatever may be the imperfections of Mr. Heney it must be owned that he is a noisy mortal and that he can at least obtain a hearing from the gullible. Like the soap-box orator he has the power of arresting the vagrant passerby with the generous ear. Heney is therefore a better campaigner than his pale and bookish adversary, the Hon. Chester Rowell, who has been listened to only at the Fair grounds on occasions made for him by his friend the governor. On those occasions he has addressed building committees from other States, who have no vote in California, and who listened because it would have been impolite not to do so. As a campaign orator the governor's facile puppet has not been able to bore many people with his insipid patter, the reason being that his power of scatteration is equaled only by that of a West Indian epidemic. He is distinctly a closet campaigner. Temperamentally inclined to solitude, nature has been kind to him, for gregariousness he could never cultivate. Heney is his adversary's antithesis. Heney is intensely human, as is evident from his adaptability, among other things. Once a hanger-on of 'big utility corporations, when he became persona non grata to them, he turned dema-

gogue and a more facile one cannot be found anywhere outside of Washington, D. C. His shibboleth for the campaign is "Give us a six-hour day!" which has caused Mr. Rowell to fret himself into a lather. How to beat it Chester doesn't know, but though not much given to original thought it may occur to him before election day that the vote of the I. W. W. may be ensured by advocating a six-hour week.

Hearst for Teddy

Once in a long while one may concur with great heartiness in the sentiments of Mr. William R. Hearst; for there are times when he finds it consistent with his policies to deviate into common sense. For example, as it is his policy at present to wreck the Wilson-Bryan machine it is not hard for him to abate his hatred of Roosevelt, and so we find him pronouncing Roosevelt a better Democrat than Wilson, and urging a fusion of Progressive Democrats and Progressive Republicans. Obviously a logical proposition; so logical that the consummation ought to be automatic, but we doubt that Colonel Roosevelt will ever consent to lead the united forces of radicalism. A mighty shrewd politician is Roosevelt, able to perceive that for him there is nothing to do but try to rule or ruin the Republican party, and the Republican party, he well knows, is not to be ruined by making it clear that it represents the conservative interests of the country. Colonel Roosevelt has never confessed himself a radical. Ever since he began playing the demagogue he has posed as a conservative of progressive tendencies intent on saving the country from destruction by solving certain problems in a safe and sane way. When all was peace, quiet and prosperity save for the murmurs of Socialists and Anarchists the Colonel raised a hue and cry for a new deal, but it was a conservative deal that he wanted; at least, so he called it. The Colonel has great faith in the power of definitions, and reasonably so. Since he emerged from office he has been going the pace in his determination to keep ahead of all demagogues who would attempt to outbid him, and today he is the advocate of more Populist propositions than any wild-eyed Populist that ever ran amuck in the Middle West. But he despises Populists. He is certainly qualified to ride the wild ass of Democracy, but far be it from him to confess the soft impeachment. According to his own dictum he is a Republican of the Lincoln school, and all Republicans who do not agree with him that "the courts with their slow and restrictive procedure" are ineffective; all Republicans who are not in favor of empowering the Executive to ignore the co-ordinate branches of government, are anathema, and

should be so designated on the ballot. Elect Teddy again, and all standpat Republicans as well as all other undesirable citizens will be sent to the donjon keep, if not to the block. For apparently, judging from his latest utterances, he wants to be elected again just to illustrate his conception of a strong Executive. But he is not a radical, and will never consent to an open alliance with Democrats.

Fallen from Grace

Mr. Roosevelt was a fine President, says Normie Hapgood, and he was "a mighty inspiration to the young men of the land," but—alas! the Colonel has fallen in the Hapgood estimation. He has been criticising the Great Idealist, and if says Normie, "he is going to the limit as an opposition politician, seeking to arouse discontent with tariff legislation in order to promote his own political power, he will not be adding to his own political glory." If in other words the Colonel would incur no further the Hapgood disesteem he must quit goring the Hapgood ox. It was all right enough when the Colonel was going to the limit as an opposition politician during the Taft regime; nothing wrong about arousing discontent with machine methods invented by himself to facilitate the transfer of his mantle to Mr. Taft. He remained an inspiration to certain young men of the land long after every intelligent man in the land knew him to be the artfullest of politicians possessing many elements of greatness on a par with those attributed by Fielding to that eminent person Jonathan Wild. The young men of the land to whom Colonel Roosevelt is a mighty inspiration are of the same cast of mind as the one now editing Harper's. They confound their emotions with their intellectuals. A cloud of precept blinds them to example. Like the young men of France who adored Boulanger they are most impressed by pretense, swagger and platitude. There is no hope for them, and despite the lamentations of Normie they will continue to be edified and inspired by the man who didn't lead the charge up San Juan Hill. But let us not sneer at them, for such is the mixture of good and evil in all great characters that it requires a very accurate judgment and elaborate inquiry to determine which side the balance turns.

The Manly Feminist Movement

A cynical reviewer taking issue with Gertrude Atherton holds that our fiction has been made effeminate with the "sickly sentimentality" of "skirted writers." This reviewer by confounding cause and effect has fallen into a curious error. Whatever else the feminist movement may be it is not effeminate. It is about the only manly thing left in a world of vanishing masculinity. The dominating motive of the feminist movement is a primitive, barbaric egotism impelled by a constant itch to realize itself by sharp antagonisms against its immediate social environment. It is the savage revolt of a sex that ages ago was clubbed and cowed into conformity to the customs of the tribe. The spirit of it is a spirit of bold

and dauntless self-assertion. The women of the feminist movement are the warriors of a cause who have rejected the old ideal of womanhood—the ideal embodied in the woman of the Victorian period who was proud to have it said that there was more strength in her looks than in man-made laws, and who gently acquiesced in the dictum that women never truly command till they have given their promise to obey. The militant suffragette is a type of the woman of the feminist movement; so is the woman who demands an equality of moral standards; also, the woman who takes to the public platform to discuss sex questions, and the woman as well who goes to the State capital to intimidate effeminate legislators. All these women have the manly instinct for publicity, and they are above the soft squeamishness of the sentimentalists in trousers who go about preaching "Service," inveighing against all forms of temptation, and railing against the minor follies of human nature. These women are conquering the male sex. They have demanded and achieved political power. In England they have distinguished themselves by their boldness and their barbarities while the men of England, quixotically chivalrous, are rendering their pusillanimous government an object of universal ridicule. It is the male sex in all human activities that betrays the sentimental effeminacy which has become a characteristic of the age, especially in England and in this country where the treble tones of the mollycoddle humanitarian have drowned the echoes of the old Barbarism that delighted in tales of blood and violence. See the once majestic figure of Uncle Sam, erstwhile lord of the Continent, embodiment of iron supremacy, now with bowed head, in an attitude of prayer before an image of the Dove of Peace, fervently deprecating the suggestion of war with Mexico. As we ponder the spread of effeminacy among our statesmen of the New Freedom the thought occurs that maybe we shall have to depend on the women of the feminist movement to restore our lost manhood.

Weinstock and Nearing

One of the many commissions engaged in solving weighty problems for dear old unsophisticated Uncle Sam is the commission on industrial relations. The purpose of this commission "is to ascertain the underlying causes of industrial unrest with a view to establishing a remedy, if possible." In view of the fact that Mr. Harris Weinstock, formerly a counter jumper of Sacramento, is the chairman of this commission, Uncle Sam may go to bed and not worry. It matters not whether it be possible or impossible to find the remedy. Mr. Weinstock's specialty is achieving the impossible. Mr. Weinstock is a master of all the social sciences. He mastered them when he was running a general merchandise store, selling hardware, dry goods, rubber goods and wet goods. A prophet of new possibilities, he offers to our religious and philosophic faculties the vision of certain far-off divine events—the general redistribution of wealth, the complete reorganiza-

tion of private property, the emancipation of labor and the realization of social equality. Indeed, it may be said of Mr. Weinstock that as chairman of the Industrial Commission he is hastening these events. What speed he is giving to them may be judged from the fact that he had Dr. Scott Nearing before the commission the other day. Dr. Nearing is an American college professor, and therefore a savant. Faith in college professors has been diminishing somewhat since we elected one to the Presidency, but let us be confident of Dr. Nearing's genius, for though only in the early thirties he has made, we are told, "an exhaustive study of wages and wage conditions" and he has written many essays; one on "Child Labor and the Child;" another on "Efficiency and Wage Standards," besides a book on "Social Adjustment." Truly a young man is Dr. Nearing, but this is the day of young men who know all that is worth knowing before they are dry behind the ears, and who become leaders of thought immediately that they have acquired a smattering of the processes of thought. When you listen to Dr. Nearing you realize how unsatisfactory and inconclusive were the opinions of such men as Comte, Mill, Buckle and Spencer. They may have prepared the way for Nearing, but it remained for him to breathe into technical economics the spirit of evolutionary science and to invest political economy with a definitely scientific character. Dr. Nearing has made the important discovery that some men are exploiting others, and that many wage earners are not able to buy a sufficient number of calories of energy per day. The commission perceiving that they had a god before them asked him point-blank to divulge the great secret to a breathless nation as to the cause of industrial unrest, and like a good god he spat it right out. Here it is: "Lack of adjustment in our property relations." Then Chairman Weinstock, convinced that Nearing possessed the divine power of vaticination asked an epochal question in language that has the tang of the general merchandise store: "If this situation goes on what forecast would you make for the condition of the worker thirty or forty years hence?" "Ah," said young Dr. Nearing, "you mean, if he stands for it." And Chairman Weinstock smiled, and the commission took a recess. Thus, you see, the commission is making good progress; also, it may be perceptible to you that Mr. Weinstock is qualified by temperament if nothing else for adjusting property relations in accordance with any formula that may be sweated out of the brain of the young college professor.

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Varied Types

CLXXXVI—CLARENCE BERRY

By Edward F. O'Day

To look at Clarence Berry, you'd never guess that he was an actor in one of the most exciting dramas of modern times. For Clarence Berry's appearance does not suggest adventure. He's a modest, unassuming, low-voiced, quietly dressed gentleman with a subdued air of prosperity about him. Studying him, you'd say that in all likelihood he had made good investments and had no financial worries. But as he doesn't in the least resemble any of the heroic characters in "The Spoilers," you'd never think of him as the leader of the Klondyke rush. And yet, that is what Clarence Berry was. The history of the Klondyke cannot be written without frequent use of Clarence Berry's name.

Clarence Berry found the first gold on famous El Dorado Creek in the Klondyke. That was in the fall of 1896. In the following year he brought the first big stake out of the North, and that first big stake made the gold fever rage all over the world as it had not raged since 1849.

After all, romance and adventure are not always to be sought for among the men who look romantic or adventurous. Clarence Berry may not look the part of a Rex Beach or a Robert W. Service hero, but he has played the part. Think of a young man taking his bride into the frozen wastes, and coming back from a honeymoon with a fortune in raw gold! If that does not spell romance and adventure, I wonder what does?

"I used to be a farmer in Fresno county," said Clarence Berry when I managed to get him talking about himself, "and during the boom in 1890 I bought a lot of land, as I happened to have a good deal of money for a youngster. The boom busted and I went broke. I didn't like farming anyway. You have a good year, and the next year there's a drought; so you have to start all over again. I always had a hankering after gold mining, so I started prospecting along the San Joaquin river. That left me flat broke, and I decided on a change of scene.

"One day in '93 I saw an article in some paper about the Yukon mining country. It told about some fellows who had taken \$10,000 out of the Fortymile district. I made up my mind to go there. My friends said I was crazy, and they told me the first thing that would happen would be that I'd send home for money. That made me mad, and more determined to go than ever. I left San Francisco for Alaska with forty dollars.

"I got to Fortymile in '94. There were two creeks in the district that had yielded a little gold, and quite a little had come out of Circle City. I worked for wages, and did a little prospecting. At the end of a year I came out, not much better off than when I went in. But I knew I could make a living up there, and there was always the chance of a big strike; so I was determined to go back.

"I had been keeping company with a girl down in Selma for seven years, and I was engaged to her when I first went to Alaska. I married her and asked her to go back with me. She was willing, and we made up our minds to stay five years, and if we didn't do well in that time, to come out of Alaska and try something else.

"My wife and I and my brother Fred were at Fortymile when George McCormick came in from the Klondyke and told us he had discovered gold there. He had been in there with two Indians, Takish Charlie and Skookum Jim. There were

two or three hundred of us in the Fortymile district, and we all made a rush for the gold field. Besides my wife and brother and myself there were in our party Frank Keller, Jim Clemmons and Antone Standerd. Keller is an oil man now, and lives in San Francisco. Jim Clemmons afterwards sold out his claim for about \$50,000. He lives in Los Angeles, and hasn't much money. Antone Standerd was an Austrian. He invested in Seattle real estate, and is there still.

"We poled fifty miles up the Yukon to what is now called Klondyke, and then we traveled fifteen miles by dog team up Bonanza Creek to El Dorado. It was a hard trip, and a hard country. We slept on the frozen ground until I had whipsawed lumber for a twelve-by-fourteen shack.

"I'll never forget the first day I found gold. I sank a hole twelve feet deep on El Dorado Creek. Then I cleaned the hole out. When I put my



CLARENCE BERRY

shovel down into the gravel and clay it seemed to me that there was a different sediment from what I had been getting. I thought there might be something there, so I took out a shovelful of clay. When I turned it over I could see the gold. I hollered to Frank Keller to bring me a pan. He asked me what I wanted it for. I told him I had found gold. He brought the pan, and we took the clay to the house and washed it. There was three dollars and a half worth of gold in that first pan. Then I finished cleaning out the hole, and built a fire in it to thaw out the ground. I spent the rest of the day building a windlass. It was about one o'clock when I got to bed. I didn't sleep a wink. I went back to work before daylight, and set up the windlass. I took fifty dollars out of that hole. That was the first gold discovery on El Dorado Creek.

"Excited? Yes, I was excited. I didn't say much, but I was very excited. The first sight of gold gives you something like 'buck fever.'

"The biggest day's work I did netted \$27,000. I have taken out as much as \$1,000 a pan. In

July, '97, less than a year later, my wife and I arrived in Seattle with \$130,000 as the result of our first winter's work. That was the first big stake taken out of the Klondyke, and I didn't realize what it meant to the rest of the world till one of the Seattle papers sent out a tug to meet the Portland, the steamer I came in on, with reporters and a photographer. By the time the Portland reached the dock the paper was out with my wife's picture and mine on the first page.

"I suppose about forty millions were taken out of El Dorado Creek. There were forty claims, and a million to a claim is a good average. The Guggenheims are dredging there at present. The best year I had there was the year I took out \$300,000."

That is the story of El Dorado Creek as Clarence Berry tells it, simply, without heroics. A novelist could do much better with it than Clarence Berry does. But you usually find that the men to whom wonderful things happen tell them in this matter-of-fact way.

"The happiest days of my life were spent up there," says Clarence Berry. "It was so peaceful. Fighting? There was little fighting. Men don't fight as much in a cold climate as they do in a hot country. And there was no crime at first. The first year we never thought of putting locks on our doors. The Indians were good and honest. Afterwards, when the rush came, it was different of course. I had warmer friends up there than ever before or since in my life. Your friends got closer to you there. And when you had bad luck there was always somebody to help you out.

"And that reminds me of the Alaska Commercial Company. It deserves a lot of praise for what it did for the miners. They never refused credit to a miner. Louis Sloss used to go up there every year, and he was liked by everybody. I've done business with the Alaska Commercial Company for twenty years, and they're the finest lot of men I ever had dealings with."

Clarence Berry has engaged in many activities since he became a millionaire in the Klondyke. He is one of our prominent oil men. He has interests in San Francisco, Oakland and Los Angeles. But he's still a miner. He is still operating in Alaska, and goes up there every year or so.

"I expect to be a gold miner as long as I live," he says. "It's the most exciting and most fascinating business in the world. If there ever was a man who made a fortune in gold mining and quit the business I've never heard of him. I have men out prospecting right now in this State and Nevada. And if there was another big strike in some part of the world, you couldn't keep me away."

Clarence Berry says that a very small percentage of the men who made fortunes in Alaska kept them. He is eminent in that small percentage. The reckless waste of money characteristic of so many miners was not exemplified in Clarence Berry. He saved his money, but not for himself alone. He saved it so that he might help his family and his friends. The men who know Clarence Berry will tell you what a sterling man he is, and will give you many an instance of his unostentatious charity and his whole-hearted generosity.

An Hour in Bohemia (?)

By the Low Brow

I asked one of the lady guests if it was Bohemia, and between nibbles at a Japanese tea cake she shook her pretty head in vigorous affirmation. But you never can tell. I am still in doubt.

Kate lured me there. "Drop around to Gertrude Boyle Kanno's studio at five, and see an oriental dance" was the alluring message Kate sent me. Kate is charming, and I like oriental dances—for artistic reasons of course. So I dropped around.

Gertrude Boyle Kanno has her studio in the California Safe Deposit and Trust Building. The fire of 1906 spared as little of the building as Dalzell Brown spared of the bank; but there's enough of the second story left to shelter a painter or two, an architect, some writers who believe in the inspiration of Bohemian (?) surroundings, and Gertrude Boyle Kanno the sculptor.

Mrs. Kanno has a spacious and well-lighted studio. The walls are covered with curious Japanese prints and Mrs. Kanno's free-hand drawings of nude women. There is a large Japanese screen for the convenience of models, there is a model's throne decorated for this occasion with a gorgeous tapestry and a vase of pink carnations; and there are sculptures by Gertrude Kanno everywhere. Here is the clay presentment of William Keith, and John Muir, and Joaquin Miller, and Gertrude Boyle's Japanese husband Takeshi Kanno the poet. It is a real work-room.

Quite a company has dropped around. Handsome Wallace Munro, the manager of the All-stars, is there with his charming wife. And Mrs. Lillian Harris Coffin, the prettiest suffragette in California. And Kate who lured me thither. And Madame Fulloni who entertains Mrs. Langtry whenever she comes to San Francisco. And Helen Dare, one of the sanest newspaperwomen in America. And Miss Blanche Boston who finds it the easiest thing in the world to look beautiful, and who makes you love tea, she pours so charmingly. And Mr. Bottles, the composer. And Mr. Lynn, the Socialist. And a demure little lady who has invented a prune-candy called the "prunette." And a number of others. I learn that Rose Coghlan was expected, and Emma Goldman; but they could not come.

Mrs. Kanno in a flowing blue robe and a massive necklace of silver balls takes me across the studio to see her latest work. It is the unfinished bust of a man with what impresses me as a very cunning expression of countenance. I learn that this is Mr. Starrett of Oakland, a faith healer with a large following.

"His face shows the Power of Will," says Mrs. Kanno. "Can't you see the Power of Will in his face?"

I can't, so I ask about him.

"He wrote a book, and sent it to Funk and Wagnalls for publication," Mrs. Kanno explains. "They were doubtful at first. But Mrs. Funk was taken dangerously ill, and Mr. Starrett, without any data whatever, diagnosed her case from Oakland. It was the first time a case had ever been diagnosed clear across the continent."

"How did he do it?" I ask, dumfounded.

"By mental concentration," Mrs. Kanno replies. "The diagnosis was entirely correct, so Funk and Wagnalls decided to publish his book."

Mr. Kanno now takes possession of me. The Japanese poet who was Joaquin Miller's protege

has adopted the Joaquin Miller style of top boots. His throat is swathed in a white silk muffler and his sleek black hair is very long, but he makes a concession to the Occident by wearing a sack suit. He explains the Japanese prints, and takes a grotesque Japanese mask of painted wood from the wall.

"Whom does it look like?" he asks, and puts it before his face.

I am at a loss for the appropriate answer.

"Perry Newberry!" he says, and laughs a hearty but sibilant laugh.

Miss Boston is pouring, so I cannot refuse tea. Kate is sponsoring the prunettes, so I try one.

"Did you hear how I disgraced myself?" asks Kate.

I have not heard, but I am sure Kate must have disgraced herself in some way quite charming.

"It was one day last week," Kate narrates. "I went over to The Hights to visit the Kannos. There was a mob from the Summer School making a pilgrimage to Joaquin's home. I was alone in the Kanno bungalow. The pilgrims burst in, mistaking it for Joaquin's cottage. They thought everything in the bungalow was Joaquin's, and they asked a great many questions. They made me very tired. I don't like pilgrims anyway. Finally they asked me the way to the Monument."

"Right at the top of the hill," I told them. "And don't fail to stop at the cemetery on your way. It contains the graves of all Joaquin's illegitimate children except me. I am the only one living!"

"They were dreadfully shocked," concluded Kate, "but they left me in peace."

Then I meet Mr. Bottles whose manners are pluperfect. Mr. Bottles lets me know that he has traveled a great deal.

"Are you a drummer?" I ask.

"A composer," he answers with dignity; "a composer of music. But I do not do it for money. Fortunately my art is my diversion. One is fortunate, is not one, when one's art is also one's diversion?"

I reply that indeed one is.

"These prunettes are rather good," continues Mr. Bottles. "I shall have another. Yes," he continues, having another, "music is my art, especially the art of improvising in music. I have had lessons from Rachmaninoff, the distinguished Polish composer who lives in Paris. And I have improvised for him. Through Rachmaninoff I was fortunate enough to meet Strauss; and I have improvised for him. And I have improvised for Debussy."

"Have you ever met Francis Grierson?" I ask.

"Rather," smiles Mr. Bottles. "Unlike me he limits his improvisations to the symphonic form. One should not limit one's art, should one? You have lived here all your life?"

I admit that I have, and to avoid other humiliating admissions, I move on to Mr. Lynn the Socialist. Mr. Lynn is such an earnest conversationalist that he perspires around the gills.

"Are you a Socialist?" he asks me.

I confess that I am not.

"You'll come to it," responds Mr. Lynn with a confidence that dismays me. "It is the One Way Out. The world is awakening to it. Look at the militant women of England. Do you know who is responsible for the conditions

against which the militant women of England are protesting?"

Of course I don't know.

"St. Paul!" declares Mr. Lynn. "St. Paul took the doctrine of Christ and went out to the Arabian desert, and when he returned he said that women must be silent in church. It is a calamity for the world that St. Paul embraced the doctrine of Christ. We must abolish the Christianity of Paul and go back to the Christianity of Christ. Now, take the case of Doctor Montessori—"

But before I can take the case of Doctor Montessori there is a request for silence, and we all draw back, leaving a clear space in the middle of the room. Ah, the oriental dancer Kate used to lure me here. I am full of artistic curiosity!

A pretty little pink-cheeked Japanese woman appears, her kimono of ceremony covered by an oriental cloak.

"She is wearing Gertrude's wedding garment," Kate whispers to me.

Mrs. Kanno introduces her as the greatest exponent of Japanese interpretative dancing on the Pacific Coast, and I wonder how many such exponents there are. She dances, humming her own music and twiddling a Japanese fan. Her movements are slow, her music monotonous. Occasionally she stamps a buskined foot. It seems to me uninspired inspirational dancing.

"I have lived so much in India," Mr. Bottles murmurs in my ear, "that I know all the oriental dances. This is quite interesting."

The first dance is a Japanese Spring Song. The second is Picking Tea Leaves. The best part is the funny little salaam and the dancer's girlish laughter when she finishes. Of course there is a great deal of applause. I cannot help wondering how many really enjoyed it.

The entertainment is not over, for Kanno arises to sing for us. What he sings, or hums rather, is the Contest of the Ghost with Night. This is a marine contest, and one infers from the names of the contestants that there is no bloodshed. It ends when Night draws his sword and slays the Ghost, which strikes me as rather a superfluous proceeding.

This song is heard with solemnity and duly applauded. Again I wonder how many really enjoyed it. That Mrs. Kanno did I have no doubt. Her face wore a rapt look. But Mrs. Kanno is almost de-occidentalized, if I may improvise a word. Whereas, the rest are—

Bohemians? Perhaps. But I do not pretend to know. Being a low brow I was puzzled. At any rate, I said to Kate as I left, the tea was really delicious.

"Miss Boston IS beautiful, isn't she?" replied that astute young lady.

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Perspective Impressions

For some candidates the ballot box will be the vessel of election; for others the urn of tears.

We have yet to meet a candidate who approves of the direct primary.

Why does a hole in the silk stocking spoil the effect of a shapely leg?

The high cost of living is all the harder to bear if one has many pretensions to support.

Just as soon as you learn to pronounce the name of one Mexican general, another and harder one appears in the dispatches.

How short is the life of a craze! A lot of people have already forgotten how to dance the tango.

Bryan says certain people are conspiring to make him seem ridiculous. Now if we can find out what people induced Bryan to recommend George Fred Williams we might be able to make an important discovery.

The latest pulpit silliness comes from the Rev. J. W. Horn of this city who says that "man is as eternal as God," thereby showing he doesn't know the difference between eternity and immortality.

When George Fred Williams has finished with Albania he might turn his attention to Ulster.

We know a man who suffers from psychological depression—he's been reading William James and Bergson.

When Dr. Aked wrote about "the net result" of a day's fishing he put net in italics, adding the sin of obviousness to the crime of punning.

If Desire, as some folk say, is only another name for the devil, we are indebted to the Infernal One for keeping us all from dying of apathy.

Bjorkman says: "If one calling himself Teacher speaks too knowingly of what is a mystery to all, then we may suspect that Death, rather than Life, is using him for mouthpiece." Wonder if he means Wilson!

A Chicago philosopher expounds the philosophy of feminism thus: "With the impending woman we are to have a psychological, if not even a biological, democracy in which for the first time selfhood cannot be sold, but the philoprogenitive proclivities," etc. Of course the gentleman is a college professor. His name is Burman. He's of the University of Chicago.

Thank heaven, we don't have to read about Joe Knowles, the nature man, unless we want to; and we don't want to.

Study of election petitions seems to indicate that penmanship is no longer taught in the schools.

The Hon. Chester Rowell says Governor Johnson is right in the Ruef case. Never since Chester got in on the ground floor has it been possible for Governor Johnson to go wrong. How misguided the people will prove themselves in November!

Speaking of psychological business conditions, in the last year the number of men employed by the Baldwin Locomotive Works has decreased from a normal working force of 18,000 to 8,200.

When Joe Knowles came to San Francisco the Examiner told us he was a nature faker. Now he's on the Examiner staff making news for our contemporary, and therefore his honesty is beyond question.

When a well posted politician informed us that a certain office-seeker hadn't "a lottery chance" of election we realized how utterly hopeless that man's candidacy was.

Who's Who Hereabouts

XIX—ISAIAS W. HELLMAN

Devoted as we are to "business," having little enthusiasm for anything but commerce, it is natural that our literature should show signs of being tintured with trade. It has come to pass that the fictionist goes to the counting house for his atmosphere and his puppets. He invents stories that have a "business" flavor, familiarizes us with the vicissitudes of the shipping clerk, the hopes and fears of the drummer, the joys and sorrows of the typist. We have had the history of Standard Oil, one writer has taken us through the butcher shops of Chicago, another into the wheat pit; and there is a weekly with an enormous circulation attained by fiction that appeals to the popular appetite for stories of trade in all its aspects; but withal it is a curious paradox that no writer thinks it worth while to celebrate any of the giants of trade, the heroic captains of industry. There has been a great change of sentiment since the days of Washington Irving, whose imagination was inflamed by the enterprise and daring of the first John Jacob Astor. What a thrilling history Irving gave us of the expedition across the mountains and plains to the mouth of the Columbia River! Has the material of romance been exhausted in the industrial world? Have there been no empire builders to celebrate in our day? On the contrary empire-building has been a continuous performance, and it has had few dull moments. Moreover, judging from the daily prints we are all deeply interested in the doings of men of great wealth—in their failures and successes, their vanities and vulgarities, but chiefly, alas, in their dishonest practices and meannesses. The good they do and have done remains to be told when the reaction comes, when the current impression has been effaced

that all who have played an active part in the business of increasing the wealth of the country are wholly bad without any redeeming traits.

Perhaps when that time comes somebody with the true gift of narrative will tell the romance of the career of Isaias W. Hellman, the empire builder of California, who is still with us handling the fortune he made assisting in the development of the State.

One seldom thinks of a banker as an empire builder. The common notion is that a banker is only a money lender. This is a very narrow conception of the banking business. Without the banker trade would have to be conducted on a primitive basis, as it was in the days when the mathematics of money-dealing was an unknown science. The banker is the refined means by which capital is moved accurately from one trade to another. It is he that turns an endless succession of written promises into money as though they were precious stones. He makes it possible for wealth to increase wealth. He is a solvency-meter, and lives by estimating the responsibility of his customers. The true function of the banker is to enable men to carry on productive industry. The bank is one of the nicest marvels of commercial civilization. It keeps track of the rises and falls of pecuniary likelihood, and it is therefore a safeguard against many kinds of commercial calamities. The competent banker is a prophet who lives in the future. Having a general feeling of responsibility to which other men are strangers, he must do more than think how he should pay his depositors if they were to call on him; he must provide even for the unknown, and all trade is the field of his vigilance.

Isaias Hellman was born a banker. I don't

mean to say that he came into the world with a bank on his hands, or that he had money to lend in his cradle. I mean that he was born with an instinct for estimating probabilities. This instinct played no small part in the upbuilding of Los Angeles, which was a city of a few thousand souls when Hellman arrived there in the fifties consigned to an uncle. He wasn't prepared to start a bank just then. Circumstances made it advisable for the boy from foreign parts to take a job as a clerk in his uncle's store at \$25 a month. Not a munificent income, but sufficient to enable the youngster to live, save and pay a small sum each month for lessons in Spanish and English to a Spanish priest at the Catholic Mission. In a short time he had \$100 saved up, and with that having also accumulated confidence in the future of the town he resolved to become a taxpayer, and he bought a lot. On that lot costing \$100 was the cornerstone of the Hellman fortune. It wasn't long before young Hellman became the owner of a general merchandise store, but dealing in merchandise didn't appeal to him like dealing in money, so one day he started a bank, and called it the Merchants and Farmers Bank. By this time he had acquired some reputation in the community. Everybody knew him to be a sober and an industrious citizen, a man of character, an exponent of the square deal. So naturally it was thought that the new bank was a pretty safe place to store money. In those days the woolen stocking was the popular safe-deposit box, but many a stocking was emptied when Hellman became a banker. The Hellman bank prospered, and Los Angeles grew. Hellman helped it grow. He started the first water com-

(Continued on Page 17.)

Poems About San Francisco

CLIV—ON LAUREL HILL

By Mabel Porter Pitts

(Mabel Porter Pitts, a poet who contributed for many years to the columns of Town Talk, is already represented in this series of poems about San Francisco. The following verses on one of the cemeteries of Lone Mountain are taken from her volume entitled "In the Shadow of the Crag" published by the Smith-Brooks Press of Denver in 1907.)

How heedless they on Laurel Hill!
The lark that has lain dumb
With weight of night within his throat,
With darkness silencing each note,
Near bursts his heart with melody
Now day is come;
But matin song finds no responsive thrill
In these, the heedless ones, on Laurel Hill.

On Laurel Hill they love the night
With pale stars overhead,
For when the earth lies dark and cold
White tendrils seem to ease their hold
And give each sleeper freer space
Within his bed.
What care these silent ones for dawning light
That ever fails to reach them in their night?

Here's name and fame with moss o'ergrown
And white stone sinking lower;
Each day the city grows apace,
Each day some trav'ler seeks the place
And to himself a homestead takes
To roam no more.
On Laurel Hill each, housed beneath his stone
Like surly hermit, guards his hearth, alone.

The Spectator

Reformer Kuhl

If Mayor Rolph does not soon perceive that it is advisable to put the quietus on Police Commissioner Max Kuhl he may find himself guilty of criminal neglect. For something may happen to Max. Something almost did happen to him at a recent meeting of the commission, when Commissioner Roche was almost on the point of losing his temper. As it was Commissioner Roche lost his ability to conceal his contempt of Max, and for a brief space the air was blue with epithets. Commissioner Kuhl was awfully sorry that he provoked the verbal assault, but he didn't resent it. He preferred to be profuse with his apologies; and he was denied the satisfaction of having them accepted. Max, it appears, has the reformer's habit of suspecting ulterior motives in persons who do not agree with him. Being a six-thousand-a-year attorney for the World's Fair he desired the police commission to coincide with his views as to how special policemen should be selected for the Exposition. When they refused he flared up like a turkey-cock and said things that occasioned regret later on. Commissioner Roche called him down so hard that Max walked lame after the meeting.

Women in Politics

I read a little note in the paper the other day announcing that two of the Democratic candidates for governor were going to address a meeting of some women's Democratic club. "The

speakers will not be assessed," I read, and it made me smile. In all the years I have been reading political news I never remember seeing a statement like that about a meeting of a men's political club. When men had politics to themselves the candidate was in no danger of being held up for coin of the realm when he went to address a meeting. This is not to say that there were no "piece clubs," or that candidates were not mulcted at church fairs and charity bazaars. But at least they could unwind their gestures and take the stop-cock off their oratory at club meetings without "coming through." Really, the dear ladies have introduced the candidates to some new wrinkles (if one may speak of ladies and wrinkles in the same sentence). We have all read about the women's political meeting where the rival candidates paid ten dollars apiece for the privilege of lauding themselves for five minutes. In other words, the ladies of the club, with a keen eye to the main chance, charged them two dollars per minute of auto-panegyric. And this sort of thing has gone so far that the candidates would stay away from these feminine gatherings if they dared. It has gone so far that when women with less mercenary habits want to attract candidates to their meetings, they have to advertise: "The speakers will not be assessed!"

Cabiria and Fulvius

"Have you seen 'Cabiria'?" the Bookworm asked me the other day.

I replied that I had and that it was the best moving picture I had ever seen.

"A wonderful picture indeed," agreed the Bookworm, "but it's rather amusing to note the liberties D'Annunzio has taken with history."

I asked the Bookworm to explain.

"It struck me when I saw the picture," said the Bookworm, "that a great many events had been crowded into a short space of time; and as my trip to the Gaiety revived my interest in ancient history I refreshed my mind on the subject. 'Cabiria' starts with the beginning of the

Second Punic War. You recall of course what year that was?"

"Of course I do not!" I replied.

"Well," continued the Bookworm, "I'm surprised at your forgetfulness. The Second Punic War began in the year 219 B. C., a fact of which every school boy is cognizant. The action of 'Cabiria' traverses the period not only of the Second but also of the Third Punic War. It ends with the destruction of Carthage by the Romans. You recall no doubt in what year Carthage was destroyed by Rome?"

"No doubt I should, but I don't," I replied.

"This is very distressing," said the Bookworm. "Carthage was destroyed in 146 B. C. So 'Cabiria' begins in 219 B. C. and ends in 146 B. C. That is to say, it covers a period of seventy-three years. Now we are coming to the liberty D'Annunzio has taken with chronology. How old would you say Cabiria and Fulvius are when first we make their acquaintance?"

"I should say that Cabiria is about eight, and Fulvius about twenty-five," I answered, glad that there was one question at least which did not necessitate a confession of ignorance.

"That's about right," said the Bookworm. "In other words, when Fulvius and Cabiria, clasped in each other's arms, turn their backs on burning Carthage and sail for Rome, Cabiria is a blushing maid of eighty-one summers and Fulvius is a romantic youth of ninety-eight!"

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Warfield's Query

There were many baffled playgoers at the Cort Monday night. Not all the audience was composed of Italians, though of course the compatriots of D'Annunzio and Mimi Aguglia were overwhelmingly in the majority. One of those who was at a loss to find out what "La Figlia di Jorio" was about was David Warfield. Dave came late and had no chance to consult the slip giving a synopsis of the drama.

"What is the plot?" he asked Waldemar Young, the dramatic critic of the Chronicle.

"A father and son are courting the same girl," replied Young; (and having seen the play, I must say that I regard this summing-up as a masterpiece of euphemistic condensation). Warfield made one of those quaintly humorous faces for which he is famous.

"But isn't that illegal?" he asked.

The Workmen's "No Compensation" Act

I have heard the Workmen's Compensation Act called the "No Compensation" Act, but I did not know that the nickname possessed a certain aptness until I glanced through a bulletin of the decisions of the Industrial Accident Commission. In the old days before Governor Johnson yanked the government back to the people, a workman who suffered an accident that crippled him had a chance to get pretty good damages out of his employer. If he hired a lawyer with a knack for that particular kind of legal endeavor and agreed to split the judgment "fifty-fifty," he might be fortunate enough to enrich himself from a thousand to ten thousand dollars at the expense of his employer. But thanks to Governor Johnson's last Legislature, those good old days are gone. I cull from the latest bulletin the current quotations for various accidents. A hernia and fracture of the tibia brings \$9.75 a week during disability, and hospital expenses. A hernia alone brings \$25.71 and hospital expenses. If a mule kicks you in the leg you may recover your hospital bills plus \$8.44. A leg crushed in an elevator is worth \$13.14 during two weeks of total disability and \$1.95 a week during temporary partial disability. A fall off a ladder is good for \$48.73. A wrist cut by a chisel nets \$30 and hospital expenses. The forefinger of the left hand is only worth \$420 and hospital bills. Is it any wonder the workmen call the law administered by Deacon Pills-

bury and Will J. French the "No Compensation" Act? They feel that the last Legislature bunkoed them.

Notice to Motorists

You motorists, do you know that it may cost a good deal nowadays to have your car cranked? If your chauffeur's not expert, he may break his wrist, and then you've got to figure a new item in the high cost of joyriding. This bulletin records the case of a chauffeur employed by an auto service company of Los Angeles. He broke his wrist while cranking a car. He applied for workmen's compensation, and was allowed \$42.46 for four weeks temporary total disability, also \$4.77 per week during partial disability and medical and surgical services in the amount of \$80.

A Tip from the Clock Winder

That wise old owl, the man who winds the ferry clock was sizing up the gubernatorial campaign. Commissioner Dwyer was listening with all his ears; for the water front boss, be it known, is sensible of the political acumen of the clock winder. Retailing as his own the pearls of wisdom dropped by the clock winder, Commissioner Dwyer has gained a reputation for sagacity in Administration circles.

"Some weeks ago," said the clock winder, "I thought that Captain Fredericks was sure of the Republican nomination, but I don't think so now."

"Why not?" Dwyer asked.

"Because people around the bay are no longer thinking that they need a man from the south to beat Johnson with. The governor is growing weaker every day."

Commissioner Dwyer almost fell off his chair. He looked like a man with goose-flesh. "What do you mean?" he asked, his voice trembling with emotion.

"Say, Joe," said the clock winder, "if you think the governor has a chance you're the only man connected with the Administration that does. Why Johnson himself knows he's beaten. Do you suppose he doesn't know what the registration figures mean? If you do you're crazy."

"Nonsense," said Dwyer, "the registration figures don't mean anything."

"Perhaps not, but the governor went to bed with a headache when the first reports came up

from the south. He thinks they mean something. So do some of those fellows up at Sacramento who are already looking for new jobs."

As the clock winder turned to go Dwyer asked him who was going to get the Republican nomination. "The man that had the guts to get squarely on his feet when the other fellows were dodging, side-stepping and trimming," was the answer.

"You mean Ralston."

"Joe, for the first time, go to the head of the class."

The Candid Candidate

There are times in politics, or, perhaps, one should say there is a psychological moment, at which it is to a candidate's advantage to say just what he thinks. Some men are good guessers of psychological moments, others not of them; they say what they think wherever and whenever the impulse seizes them. This has been a Ralston trait ever since he began to dabble in politics. Consequently when he was in the Senate he was not regarded by the machine as a "dependable proposition." He voted as he saw fit, and gave his reasons why. So it was not astonishing to those who know him that when he announced himself as a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor, he also declared just where he stood on the two important issues—State-wide prohibition and the universal eight-hour law. Wise politicians shook their heads in deprecation of such frankness. Up to that time no candidate had touched on these topics. All were fighting shy. Presently it was seen that Ralston had captured the imagination of men with red blood in their veins. From several sections of the State came reports of the hit he made. Then one or two other candidates expressed themselves mildly, if not somewhat equivocally, but it was too late—the psychological moment had gone by.

The Discreet Fredericks

Ralston has taken no part in the squabbles over county committee endorsements, and he hasn't been doing much work in town halls, but it is evident enough that his campaign has not been neglected. Up from the south comes the news that he has broken into the Fredericks bailiwick, and for no other reason than that the Captain is proving himself one of the discreetest of men. The Captain doesn't quicken the imagination, it appears. He is moving around on rubber heels, in a conciliatory mood, applying St. Paul's missionary philosophy to politics.

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Now there are men down in Los Angeles who are saying that so much discretion isn't really necessary; that this is a yellow-dog year so far as the roads are concerned, and that meanwhile a candidate should place himself squarely on record so that we may all know just what to expect of him when the battle is over.

The Kansas Water Wagon

William Allen White, the Bull Moose editor of Kansas, has written an article entitled "How Kansas Boarded the Water Wagon." Though the article abounds in prohibition patter it isn't clear whether this vociferous Progressive is for or against prohibition. It reads as though he had taken a jolt of Kansas tanglefoot between paragraphs. He begins thus: "Prohibition, of course, does not prohibit. Nothing may hurt the cause of temperance in this country so seriously as the delusion that a law on the statute book will prohibit the sale of liquor in a city, a county or a State." As one reads on he finds that William Allen White is of the opinion that it is immoral to drink and that the traffic in liquor is a wicked traffic. The reader also learns that the prohibition law was openly violated in Kansas for many years because the conscience of the masses was not ripe for it. Mr. White thinks the conscience is now ripe, and that the law is being enforced for the present. In view of the facts as presented by Mr. White it would seem to be a waste of time and space for him to give us a lot of statistics as to what Kansas has done as a State. Presumably he would have us understand that whatever is good in Kansas is attributable to prohibition, yet he acknowledges that prohibition doesn't prohibit. He admits that the law even now is enforced only in spots, and that people are not wholly divorced from the Demon. Nevertheless he tells us what a great State Kansas has become since it adopted a law that has been nothing but a source of corruption for a quarter of a century. How like a Progressive Mr. White reasons!

When White Thinks

William Allen White is unquestionably an impartial witness. He is not like the professional Prohibitionist who appears to be averse to truth-telling. He tells a straight story, and will not suppress the truth even though it hurt the cause. But when he begins to think at once he appears to be disingenuous. This is wholly the fault of his head, not at all of his heart. He reasons just like a man whom you would suspect of being in favor of prohibition and all the isms. You know he is honest, since he reasons against his own views, and flouts his own cause unjustly. For instance, after picturing Kansas as the most blessed State in all the world he says: "And yet it has not produced one great inventor, one great statesman, one great poet, novelist, artist, philosopher or leader whose fame is really last-

ing and national." And he adds: "We have contributed nothing to the world that our sister State of Nebraska with her saloons cannot duplicate except happiness and prosperity." Now these observations might be taken as animadversions on prohibition, but it must be remembered that the law has not been enforced in Kansas until recently. From the experience of Kansas nothing is to be argued one way or the other. If Kansas has produced no great men, it is absurd to argue that it is because of total abstinence, since, as White admits, there is very little of that in Kansas. Rather it is because the people of Kansas are the kind of people who would adopt prohibition. It has just happened that birds of a feather have flocked to Kansas.

The Kansas Type

The word Kansas has come to express a certain type of citizen, a long-haired individual sired by a sockless Jerry Simpson. Mr. White himself is typical of Kansas, and when he says that a law that hasn't been enforced has given Kansas happiness one is at no great loss to conjecture as to what his idea of happiness is. A hint to it is given in his own words when he says that a few drinks make a man talk more, sing more, dance more, laugh more and flirt more, adding: "generally deport himself on a moral plane rather lower than the average." Thus you may perceive that the Kansas conception of happiness is abstention from joy. And evidently morality in Kansas means the very strictest observance of the Blue Laws. The man who laughs or sings or dances in Kansas is regarded as beyond redemption.

A Protest Against Potts

The "plucking board," most dreaded of naval institutions, has just announced its annual decapitations, and there is a sound of lamentation up and down the land. Most of the naval officers who are plucked bow gracefully to the inevitable. Not so Captain Templin E. Potts who was plucked a year ago. Potts has been trying ever since to get back into the navy. His champion is Senator W. E. Chilton of West Virginia. A bill providing for the restoration of Potts has been favorably reported by the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs, and is now before the House Committee. It will be fought vigorously, principally by the staunch champions of the late Admiral Schley. Potts was executive officer of Schley's flagship at Santiago, and in his sworn testimony during the Schley-Sampson controversy that followed the war with Spain, Potts accused his superior officer of cowardice. This is something for which the friends of Schley have never forgiven Potts, and never will. They rejoiced exceedingly when he was plucked, and he won't be restored if they can prevent it. One of Admiral Schley's champions is Major Andrew S.

Rowan, retired, of this city. Rowan is the man who carried the message to Garcia, thus inspiring Elbert Hubbard to write the article which made the Sage of East Aurora famous. He's a fighter, is Rowan, and he is using his influence in Washington against Potts. Schley and Rowan were very dear friends, and Rowan is one of those who are free to declare that Potts' assertion that Schley showed the white feather is a lie. It has been pointed out in this connection that Schley was the only commander who remained on deck during the fight at Santiago. The others, including Bob Evans, retired to the conning towers, as was quite proper. But Schley was so busy with the fight that he forgot his personal safety. Incidentally, seventy-seven Spanish shots were fired into his ship. Rowan and the other champions of Schley will give Senator Chilton and Potts a hot battle.

Ben Allen's "Beat"

Ben Allen, a Stanford graduate and former newspaperman of this city, has been in charge of the London office of the Associated Press for the past three years. This is one of the most important posts in the A. P. service, and Allen has made a fine name for himself by the capacity he showed in handling the work. Recently he was granted a six months' leave of absence, and he is now in San Francisco renewing old acquaintances and enjoying a much-needed rest. During his absence from London Herbert C. Thompson, another well known newspaperman of this city, has taken his place in London. Thompson has been traveling in Europe for more than a year, and he is eminently qualified for the work he is undertaking as an interesting diversion during Ben Allen's absence. With his wife and two children Allen left England for New York on the steamer New York. At dawn of June thirteenth when the New York was five hundred miles off Nantucket, she was hit by the Pretoria. Allen, his wife and children were among the first to scramble from their staterooms. The newspaperman was perfectly cool, and so was his wife. While Mrs. Allen looked after the youngsters Ben possessed himself quickly of the circumstances of the collision and accompanied by his family hurried to the wireless station. Sitting there in his pajamas he dictated the story of the collision to the wireless operator, and it was flashed immediately to the nearest American station of the Associated Press. The result was that the Associated Press had the news of the collision two hours before any other news agency in the world. When Ben

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Allen reached New York he was met and warmly congratulated by Melville E. Stone, the president of the Associated Press. Stone offered him as an agreeable vacation a trip to Niagara Falls to report the doings of the A. B. C. mediators. But Allen's luggage was in transit to San Francisco, so he had to decline the tempting offer.

The Working of the Daniels Order

Navy people are beginning to realize that the order of Josephus Daniels banishing wines and liquors from battleships and naval stations is to tie them up in all sorts of red tape tangles. There is, for instance, the case of the wife of a naval officer stationed at one of the posts on San Francisco bay. The lady is an invalid, and her doctor has prescribed a glass of port at certain intervals as part of her treatment. Since the first of the month it has been against the regulations to keep port or any other wine at the station. The lady's husband appealed to the commandant. The commandant considered the matter. After studying the new regulation he came to the conclusion that the only safe course was to appeal to Washington for a special dispensation permitting the naval officer to keep port in his home for the use of his wife. So an appeal has been sent to Washington, and meantime the lady must do without the port!

An Invitation to Bohemia

The time approaches for the Bohemian Club's annual grove drama. "Nec-Natama," an Indian play by Dr. J. Wilson ("Jack") Shiels with music by Uda Waldrop (Oza's brother), has been in rehearsal some time. The play shows how Hate was driven out of the woods by the Spirit of Fellowship, and is highly praised by those who have read the manuscript. Dick Hotaling, most dependable of all Bohemian actors (and the only man who ever got Henry Miller's "goat") will have the principal part. The announcement of the jinks is conveyed to members in a very tasteful folder with a splendid Indian figure by Arthur Cahill reproduced on the outside. As to the language of the announcement, it has aroused some comment. It speaks of "seven full forest days," and the grapejuice contingent (not very large in Bohemia) is wondering just what that means. Somebody pointed out there was mention of "lit nights" as well as of "full days," but on careful inspection the phrase was found to be "moonlit nights," which is innocent enough. At any rate, the naval members, dry slaves of Josephus Daniels, are awaiting the midsummer outing with the liveliest of hopes.

San Francisco on Broadway

The lure of San Francisco is not forgotten on Broadway. At a recent Lambs' Gambol an actor named Frank H. Westerton sang a parody of "Mandalay" recounting the attractions of this neck of the woods from the viewpoint of a vaudevillian. It struck a responsive chord and was received with applause. Westerton himself is the author, and with trifling exceptions his local color is good. He halves the fare between this city and Oakland, and mispronounces Tamalpais for the sake of his rhyme. Here are the verses:

ON THE ROAD WITH TWO-A-DAY

I

By the old Seal Rocks an' Cliff House, lookin' westward to the sea,
There's a California lassie, an' I know she thinks of me,
For the wind is in the plum trees an' the stage-struck belles they say,
"Come you back you serious actor; come you back to two-a-day."
On the road with two-a-day, with the sad-an'-funny play!
Can't you see young Martin Beck—on from Spokane to Sheepshead Bay,
On the road with two-a-day, where the "Flying Fisher's" play,
An' at dawn you 'ear the thunder out at Oakland, 'cross the bay.

II

'Er flowing hair was yellor an' 'er pretty eyes were green
An' 'er name was Wilhelmina, just the same as 'olland's queen,
An' I seed her first a-bookin' of a 'arf-a-dollar seat,
An' a-kissin' a stock actor at the foot of Market street.
Bloomin' actor's name was Mudd, an' she called him "Dear old Bud!"
Plucky lot she cared for stock folks when I kissed 'er where she stood.
On the road with two-a-day, where you 'ope you've come to stay,
An' you pay five cents for ferry out to Oakland, 'cross the bay.

III

When the mist was o'er the city, an' the moon was risin' 'igh,
I'd get my little banjo, to "The Breakers" we would fly.
With 'er 'ead upon my shoulder, an' 'er pretty figure neat,
We used to watch the tango, an' the dancers twinklin' feet
Turkey trottin' in the 'eat, from the slimy slushy street,
Where the prices were so 'eavy, you was 'arf afraid to treat.
On the road with two-a-day,—double work, not double pay,—
An' sometimes you'd play the Orpheum, out at Oakland, 'cross the bay.

IV

But that's all shoved behind me, long ago an' far away,
An' there ain't no subway runnin' from Times Square to Tamalpais.
An' I'm learnin' 'ere in Gotham, wot the "forty-niner" tells:
If you've 'eard the West a-callin', why you won't 'eed nothin' else.
No, you'll won't 'eed nothin' else, but them 'ot tamale smells
An' the sunshine, an' the palm trees, an' the lovely Western gells—
On the road with two-a-day, where you're booked till end of May,
An' yer come 'ome with the plunder, out 'er Oakland, 'cross the bay.

V

I'm sick of wastin' money on these wretched Broadway cars,
An' moochin' round the club 'ouse, spendin' fortunes at the bars.
Though I dance with fifty show girls down at Rector's to the band,
An' they talk of San Francisco; but—what do they understand?
Lord, what do they understand! Painted face an' white-gloved 'and!
They know more about Poughkeepsie or some other one-night stand.
On the road with two-a-day. Roarin' farce or problem play!
An' they don't mind which you give 'em, out at Oakland, 'cross the bay.

VI

Book me somewhere west of Denver, where the worst is always good,
Where there ain't no two weeks' notice, an' a man can eat 'is food,
For the temperature is fallin', and 'tis there that I would be—
On the beach at Coronado, lookin' westward to the sea.
On the road with two-a-day, carin' not what "critics" say.
O, to sleep beneath the awnings when you're billed at Santa Fe!
On the road with two-a-day, till we 'ear the agents say,
"You are booked to play the circuit endin' Oakland, 'cross the bay."

The Embattled Judges

Never in our history have we had so many candidates for the superior bench. All the incumbents are candidates again; all the police judges desire elevation; some former judges are eager to "come back," and any number of law-

yers are willing to forsake their lucrative practice in order to serve the dear people in the nisi prius department of our judiciary. It is a year and a situation to emphasize the value of a personal following. The man with the most hand-shaking acquaintances seems to stand the best chance, though you never can tell. I look for a great deal of plumping, for the plump vote this year will be equivalent to eight, there being eight vacancies to fill. In such a campaign it is a fortunate man who unites a wide acquaintance with a record that appeals to the voters—a man who doesn't have to be introduced. For that reason "Al" Fritz, former police judge, is sure to make a fine run. He was a good magistrate and made a record that is not forgotten; and besides, he is very widely known. It seems to be the general opinion that the four judges who were appointed to the bench by Governor Johnson have their work cut out for them. There is no denying that they are campaigning strenuously, and they need to do so.

A Very Popular Place

Every night there is a string of motor cars in front of the Mint Restaurant in Commercial street, and that is as good a proof as one could ask that it maintains its popularity as a gathering place for epicures. The cuisine of the Mint is famous; so is the geniality of its proprietor H. H. Walker. The combination proves irresistible to many of our most discriminating diners-out every night in the week. There is always a throng at the Mint, and it's a merry throng that aids digestion by good nature and seasons enticing course after course with laughter. The Mint is really an institution of San Francisco, and its fame has traveled far, so that tourists do not care to miss it, no matter how short their stay in this city.

No More Cocktail Route

There will be many visitors in San Francisco next year who will see the new city for the first time, and they will be astounded to find how different it is from the old. Globe-trotters who knew the old cocktail route will be surprised to find that it is no longer a San Francisco institution. Ever since the fire, for some reason hard to find, a great deal of the drinking that used to be done in saloons has been transferred to the wine rooms of the hotels. If there is a cocktail route at all, it starts at the Pacific-Union Club and the Fairmont, descends Powell street to the St. Francis, taking in some of the other clubs on the way, and then makes a crosstown jump to the Palace and Frank Corr's place in New Montgomery. The "line" ends at Corr's which is the only saloon on the route. It is the only saloon where you will find the same men who drink in the hotels and clubs.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

What the Bridge Folk Are Saying

Once more, 'tis said, Mrs. Peter Martin feels the promptings of the wander-lust, but this time it is not the call of Newport, nor is it the voice of Paris that she hears or is inclined to heed. To the sonorous music of the vast Pacific she yields her dainty ear, and maybe ere long she will be doing that delightful paradoxical stunt—sailing westward to the Far East where the temple bells are tinkling and a man can raise a thirst. If she goes it will probably be without her husband, for though he is in very good health these days he has no inclination to travel. But Mrs. Peter has suffered somewhat from ennui of late. What little social whirl there is hereabouts she has not participated in. She has shown a preference for the Bohemian atmosphere, and Mrs. Eleanor Martin has done nothing to revive her drooping spirits. Indeed Mrs. Eleanor Martin hasn't been taking much interest in her dashing, spirited daughter-in-law of late, a circumstance that has been discussed at bridge parties. Folk are wondering whether a difference in taste has resulted in a complete estrangement, and some are on the qui vive for developments.

A Darling Actress

There has been a lot of entertaining in honor of Liane Carrera since she came to town, and Charles F. Hanlon has been the host on more than one occasion. Miss Carrera, or "Anna Held's daughter," as she is billed, is the youngest star in vaudeville. She is so young that she has not had time to acquire any of the self-consciousness of the actress, and she is like a rosebud blooming in the stageland garden. Everybody who meets her remarks how frankly, gaily ingenuous she is, how free from pose. She has the elusive charm of early youth which the French call "la beauté du diable." She radiates joyfulness. There is a blitheness about her which reminds one of Peter Pan's description of himself: "I am the song of birds; I am the little bird just broken out of the egg; I am joy, joy, joy!" Rare is the girl, modern or old-fashioned who can stand the test of receiving the attention which Liane Carrera has received and remain unaffected and unspoiled. A sensible girl, too, is Liane Carrera, but she is modest in her views, and gives you the impression that she is still in the looking-on stage. It is amusing to hear her say, "Oh, it is a very hard life on the stage," because you know she revels in it like a school girl on a vacation. "And it is quite different from what people think," she says. "My school-mates in the convent write to me saying, 'Of course you receive presents and

people fall in love with you all the time.' But I have been on the stage thirty-one weeks, and I have received only a plain, black fountain pen, and no one ever falls in love with me!" This little girl might find her Prince Charming in the noble army of college professors, one of whom observed at the N. E. A. convention the other day that there is more satisfaction in one well-made garment than in all the art in the world. For although she has a big salary, and a wealthy, indulgent mother, she not only designs all her costumes but makes many of her fetching frocks.

Students of Art

Louise Janin is so bent on prosecuting her art studies that she has persuaded her mother Mrs. George Mendell to let her spend the rest of the summer at Carmel in William Chase's class. Miss Janin is an exception in society. Not many belles take a serious interest in art or in anything more important than clothes, beaux, teas, dances and theatres. But Louise has a sincere love for artistic expression, as well as a pretty talent. She is in a small group. Offhand one thinks of Marie Louise Foster who draws well, and did the illustrations for Miss Janet von Schroeder's book of verses "How Much Can a Little Tell." There are other artists in the list of society girls, but their names escape me. Perhaps the best artist of all is Henriette Blanning. But her medium is poetry, not painting. She is an artist with words. Her poems would have won her some celebrity had they been published; but she abhors notice and had them privately printed for the pleasure of her family and intimates. The last we heard of Henriette's literary activities she was translating the Iliad out of Greek into German, was she not? I wonder what progress she has made with this stupendous task?

A Sort of Salon

While on this subject of art and literature I must mention that Elizabeth Brice has established in our midst a sort of summer salon where a few girls and some young men get together and talk highbrow talk, expressing themselves as often as possible in French. This is something of an innovation. I recall that Mrs. Carolan thought of establishing a salon two or three years ago, but nothing came of the thought. Elizabeth Brice has done what Mrs. Carolan only thought of doing. The experiment is too young to be called a success or a failure. If it does succeed Miss Brice will be entitled to a great deal of credit. The salon was never really transplanted. It grew in Paris, and was imitated in London with indifferent results. There has never

been a salon in America that I heard of—a salon worthy of the name, I mean. Perhaps Miss Brice will revive the glories of those splendid assemblies of wit and beauty presided over by de Stael, Recamier, Roland, Vigée Le Brun and de Girardin, to mention some of the women who had salons. And even if Miss Brice's assemblies don't turn out to be salons they may prove rather interesting. They will be sure to have a humorous side if some of the girls I know attempt to express their views of art and letters in French. For a lot of the girls have few ideas on art and letters, while their French is—well, it is not even Bearnais which is the French spoken by laundresses.

Montgelas, Altar Boy

The altar boy was late for the last Mass at old St. Mary's last Sunday. If he had been just a little later the congregation would have seen a blonde young man in tweeds and spats serving Mass. For Count Montgelas was just about to leave his pew and go to the altar as a volunteer acolyte when the tardy youngster came out of the sacristy. It would not have been the first time that Montgelas served Mass in California. At San Mateo one Sunday morning the altar boy failed to put in an appearance, and Montgelas took his place. Count Montgelas was educated in a Jesuit college in Bavaria, and served on the altar as a youth. He hasn't forgotten his Latin and remains perfectly familiar with the ceremonies of Mass. If he had served the twelve-fifteen Mass at old St. Mary's a number of his dancing friends would have seen him, for that is the most popular Mass in San Francisco and quite a number of our belles and beaux attend it.

Parker and Peggy

Parker Whitney must have felt a cold shiver when Peggy Lundeen asked him to send her a railroad ticket from New York to San Francisco. On account of the association of ideas, you understand. It is perfectly proper for a man to pay the fare of his fiancée across the continent. There is no interstate regulation to prevent such a payment. As Parker is, or was, engaged to marry the charming Peggy, there was no reason why he should fear to pay her way across the States. But not so very long ago Parker paid a young woman's interstate fare, and there was the Old Nick to pay afterwards! That was a very different case of course. Pretty Genevieve Hannan did not stand in the conventional position occupied by pretty Peggy Lundeen. But Parker Whitney having involved himself in an unfortunate scrape over one interstate



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trip, it was a bit untactful to request him to finance another, even though that other was of a perfectly proper kind. Parker was trying hard to forget that first disagreeable experience, and when Peggy reminded him of it by asking for a transcontinental ticket he probably felt his ardor cool. At any rate he refused to buy the ticket. And now it looks as though his engagement to marry Peggy must be spoken of in the past tense. It takes such a little thing to blight a romance!

Their Annual Vacation

Once again, the Garret McEnerneys are off for Europe. They are on the de luxe Limited that left last Tuesday afternoon. They will board the Emperor three hours after their arrival in New York. This year the McEnerneys will tour Germany and Austria in their motor car, after which they will take a rest at Nauheim. About the time of their return to San Francisco in November Mr. McEnerney's new offices in the tall Hobart Building will be ready to be occupied. He has leased the twentieth floor.

A Beautiful Wedding

St. Agnes' Church was the scene last Wednesday evening, July 8, of the wedding of Miss Elma B. Reich and George Mayerle Jr. The altar was adorned with roses and maidenhair ferns, while garlands of woodwardia decorated the pews and were swung from the chandeliers to the windows. The ceremony was performed by Father Richard Collins in the presence of 200 guests. Special music was rendered by a stringed orchestra during the ceremony. The bride, who is a charming and attractive belle, was gowned in an imported frock of heavy white brocaded crepe made with a court train. The waist was of tulle and rare old lace and was embroidered in pearls and brilliants. A smart Juliet cap edged with lace, and a wreath of orange blossoms held the tulle veil in place. The bridal bouquet was a shower of lilies of the valley, white roses and maidenhair ferns. Miss Anna Mayerle, a sister of the groom, was the flower girl in a dainty frock of white shadow lace. Miss Rita Snider was the maid of honor and wore a white charmeuse gown with an overdress of pink chiffon. The best man was Martin V. Merle, and Dion Holm and Royal Bronson acted as ushers. After the ceremony there was a reception in the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Henry Reich. The young couple left for an extended honeymoon in the southern part of the State. On their way home they will stop at the Yosemite. The bride is one of the popular members of the younger set and the groom is the son of George Mayerle, a well known business man of this city.

The Players Club Branches Out

California is already renowned the world over for the number and beauty of her outdoor theatres. At a time when so much interest is taken in this form of drama, the announcement by the Players Club of the opening of their grove theatre situated in the Russian River country just out of Camp Meeker and but a few miles from the Bohemian Grove, is particularly interesting. Like the Bohemian Grove it is made up of beautiful redwoods, and all those who have seen it are enthusiastic over its beauties and natural advantages. Under the supervision of the club's director, Reginald Travers, a large and practical stage has been built, which has for its immediate background a magnificently wooded mountain. The Players Club Grove will seat over two thousand people and huge redwood logs have been cut for seats. The club plans to give each summer a number of plays by the best authors particularly suited to outdoor performances. A

tent city colony will be formed within the grove each summer by the members of the club during the period of rehearsal. Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell" will be used for the opening play, to be followed by Maeterlinck's "Mona Vanna" and Housman and Barker's delightful fantasy, "Prunella." The club has an associate membership of over a hundred, in which are such names as Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Peter Cook, Mrs. James Rolph Jr., Mrs. Frank C. Havens, Mrs. D. C. Heger, Mrs. Marshall Hale, Mrs. Margaret C. May, F. C. Hotelling, E. P. Heald and others.

An Interesting Engagement

A very interesting engagement just announced is that of Miss Ella Cook to Mr. James Raleigh Kelly of this city. Miss Cook is the younger daughter of Mrs. Mary E. Cook of 1540 McAllister street, and Mr. Kelly is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred R. Kelly of 2195 Divisadero street. The wedding will be quietly celebrated in September.

Boericke Girls at Paso Robles

Among the prominent guests at Paso Robles Hot Springs during the past week were Mrs. L. T. Symmes of Brooklyn, New York, and Mrs.

Ralston White of San Francisco. As the Boericke girls they were extremely popular in San Francisco society and used to spend a few weeks of each season at Paso Robles. They are both very enthusiastic horsewomen and spent the greater part of their time while there riding over the hills and surrounding country. On one of their visits they rode over the mountain trails along the coast all the way to San Francisco, a most exciting adventure, as the coast line country is very rugged and wild, the trails being so little used that it is almost impossible to follow them. The party lost one of their valuable horses on the way and came very near losing another that went off the trail over a high cliff but was rescued after a great deal of difficulty. Mrs. Symmes and Mrs. White left for San Francisco on Wednesday morning. Mrs. Symmes will visit her parents, Dr. and Mrs. William Boericke until about August before returning to her eastern home.

Fun at Castle Crag

Evenings at Castle Crag are most enjoyably spent by guests, every moment being devoted to amusement. Last Tuesday a book guessing contest was given, Mrs. E. Livingston winning first and Mrs. A. Comte second prize. Thursday

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evening bridge was played, Mrs. F. J. Cooper winning first and Miss Ethel Young second prize, Mr. B. T. Bean winning the gentleman's prize. Afterwards dancing was enjoyed until midnight. Everyone is looking forward to Monday next, that evening being devoted to a lady's cigarette rolling contest and gentleman's hat trimming. Over a hundred and fifty guests are registered at Castle Craggs. Mrs. A. Comte entertained at a dancing party followed by supper in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John Brooke and Miss Cecilia Brooke of San Jose. Much of the social success at Castle Craggs this year is due to the efforts of Charles and Ernest Pendleton, both of whom are ideal hosts.

At the Cecil

A number of dinner parties have made the week a busy one at the Cecil. On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. Wesley King entertained six friends at an informal dinner party. American Beauty roses made an attractive table decoration for the pleasant occasion. On Thursday evening Judge and Mrs. M. H. Hyland who have been established at the Cecil for several weeks had six friends with them for dinner. On the same evening Mrs. Eugene C. Davis entertained for the same number of guests. Mrs. Davis re-

turned during the week from a fortnight's vacation in the country. Mrs. J. B. Seale has a handsome apartment which comprises the entire seventh floor of the Cecil. Mrs. Seale has taken the apartment for eight months and during that time she will have with her Mrs. Z. L. Sargent. The apartment is a most attractive one, and makes an ideal home setting in the downtown section. Mrs. William S. Wood took an apartment at the Cecil during the week. She plans to remain indefinitely.

At Paso Robles

Paso Robles Hot Springs continues to be very popular. Among recent guests: G. E. Hamilton, A. E. Spence, Geo. R. Smith and wife, R. G. Sneath, L. J. Sneath, Frank B. Sneath, Mrs. Henry Payot, Mrs. Belle D. Clinch, Wm. D. Clinch, Mrs. N. E. Cassel, W. J. Hutchinson and wife, Mayor Jas. Rolph, Theo J. Roche, Geo. Roche, Carlton H. Wall, Mrs. Ralston White, Rosa Cagliari, Maria Arata, Ben Cambron, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Loewy, Miss M. Loewy, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. I. I. Brown, San Mateo; Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Sperry, son and daughter, Sacramento; Capt. J. H. Poole, Mrs. Poole and maid, Detroit, Mich.; F. D. Frost, Berkeley; J. H. Henry, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Cake, Portland;

Mrs. Laurence Symmes, New York; Miss M. T. Mooney, Oakland; W. J. Halloran, Mrs. F. D. Clift, L. W. Sowles and wife, Miss Florence Halloran, Salt Lake City; Mrs. E. M. Sheehan, Mrs. W. N. Hunt, Sacramento; Mrs. P. L. Geissler, Chicago; Mrs. Kate Parson, Fresno; H. P. Sowles, Winters, Cal.; F. G. Cross and wife, Glen M. Cross, Corcoran.

That "Something" at Tait's

Those who have ever eaten at the Tait-Zinkand Cafe are never satisfied dining elsewhere. There is no definable reason for this—it is an intangible "something" that draws and holds. Some say it is the excellence of the cooking—others attribute the charm to the uniqueness and artistic excellence of the decorations—others again claim that the novelty and quality of the entertainment is the magnet which draws. Whatever the reason may be, there is that indefinable "something" which draws to this cafe San Francisco's most critical diners-out. To judge the popularity of the place, all one has to do is to drop in there between 11:30 and 2, when the famous Tait's Special Luncheon at fifty cents, is served. In addition to the excellence of the daily fare of this noon-day "bite," there is always a distinctively high-class entertainment bill.

The Love Of Women

By Mark Rutherford

One morning a letter marked "Immediate" came from my friend, Tom Carpenter. It was written by him, but he had signed it in a very shaky hand. We had been co-partners, but he had retired. I was still living at my work near Birkenhead, but he had settled down in a small hamlet about four miles east of the Huntingdonshire Saint Ives. What made him go there I never found out. He knew nobody in that part of the world, and the country, so I had often been told, was most "uninteresting." But "uninteresting" is a doubtful word applied to fields, rivers and meadows. The letter was short. He was dangerously ill, and besought me to come to him at once "by the next train." He could not have asked me to do anything more inconvenient just then. We expected the decision that day on a tender for building a vessel which was to cost £100,000, and if we succeeded there would be a race against time. The penalties for non-fulfilment were not nominal. They would be enforced, and they were heavy.

Nevertheless, I did not hesitate. In a couple of hours I was in the train. A more wearisome journey I never undertook.

It was entirely cross-country, and the trains did not fit or wait. By the time I got to Petersborough it was nearly two o'clock. I had missed the train to the south, and did not reach Tom's house till nearly six. He was in much pain, and certainly very ill. The doctor, although he professed no uncertainty, clearly did not know what was the matter with him. He was most grateful to me for coming. He had been suffering for about two months, but he had not sent word before, knowing how busy I was, and that traveling was difficult. Now he could hold out no longer, and, besides, there was something he wished me to do. Thinking that perhaps I should not be with him in time, he had, with great labor, written a message for me, which I should find in the oak bureau in my room. I could read it when I went to bed, and if he was alive he should like a minute's talk with me about it in the morning. He was too tired that evening. There was a clear, full moon when I went to bed. The house

was some distance from the road, but not shut in by trees, and I looked across a big field, then across the broad, slow river, then across the fields on the other side, and so on to the horizon line, over which a brilliant star, not extinguished by the moon, was preparing to follow her. The quietude was deep. I might almost say I heard it. There was not a sound, save now and then the howl of a dog three or four miles away, and the hooting of an owl. My wonder that Tom should live in that house began to abate.

I took the paper out of the bureau and read:

"It is now over five-and-twenty years ago since Margaret Ramsden came to Bath, and I first saw her at my aunt's house, where I was staying for a holiday. We did not become engaged, but we were in love. We met one another purposely at different places in the city, and went for walks by ourselves. We were in Bath for a month together. Time after time a decisive word rose to my lips, but it remained unspoken. Once, I remember, we went to Bradford-on-Avon, and stayed there the whole day. I ventured so far as to draw my arm round her waist. The pear would have fallen with the slightest touch, but it was left on the branch untouched. We came home, and I walked with her to her door; but I went no farther than shaking hands. When I got to my room I hated myself. I could expect no greater love than Margaret's if I were to live for a hundred years. Moral and religious codes do much harm by the limitation of sinfulness to particular forms of ill-doing. Indecision, cowardice, ought to be branded legal crimes. When we have done our best to determine, no matter how near to evenness reasons for and against may be balanced, it is an imperative duty to act, and inaction may be a sin worse than the action which follows the lighter scale. I left Bath, and continually went so far as to pick up the pen, but my paralyzed fingers dropped.

"But," you will say, 'I do not understand. You may have blundered in marrying the wife you lost two years ago, but, nevertheless, you were able to make up your mind then.' Ah! that is the fatal inconsistency of a temper like mine. The

irresolute waverer is exactly the person who makes the plunge blindfold. Why did I marry that woman? I do not know, excepting that I was seized and driven, as if by a wave breaking on the shore. The marriage was over before I knew where I was. How is the co-existence in the same person of such strange contradictions to be explained? I suppose it is weakness. It is weakness which causes a man to stumble this way and that way, and makes it impossible to understand him."

The next morning early I was in Tom's room. He looked anxious, and had evidently passed a night of suffering. He began to speak at once about the paper. "She is still in Bath," he said, "and is unmarried, forty-seven years old. Can you go to Bath for me?" St. Ives to Bath! But I had had a letter to say that our tender was declined, and, consequently, I was a little more at leisure. "It lies on my heart. There is one thing I want her to know. All the world now seems shrunk up into that one thing. What is the world to me? I want her to believe I did love her. Ah! it was love. I cannot write any more. If she will but tell you that she trusts me, and that she trusts me to speak the truth. I cannot die in peace unless she admits there was nothing base in my desertion of her, excepting poverty of spirit. I am and always have been a timid mortal, capable of brooding, of thinking, not incapable of ideas and of deep emotions, but with nothing of the hero in me, and, worse, with not even the beginning of one—that is to say, with no capacity for decision. I have suffered for it. I have endured the lashing of self-contempt. Perhaps she will forgive me; but it is harder to forgive than to despise. I cannot send my paper by post to her. I do not know her address in Bath. You can find her in a Bath directory, if she is living in her own house, and, if she is not, you can go to my cousin, who is well known there. I wish you not to give her the paper at once, but to begin by saying you are one of my friends, that I have not much longer to live, and that I wished her to hear from

(Continued on Page 16.)

Gossip of the Theatre

Her Mother's Daughter

A headliner in vaudeville at eighteen! And with no previous experience of the stage! That's going some even for Anna Held's daughter. A girl in her teens is Liane Carrera, just out of school and romping over the circuit, her sparkling eyes dancing with delight. No stage career was ever planned for her, but she was born with an instinct for the stage and with a temperament not to be denied. So strong was the impulse that she dashed from school to the stage, and now she is getting the training that is generally supposed to be necessary beforehand. But there are no signs of immaturity in her performance. The talent is there, and it is being developed. She sings—not like Melba—but she sings, and you are reminded at once of her mother, of Anna Held of the milk-bath days; and she dances with grace and abandon. Today at eighteen Liane Carrera is reminding us of her mother, but one can see that at the heart of her is the inmost radiance which has a dazzle all its own, and which later will be the quintessential thing in her art. There are some stunning show girls with Miss Carrera, and against a background of rare beauty they pirouette and pose and ravish the eye with dissolving pictures. It is a colorful act full of good singing and dancing, and no small part of the distraction it affords is due to the whirlwind capering of Tyler Brooks. One of the big hits at the Orpheum this week is made with a harmonica. Nothing thrills an Orpheum audience like novelty in technique. It doesn't matter whether it be exhibited with a slack wire, a bicycle, a piano, or dancing clogs. The performer who can show that he can do something that was never done before at the Orpheum never fails to take the audience off its feet. So when Britt Wood puts his lips to his little reed instrument, and proceeds to do things with it that astonish even the men in the orchestra there is an uproar that makes the house tremble. Britt Wood is as sensational as his fellow-artist the elephant who is easily the star of the entertaining menagerie that closes a rattling good bill.

—Theodore Bonnet.

Mimi Aguglia

This Italian actress is as gusty as a storm. Her art is like a hot wind whirling the emotions. Her untamed passion sweeps all before it. She grips you till you are breathless. She is a wild creature of moods, now rising to heights of ecstasy, now plunging into the depths of grief. She fights for life like a panting animal at bay. It is difficult to dissociate her from the hunted Daughter of Jorio. Her acting is almost too stressful for our stage, but it fills the Latin with wild delight. No theatre hereabouts has seen for a long time such enthusiasm as Mimi Aguglia evoked on Monday night at the Cort. She held her audience in complete subjection. At the end of every act pent-up feelings broke bounds in tumults of applause. If she did not exhaust herself and her hearers it was because the Latin capacity for emotional excitement is almost inexhaustible. This, no doubt, is but a phase of Mimi Aguglia's acting. Judging from her repertoire, there must be several phases. If she is as powerful in others as she showed herself in this she is indeed a remarkable actress. She is young too. There are many years of acting before her. Some day perhaps the name of Mimi Aguglia will be very widely acclaimed. At present she is not what the bill boards say she is—"the great-

est actress of all times"—nor is she within measurable distance of the greatest actresses of our time. But she is well worth seeing and studying. Fine players speak a universal language, so appreciation of Mimi Aguglia is not handicapped by our ignorance of Italian. The primitive passions need no translation, and she is mistress of all the tricks by which the primitive passions are expressed.

—Edward F. O'Day.

The Marvelous "Cabiria"

"Cabiria" makes fresh our fading memories of ancient history. We had well nigh forgotten all about Marcellus and Archimedes matching wits at the siege of Syracuse. Hannibal could not be wiped entirely from the mind, but that Alpine progress lingered principally on account of the discredited vinegar story. Massinissa and Syphax were little more than names; though Sophonisba at Cirta remained as a heroine of tragedy. "Cabiria" makes them live as they never lived in the pages of history or the classics. It revives our interest. The mind broods Marius-like among the ruins of Punic civilization. I think most school boys sympathize with Hannibal as they sympathize with Napoleon; rejoice

in Cannae as they rejoice in Austerlitz; sorrow over Zama as they sorrow over Waterloo. "Punic faith" means little to boys. But as we see all that splendid history unscrolled in "Cabiria," we understand how vital it was for our civilization that that terrible African power should be destroyed. We get Scipio's viewpoint. Yes, Carthago delenda est. For Carthage with its hideous worship of Moloch and its shameless worship of money was the menace of the world. "Cabiria" appeals to many minds in many ways. Some care only for the story; some luxuriate in the beautiful scenes of mountain and bay, of desert and garden; some delight in its acrobatic wonders. But for him who has ever taken a deep interest in the history of Rome, no matter how many years have passed since he opened a book on the subject, "Cabiria" is an incentive to go back and reread all that significant period. I'd like to know how many people are digging up their old text books and refreshing their minds about the Punic Wars this week. The number must be large. "Cabiria" is not merely for diversion; it is also for instruction. Every school child in the city should be taken to see it. It is the most vivid lesson in ancient history we have ever had.

—E. F. O'Day.



TRIXIE FRIGANZA

Who will appear next week at the Orpheum.

"Fine Feathers" at Columbia

"Fine Feathers," without question the greatest play from the pen of Eugene Walter who has given the American stage such successes as "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "Paid in Full" and "The Easiest Way," has been selected as the bill for the fifth week of the All-Star Players at the Columbia, beginning Monday night, July 20. "Fine Feathers," when presented here, scored the greatest success. Thousands were unable to see this big drama, for the theatre could not accommodate half the number seeking to purchase tickets. It is a tense and up-to-the-minute American story of a woman's extravagance and a husband's downfall. There are three tremendous situations, and they will be admirably played by the All-Star Players, including among others Charles Richman, Rose Coghlan, Gladys Hanson, Charles Cherry, Charlotte Tittell, Frank Kingdon, George Stuart Christie and Horace Mitchell. There is a big demand for seats, and the prospects are that it will crowd the house at all performances. Matinees will be given Wednesdays and Saturdays.

"Cabiria" Again Next Week

Were it not that "Cabiria" has other important bookings, the great D'Annunzio photo spectacle, with its symphony orchestra and grand opera chorus might remain indefinitely at the Gaiety where every afternoon and evening vast throngs are seeing it. It will be seen again next week.

"Officer 666" at Alcazar

On Monday night the Alcazar will offer for the first time in stock, and at popular prices, Alexander McHugh's farce-comedy success, "Officer 666," with Bessie Barriscale and Thurston Hall in the leading roles, supported by the full strength of the Alcazar players and several specially engaged players. This will mark the last, but one, week of the engagement of these popular stars who leave us to return to their work in New York productions. "Officer 666," under the management of Cohan and Harris, enjoyed a run of two solid years in New York, and is at present the reigning success at the Adelphi in London.

Trixie Friganza at Orpheum

The Orpheum headline attraction next week will be the famous Trixie Friganza, one of the most attractive, successful and popular comedienne of the day. Miss Friganza will present a new set of songs and some very funny travesties, among which is a burlesque of the new society dances. Clark and Verdi, the Italian comedians, will portray a couple of their compatriots. Five Melody Maids and A Man will present a melange of mirth and melody. They play upon five pianos and sing delightfully. The girls display a charming vivacity and the man is a real comedian. Ray Conlin who styles himself "The Acme of Sub-Vocal Comedy," is a gifted ventriloquist. Next week will be the last of M. and Mme. Corradini's Menagerie; John and Mae Burke; Burns and Fulton; and Liane Carrera, Anna Held's daughter.

Aguglia's Second Week

Mimi Aguglia's engagement at the Cort is proving an extraordinary one. "Malia" will be given its first presentation tonight. Sunday night will see the first performance of "The Hidden Torch," a wonderful tragedy from the pen of Gabriele D'Annunzio in which Aguglia particularly excels. Monday night will find the Italian tragedienne starting the second and final week of her engagement in Sudermann's "Magda." Tuesday will be given over to "The Thief."

"Magda" will be repeated at the Wednesday matinee. Wednesday night will see a production of Sardou's "Madame Sans Gene." A delightful comedy "An American Girl in Paris" will be given Thursday. A double bill will be given Friday, Oscar Wilde's "Salome" and "The Glove." "Madame Sans Gene" will be given again at the Saturday matinee and "The Master of the Forge" at night. The second edition of Paul J. Rainey's African hunt pictures comes to the Cort on Sunday, July 26.

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Second Week—Mon., July 20, "Magda"; Tues., "The Thief"; Wed. Mat., "Magda"; Wed., "Mme. Sans Gene"; Thurs., "An American Girl in Paris"; Fri., "Salome" and "The Glove"; Sat. Mat., "Mme. Sans Gene"; Sat., "The Master of the Forge."

Nights, 25c to \$1.50; Mats., 25c to \$1.00.

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Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

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The Greatest Play by Eugene Walter, author of "The Easiest Way," "Paid in Full," Trail of the Lonesome Pine.

"POP" Prices at Wed. Mat., Sat. Mat., Sun. Night.

The Love of Woman

(Continued from Page 14.)

me. If you can see any response in her eyes or voice, then you can show her what I have written, and ask for a message."

That afternoon I was in the train for King's Cross, and caught the evening express to Bath. I went to the York House Hotel, and the next morning, with some trouble, I found Margaret's apartments. She was living in pleasant rooms in Lansdowne, overlooking the city. I obtained admittance by saying that I had come on business. I found her at a desk writing, and as she rose to receive me, I noticed that she was perfectly upright, rather spare, and a little above the usual height. Her hair was black and wavy, but more than tinged with grey. The features were clearly cut, the lips short, and the hands more delicate and whiter than any I had ever seen. A grand piano stood alongside the wall opposite the windows, and a sonata of Mozart's lay open on it. In a year or two's time she would be stately.

"I have come," I said, "from my friend, Thomas Carpenter, who, I fear, is dying at St. Ives, in Huntingdonshire. He told me that he did not think you would have forgotten his name."

"What of him?"

She was sitting upright in her chair; but with one elbow resting on her desk, and her pen in her hand. She threw it down, leaned back, and looked at me intently.

"He cannot now write properly," I said, "and did not know your address, and if he had known it he would have been afraid of entrusting to the post what he wanted to show you. I am perhaps his closest friend. He telegraphed for me to go to him at St. Ives from Birkenhead, where I live; but, fearing, he could not last more than a day or so, he pencilled a few words to you with much trouble before I could reach him."

"Have you got the paper here?"

"Yes."

"Give it to me, and excuse me for a few minutes."

She took it, and, without opening it, went into an adjoining room. She was away for half an hour. When she came back I could see she had been crying, and there were red patches on her cheek. Perhaps she had been kneeling by the bedside.

"What is the matter with him?"

"We do not know. He suffers much pain, and has lost weight seriously during the last six



MIMI AGUGLIA

The noted Italian tragedienne at the Cort.

The Love of Woman

weeks. It is with difficulty we can get him to eat anything. The doctor fears the worst."

"Is he alone?"

"Yes, excepting his housekeeper and his nurse."

"I will go back with you."

"To Saint Ives!" I said with some surprise.

"Yes, to Saint Ives. What is the time?"

"Half-past eleven."

"We can easily catch the half-past one train to Paddington, and I should imagine could be at Saint Ives tonight. I should not go to his house till the morning unless there was no hope. I should not like to surprise him. Will you please telegraph to the inn at Saint Ives for a bed for me? You, of course, can go on."

The decision with which she spoke was singular, considering the importance of her resolution and the evident hysteria through which she had passed. We met at the Bath station, and she asked me by what class I traveled.

I replied "third," and she then said, if I would excuse her, she would travel "first."

From this point my story is a collection of fragments, some of them my own, but mainly picked up from Tom, or the nurse, or from Margaret. The nurse now speaks:

"Miss Ramsden called about ten o'clock this morning. Mr. Carpenter, my patient, had fallen asleep, and his Birkenhead friend, Mr. Dixon, had gone out. I answered the door.

"How is Mr. Carpenter?"

"Neither worse nor better."

"Can I see him? I am an old and intimate friend. Mr. Dixon, I dare say, has told you I should call."

"You can see him for a few moments if he can be kept perfectly quiet. He is not yet awake."

"We went noiselessly into his bedroom. She walked softly to the side of the bed and looked

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Who's Who Hereabouts

(Continued from Page 7.)

pany in Los Angeles; also, the first gas company and the first street railway.

In the late seventies Los Angeles had a boom—its first boom. You could buy a lot one day for \$200, and sell it the next for \$250, and if you kept it for a week you might get \$450. Why real estate should soar this way nobody knew. There were no gold mines down there, and nobody expected to strike oil. Easterners weren't coming out to be fleeced, and there wasn't an orange grove in sight—nothing but bare land on which there was not even a prospect of unearned increment. Nothing flourishing there but land sharks. Yet all the fences leading to town bore the legend: "Make expenses while you're in town; buy a lot when you arrive and sell before you leave." It was a great boom till Hellman butted in. He called a conference of bankers and put up a danger signal. He pointed out that there was nothing to justify the boom, and that unless a halt was called the boom would eventually cause widespread distress and give the town a black-eye. The bankers agreed with him. They quit lending money to land speculators, and there was an explosion. Then the folk who had real estate on their hands and interest to pay realized the importance of getting the money out of the land. For awhile they railed against Hellman, called him an enemy of the people and threatened to break his bank, but presently they began cultivating the soil, and the result was that before long Los Angeles bloomed like the gardens of the Hesperides. Then came a genuine blown-in-the-bottle boom, and everybody got rich, and everybody perceived that Hellman's was the right dope.

Notwithstanding the rapid growth of Los Angeles the city hardly kept pace with Hellman. San Francisco being the financial center of the coast, hither he came in the eighties, taking over the old Nevada Bank and consolidating it with the Wells Fargo Bank, one of the biggest deals ever put through hereabouts. As a result he handled all the banking business of the Southern Pacific Company, and when that corporation sold its street railroad system in this city he handled that deal too. When H. E. Huntington started his big street railroad system in Los Angeles Hellman was associated with him, but of late years the veteran banker has been getting rid of his public utility interests.

A man of wonderful prescience is Hellman. It is said that he foresaw trouble for public utilities and anticipated it. Often has his foresight been vindicated. The first notable instance was in the purchase of the Alamitos Ranch, which belonged to the heirs of Michael Reese. In partnership with the two Bixbys of Los Angeles he bought it for \$250,000. They sold a third of it for a much larger price than they paid for the whole and that third is now the town of Long Beach. Hellman still has his third, and it is there that he breeds fine horses—one of his few hobbies.

Further proof of his foresight is to be found in the Sierra. Years ago when he used to spend his vacations at Lake Tahoe, he felt that some day the beauties of it would be appreciated by the people of California, but it was not for speculative purposes that he bought a vast domain on its shores. He wanted a beautiful summer home for his family, and he bought an immense tract for a few dollars an acre. It's pretty hard to get any land on the shores of the lake now. It is worth thousands of dollars an acre.

Though Mr. Hellman has been connected with public service corporations all his life, he has never taken an active interest in politics, but once upon a time he almost landed in the United States Senate. That was back in the eighties. There was a big fight on at Sacramento, and Steve White, who was then a member of the Legisla-

ture, was anxious to beat the machine candidate. It occurred to him that he could be beaten with Hellman. Between White and Hellman there was a very strong bond of friendship, and at White's request by wire Hellman agreed to stand for the Senate. He was placed in nomination, and Los Angeles rallied to his support, but the San Francisco delegation stood fast. Hellman received a wire telling him to send up \$125,000. He wired back: "Not one hundred and twenty-five cents."

To Mr. Hellman has come a serene, graceful and honorable old age, and though still in harness he enjoys a good deal of leisure much of which he spends playing with his grandchildren. He has seven of them. A man absorbed in business all his life, he was never more exacting of others than of himself, and though a stickler for the ethics and principles of business there are many anecdotes of him illustrative of the leaven of sentiment in his nature and of his readiness to help those whom an unerring instinct told him were worthy of assistance. His crowning act of sentiment was the gift of \$100,000 to the Mount Zion Hospital for an annex in honor of his deceased wife, the loving partner of a lifetime.

Art Gifts at Tavern

At the informal dance given at Techau Tavern Wednesday evening, July 15, three of the ladies were presented with beautiful and costly gifts which the management selected from the collection of S. & G. Gump Co. The presentation was made by former Judge Daniels. The Tavern was crowded as is usual on dance nights and those present were pleased to learn that Judge Daniels is again, candidate for Police Judge. His remarks which were most felicitous were most heartily applauded. At the Supper Dance and dancing contest which will be held on July 22 two elegant gifts will be presented to each winning couple—one for the gentleman and one for the lady and all those who are present will receive attractive souvenirs. On this occasion, presentation of objets d'art will be made to five ladies instead of the three as is the custom on informal dance nights.

The Problem of Education

"In this day of shifting educational systems, the training of each child may best be considered as a problem unique in itself. And were our schools sure of their ground in all else, their very organization, based as it is on class instruction, must itself come into question. The substitution of the unconscious action of crowds for the conscious activity of individuals is one of the principle characteristics of our age—the group mind is coming to be ever a greater menace to the freedom of the individual. Of no country is this more true than of our own, the land of the public school. What wonder this when we train our children from their earliest years to gregarious habits of thought and action. Although our schools have universalized education to the common good, as have our factories machine-made clothing and veneered furniture, with the return of the handwrought in garment and chair must come the individual in education." This is the foreword of the prospectus of the A-to-Zed School at Berkeley, which places the individual above the curriculum. The A-to-Zed is designed to supplement, not to replace, the home in the training of the child. It offers to the parent who would keep his son with him during the most formative years of a boy's life, the sort of instruction that the wise of all ages have sought for their children; namely, the personal guidance of able teachers.

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PUBLICATION CATALOGUE

PRINTERS

BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS



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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The stock market was dull and irregular the past week. New Haven became weak again, selling down to 55½, a new low record. The decline resulted from liquidation by holders who were apprehensive of a suit for dissolution under the anti-trust law, this being regarded as inevitable, as the directors cannot see their way clear to undertake a sale of the Boston & Maine holdings under the terms imposed by the law recently enacted in Massachusetts. O. & W. lost a point by selling down below 20, the lowest in eleven years. To some extent the decline was sympathetic with that in New Haven, by which the road is controlled. Steel was notably firm and there seemed to be a demand from the shorts who were impressed with the showing in the tonnage statement. All indications are that we are turning the corner in general business conditions which the stock market promises to discount a little later. To say the least, the general list has stood the liquidation in the weaker issues remarkably well.

Wheat—At the moment prices show an advance over the level prevailing last week. The compelling cause of low prices of course has been the large and early movement of new wheat with little other demand than that which originates abroad. This condition was influential in aligning the greater part of the trade on the short side of the market. This is evidenced in the response which prices have made in the last few days to the reports from the Northwest of damage by excessive rains and the discovery of black rust. The latter, while not credited generally, has been instrumental in frightening shorts to cover. In addition to this class of buying there has been a fair demand for the long account and more than a normal export business. The foreign situation has undergone no particular improvement and backward conditions still prevail in several countries. In regard to the course of prices, much depends on developments in the spring wheat country and if, by chance, conditions there should not be all that could be desired, the market is in shape to reflect this by a further advance. On the contrary, without such developments, it is likely that the winter wheat will continue to move in such liberal quantities as to easily appease the demand and cause prices to decline further.

Corn—Has acted disappointingly. Fluctuations in the aggregate have not been remarkable. There has been, however, an utter lack of snap to the market, which in itself has been responsible for a considerable curtailment in the buying power. The cash situation remains in an apathetic condition. Argentine weather has undergone the usual changes, but shipments to this country have increased somewhat and there is a prospect of a fair movement with any continued improvement in the weather. The de-

ferred futures have been affected by the excellent crop conditions, which have recently prevailed and the advent of moisture in sections that had been complaining. Besides this feature, the theory that the substitution of wheat as feed is likely to be practiced to such an extent as to prevent any special enhancement in the price of corn has been effectual in tempering bullish sentiment. We do not anticipate any protracted decline in prices.

Cotton—Cotton continued its upward trend last week, stimulated by better cables and absence of rain in the Southwest, particularly Texas. The Eastern section is enjoying very favorable weather and reports from there are very promising, giving the assurance of a good yield, unless something unfavorable happens. In the central and western section of the belt, rain is said to be needed this week to help out the young and late planted cotton, which reports say is not in condition to withstand a drouth of any length. The market is governed entirely by the weather in the Southwest, the trade having about decided that the eastern crop is assured, but shows uneasiness over lack of moisture, particularly in Texas and Arkansas, and as the States west of the river contribute very largely to the size of the crop, the price is very likely to show a reflection of this alarm. However, any advance of consequence will probably run into hedge selling.

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Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,857,717.65
Employees' Pension Fund	177,868.71
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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LOUIS GLAUDON (also called L. Glaudon), Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of LOUIS GLAUDON (also called L. Glaudon), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LOUIS GLAUDON (also called L. Glaudon), deceased.

AUGUSTA GLAUDON, Executrix of the last will and testament of LOUIS GLAUDON, (also called L. Glaudon), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 4, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Executrix,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

7-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GOLDIE ZIMET, formerly GOLDIE HELLER, sometimes known and called GOLDIE HELLER and GOLDA HELLER, Deceased—No. 17,060; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Goldie Zimet, formerly Goldie Heller, sometimes known and called Goldie Heller and Golda Heller, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, Charles E. A. Creighton, Room 419, City Hall, 1231 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Goldie Zimet, formerly Goldie Heller, sometimes known and called Goldie Heller and Golda Heller, deceased.

LOUIS ZIMET,

Administrator of the Estate of Goldie Zimet, formerly Goldie Heller, etc., Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 13, 1914.

CHARLES E. A. CREIGHTON, Attorney for Administrator,
419 City Hall, San Francisco, Cal.

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 16,345; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MOSES SALOMON, Deceased.

Max Salomon and Jacob Salomon, as the executors of the last will and testament of Moses Salomon, deceased, having filed their petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the whole of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 28th day of July, 1914, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10, Probate of said Superior Court, in the new City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said executors to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County. Dated, June 23, A. D. 1914.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed June 23, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

E. H. WILLIAMS, Attorney for Executors,
615 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

6-27-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 57,695.

MARIA BASCOU BARLETTA, Plaintiff, vs. HENRY CALVET, et al., Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Henry Calvet, J. A. McDonald, John Titus James, Lubeck's Investment Company, a corporation, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 1st day of July, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH A. BROWN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

7-11-10

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of MRS. MARY E. CONRAD, Deceased.—No. 16,822 (N. S.), Dept. No. 9, Probate.

ORDER APPOINTING TIME FOR HEARING PETITION FOR SPECIFIC PERFORMANCE OF CONTRACT TO CONVEY.

IDA V. BOGART, having filed her verified petition in this Court, setting forth facts on which she bases a claim that Viola F. Brand is entitled to the specific performance of a contract, made with her by said decedent, in her lifetime, to convey certain real estate, upon the payment of certain moneys which said contract is set forth in the petition of said Ida V. Bogart, and praying for an order requiring the administratrix of the above-entitled estate to execute to said Viola F. Brand a conveyance of the following described real property, to-wit:

All those certain pieces or parcels of land situate in the City of Berkeley, County of Alameda, State of California, according to the amended official map of Regents Park, filed with the Recorder of said County and being Lots numbered 5 and 6 in Block "M" as delineated upon said map.

IT IS ORDERED that Monday, the 20th day of July, 1914, and the court-room of said court in the temporary City Hall, 1231 Market Street, Department No. 9 thereof, Room 529, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be, and the same are hereby appointed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition; and that notice thereof be served by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in this State, for at least four (4) successive weeks before said hearing.

Dated: June 19, 1914.

J. V. COFFEY,
JUDGE of the SUPERIOR COURT of the STATE of CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

(Endorsed): Filed June 19, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.

By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.
FRANKLIN P. BULL, Attorney for Plaintiff,

637 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

6-27-4

The Love of Women

(Continued from Page 17.)

at him. To my dying day I shall never forget that attitude and that intent gaze. She was swallowed up. She stood perfectly upright. Her hands hung in front of her, clasped tightly together. She did not stir for fully five minutes. She then came and sat down by the fire opposite to me. Her elbows rested on her knees, and propped up her head. So she remained till the little mantel-clock tinkled half-past ten. She got up and moved towards the door. As she was going out she beckoned to me.

"I must speak to him."

"There was no regular night nurse. I slept in a room next to Mr. Carpenter's, and there was a door between them always open. Miss Ramsden came again about nine o'clock in the evening. She asked me if she might sit in Mr. Carpenter's room till the morning. 'If any change for the worse should take place,' she said, 'I shall be close at hand. You could not send four miles for me, and I might not be in time.'

Margaret now reports. What follows is a transcript from her diary:

"What an experience—watching in the dark by the side of the man you love, and believe to be dying! It was towards the end of September, a clear, warm, starlight night. The window was open, and I sat by it. The magnificent square of Pegasus was opposite to me, and the Pleiades were rising. Slowly, but without pause, the one began to fall in the west and the other to climb the sky. I cannot say distinctively it was a solemn sight, or that the silence was solemn, or that the deathbed was solemn. It was as if I were in the presence of solemnity itself, a unity without reference. I thought for the most part of nothing definite, but once or twice I prayed, once upon my knees, that he might, by a miracle, be spared, so that I might show him how a woman can love.

"At half-past five he awoke, just as the opening morn before sunrise streamed on his bed. Nurse was still asleep.

"I have not had such a good night for months," he said.

"He was not surprised to see me. Suddenly he spoke again.

"I wanted a word with you before I die. I loved you more than I have ever loved any other

woman. I have never loved any woman but you. I feel a burning desire you should know this, not altogether because it concerns you and me, but because it is a great discovery that a man can thus love, and nevertheless be what I have been. I also feel the same burning desire that you should know that a man, such as myself, your lover, could fling himself without doubt into the arms of another woman he never loved. During the last two years, and since the death of my wife, my nature has undergone a singular rectification. It has become much simpler. If I were not too weak, I should get out of bed and clasp your knees. Margaret, Margaret, that dreadful irresolution, contradiction, resolve where no resolve is, have disappeared and I am at the bidding of the superior direction.'

"His hand lay outside the bed. Did I consciously move my own hand towards it? Anyhow, it did move, and he took it in his own and kissed it. How easy of explanation he seemed now!

"It is incredible that a woman should forgive such an insult, such injury!

"It is because her spiritual penetration goes deeper: she discerns what is behind, what is the truth.

"I am better today; pull up the blind."

"In another quarter of an hour the sun would be up. One could almost hear the advance of triumphant day.

"I believe," said Tom, 'I shall not die. Margaret, will you seal my sincerity; will you be my wife? It may only be for hours, but what are hours and years?'

"I gently pulled the door into the next room, and then knelt down by his bedside. We were married in that room by special license within a week, and were spared to one another for many years."

I, Philip Dixon, conclude with a word.

All these years Margaret's love had lain unseen, unexpressed, unsubdued, alive, although encompassed with mortality. It was not killed by violence offered to it, nor did it decay through rot and damp.

(I bend my knees and worship.) I have heard of seeds which will remain in a storehouse in darkness and cold for years, and when placed in the earth will bloom in gorgeous color. (God is great.)

An Englishman's Creed

I believe in the gentlemen of England. I believe that I must shave every morning and every morning take a bath, have my clothes made to order, in such wise that no man shall look at them twice. I believe in the Church, the Army, the Navy, the Law, and faithfully hold it to be my duty to maintain my caste if fate has called me to a walk in life other than these. I believe that I must have a decent club. I believe that I must not drink to excess, nor be a teetotaler. I believe in my father's politics. I believe that I must not tell lies, nor cheat at cards, nor apply the letter of the law in games. I believe that I must perjure myself to save a woman's reputation, even if she has none; respect all women, except those who are not respectable, for they are outlawed; I believe that I must hold my passions in check, feel shame when they master me and yield only in secret, because I am a gentleman of England. And, above all, that which I believe I must never tell.—W. L. George.

A—My father's a great man. He was made Knight of the Bath the last time he was in England. Do you know what the Knight of the Bath is?

B—Sure: Saturday night.



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SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 25, 1914

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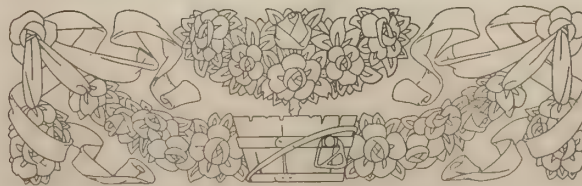
Some Beresford Country Club Stories

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1. *Chrysomelids* (see page 100)

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[Faint, illegible text]

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1990; 263: 1025-1028.
 2. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1990; 263: 1029-1031.

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These studies are for the Southern and
Western States and are not yet published.
They will be published in the near future.

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TOWN TALK

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Those Registration Frauds

Shocking to some people are the enormous registration frauds across the bay; especially shocking to those who take but a casual interest in politics and who have a vague sense of the reforms effected in recent years by men of superior virtue. These frauds it appears were committed in the interest of the Christian soldiers who fought at Armageddon, which of course is a circumstance in extenuation. Nay, it is an exculpating circumstance, since it is important that good men and true should remain on guard while the government is in the hands of the people. Governor Johnson, who was purified by prosecuting grafters, tells us that the Interests are going to spend prodigious sums of money to deprive the people of his services, and as that would be a great calamity, anything that may be done to avert it is more or less justifiable. The venal Interests must be thwarted at whatsoever cost. This is the sentiment of the boys on the payroll, and they may be depended on to make the fight of their lives to hold their jobs.

A Fabulous Sack

As the politician is essentially small in his ambitions, so also is he essentially petty in the strategy by which he strives to achieve them. The favorite stratagem of the job-chasing politician is the pretense of being disquieted by the knowledge that all the powers of evil are leagued against him. Thus does he modestly imply of himself that he is the champion of all that is righteous. The stratagem is very old. From time immemorial candidates for office have operated on public feeling through a masquerade of misrepresentation, and imputations of dishonesty have always been their stock in trade. Governor Johnson, therefore, is pursuing a time-worn course in attempting to win colorable plausibility for the charge that a sack of two hundred thousand dollars has been raised to beat him. Presumably the sack has been raised by some very wicked men, and presumably

they obtained the money from infernal and polluted sources. For of course there would be nothing wrong about raising a campaign sack among true patriots, in the ranks of the labor unions or in the several public institutions where sacrosanct Progressives are on guard. A campaign sack is tainted and unwholesome only when it has been filled by the predatory Interests. But nowadays there is no danger of the predatory Interests putting up money to defeat an Executive who has them eating out of his hand. They all know that some of his many commissioners will get them if they don't watch out. As Mr. Eshleman puts it, all the public utility corporations are at the mercy of the State. There isn't a big corporation in the State that would dare put up a five cent piece for campaign purposes unless it were to be known at Sacramento that it was for the fund of a certain individual whose name is Hiram Johnson. Some of them may not like him, some of them may detest him, but they are not taking the chance of incurring his disfavor. Governor Johnson has had enormous power put into his own hands, and some day the people of California will realize, if they don't realize it now, that power is a good thing to distrust.

The Leveling Process

"This is a Congress of average men," says a Washington correspondent of Collier's. "There is not a single striking intellectual leader in either branch," he says, and further: "as a result of the change that has taken place in the past dozen years," the Senate has been reduced to the level of the House, and both bodies are controlled by the same principles and motives. All of which is precisely as predicted when the drift to a simple democracy began. And it required no gift of prophecy to make the prediction. Even though there had never been a simple democracy the prediction would have been easy, as the inevitable consequence of giving the majority full swing and ignoring the minority is obvious to anybody who will study the matter without starting with the absurd assumption that the majority is composed of the most enlightened and most capable. The tendency of a simple democracy is to level not to elevate, and the simpler it is, that is the fewer checks there are on the passions and prejudices of the populace, the greater becomes the power of mediocrity. Mediocrity is now at the helm at Washington. As the correspondent of Collier's says the Senate has been reduced to the level of the House. This is chiefly the result of the new method of electing Senators. Beholden to the majority, the average Senator owes his place to his devotions at the shrine

of Demos, and he is not likely to abate his zeal. However, the people, though they may not be delighted with the kind of legislation they have been getting, will not put the blame on themselves. It will not occur to them that they are getting the kind of government they deserve, or that Congress reflects accurately the intelligence of the majority. It is enough for them to know that a few wicked statesmen who used to represent the predatory plutocracy are no longer in power, but it is not for them to realize that the new processes of government are conducive to a mischievous demagogism that may hasten greater ills than were ever heretofore experienced. Of course the pendulum may swing back, but Democracy we have been told is like the grave—it takes everything and gives back nothing.

Ripley on Stubbs

It would be hard to find a better specimen of the prevailing type of American statesman than Walter Roscoe Stubbs of Kansas, prohibition advocate and champion of government ownership of railroads. This gentleman recently wrote an article on government ownership for the Saturday Evening Post. It abounds in "facts and figures" of the same quality as those employed by the same gentleman in his arguments in favor of prohibition. His statements touching prohibition in Kansas were in a measure ingenious and well calculated to deceive, as we have learned from the editor of the Vindicator, one of the leading organs of the prohibition cause, who has taken occasion to shred the Stubbs masterpiece of misrepresentation. A similar service has been rendered by Mr. E. P. Ripley, president of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railway system. In a reply to Stubbs written for the Post Mr. Ripley makes it clear that the Kansas teetotaler has a discriminating taste in "facts and figures," and that he is easily carried away by his ardor and imagination when striving to uphold a theory. Mr. Ripley is more than a good railroad president. He is skilled in the art of holding a rogue up "to grinning scorn a sacrifice." He has served Stubbs up to the public sliced and carbonadoed, a delicious morsel for everybody with a palate for rogues done to a turn. Incidentally Mr. Ripley has shed a little light on Mr. Louis Brandeis, the great and vociferous apostle of efficiency, whom amateur economists have been celebrating under the impression that he has been divinely illuminated. It will be remembered that Brandeis asserted some years ago that three hundred and sixty-five millions a year could be saved to the railroads by more efficient management. This as-

sertion Stubbs quotes as though it were a citation from Holy Writ. Mr. Ripley points out that in 1910, the year when the statement was made, the entire cost of the maintenance of the equipment department of the railroads was three hundred and forty-six million dollars. It is too bad Mr. Ripley doesn't pay a little more attention to our vociferous and conscienceless demagogues. If all our railroad presidents and captains of industry would avail themselves oftener of the privilege of print and the opportunity of showing up the ignorant rascals who are setting the people by the ears the Congress might soon cease to be a conglomeration of mediocrities.

A Marriage Strike

According to Mrs. Rheta Childe Dorr "women are going on a marriage strike—unless immorality among men is eradicated." But according to Annie Laurie women have already gone on the strike, and being a sensible woman, she deplors it. She tells us of some remarkably precocious girls just out of school who have resolved never to fall in love. They say they know too much about the infidelity of men. If all this be true the feminist movement has brought on a serious state of affairs, and man ought to be scared out of his senses. It's horrible to think about, this marriage strike, and this movement in restraint of love. Yet these things have a fascination that compel not only meditation but speculation. One is inclined to ask if it is quite fair for women to go on a marriage strike in view of the fact that infidelity is by no means a peculiarity of man. Are all wives virtuous? If so you can't believe what you read in the newspapers, and women must have been metamorphosed, for while history tells us of many illustrious women who betrayed their husbands, there are philosophers who assure us that virtue in women is a question not of morality but of temperament. There is a story of a man who surprised his wife with four lovers. He was surprised himself when all the hiding places were searched, for he had expected five. If it was a man who said that in the matter of admiration it is not bad to have several maladies, there have been women who, in this way, were chronic invalids. Now as to these girls who have determined not to fall in love, but who will marry nevertheless, let us hope they may fail one way or the other, for a woman who is guided by her head and not by her heart, as that supreme analyst Balzac tells us, is a terrible companion. She has all the defects of a passionate woman with none of her good qualities. She is without love, virtue or sex. It would be well if she had all her time taken up by the feminist movement and lacked even the curiosity to get married. We are inclined to think that these very young girls have done themselves an injustice. Perhaps they have been reading the works of some of our sexless novelists. Perhaps the love they mean is nothing more than a cerebral debauch. Maybe in time they may be able to experience a voluptuous pas-

sion, and find that it is not subject to dictation. Such a thing is not unnatural as we have learned from the letters of Ninon de L'Enclos, who was a real woman with red blood in her veins and exceptional mentality. Ninon had no misgivings regarding the infidelity of men. She regarded love as a caprice, and the only difficulty she experienced was in breaking with her lovers, but she dismissed them so charmingly that they could not but remain her friends. It would seem that the women of the feminist movement make the very common mistake of judging all women by themselves. As a matter of fact the world is full of women with the courage of their bewitching charms who never worry about their husbands, and the husbands of such women are not unfaithful. The unfaithful husband is the one who has been disappointed by his wife.

The Demon of Reform

All brave and upright men are reformers at heart. To all brave and upright men evil customs and abuses are repugnant, and they have in them a moral and social passion for doing good. But unfortunately it is not always these men that take an active interest in the work of reform as it is carried on in the midst of affairs. The work of reform, or, rather, the business of reform, has become a kind of sordid industry monopolized by unscrupulous rogues who live by reform. Professional agitators, they attach themselves to a reform propaganda for what there is in it, and they devise ways and means of filling the treasury and keeping it from flowing over. Though they are engaged in several enterprises more or less political in their nature, these agitators have one central organization—the Anti-Saloon League. Nothing has succeeded like the organized effort to keep alive the agitation against the sale of alcoholic liquor. The saloon is unpopular, and a crusade against the saloon appeals to a deep-seated and widespread prejudice. Millions of dollars have been poured into the coffers of the Anti-Saloon League, but without accomplishing anything but evil. Though millions of people are now living in "dry" territory more than twice the amount of whisky is consumed annually in the United States than was consumed seventeen years ago. The explanation is simple: prohibition is conducive to intemperance, for where there are restrictions on drinking, while the demand for wine and beer decreases, the demand for whisky greatly increases. But the paradox of prohibition is not the only evil to be deplored, though it is bad enough to promote intemperance under the banner of righteousness. Especially to be deplored is the corrupting influence of the propaganda in its many ramifications. Financed to no small extent by corporations in need of political assistance, it has formed some very curious alliances in State politics. With money to burn it has enlisted the services of rustic schoolmasters and rural preachers,—and not exclusively in the cause of prohibition. In some States the most ardent prohibitionists

are proteges of the infamous book trust. In Ohio they fought the men who fought Standard Oil, and in not a few places they have been found promoting religious bigotry. Their methods everywhere are the same; of such a character that the Demon of Reform, as Emerson dubbed the maleficent spirit, makes the Demon Rum look like a saint. If there is anything in the fine art of persuasion at which the high-salaried advocates of compulsory abstinence will scruple it has not yet been discovered. One fine specimen of their bold handiwork is a printed "hanger" which has been used in half a dozen prohibition campaigns, and which is now being circulated in this State. "The Boy-Catchers Are After Him" is the caption of the "hanger." Under the caption is the picture of a child, and beneath is printed what purports to be an "Extract from a speech made in a convention of liquor men in Columbus, Ohio." The date of the speech is not given, nor is the name of the author. This is the extract: "The success of our business is dependent largely on the creation of an appetite for drink. Men who drink like others will die, and if there is no new appetite created our counters will be empty as well as our coffers. Our children will go hungry. The open field for the creation of an appetite is among the boys." A clumsy and transparent piece of deception, but it affords an insight into the mean and flabby minds that constitute the prohibition sanhedrim. How incredible it seems that a number of men should be so unhampered by self-respect as to sit down in council and agree to employ a contemptible falsehood for the poisoning of the public mind! The lie sticks out like a sore thumb, but if the professional leaders of prohibition do not regard it as an inadequate and inferior invention, perhaps they are at least more accurate than the average cynic in estimating the number of fools in the world. When this lie first made its appearance in the East the prohibitionists were challenged to name the author of the speech. They were offered \$5000 for the name, but never tried to earn the money. They were asked to give the name of the hall in which the speech was made and the date of the convention. This they did, and immediately the architect of the hall made an affidavit to the effect that the hall was not built till two years after the time at which the convention was said to have been held. But the prohibitionists are not to be discouraged by detection or exposure. If they should swear off on dealing in misrepresentation and in gratuitous assertions that conflict with the highest scientific authority they would have very little "literature" to circulate.

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Varied Types

CLXXXVII—DAVID WARFIELD

By Edward F. O'Day

This State of ours is widely known for the number of stage folk who laid here the foundation of their renown. It is our proud boast that many of the greatest American theatrical celebrities were born or raised or obtained their early training in or about San Francisco. Among the well known playwrights and producers we claim David Belasco, Bill Brady and Clay Greene; among stars of the opera we claim Sibyl Sanderson, Alice Nielsen and Maude Fay; among tragediennes we claim Mary Anderson and Nance O'Neil; among players whose names are known to all theatregoers we claim Lady Forbes-Robertson, Maxine Elliott, Blanche Bates, Lotta, Edna Wallace Hopper, Frances Starr, Joe Grismer, Jeff De Angelis, Theodore Roberts, Charlie Reed and David Warfield.

David Warfield! His is one of the outstanding names in this imperfect list of mine. Many people call David Warfield the greatest actor on the American stage. Theatrical people do not hesitate to say that he is the greatest box office attraction in the country. He possesses the enviable distinction of always "playing to capacity," which means that no matter where or when or in what play he appears he always appears before an audience which fills the theatre. The only American player who approaches him in this drawing quality is Maude Adams.

But this is not the only reason why San Francisco is proud of David Warfield. We don't like "airs" in this town of ours, and David Warfield has not been spoiled by success. He is the same "Dave" today that he was twenty-four years ago when he started East to make his fortune. He has acquired no actorial pose. He has the same simplicity, the same sincerity, the same gentleness now that distinguished him as a young man. He loves his old home with an honest love, and it seemed to me that he took genuine pleasure in harking back to the old days when I asked him to outline the story of his start. Here is the way he gave it to me:

"I started when I was a little bit of a fellow, giving out programs at the Standard Theatre. I just had to be around a theatre. I loved it. It satisfied some instinct that was born in me. If I hadn't managed to get a job giving out programs I'd have haunted the gallery. The desire to be around the theatre, to do something in a theatre, it didn't matter what, until the time should come when I might try to be an actor was part of me as far back as I can remember.

"That instinct in me was right. It led me into the career that has made me a happy man all my life. I am such a firm believer in that sort of instinct that if I had a son and he wanted to be a saddler, I'd let him be a saddler. We are successful when we love our work, when our work gives us pleasure; and the boy who loved saddlery would, in all probability, become a good saddler.

"But to get back to those early days. One of my vivid memories of the time when I was a program boy at the Standard is of John E. Owens playing 'Solon Shingle.' Of course I was too young to appreciate him fully, but as I look back I realize what a wonderful actor John E. Owens was, what great powers of pathos mingled with humor he possessed. He was a Joseph Jefferson."

I could not help thinking, as Warfield said this, that John E. Owens must have been a sort of David Warfield, for Warfield too is a great master of pathos mingled with humor, indeed the greatest master on the American stage.

"My mother," continued Warfield, "did not like to have me around the theatre. She wanted to see me a business man. It seems to me that



DAVID WARFIELD

parents were different in those days. Not many parents liked their children to go on the stage. But nowadays children are actually brought up to become actors. You hear parents say: 'My boy would make a splendid actor, he has such a wonderful memory.' When I hear that I am tempted to say: 'With a talent like that, you ought to make him a librettist!'"

We laughed together over this sly dig at the equipment of our writers of musical comedy, and Warfield continued:

"But in spite of my mother, I stayed with the theatre. Nothing else appealed to me. Finally I got a job as usher at the old Bush Street Theatre. I went to work there during one of Sol Smith Russell's engagements. He was playing 'Edgewood Folks.' Ushers were paid four dollars a week, but there were perquisites, and we made as much as twenty or twenty-five sometimes.

"It was at the old Bush Street Theatre that I made my first appearance as an actor. I was engaged as a super in Bartley Campbell's 'Siberia,' a play which, if I am not mistaken, had its premiere in San Francisco. We rehearsed for four weeks, and of course we were not paid for rehearsing. But I was very happy. It seemed to me that I was achieving my ambition. Supers were paid fifty cents a night. I lasted just one night. I was a Russian soldier, and I can still

feel the weight of the armor I wore when I marched out on the stage. It seemed to me that I had a ton of iron on! We stood on the stage during the ballet, and after the ballet the coryphees made their appearance. I knew what was coming, and just as the coryphees entered I said to the super next to me: 'Now we'll have the kidney ballet.' I must have said it too loud, because there was a giggle in the first row. When we went off the head super fired me for being too fresh.

"There was an actor at the old Bush Street Theatre named Frank Wright. He had heard me telling stories several times. I always had a sort of knack for dialect, and I used to tell stories, Italian, French, Spanish, German and Hebrew dialect stories, at lodges and entertainments, anywhere that they would let me tell them. Wright told me I should be an actor. In fact he told me that I would be a good actor. He didn't have to tell me that because I was quite confident of it already! I don't know exactly why. Perhaps one reason was because I saw so many bad actors and thought that if they could pass muster I could!

"I wasn't a bit discouraged when that head super fired me for being fresh. One day my chance came. There was a young woman with money who wanted to be a leading lady, and she engaged Wright as her stage director and leading man. He came to me and told me that now was the opportunity for me to show what was in me. At first I agreed with him. The company was to play repertoire up and down the coast, and the first play was to be 'The Ticket-of-Leave Man.' Wright cast me for Melter Moss, a heavy character. I was frightened when I read the part. It was a long part and a hard one. I had no experience in studying and I couldn't learn the lines. So I tried to back out. When the time came for our tour to begin I went to Wright and told him my mother objected to my leaving home. But he wouldn't hear of my staying behind.

"We opened in Napa. I knew nothing about make-up, but I got some putty from a glazier and made up my nose. I borrowed make-up from some of the others in the company and painted my face. I didn't know my lines, but that didn't matter much, because nobody else knew the lines either. My putty nose kept slipping off and I had to press it back in place every once in a while. The second night in Napa we played 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' and I had two or three parts to play. It must have been awful! However the tour lasted just one week. Then I went back to ushering, which was safe and certain.

"Still I wasn't discouraged. I was determined that I'd try again some day. At that time the Elks used to give socials in their lodge room on

(Continued on Page 16.)

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MEMBERS

The San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange

Perspective Impressions

Now is the time for our editorial wiseacres to prove by the Caillaux trial how superior American is to French justice.

"Three thousand gas men coming in 1915," says the headline. Happily, this is a convention of lighting experts, not of spellbinders.

Huerta has fallen, but just the same grape juice is not boasting much of its victory over cognac.

Dr. Aked's phiz is not appearing on the editorial page of the Examiner as much as it used to, but we hear no lamentations therefor.

Much to his disgust George Fred Williams finds that the wicked Albanians are conspiring to prevent him from helping them.

Collector of Port Davis speaking for President Wilson has endorsed Congressman Kent for reelection, thus making it just a little clearer that Progressives and Democrats are natural affinities.

Meeting some of the lady politicians, one wonders how many times a week their husbands eat dinner on time.

In Douglas Tilden's group 'called "Modern Civilization" truth is symbolized by the beautiful nude figure of a woman who is holding her mantle aloft in the attitude of one saying, "See, I have nothing concealed on my person." If such were truth how easy it would be to love truth!

Newspaper headline: "President Notifies Committee of Senate that He Wishes Treaties Ratified." Which reminds us that Patrick Henry once observed, "Our President may easily become a King."

With Captain Fredericks and Major Keesling doing the Kilkenny cat stunt, and Governor Johnson and Charley Belshaw snarling at each other and frothing at the mouth, Mr. William C. Ralston appealing to the intelligence of the electorate looms up as the right sort for Exposition year.

How refreshing it is to meet a man who confesses that he cannot forecast the election!

The Rev. Louis R. Patmount, a local option campaigner, who disappeared from Detroit five weeks ago, turned up the other day in the city that Schlitz made famous. It's the lure of Milwaukee that causes many a fall from the water wagon.

You cannot indict a whole community, but when you find a community asking a rich candidate in the midst of his campaign for a grant of a large tract of land it may do you no harm to reflect that you are governed by the people and that you hear a lot these days about the importance of bringing the government back to the people.

"Wherever Governor Johnson goes in his speech-making trips," says the Bulletin, "he finds audiences which literally fill his meeting halls." The governor who has doubled the cost of government has a sufficient number of taxeaters at the crib to ensure him against wasting his fragrance on empty benches.

Who's Who Hereabouts

XX—COLONEL DANIEL M. BURNS

A plague on our job-chasers, and the devil take the hungriest of them! What a noise they are making in their ferocious onslaughts on one another! Was there ever so much crimination and recrimination in the midst of a campaign? The convention is a thing of the past, the government has been brought back to the dear people, and behold! What a lot of men of the happy level and golden average have bobbed up for office since the bad bosses of yesteryear were banished to irrelevancy. And what a spectacle they present as their small minds go crashing through the columns of the newspapers, creating something like the havoc of war! Would that the casualties were greater!

The bosses of yesteryear, the men who manipulated conventions in the days before government was purified and brought back to the people should be able to derive much wholesome amusement from the human comedy of a direct primary campaign. For the bosses of yesteryear have many intimate acquaintances among the candidates for nomination now ingratiating themselves with the dear people. As they look over the field the bosses of yesteryear must be astonished to find how few new patriots have been developed by the great political revolution; also, how many battle-scarred and threadbare heroes have survived the epochal regeneration of politics. The bosses of yesteryear, were they so minded, could throw a flood of light on characters that are now vociferously inviting public scrutiny with perfect confidence in their security from microscopic examination. But not until the wicked days of boss-rule are somewhat more remote will reminiscences of the convention period in the lives of latter day idols and friends of the people appeal to public taste. The people will have to indulge themselves to satiety in incredible virtue before they will be in a mood to give ear to illuminating recollections from sources that are temporarily tabu. Even Colonel Dan Burns would not be able to shine as a raconteur at present, though

it is not to be said of him that he was superseded by the direct primary. Colonel Burns quit the game before it petered out. He has a habit of doing that sort of thing in the games of life; that is, of not "sitting in" beyond the psychological moment. Fortunate is the man who knows when to quit, who has a sense of coming events and who seems to be favored with prelibations. He never needs a guardian. Along in years is Colonel Daniel M. Burns, but he has not grown old. He is one of those rare beings in whom there is that union of body, mind and heart which ensures resistance to the frigidity of age. Enjoying the best of what is, anticipating the best of what will be, he has weathered the vicissitudes of a long career gracefully and happily, and now tranquil and serene is the afternoon of his life.

The interest that Colonel Burns takes in politics these days is not very keen, not half so keen as the interest he takes in a game of bridge at the Bohemian Club. You can find him at the club almost any afternoon, and hardly ever will you find him without a cigar in his mouth. That cigar gives the same expression to his face that was characteristic in the old days when he was bossing the Republican machine. His enemies used to say that he looked wiser than an owl, but that he was only pretending to have an ace up his sleeve when as a matter of fact he didn't have a measly pair. Doubtless in many an instance this was true, but everybody who knows anything about politics is well aware that bluff is an essential element of the game. As a matter of fact bluff wins oftener in politics than it does in poker. It won for Colonel Burns when he first became a boss. That was in the early nineties just before the Budd-Estee gubernatorial campaign. Colonel Burns had been in Mexico so many years that he seemed a stranger when he appeared in the midst of things. Many an old-time politician asked who he was. Men with long memories recalled that he was State treasurer

when George C. Perkins was governor, and that he had served before that as county clerk of Yolo. It was also remembered that he had gone to Mexico to engage in mining operations, and that he had obtained control of the rich Candelaria mine. Why he wanted to be a boss nobody knew. Assuredly it was not for the usual motive. He had plenty of money, and he was not the sort of man to go into politics for revenue. However, he opened headquarters at the old Baldwin Hotel, and soon the district leaders learned he was there, and the tip went out that he was the man to see about delegates to the State convention. It seemed as easy as falling off a log to become a boss. Perhaps it was because the railroad machine had things well in hand and took kindly to Burns. Anyway he bossed the convention, and nominated his old friend M. M. Estee for governor. The nomination was easy; but Budd had expert election officers, and besides that was an A. P. A. year, and Budd got the A. P. A. vote without ever having let any Catholics know he was after it. So Colonel Burns lost his first campaign. However, he was not discouraged. He remained to fight another day, and enjoyed many a triumph. But the political game was hardly ever anything but pastime to him until, not satisfied with power he aspired to place, and then he plunged into a contest that caused much bitterness. No man can be a political boss many years without making many enemies. The place that Burns aspired to was a seat in the Senate of the United States. He was confident of winning, and might have won had not one of his votes been pulled down at the regular session of the legislature. A special session was called and his enemies got busy; also, it was reported, they got rid of certain minor qualms of conscience, and then they got votes enough to elect Thomas Bard, a gentleman who was not of much consequence in politics, and who was of less consequence in the

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The Perceptor

By John Galsworthy

He had a philosophy as yet untouched. His stars were the old stars, his faith the old faith; nor would he recognize that there was any other, for, not to recognize any point of view except his own was no doubt the very essence of his faith. Wisdom! There was surely none save the flinging of the door to, standing with your back against that door, and telling people what was behind it. For though he could not know what was behind, he thought it low to say so. An "atheist," as he termed certain persons, was to him beneath contempt, an "agnostic," as he termed certain others, a poor and foolish creature. As for a rationalist, positivist, pragmatist, or any other "ist"—well, that was just what they were. He made no secret of the fact that he simply could not understand people like that. It was true. "What can they do—save deny?" he would say: "What do they contribute to the morals and the elevation of the world? What do they put in place of what they take away? What have they got, to make up for what is behind that door? Where are their symbols? How shall they move and lead the people? No," he said, "a little child shall lead the people, and I am the little child! For I can spin them a tale, such as children love, of what is behind the door." Such was the temper of his mind, that he never flinched from believing true what he thought would benefit himself and others. For example, he held a crown of ultimate advantage to be necessary to pure and stable living. If one could not say: "Listen, children! there it is, behind the door! Look at it, shining, golden—yours! Not now, but when you die, if you are good. Be good, therefore! For if you are not good—no crown!" If one could not say that—what could one say? What inducement hold out? And he would describe the crown! There was nothing he detested more than commercialism. And to anyone who ventured to suggest that there was something rather commercial about the idea of that crown, he would retort with asperity. A mere creed that good must be done, so to speak, just out of a present love of dignity and beauty—as a man, seeing something he admired, might work to reproduce it, knowing that he would never achieve it perfectly, but going on until he dropped, out of sheer love of going on—he thought vague, futile, devoid of glamor, and contrary to human nature, for he always

judged people by himself, and felt that no one could like to go on unless they knew that they would get something if they did. To promise victory, therefore, was most important. Forlorn hopes, setting your teeth, back to the wall, and all that, was bleak and wintry doctrine, without inspiration in it, because it led to nothing. And he abominated those others, who, not presuming to believe in anything, went on, because—as they said—to give up would be to lose their honor. This seemed to him most unpoetic, as well as the very negation of faith; and faith was, as has been said, the mainspring of his philosophy.

Once, indeed, in the unguarded moment of a heated argument, he had confessed that some day men might not require to use the symbols of religion which they used now. It was at once pointed out to him that if he thought that, he could not believe these symbols to be true for all time; and if they were not true for all time, why did he say they were? He was dreadfully upset. Deferring answer, however, for the moment, he was soon able to retort that the symbols were true—er—mystically. If a man—and this was the point—did not stand by these symbols, by what could he stand? Tell him that! Symbols were necessary. But what symbols were there in a mere Good Will; a mere vague following of one's own dignity and honor, out of a formless love of Life? How put up a religion of such amorphous and unrewarded chivalry and devotion, how put up a blind love of Mystery, in place of a religion of definite crowns and punishments, how substitute a love of mere abstract Goodness, or Beauty, for love of what could be called by Christian names? Human nature being what it was—it would not do, it absolutely would not do. Though he was fond of the words Mystery, Mystical, he had emphatically no use for them when they were vaguely used by people to express their perpetual (and quite unmoral) reverence for the feeling that they would never find out the secret of their own existence, never even understand the nature of the Universe and God. Mystery of all that kind seemed to him very pagan, almost Nature-worship, having no finality. And if confronted by someone who said that a Mystery, if it could be understood would naturally not be a Mystery, he would raise his eyebrows. It was that kind of loose, specious, sentimental talk that did so much harm, and drew people away from right understanding of that Great Mystery which, if it was not understood and properly explained, was, for all practical purposes, not a Great Mystery at all. No, it had all been gone into long ago, and he stood by the explanations and intended that everyone else should, for in that way alone men were saved; and though he well knew (for he was no Jesuit) that the end did not justify the means, yet in a matter of such all-importance one stopped to consider neither means nor ends—one just saved people. And as for truth—the question of that did not arise, if one believed. What one believed, what one was told to believe, was the truth; and it was no good telling him that the whole range of a man's feeling and reasoning powers must be exercised to ascertain Truth, and that, when ascertained, it would only be relative Truth, and the best available to that particular man. Nothing short of the absolute truth would he put up with, and that guaranteed fixed and immovable, or it was no good for his purpose. To anyone who threw out doubts here and doubts there, and even worse

than doubts, he had long formed the habit of saying simply, with a smile that he tried hard to make indulgent: "Of course, if you believe that!"

But he very seldom had to argue on these matters, because people, looking at his face with its upright bone formation, rather bushy eyebrows, and eyes with a good deal of light in them, felt that it would be simpler not. He seemed to them to know his own mind almost too well. Joined to this potent faculty of implanting in men a child-like trustfulness in what he told them was behind the door, he had a still more potent faculty of knowing exactly what was good for them in everyday life. The secret of this power was simple. He did not recognize the existence of what moderns and so-called "artists" dubbed "temperament." All talk of that sort was bosh, and generally immoral bosh; for all moral purposes people really had but one temperament, and that was, of course, just like his own. And no one knew better than he what was good for it. He was perfectly willing to recognize the principle of individual treatment for individual cases; but it did not do, in practice, he was convinced, to vary. This instinctive wisdom made him invaluable in all those departments of life where discipline and the dispensation of an even justice were important. To adapt men to the Moral Law was—he thought—perhaps the first duty of a preceptor, especially in days when there was perceptible a distinct but regrettable tendency to try and adapt the Moral Law to the needs—as they were glibly called—of men. There was, perhaps, in him something of the pedagogue, and when he met a person who disagreed with him, his eyes would shift a bit to the right and a bit to the left, then become firmly fixed upon that person from under brows rather drawn down; and his hand, large and strong, would move fingers, as if more and more tightly grasping a cane, birch, or other wholesome instrument. He loved his fellow creatures so that he could not bear to see them going to de-

(Continued on Page 16.)

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Poems About San Francisco

CLV—THE OLYMPIC CLUB

By Daniel O'Connell

(The following verses were written by Daniel O'Connell and set to music by Humphrey J. Stewart for the celebration given by the Olympic Club when it moved into its new building on January 2, 1893.)

From the great past, renowned in song and story,
Come the shades of the valiant who have boldly proved their might;
The men who have won the wreath, the laurel wreath of glory,
The men who have conquered, the heroes of the fight.

On the arena's crimson sands the shadowy host appeareth,
One the trident brandishes, and one uplifts the spear;
Forth from his cage released the ravening tiger stealeth,
But the gladiator's heart beats high, impervious to fear.

Centuries have gone, and we, who in these latter ages
For the crown of laurel struggle, meet foe in better mood;
We battle for supremacy, yet in our history's pages,
May rest no vengeful records of rage, and wrath, and blood.

Ours is still the mission, man's vigorous life improving,
To meet in friendly contest in this Olympian Hall;
To prove that strength opposed to strength is not opposed to loving,
But kindness and humanity are rulers over all.

The Spectator

Will Jimmy Turn Higher-Up?

The Hon. James D. Phelan is sorry he included Chico in his campaign itinerary. On his arrival in Chico last week a committee of business men called on him just before the meeting that had been arranged by his campaign manager. At first he thought it was a reception committee come to do him honor, and he was by no means agreeably disappointed when he learned the object of the visit. The spokesman of the party informed him that a free ferry was to be operated across the Sacramento river, but that it would be inaccessible to the people of Chico unless they could get a right of way across the big Phelan ranch, which is one of the properties inherited by the young gentleman of leisure from a thrifty father. Would Mr. Phelan be so kind, so public-spirited, as to grant the right of way? This was the question addressed to the ambitious millionaire. He hesitated, and looked out of the window, as his custom in embarrassing situations. Perhaps he thought it was a hold-up, which would not be an unreasonable conjecture in view of the object of his visit to Chico. How could he refuse in the circumstances? To refuse meant a frost at the meeting which he had come to address. But Jimmy hasn't been in politics all his life for nothing. He is quick witted and resourceful. The survey of the landscape through the window occupied but a moment. He beamed on the committee, and observed that nothing gave him greater concern than the welfare of the community. "I'll return next week and go over the ranch," he said, "and then we shall see just what is wanted." Naturally there has arisen in the mind of so conscientious a person as Mr. Phelan the question whether the gift which he has been asked to make would be in the nature of a bribe. If not, there is the other question: Would it be necessary to include the right of way among his election expenses? Of course Jimmy would be justified on moral grounds in keeping the ranch intact. Indeed it is quite clear that the people of Chico have asked him to place himself among

the higher-ups, and if he gives up at this time he will be as guilty morally as any man that ever bribed a supervisor.

'Rah for the Knowlands

The Joe Knowlands are making a very active fight for the Senate, and from all accounts Mrs. Knowland is a much better campaigner than her husband. Her superiority is so apparent that it has been suggested that she could wear the toga more gracefully than her husband, but Mrs. Knowland doesn't want to go to the Senate. She would be well satisfied with being the wife of a Senator, and doing the social honors in Washington. Next to being a Senator there is nothing so fine as being the wife of a Senator, and so while it is unusual to make a Senatorial campaign a family affair, yet as there are two ambitions to be gratified, why not? The Knowlands have furnished a precedent which may inspire other couples. It all depends, I suppose, on how it turns out. Whatever one may think about the family campaign idea, one cannot fail to be impressed by the earnestness and aggressiveness of Mrs. Knowland. She is a bright little woman and a good orator, and she never loses an opportunity to boost for her Joe. One day recently at a tea at the St. Francis, which followed a political meeting at which both Mr. Knowland and Mr. Shortridge made speeches, a lady arose and proposed a toast to the health of the gallant and efficient young Congressman, the Hon. Joseph Knowland, who has made a brilliant record, etc., etc. "Who is the speaker?" I asked my neighbor. "That's Mrs. Joe Knowland," was the reply.

Ned Greenway and Sam

This is the simple and veracious story of how the only Ned Greenway spent several convivial hours with a stranger, winning him and dining him, without discovering that the stranger was a waiter and a valet. John Tait, Bill Lange, Arthur Fisk, Lou Brown and several other congenial spirits were spending the week-end at

Tallac. Fisk had to leave before the others, so Tait ordered a motor boat, and the whole party chugged down the lake to Tahoe to see him off. Tait has a servant named Sam who combines the functions of waiter and valet, and Sam went along to serve sandwiches and beer during the motor boat ride. Sam is a servant who takes great pride in his personal appearance, and he was attired in the nattiest of flannels. When the party reached the landing stage at Tahoe they found Ned Greenway taking the air, and invited him to dine with them at the Tavern. Ned excused himself on the plea that he had an engagement to dine with two ladies. After dining and bidding farewell to Fisk the party started back to their motor boat, to prepare for the ride back to Tallac. They stopped at the Casino for a liqueur. Much to his surprise Tait found his faithful servant Sam at the bar. Sam showed the effect of injudicious potations, and Tait demanded an explanation.

"Well, you see, Mr. Tait," said the abashed Sam between hiccoughs, "it was this way. After you and the other gentlemen went up to the Tavern I walked into the Casino. Mr. Greenway was there, and he rushed up to me. He shook hands with me and told me how glad he was to see me. He asked me how I was enjoying my stay, and invited me to have a glass of wine. Now that I think of it, I guess he mistook me

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for a friend of his. He treated me to a bottle of Mumm, and the least I could do was to order another bottle. We had several bottles, and Mr. Greenway found that it was too late for his dinner engagement with the ladies. So he ordered some chicken sandwiches from the hotel, and we had a cold snack with another bottle of wine. That's how it happened."

"Don't let it happen again," said Tait with well simulated severity, and Sam promised by all he held sacred that it wouldn't. When Ned Greenway reads this he will learn for the first time the identity of his agreeable companion in flannels.

A Joke on John Rothschild

When the German cruiser Nurnberg arrived in San Francisco bay last week, there was a committee of reception headed by the indefatigable Mission Jim to greet Comander von Schoenberg and his staff of officers. There was also a big motor car waiting at the dock to take the paymaster of the Nurnberg on a tour of the city. The motor car was John Rothschild's, and the popular head of the big wholesale grocery firm of John Rothschild and Company was in it. John Rothschild is personally acquainted with the paymaster of the Nurnberg, and he was eager to entertain that important functionary not only in discharge of a duty of hospitality but also for business reasons. For the paymaster is the officer who buys the supplies for the ship, and John Rothschild, heading a firm which specializes on the victualling of naval vessels, was naturally desirous to obtain the big order which the paymaster of the Nurnberg would have to place in this city. So John Rothschild in his big motor car waited for the paymaster to appear. He waited and waited, but in vain. It happens that there is a German grocer in the Mission who has a keen eye for business. He had made up his mind that it would be a very nice thing to obtain the business of the Nurnberg. So he drove down to the dock in his buggy, and he too waited for the paymaster. He waited to better effect than John Rothschild. He saw the paymaster first, and politely invited him to step into his buggy and go for a ride through the city. The paymaster was flattered. He thought the German grocer was a member of the reception committee, and it didn't bother him a bit that he should be asked to see San Francisco in a buggy instead of an automobile. He got in, and was

speeding up Market street with the German grocer before John Rothschild knew that he had stepped ashore. And he gave all his orders to the German grocer before the buggy ride was over! It was quite a good one on John Rothschild, but he may be readily pardoned for not exactly relishing the savor of the jest.

The Omnipresent Chit

There are many members of the magnificent new Beresford Country Club who indulge in no form of bodily exercise except the wrist work of signing tags. This of course is true of many members of all country clubs, not excepting the Burlingame. But there is a good deal of jest about it at the Beresford when the clubsters loll on the sunny porch of an afternoon or gather for music and dancing in the beautiful living room on week-end evenings. One reason for this is that the lady members find it a new and exciting diversion. Many of them had never signed a chit before they joined the Beresford, and they are delighted with their novel albeit expensive privilege. "Let me sign the tag," is a remark frequently heard when the lady members of the Beresford order luncheon or afternoon tea, and their eagerness to autograph the insidious tabs has afforded their husbands and brothers a great deal of amusement. The other day, after a morning spent on the links, Walter Stettheimer, one of the governors of the club, and Louis Brown, popularly known as "Lou," were enjoying a swim in the Pompeian pool which is one of the most attractive features of the Beresford. As they swam side by side Brown uttered an exclamation.

"What's the matter?" inquired Stettheimer.

"I've swallowed a mouthful of water," sputtered Brown.

"Better put it back, Lou," counselled Stettheimer, "or they'll make you sign a tag for it!"

"Something Better Than a Dog"

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schwartz are prominent members of the Beresford Country Club. Their fifteen-year-old boy Gustave is a juvenile member. Juvenile members are not accorded many privileges at the Beresford, a fact of which the juveniles are painfully cognizant. A few days ago Gustave drove his father's motor car down to the station at Beresford to meet Mr. and Mrs. Otto Irving Wise who were coming to spend the week-end at the club.

"Do you enjoy the club very much?" asked Wise, as the youngster drove them up the hill.

"Aw, I'm only a juvenile member," replied the boy with infinite disgust. "But I'll be sixteen soon, and then I'll be a junior. Just the same," he added philosophically, "the juveniles are a little better off than the dogs."

"What do you mean?" asked Wise.

"Well, you see," expounded young Schwartz, "it's against the rules for the dogs to use the swimming tank!"

Redlight Abatement

One of the commissioners who came here from Iowa to approve the plans for Iowa's building at the World's Fair was Emmet Tinley, a lawyer of Council Bluffs. Tinley has taken quite a hand in politics, and he is thoroughly conversant with conditions throughout his State. I met him one day last week, and we got talking about the Redlight Abatement measure. I suppose everybody knows that the Redlight Abatement law passed by the last California Legislature but subsequently held up by a referendum on which we are to vote at the coming election, was borrowed from Iowa. This law has been on the statute books of Iowa for a number of years, and its champions in this State answer all objections raised against it by declaring that it has done wonders there, eradicating prostitution in some communities and minimizing it in others. I asked Tinley what merit there was in these claims. His answer did not cause me to change my opinion, which has always been that the Redlight Abatement measure is, to say the least, an inadequate weapon for fighting the social evil.

It Does Not Abate

Commissioner Tinley told me that the Redlight Abatement law of Iowa did not abate prostitution. It has had the effect, where enforced, of abating the nuisance of disorderly districts, but it has not diminished prostitution. It has put segregated districts out of business, but it has by no means put an end to the ancient business of prostitution. In other words, where prostitution was once concentrated and segregated in Iowa, it is now scattered. "When driven out of a disorderly house by the application of the law," says Tinley, "the women have not left the city or town, but have merely moved to other quarters. The places they usually pick out are the upper floors of buildings in the business districts where they continue to ply their trade practically undisturbed. Knowing what I do of conditions in the cities of Iowa I cannot say that

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the number of fallen women has been decreased by the operation of the Redlight Abatement law." In other words, this law causes the "scat-teration" of prostitution, not its abatement. In Iowa the fallen women have gone into the business districts. Where would they go in San Francisco?

Invading the Residence District

The answer to this question is not difficult. They would not go into the business districts, because the business districts of San Francisco do not offer adequate accommodations for them. Certain sections would of course acquire an undue number of "massage parlors" and "electric bath" establishments, but most of the women would find it more convenient to move into lodging and apartment houses where they could pursue their business with a minimum of interference. As Mr. Tinley pointed out to me, it would be difficult for the women to do this in most of the cities of Iowa, because most of the Iowa cities are small cities where one knows all of one's neighbors for blocks around. The condition is different in a big city like ours. Here one pays no attention to one's neighbors, generally speaking. Iowa's experience of Redlight Abatement is only valuable to us insofar as it proves that the method does not diminish prostitution and that the women take refuge in the district where they will suffer the least molestation. In Iowa that means the business section; here it would mean, without doubt, certain residence sections. Is it any wonder that Mr. Tinley was surprised when I told him that the State of California was asked to accept such a law?

Bohemia's Lonely Library

I have had occasion before now to quote Jerry Landfield's bon mot about the library of the Bohemian Club. The remark was brought forth when Willis Polk repeated what Lansing Mizner said shortly after the Pacific-Union Club was installed in its magnificent quarters on Nob Hill. Mizner remarked that he'd hate to drop dead in the Pacific-Union library because his body wouldn't be discovered for days! Landfield is a loyal Bohemian, and he didn't like to see his club relegated to second place even in this matter of library neglect. "The Bohemian Club," he declared, "has the greatest collection of uncut books in the West!" There is more than a little truth in that statement. The Bohemians do not use their library as much as they might. It is a place of seclusion admirably adapted to silent thought and studious reflection. It has remained for a stranger in Bohemia to corroborate Landfield's assertion. The best of it is that the stranger did so in complete innocence. I refer to Professor Meyer Bloomfield of Harvard who came to California to lecture on vocational training at the University Summer School. Professor Bloomfield is a deep student and an industrious

publicist. He is giving all his leisure time to the completion of a book which was well under way before he left Harvard for Berkeley. Professor Bloomfield was put up at the Bohemian Club upon his arrival here, and was not long in discovering the excellent Bohemian Club library. He was delighted to find that its shelves contained many books which he needed to consult. In consequence he has spent more of his leisure hours (if hours devoted to writing may be so called) in the club library than anywhere else. He was telling a member about his good fortune in the course of luncheon at the club the other day.

"Your library is splendid," said Professor Bloomfield. "It contains just the books I need for my work. I have made great progress. There has been nothing to interrupt my writing, for every time I have used your library I have had it entirely to myself!"

A Slight Correction

A wedding that caused quite a commotion last week was that of Albert A. Rosenshine and Miss Irene Flannery. The young couple had been devoted to each other for a long time, and married in the face of stern parental objection on both sides. Albert A. Rosenshine is a very promising young attorney, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Rosenshine. His bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Flannery. For religious reasons both the Rosenshines and the Flannerys were determined that the wedding should not take place. But it took place just the same. The day it was announced in the papers Attorney "Dick" O'Connor met Frank Mandel, the playwright, on the street. Both had been at the University of California and the Hastings College of Law with Rosenshine, and they discussed the outcome of his romantic attachment to Miss Flannery, expressing the hope that parental forgiveness might be extended on both sides. O'Connor was doubtful about it.

"You know, Frank," he said, "the feud between the two families is really a Montagu and Capulet affair."

"Say rather a Montague Glass and McCapulet affair," corrected the author of "Trifling With Tomorrow."

Picking an Expert

Frank Hooper, the lumberman, Clarence Ward, the architect, and Mackenzie Gordon, the singer, were among the Family clubmen who spent the week-end at the Family Farm at Portola. To be quite accurate, Ward was among the men who spent the week-end at the Farm, while Hooper and Gordon week-ended in their country places nearby. But they all spent last Saturday evening at the Farm. When Mackenzie Gordon decided that it was time to go to bed, Frank Hooper drove him home in his motor car, and Ward

went along for the ride. Returning to the Farm, Hooper and Ward came across a party of four hunters in a spring wagon. They were on their way to La Honda but had broken an axle, and were speculating on the location of the nearest telephone, so that they might send word of their plight to Woodside. The clubmen told them they could phone from the Farm, and drove them there. While one of the four stranded hunters was getting Woodside on the telephone, Hooper and Ward performed the rites of hospitality. Hooper proposed a game of shuffle board, and all three strangers were willing to play; but Hooper picked out as his opponent one of the three who wore a black derby hat. The man in the black derby easily bested Hooper at the game.

"Why was it, Frank," asked Ward when the four hunters had gone their way, "that you seemed so anxious to play with the man who wore the black derby?"

"Because I knew," answered Hooper, "that a man who starts out on a hunting trip from Woodside to La Honda in the middle of the night wearing a black derby hat would be an expert at shuffle board!"

Kerrigan Wins

The campaign so far as Judge Kerrigan is concerned is over, and the judge is now in a state of repose. He has no opposition. Nobody cared to give him a fight for his seat on the Court of Appeal, and as it is now too late for anybody to get on the ballot by petition, the judge has no reason to worry. Nothing remains to be done but the stamping of the ballot. Rather odd, isn't it, that a judge should win a twelve-year term without a contest? It must be that it is the general sentiment of the bar that it would be no use to go campaigning against Kerrigan.

The Pictures in the Park

A mere Frenchman has been knocking American art and American artistic taste, and George Barron who curates in the Park Museum is mightily perturbed. "I imagine that De Gerin is hitting at my work," vociferates George the Curator, implying thereby that his work is a topic of study among the savants of Europe. It may be, but I hae me doots. "The collection," says Barron in speaking of the pictures in the Park Museum, "ranks as high as any of its kind in the world." Barron errs by under-statement. There is no other collection of the Park Mu-

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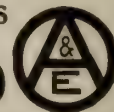
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seum's kind. It is unique, sui generis. It is not so much an art gallery as a collection of canvases irritated by paint. The only collection that approaches it is the strange congeries in the Piedmont Gallery across the bay. I am not alone in my low opinion of the art gallery in the park. Francis McComas is an authority, and he classed it with the Palace of Art maintained by Haquette before the fire. "It is intended," he said on a memorable occasion, "for family gems which people are tired of having around the attic." "I understand," added McComas, "that the acceptance and hanging of all offered pictures are compulsory under the charter." Asked who had charge of the gallery, McComas replied: "The head gardener." Another critic of the collection Curator Barron rises up to acclaim is Charles Lesaar, the German painter who recently did a portrait of Archbishop Riordan. "There are very few good pictures there," he said. "You can count the works of merit on your fingers." What has Curator George to say to all this?

A Poet Symposium

Out of Sag Harbor came George Sterling the other day to join a symposium of poets. Each had been asked to name his favorite short poem, or rather, what he regarded as the best short poem in English. There were twenty-five poets, and of that number two gave it as their opinion that there was no better short poem than Keats' "Ode on a Grecian Urn," and a third said that his choice was between the ode and Shelley's "The World's Great Age Begins Anew." The ode was the only poem that received more than one vote. Clinton Scollard and Charles Towne were the poets who voted for the Keats gem. Sterling's choice was Keats' "Eve of St. Agnes," which probably would have received a few more votes had all the poets regarded it as a short poem. There was no shorter poem mentioned in the symposium than "The Young Lady from Niger," and as might be guessed it was mentioned by the jolliest of Englishmen, G. K. Chesterton. "I am divided," he said, "between two poems about tigers. One begins:

"Tiger, tiger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night."

The other is:

"There was a young lady from Niger
Who smiled as she rode on a tiger.
They came back from their ride
With the lady inside
And the smile on the face of the tiger."

An Actress Then and Now

"On the eighteenth of April eight years ago I stood at the corner of Forty-second street and Broadway, New York, selling papers for the

benefit of the earthquake and fire sufferers of San Francisco. I stood there all day and far into the night, and I made seven hundred dollars for the San Francisco relief fund. And today I am stranded in San Francisco, with no work to do and no prospect of getting work. My trunks have been seized for an unpaid hotel bill, and I cannot even afford the price of a telegram to New York asking for assistance."

The speaker was an actress, and she said this more in sorrow than in resentment. The player's is apt to be a life of ups and downs, of prosperity today and want tomorrow. Just at present this actress is experiencing more than her share of ill fortune. Eight years ago she was a queen of the New York stage. She was an idol of the playhouse on account of her bewitching beauty of face and figure. Her pictures in the theatrical magazines made her known to theatregoers all over the country. She became the wife of a well known New York critic and magazine writer. The last time this actress came to San Francisco she was a billtopper at the Orpheum. This time she was on her way to Los Angeles to join a moving picture company, but the engagement was cancelled and she found herself stranded in San Francisco. Tragedy is not entirely gone from the stage—it is still to be found in the lives of players.

San Rafael Marriages

"San Rafael is a nice little town," remarks "Bill" Jacobs, the court reporter of the Chronicle, "but it is no place to get married in." He proceeded to explain. "From my experience doing courts for the paper I should say that nearly all the couples who run away from San Francisco and get married in San Rafael end in the divorce courts. It seems to me that about fifty per cent of the divorces granted in this city mark the end of romances that were blessed by a San Rafael justice of the peace. That seems a large percentage, but if you include Redwood City with San Rafael, I should say that it would bring the figure well past sixty per cent. The well meant efforts of the San Rafael and Redwood justices to make people happy actually result in a remarkable amount of unhappiness."

Things I Never Expect to See

Henry T. Scott without a cigar in his mouth.
Garret McEnerney bald.
Gavin McNab wearing an overcoat.
George Knight talking to Fletcher Cutler.
Colonel Kowalsky running.
Harry Goldberg making a curtain speech.
Oscar Hocks refusing a fight ticket.
Mayor Rolph refusing to shake hands with anybody.
Rudolph Spreckels laughing heartily.
Bill Lange sitting out a dance.
L. H. Sly in a Labor Day parade.
W. R. K. Young without a book in his hand.
Albert Bender without W. R. K. Young.
Willis Polk wearing the same hat two days in succession.

Jack London, Investor

I note with amusement that Jack London has invested some of his good money in a grape juice concern called the John Barleycorn Company. The idea seems to be to capitalize whatever fame Jack has won by writing the history of his lifelong battle with booze. I know nothing about the men who are associated with Jack in the newly incorporated company. I assume therefore that they are responsible persons, and that Jack will get a run for his money, as they

say in California street. My amusement arises from some knowledge of Jack's previous ventures into a field of which he knows next to nothing. I refer of course to the field of business. Jack is known among promoters as an "easy mark." No fly-by-night scheme for extracting sun beams from cucumbers is too illusory to attract Jack's money, and if he ever writes the story of his battle with finance his unsuccessful investments will be found to represent a huge sum thrown to the winds. Jack's reputation in this regard is so well known that his name and address are in the mailing and calling list of every Rufus Wallingford operating in California. When it comes to investments Jack is as much of a baby innocent as Balzac was.

They Fell Eleven Stories

After lunch at the Pacific-Union Club the other day Willis Polk invited Edgar Mizner to go with him to the top of the new Hobart skyscraper which he is engaged in building. As the twenty-two-story Hobart Building is the highest structure in San Francisco and commands a magnificent view, Mizner gladly went with him. As yet there are no elevators in the Hobart Building, so Polk and Mizner ascended to the roof on the side hoist which is used for lifting bricks, mortar and terra cotta. This hoist is operated by a donkey engine in the lot along side of the new building. The engineer raises and lowers it by electric bell signals. Four bells is the signal for passengers, and when the engineer gets that signal he raises or lowers the hoist slowly. Three bells is the signal for a wheelbarrow, and when the engineer gets that signal he throws off the tension and lets the hoist drop the twenty-two stories to save time. When Mizner and Polk had finished admiring the view of San Francisco from the roof of the skyscraper they stepped into the hoist, standing on either side of a wheelbarrow. A hod-carrier on the roof gave the engineer the electric signal to lower the hoist. But he gave the three bell instead of the four bell signal, the wheelbarrow signal instead of the passenger signal. The engineer threw off his tension, and the hoist dropped. It happened that the wheelbarrow had not been placed in the middle of the hoist. The handles stuck out, and as the hoist dropped they hit the scaffolding at every story they passed. That saved the lives of Willis Polk and Edgar Mizner, for there was such a clattering that the engineer heard it and knew something was wrong. He threw on the tension and the hoist stopped after it had dropped eleven stories, half the height of the building. It was all the matter of a minute, but it left Polk and Mizner pale and silent.

"It was a little closer to death than I ever want to go again," said Willis.

Mazner just laughs about it.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Hearst at the Cliff House

Our rich young native son William Randolph Hearst dined at the Cliff House Tuesday night with his mother, his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Barham, the wife of Governor Glynn of New York and the two other ladies who complete the party he has brought from New York to San Francisco. It was a quiet little dinner, not worthy, as a dinner, of particular social commemoration. I call attention to it here because of an event of special importance. It signaled William Randolph Hearst's first appearance in our midst as a devotee of Terpsichore. There is always music during the dinner hours at the Cliff House, excellent music of piano and violin and voice. And there is always a cleared space in the middle of the dining room. It follows "as night the day," to quote Polonius, that there is always dancing during dinner at the Cliff House. There were quite a number of prominent people dining and dancing at the Cliff House Tuesday night. There are, for that matter, every night. Ordinarily they would compel notice. Tuesday night they were overlooked. That which held attention for the two hours from seven to nine was the dancing of William Randolph Hearst.

He Simply Loves It

Young Mr. Hearst is rather deeply interested in politics. He takes more than a perfunctory interest in journalism. Occasionally he can spare an hour or so for the purpose of investigating mining and ranching conditions in Mexico. And there are other pursuits which engage more or less of his attention. But after watching him for two hours Tuesday night I should say that the principal purpose of life with young Mr. Hearst is dancing. When have I seen a more indefatigable dancer! He took an interest merely conventional in the various dishes which were set before him. For him the piece de resistance was the dance music. He danced from hors d'oeuvre to demi-tasse, from soup to nuts. Not once did he even try to resist the lure of the music. He was at it all the time. Of course we knew that Mr. Hearst was an enthusiastic dancer. We learned it some little time back when Mrs. William Randolph Hearst was interviewed in the New York Times and told how her husband had succumbed to the prevalent fascination. Reading that interview it was hard to visualize Mr. Hearst as a fancy stepper. But Tuesday night translated the elusive vision into reality.

A Serious Dancer

Mr. Hearst does all things seriously. He is not a laughter or joker, and his most expansive

smile usually suggests the half-concealed satisfaction of the cat that swallowed the canary. As with other things, so with dancing. He dances with intense seriousness. Not that he counts his steps. He is too good a dancer to have to do that amateurish thing. But he takes his dancing solemnly. Watching him I thought of all the dancers in our town and sought for the name of one to whom I might compare him in this matter of terpsichorean gravity. There is Bill Lange. But Bill usually smiles when he dances. There is Fred Burnham. But Fred always grins. There is the Count Montgelas. But Montgelas relegates seriousness to his agile legs, he banishes it from his face. Really, the only local dancer whom I can liken Mr. Hearst to in this matter is Mr. James Woods of the St. Francis. Yes, Billy dances as solemnly as Jim does. There is only one other comparison which strikes me as appropriate, and I do not wish to be suspected of any irreverential tendency in making it. Mr. Hearst dances as solemnly as David danced before the Ark of the Covenant.

The Pride of Mrs. Hearst

What a wonderful thing it is to have a doting mother! Mr. Hearst is happy in the possession of a mother who worships him. There could be no doubt on that score Tuesday night. Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, her innate dignity enhanced as always by the purple and silver she gowns in, sat at the table and adored her son. She had polite glances for the other members of the party, but eyes only for her son. Her gaze rested on him. She held him always in view. Her glances followed him as he danced up and down the dining room, and it was the glance of a mother contented, happy in her boy. Maternal pride is no rare thing, but in this case it is particularly striking. Watching this mother and son, one gathers that this son is the all-absorbing passion of his mother's life. It is a passion, however, not ostentatiously exhibited. Mrs. Hearst's eye rests on her son gently, tenderly, quietly. It is clear that all his multifarious activities have not taken Mr. Hearst away from his mother.

A Devout Actress

Last Sunday, the first day of Trixie Friganza's Orpheum whirlwind campaign, she was given a beautifully appointed dinner between matinee and night, at the home of Liâne Carrera whose charming mother, the exquisite Anna Held, is an intimate friend of hers. Miss Friganza had to omit the tempting meat courses, explaining that for months she had been on a diet on account of a rheumatic knee trouble. One of the guests afterward asked her if she had ever tried Christian Science for her ailment.

"No," she said. "While I have the greatest respect for Christian Science, I am too faithful a Catholic to take it for myself."

"Ah! I see," was the reply. "You have Catholicity in your bones, but like many of us you are not practical."

"Yes," said the dashing comedienne, "I am practical. For instance, this morning I went to the 12:15 Mass at the Paulists', and tomorrow morning I shall receive Holy Communion there."

Mrs. Peter Sets the Style

One of our big department stores has a woman expert who goes to Paris every year to study the styles. She studies them to such good effect

that she can predict a season in advance what women will wear. Her judgment is sound and she has never erred in her predictions. This woman returned to San Francisco recently and stated privately, as a result of her studies in Paris, that complete exposure of the breast will be the feature of extreme dressing this winter. When she said "complete exposure" she meant precisely what that term implies, and it implies a great deal more than bold décolletage. She meant that the pectoral nudity which marked the extreme of feminine fashion during the Restoration period in England and the Directory period in France is to be revived. However, this woman was not the first in San Francisco to obtain a knowledge of the new mode. Mrs. Peter Martin has many friends in Paris, and they keep her posted on the latest vagaries of Continental dress even when she is away out here on the edge of the world. With Mrs. Peter Martin to know is to do. Years ago she startled San Francisco society by wearing a gown cut in back almost to the waist line. But society did not remain startled for long. A little later other women followed her example, and the bare back became a commonplace of ball room costuming. A few evenings ago Mrs. Peter Martin was seen in Tait's in a gown which approximated the dernier cri. So we may expect other daring women to adopt the mode she has pioneered.

Mrs. Scott to Be With Hackett

Mrs. A. W. Scott must be regarded now as a full-fledged actress. She has been almost a whole season with the Robert Mantell company, playing Shakespearian repertoire, and she has al-

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ready perfected plans for the coming winter. She is to be with James K. Hackett in the company that millionaire actor is now organizing to present "Othello." Hackett was to play the tragedy in the Greek Theatre, but legal matters in connection with his recent inheritance made it necessary for him to stay in the East, so much to his sorrow as well as to the sorrow of Professor William Dallam Armes, the presiding genius of the Greek Theatre, he had to cancel that engagement. Nevertheless, he is to play "Othello" in the East, and Mrs. Scott has been engaged for the part of Iago's wife. It is quite evident from this that Mrs. Scott has advanced in her profession since she made her debut in "Magda" under the tutelage of the late McKee Rankin.

Mrs. Marye Famous

Now that she is the wife of an Ambassador Mrs. George T. Marye is beginning to taste the sweets of fame. Our parish can claim her no longer. Indeed, the eastern papers are pointing out that she is not a Californian. This discovery seems to give them considerable satisfaction, just why is difficult to say. Mrs. Marye was born Mary Doyle of Columbus, Ohio. Her father was Samuel Doyle, a contractor who made a fortune developing North Columbus. There are four daughters of Samuel Doyle, and one son. At Old Point Comfort, easterners are being informed, Mary Doyle met and married Colonel Marye who had inherited a fortune from his first wife. When Colonel Marye died, his widow married his brother George. Clara Doyle married a Lieutenant Hancock, but the marriage proved unhappy. Her second husband was Andrew Moreland, a Pittsburg millionaire and a widower with two daughters. So Clara Doyle Moreland, Mrs. Marye's sister, is the stepmother of Esther Moreland Oelrichs, a handsome girl who spent a good deal of time here before her marriage to Harry Oelrichs. The other two Doyle sisters are unmarried.

At the Cecil

Col. J. M. Carson, U. S. A., accompanied by Mrs. Carson and their daughter, spent several days at the Cecil following the arrival of the last transport. Col. Carson has been ordered to an eastern post and left with his family this week. Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Tyndall of Fort Sam Houston, Texas, were among the army folk at the Cecil during the week. Dr. and Mrs. D. C. Farnham have rented their apartment in Jones street and established themselves at the Cecil for an indefinite stay. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Potter Hill of Eldredge spent two days this week as the guests of Mrs. John E. Page who is at the hotel from Santa Barbara. Mrs. Douglas Halliday and her son from San Diego, Miss Katherine Moore of Detroit, Miss Harriet Wallis and Miss Ethelza Wallis of Los Angeles and Mrs. E. M. Churchill and child from the south are among the week's arrivals. Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Cook of Salt Lake registered during the week. Mrs. N. J. Howell and Miss Verona Howell returned this week. Mrs. William T. Johnston, William D. Johnston, Miss Florence and Miss Margaret May Johnston are up from Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. James N. Block who have made the Cecil their home since its opening, have gone to Tahoe for a fortnight. Sixteen New York and Boston tourists are at the Cecil.

There will be a "calico costume ball" at the Hotel del Coronado on the first of August for the benefit of the Army Relief Society. A great many local society people will take part, many of them having gone to Coronado for this particular purpose.

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Saravanamuttu

By Geoffrey Cookson

I remembered so well his leave-taking; I was not willing to believe that the words of affection which he spoke then were the mere conventions of Oriental courtesy. And when his eyes filled with tears and, suddenly stooping down, he kissed my foot, I had raised him up tenderly, with the respect due to genuine and unconcealed emotion. He had been constantly about me on lonely journeys for a year or two, and something of the barrier which divides the man set in authority from humble men, silently observant, who try them by the touchstone of their own simplicity, had given way under the influence of that half-intimacy. Something, but not all. Of my weaknesses he must have known enough, but he could not have understood how in certain situations the very marrow of one's bones seems consumed: how a man may move between two dreams, the dreams of his own brain from which he can no more escape than he can elude the pursuit of his shadow, the dreams which seem to be among the highest functions of his spiritual nature, and yet torment and disintegrate it; and the dream of reality, which we only call real because we are aware of it moving visibly in the light of day, can touch and describe it by color and by shape; because it is vocal and may become vociferous if we break with its illusions. And this dream of real life—how on its threshold we longed for the door to open, that we might enter and take a place, perhaps a conspicuous one, among its imposing phantoms—grows incredibly monotonous as the years advance; incredibly monotonous and desolatingly insignificant, having in it nothing which is relevant, except as food for that other world of dreams. And yet behind the monotony are ages of effort, brilliant reputations, catacombs of legislative enactments, unrewarded drudgery, the final and sufficient reward of unrecognizable graves. How many oaks have gone to the making of the sawdust which floats in the atmosphere of the modern administrative workshop? The turning of water into wine is an accepted piece of thaumaturgy. Living writers—combing with their calling something of the tumbler and the heavyweight—in the intervals of throwing literary somersaults have found time for a vigorous handshake with the miraculous. But in his own way the official who understands his business is also a worker of wonders. He has but to touch the red wine of life, and it turns at once into a fluid as colorless and insipid as distilled water. I remember once, on a lonely shore, littered with the wreckage of an abandoned steamer, picking up a small packet of correspondence written in French: the fine characters were much blotted and blurred with salt water, but "sauterelles," and again "sauterelles," was plainly decipherable on the quarto page. The music of the word chiming in my head with some old French rhyme called up a Theocritean vision, of thyme and sea-thrift, and green grass blades, and a crumbling cliff sun-warmed, above a blue bay. But these "sauterelles" had somehow become a problem: they had been exercising the mind of Monsieur le Vice-Gouverneur de Pondichery. I have an idea that he proposed somehow to convert them into revenue; to make a dye of them, or perhaps a compote for the export market. When I learnt that these delicate creatures were tangled inextricably in the secretariat jungle, I felt that the grasshopper had become a burden: they were locusts: I dropped the paper with disgust.

Of course I have come to see now that the

man who walks between two worlds of dreams becomes himself a dream, incomprehensible to himself and to his fellow-man. There is no via media between absolute surrender to the one and absolute revolt against the other. But in my then state of mind, apart from the disabilities of race and language, I was a puzzle to Saravanamuttu, as he was to me, the little brown-skinned man with the puckered forehead, the lean visage, sometimes crumpled up into abashed amusement at some inconsequent waywardness on my part, some jest which broke gently upon him with a sense of infinite condescension. And he, unknown to himself, was a puzzle to me; every day he fitted up my creaking camp-bed in some new halting place, sublimely patient with its intractable humors, smoothed the pillows with the same scrupulous exactitude and laid out my travel-worn garments as reverentially as if they were to clothe a prince at his coronation; filled my bath; and then retired noiselessly to his pots and pans. And, though vessels designed for strangely different purposes were often assorted by him in startling juxtaposition, he never failed to emerge in due time with some wholly creditable result of his prolonged experiments in the tormenting reek of smoky rest-house kitchens. But what was going on all the time in his brain, behind the innocent and silent mask of his somewhat confused countenance, I never was able to divine.

I had given up Government service for some years, having entered by a turn of events as inevitable as they were unforeseen on the inheritance left me by my father. I was his heir in more senses than one, and my retirement was one of the consequences which flow from sonship and paternity.

The time came when I felt a strange curiosity to revisit where I had spent several years of my life, and in August, 19—, I found myself in my old station. The place was very little changed. The waters of the great harbor, completely landlocked from this point of view, were dashing hurriedly against the heavy timber piers of the jetty, weed-hung and encrusted with shells. The same buoys were dancing in the offing and a sail stretched away in the shadow of a promontory, wooded to the water's edge, as if memory had chartered her, and she were continuing a voyage begun ten years ago. At the Treasury I could see the constable on guard, his tunic unbuttoned as it used to be when such small negligences were hastily adjusted under the rebuking glance of my official eye. And behind the Treasury the tall mahogany trees lifted their dark leaves as though they had never shed them, and the wind coming across the harbor streamed with the same glitter and shadow-play among the branches of the swaying palms. Some coolies in short white drawers were unloading grain from a cargo boat, and the sun lit up the rough, ochreous walls of the warehouse, the tawny sacks on the backs of the coolies, the thick red dust of the road that they stirred up with their feet. There was the same litter of rubbish in the culvert; and an old woman whom I recognized squatting in the shade of a tulip tree waved her palm-leaf fan above her sweetmeat basket as if she had sat there waving it ever since I went away.

But where was Saravanamuttu? Beyond the Hindu temple, with its pyramidal pagoda crowded with dwarfish monsters, a small procession came down the broad lane which cut at right

angles the harbor road where I stood. They were bearing a dead man to his grave. A great saint, this one; for he was perched high above the shoulders of the crowd on a kind of canopy, his legs doubled up beneath him, and his rigid limbs quaking oddly with the movement of the bearers. There was no awning or covering above his head, and the evening sun struck full on his face and naked breast, which reflected it back with a kind of ashen deadness, as from an idol of clay. It was Saravanamuttu. There he sat triumphant, awe-inspiring, but dreadfully grotesque. And in due course, when his triumph was over, they laid him in the sand of the Hindu burial ground, where the pink and white lilies come up in the early year, and the purple convolvulus blooms. I took a silent farewell of him as he passed me, for the first time without a rather awkward but friendly salaam.

When I made inquiries I found that he had renounced the world some time before he died; renounced, O amassers of million!—life on R10 a month with traveling allowance, and all those snares which too alluringly engage the sense in a small mud-floored hut where the smoke curls up through the roof, furnished with a mat to sleep on, a chair, and a table, a little brass pot, two or three chatties, a satinwood box, bound with ebony, and containing his best turban and a few spare clothes. He had renounced, I say, these luxuries as stumbling blocks in the right way, and had built himself a square house with heavy red round tiles, and a little opening through which he received food. There he sat in that small space scarcely six feet square; and there the great change came over him for which he had prepared so long.

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Gossip of the Theatre

Trixie and Others

There is nothing easier than laughing with Trixie Friganza, unless it be laughing at her, and she has the knack of making you do both. Once upon a time she was content to command chiefly your admiration. That was when she played the fascinating widow with the subtle smile of comprehension and eyes that gleamed with wicked ingenuousness. Of late the frolicsome Trixie has broadened her gamut in the purely comic. She has laid her hands on old material and adapted it to her blithesome individuality; and now it may be said of her that May Irwin and Marie Dressler were her precursors, but only in a sense. She has the droll manner, the gift of exuding a dry humor drily, but the comic visage nature spared her. For visible expression she must depend on her art, and she has a feminine grace that cannot be wholly sacrificed to comicality. She really isn't as stout as she looks. Incredible as it may seem here is an actress who deliberately creates the illusion of a tendency to robustness. But it isn't a perfect illusion. You can see that she is still rather the trim and dashing young widow than the unctuous well-nourished comedienne. Even as the heap big suffragette there is nothing ponderous about her. A fetching, picturesque squaw is Trixie, reminding one of Mary Garden's charming "Natoma," notwithstanding the width of the chasm between poetic tragedy and boisterous burlesque. With her seemingly spontaneous drolleries and her automatic rapid-fire witticisms, Trixie Friganza is this week giving the Orpheumites a merry half hour. She is hardly off the stage when fresh gales of laughter are blown across the house by Clark and Verdi in their Italian immigrant stunt. These two comedians throw the upper tiers into a spasm. The sumptuous act which serves as a vehicle for Liane Carrera is among the holdovers. The youngest of headliners did not exhaust her repertoire of songs and dances in her first week. She combines industry with talent and enthusiasm, and one can see that this temperamental maid has instinct for the refinements of her art. Just now she is one of the daintiest of stage darlings, a zestful dancer with a feeling for rhythm, a flower that has just come to bloom with a fragrance all her own. It will be interesting to see her at the close of her vaudeville contract, which is a long one, I hear, for the evolution of her will be rapid.

—H. M. B.

Rollicking Farce at the Alcazar

Those versatile players, the Alcazarans, have been amusing thousands this week with "Officer 666." It is a remarkable fact that when the

Alcazarans repeat a success which has been presented at higher prices by a cast specially picked on Broadway, they give as good if not a better presentation than the original players. It is remarkable, but it is no longer remarked—we have come to take it as a matter of course. The production of "Officer 666" is an instance in proof. Those who saw the farce when it was given by a touring company some time ago and who have gone to the Alcazar to laugh at it again will tell you that the Alcazarans have been able to do it quite as well after a week's rehearsal as the touring company did it after a whole year. Bessie Barriscale gives a delightful performance, and Thurston Hall is at his best. Edmond Lowe, Howard Hickman, Burt Wesner, Kernan Cripps, Dorcas Matthews and the rest of the company all contribute to the fun of this excellent offering.

—The Second Nighter.

The People's Philharmonic

The People's Philharmonic, the youngest of our musical associations, is showing signs of vigor and healthy growth. It has only been organized a short time, but already its roll of members includes a great many representative names. Organized for the purpose of providing lovers of music with all-the-year-round symphony concerts at the lowest price possible, it bids fair to become a very important factor not only in our amusement but also in our educational life. The Orchestra itself is backed by an Association charged with the responsibility of placing it on a permanent basis, and so far the efforts toward this end have met with gratifying success. A subscription for a twenty-five cent ticket for all of the remaining nine concerts of the present series will entitle the subscriber to a membership card in this People's Philharmonic Orchestra Association, and the Board of Governors are making an active campaign for these subscriptions. This Board is composed of Lillian Harris Coffin, chairman; Minnie Elizabeth Webster, secretary; Arthur W. Perry, treasurer; U. G. Saunders, orchestra manager; and Harry C. Pierce, director of publicity. Those who are interested may obtain full information at the New Era League, 816 Hotel St. Francis.

Chrystal Herne at Orpheum

Chrystal Herne who is regarded as one of the foremost of the younger actresses of this country, will head the Orpheum bill next week, appearing in a dramatic playlet entitled "Dora" which was written for her by her sister Julie Herne. A specially selected company will assist Miss Herne in giving full effect to the play which is highly spoken of by the most com-

petent critics. Among the artists of high repute presenting society dances is Ernette Asoria who with the assistance of Miss Eliante and Chevalier de Mar will introduce a series of these, and will also appear in a number of cyclonic dances. Prince Lai Mon Kim, the noted Chinese tenor, is one of the few Orientals gifted with an appreciation of Occidental music and a voice to do it justice. He sings principally in English, using a program which ranges from grand opera to popular numbers and includes many favorite ballads. He has also translated several popular song hits of the day into Chinese and his rendition of them is vastly entertaining. The Seebacks offer a particularly interesting act. The male member of the team is Harry Seeback, the champion bag puncher. His partner, pretty Harriet Seeback, aids him in his gymnastic stunts and presents a most attractive appearance in an exceedingly fetching costume. Emil Palenberg who has just arrived from Berlin, will introduce three trained bears. Next week will be the last of Clark and Verdi, and the Five Melody Maids and A Man. With this bill Trixie Friganza who is making one of the greatest hits in vaudeville, will close her engagement.

"Cabiria" Continues

"Cabiria" at the Gaiety begins its third week with every evidence that it could run for months were it not that bookings outside of San Francisco have to be met. It is not likely that the D'Annunzio masterwork will remain more than one or two weeks longer. In its musical expressiveness, in its tremendous appeal to the sense of sight, in its thrill, "Cabiria" is unique among photo-spectacles. It was assembled and projected by the Itala Film Company, and D'Annunzio's story deals with the third century B. C. when Rome by capturing Carthage became the mistress of the world and rose to the height of her power. A romance is intertwined in the historic scenes.

Bessie's Last Week

Monday night dainty Bessie Barriscale will enter on the last week of her engagement at the Alcazar. Her summer season has been an especially happy one, and local theatregoers are loath to see the charming little star depart. Her farewell will be spoken on Sunday night, August 2, but it is pretty certain that this season will not be her last at the popular O'Farrell street playhouse. The management has chosen for her closing week Zangwill's delightful comedy "Merely Mary Ann." This is one of the best plays of many seasons and it should afford Miss Barriscale unlimited opportunity for her splendid talent. The leading role of little Mary Ann, the slavey who becomes a great lady will be a fine one for Miss Barriscale. This part was originally written for and played by Mrs. August Belmont, the former Eleanor Robson. Following Miss Barriscale, and opening on Monday night, August 3, will come to the Alcazar an old favorite in the person of Charles Ruggles who returns for a brief season of four weeks to star with clever little Adele Rowland who is best remembered here for her capital performance in "A Modern Eve." Several bright comedies and a big musical production are scheduled for presentation during their season.

Rainey's New Pictures

Commencing with the Sunday matinee Paul J. Rainey's series of 1914 African hunt pictures



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Shown in the New Series 1914 Paul J. Rainey's African Hunt Pictures at the Cort.

will be shown for the first time outside of New York and Chicago. These pictures form the most thrilling and spectacular entertainment ever placed before the public and depict animal life as it exists in British East Africa. In taking them Rainey had many narrow escapes from death. The same lion which killed Fritz Schlindler also charged Rainey, and but for the timely bullet of an attendant he would have shared the same fate. One of the features of this new series is a charging lion which is killed when within five feet of the cinematograph. Another is a water hole on the great northern desert of Africa where all the animals come to drink. While this water hole is in the same locality where the former Rainey elephant hunt pictures were taken it shows an entirely different and decidedly interesting side of animal life. There will be three performances daily; two in the afternoon at one and three, and one in the evening at 8:30.

Prize Dancing at Tavern

There was another Supper Dance and Dancing Contest at Techau Tavern last Wednesday evening which attracted to this hospitable cafe a throng of delighted participants. Each guest present received an attractive souvenir suitable to the occasion, and the management presented five of the lady guests with as many beautiful objets d'art from the superb collection of S. & G. Gump Co. The awarding of the prizes in the dancing contests was presided over by Superior Judge Franklin Griffin, the fairness of whose awards met with the approbation of all who were present.

Who's Who Hereabouts

(Continued from Page 6.)

Senate. Colonel Burns suffered a poignant disappointment at Sacramento, but in a short time he found pleasing distraction. There is nothing like a gold mine to medicine a mind disquieted unless it be the sport of kings, and Colonel Burns had both prescriptions ready to hand. A man with a gold mine in Mexico and a race track at Emeryville would not be likely to suffer much from the commonplace annoyances of life. So it was easy for Colonel Burns to throw away the deck after he played his last card at Sacramento. He knew when he had enough, and he quit.

A few years later the Burns instinct for the time to quit again asserted itself to his advantage. There was agitation for the closing of the race track, and the Colonel was much perturbed. He was an ardent lover of horseflesh and of racing. He was a breeder of fine horses and he had a famous stable. Besides he owned a big block of stock in the track. When the legislature passed a bill closing the track some folks thought that clever lawyers could defeat the purpose of the legislators. Among these folk was Tom Williams, owner of the majority of the race-track stock. He was so sure racing would be continued that he was willing to buy all the stock in sight. He found Burns willing to sell, and Burns got a mighty good price for his holdings. It is said that in lieu of some cash he took Union Island in the San Joaquin river, one of the most valuable of all the Williams properties.

At the start of the Mexican revolution Burns saw trouble ahead in the mining section, and I am told that once again his foresight served him well. As to the precautions he took I am not informed, but from all accounts the policy of watching and waiting did not prove disastrous. If he has done any worrying there has been no perceptible increase in the number of gray hairs that like the soft light of the moon silver over the evening of life. Neither revolutions abroad nor

reforms at home disturb the tranquillity of the former boss. He lives at the St. Francis with his wife, who is still his sweetheart, and all the cares of business he has got rid of by shifting them over to the broad and buoyant shoulders of his son-in-law Charley Dunphy, who should worry.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 5.)

O'Farrell street on Sunday nights. I took part in one of these socials, and I thought I did very well. The manager of the social was a man named Flynn, of a team called Flynn and Walker which was appearing at the Wigwam. Flynn told me that he would speak to Maier of the Wigwam, and see if he couldn't get me an engagement. He did, and I was engaged for a week at a salary of fifteen dollars.

"That engagement lasted for a few minutes. It was the worst experience of my life. I came out to open the bill. I was frightened. The people coming in and taking their seats made a great deal of noise, and I couldn't make myself heard. Audiences weren't so polite in those days, and that Wigwam crowd lost no time in letting me know how rotten I was. The hissing was something terrible. I didn't know what to do till I caught sight of Flynn. He was making a gesture which said quite plainly: 'Go away!' And I went. I didn't wait to see Maier or anybody else. I simply went as fast as I could.

"That was a dreadful experience. It simply tore me to pieces. My heart was broken. I didn't think I'd ever recover. I made up my mind that telling character stories on a street corner and having my friends tell me how good they were, or taking part in a lodge entertainment and getting polite applause was very different from succeeding on the stage. I made up my mind that I was not cut out for an actor. I was disheartened for a long time, in the depths of despair.

"But after a time my nerve came back to me. I resolved to try again. More than that, I resolved to try in New York. My mother had her misgivings. My friends were divided. Some said it might be a good thing. Others advised me to give up the idea. I needed money to go to New York, so I got up a benefit with the assistance of other amateurs. We gave it at Dashaway Hall. Tickets were twenty-five and fifty cents, and there was a dance afterwards. I sold the tickets among my friends, and the benefit was quite a success. I made sixty-five dollars. My mother gave me fifty more, and with that capital I started for New York to become an actor. That was twenty-four years ago this coming November.

"It was a nervy thing to do. I had no training whatever. I was zero. I had to start at the beginning. I didn't even have the makings of a good variety act. If I failed there was nothing I could turn to, except ushering perhaps. But I had confidence, and I had the de-

termination to become an actor. I landed in New York with forty-five dollars. Strange to say, I obtained a music hall engagement in three weeks. And after that I was never out of work. From that day to this I have never known what it was to want. The gods must have been with me, for I was very fortunate."

The Perceptor

(Continued from Page 7.)

struction for want of a timely flogging to salvation.

He was one of those who seldom felt the need for personal experience of a phase of life, or line of conduct, before giving judgment on it; indeed, he gravely distrusted personal experience. He had opined, for instance, all relief for the unhappily married long before he left the single state; and when he did leave it, would not admit for a moment that his own happiness was at all responsible for the petrification of his view that no relief was necessary. Hard cases made bad law! But he did not require to base his opinion upon that. He said simply that he had been told there was to be no relief—it was enough.

The saying: "To understand all is to forgive all!" left him cold. It was, as he well knew, quite impossible to identify himself with such conditions as produced poverty, disease and crime, even if he wished to do so (which he sometimes doubted). He knew better, therefore, than to waste his time attempting the impossible; and he pinned his faith to an instinctive knowledge of how to deal with all such social ills. A contented spirit for poverty, for disease isolation, and for crime such punishment as would at once deter others, reform the criminal, and convince everyone that Law must be avenged and the Social Conscience appeased. On this point of

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revenge he was emphatic. No vulgar personal feeling of vindictiveness, of course, but a strong State feeling of "an eye for an eye." It was the only taint of Socialism that he permitted himself. Loose thinkers he knew dared to say that a desire for retribution or revenge was a purely human or individual feeling like hate, love and jealousy, and that to talk of satisfying such a feeling in the collected bosom of the State was either to talk nonsense—How could a State have a bosom?—or to cause the bosoms of the human individuals who administered the justice of the State to feel that each of them was itself that Stately bosom, and entitled to be revenged. "Oh!

no!" he would answer to such loose-thinking persons: "Judges, of course, give expression, not to what they feel themselves, but to what they imagine the State feels." He himself, for example, was perfectly able to imagine which crimes were those that inspired in the bosom of the State a particular abhorrence, a particular desire to be avenged—now it was blackmail, now assaults upon children, or living on the earnings of immoral women; he was certain that the State regarded all these with peculiar detestation, for he had, and quite rightly, a particular detestation of them himself; and if he were a judge, he would never for a moment hesitate to visit

on the perpetrators of such vile crimes the utmost vengeance of the Law. He was no loose thinker. In these times bedridden with loose thinking and sickly sentiment, he often felt terribly the value of his own philosophy, and was afraid that it was in danger. But not many people held that view, discerning his finger still very large in every pie—so much so that there often seemed less pie than finger.

It would have shocked him much to realize that he could be considered a fit subject for a study of extravagance; fortunately, he had not the power of seeing himself as others saw him, nor was there any danger that he ever would.

Chu-Bu And Sheemish

By Lord Dunsany

It was the custom on Tuesdays in the temple of Chu-bu for the priests to enter at evening and chant, "There is none but Chu-bu."

And all the people rejoiced and cried out, "There is none but Chu-bu." And honey was offered to Chu-bu and maize and fat. Thus was he magnified.

Chu-bu was an idol of some antiquity, as may be seen from the color of the wood. He had been carved out of mahogany, and after he was carved he had been polished. Then they had set him up on the diorite pedestal with the brazier in front of it for burning spices and the flat gold plates for fat. Thus they worshipped Chu-bu.

He must have been there for over a hundred years when one day the priests came in with another idol into the temple of Chu-bu and set it up on a pedestal near Chu-bu's and sang, "There is also Sheemish."

And all the people rejoiced and cried out, "There is also Sheemish."

Sheemish was palpably a modern idol, and although the wood was stained with a dark-red dye, you could see that he had only just been carved. And honey was offered to Sheemish as well as to Chu-bu, and also maize and fat.

The fury of Chu-bu knew no time-limit; he was furious all night, and next day he was furious still.

The situation called for immediate miracles. To devastate the city with a pestilence and to kill all his priests was scarcely within his power, therefore he wisely concentrated such divine powers as he had in commanding a little earthquake. "Thus," thought Chu-bu, "will I reassert myself as the only god, and men shall spit upon Sheemish."

Chu-bu willed it and willed it, and still no earthquake came, when suddenly he was aware that the hated Sheemish was daring to attempt a miracle too. He ceased to busy himself about the earthquake and listened—or shall I say felt?—for what Sheemish was thinking, for gods are aware of what passes in the mind by a sense that is other than any of our five. Sheemish was trying to make an earthquake too.

The new god's motive was probably to assert himself. I doubt if Chu-bu understood or cared for his motive; it was sufficient for an idol already aflame with jealousy that his detestable rival was on the verge of a miracle. All the power of Chu-bu veered round at once and set dead against an earthquake, even a little one. It was thus in the temple of Chu-bu for some time, and then no earthquake came.

To be a god and to fail to achieve a miracle is a despairing sensation; it is as though among men one should determine upon a hearty sneeze

and as though no sneeze should come; it is as though one should try to swim in heavy boots, or remember a name that is utterly forgotten: all these pains were Sheemish's.

And upon Tuesday the priests came in and the people, and they did worship Chu-bu and offered fat to him, saying: "O Chu-bu who made everything;" and then the priests sang, "There is also Sheemish," and again the people rejoiced and cried out, "There is also Sheemish;" and Chu-bu was put to shame and spake not for three days.

Now there were holy birds in the temple of Chu-bu, and when the third day was come and the night thereof it was as it were revealed to the mind of Chu-bu that there was dirt upon the head of Sheemish.

And Chu-bu spake unto Sheemish as speak the gods, moving no lips nor disturbing the silence, saying: "There is dirt upon thy head, O Sheemish." All night long he muttered again and again, "There is dirt upon Sheemish's head." And when it was dawn and voices were heard far off Chu-bu became exultant with Earth's awakening things and cried out till the sun was high, "Dirt, dirt, dirt upon the head of Sheemish," and at noon he said, "So Sheemish would be a god." Thus was Sheemish confounded.

And with Tuesday one came and washed his head with rose water, and he was worshipped again when they sang, "There is also Sheemish." And yet was Chu-bu content, for he said, "The head of Sheemish has been defiled," and again, "His head was defiled; it is enough." And one evening, lo! there was dirt on the head of Chu-bu also, and the thing was perceived of Sheemish.

It is not with the gods as it is with men. We are angry with another and turn from our anger again, but the wrath of the gods is enduring. Chu-bu remembered, and Sheemish did not forget. We should not judge them by merely human standards. All night long they spake and all night said these words only: "Dirty Chu-bu," "Dirty Sheemish." "Dirty Chu-bu," "Dirty Sheemish," all night long. Their wrath had not tired at dawn and neither had wearied of his accusation. And gradually Chu-bu came to realize that he was nothing more than the equal of Sheemish.

All gods are jealous, but this equality with the upstart Sheemish, a thing of painted wood a hundred years newer than Chu-bu, and this worship given to Sheemish in Chu-bu's own temple, were particularly bitter. Chu-bu was jealous even for a god, and when Tuesday came again, the third day of Sheemish's worship, Chu-bu could bear it no longer. He felt that his anger must be revealed at all costs, and he returned with all the vehemence of his will to achieving a little earthquake. The worshippers had just

gone from his temple when Chu-bu settled his will to attain this miracle. Now and then his meditations were disturbed by the now familiar dictum, "Dirty Chu-bu," but Chu-bu willed ferociously, not even stopping to say what he longed to say and had already said nine hundred times, and presently even these interruptions ceased.

They ceased because Sheemish had returned to a project that he had never definitely abandoned—the desire to assert himself and exalt himself over Chu-bu by performing a miracle, and the district being volcanic, he had chosen a small earthquake as the miracle most easily accomplished by a little god.

Now an earthquake that is commanded by two gods has double the chance of fulfillment than when it is willed by one, and an incalculably greater chance than when two gods are pulling different ways; as, to take the case of older and greater gods, when the sun and the moon pull in the same direction we have the biggest tides.

Chu-bu knew nothing of the theory of tides, and was too much occupied with his miracle to notice what Sheemish was doing. And suddenly the miracle was an accomplished thing.

It was a very local earthquake, for there are other gods than Chu-bu or even Sheemish, and it was only a little one, as the gods had willed, but it loosened some monoliths in a colonnade that supported one side of the temple, and the whole of one wall fell in, and the low huts of the people of that city were shaken a little and some of their doors were jammed so that they would not open; it was enough, and for a moment it seemed that it was all. Neither Chu-bu nor Sheemish commanded there should be more, but they had set in motion an old law older than Chu-bu, the law of gravity that that colonnade had held back for a hundred years, and the temple of Chu-bu quivered and then stood still, swayed once and was overthrown, on the heads of Chu-bu and Sheemish.

No one rebuilt it, for nobody dared go near such terrible gods. Some said that Chu-bu wrought the miracle, but some said Sheemish, and thereof schism was born: the weakly amiable,

(Continued on Page 19.)

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—While price changes were small last week, the market was steady without betraying weakness in any important stock, a point in which trading differed from every session last week. B. & O., after its opening decline, gave signs of returning firmness and in conservative quarters it was argued that there was a large short interest in the stock and that when the bears proceeded to cover they might find that comparatively few Union Pacific stockholders would sell out their holdings of the Eastern road. Not having been obliged to borrow money to pay for B. & O., practically all of them can afford to hold onto this stock indefinitely. In all conservative quarters the belief was expressed that an advance movement in the market was unlikely to occur, pending the decision in the rate case. The indications of late have pointed very strongly to a Boston operator as the chief source of bear operations in the market. The operator in question is believed to be short a large line of leading issues, particularly Amalgamated Steel and Union Pacific and the supposition is that the attacks upon less prominent stocks have been intended to start liquidation and afford an opportunity for covering in the issues which have heretofore shown resistance to attack. We are inclined to suggest purchases of the better class of securities on recessions.

Wheat—Prices are changed but little from a week ago. The market exhibits a steady appearance. This is due not a little to the extreme decline of the reports of evidence of black rust in the spring wheat country and to the continued demand for our wheat by foreigners. The black rust talk, while it met with numerous denials and is alleged to be of little seriousness, comes with sufficiently uncomfortable frequency to make shorts nervous. The Government figures, confirming the large crop, had but a momentary effect, due somewhat to the fact that the large sales to foreigners are expected to prevent any large early accumulation. So, while it is understood that it is possible for a large amount to remain after all demands are satisfied, still the situation at the moment robs that factor of influence. The foreign situation has undergone little change. The action of prices depends a great deal on growing wheat conditions, which, if they should become grave, coupled with an insistent foreign demand, would no doubt advance and maintain prices above this level, but eliminating serious impairment in the Northwest, it would seem that the combined yield would be so large as to cause prices to drag lower.

Corn—Corn is ranging much higher than a week ago. A lack of moisture, particularly in the Southwest, has contributed greatly to the strength, as last year's experiences are still fresh

in the minds of the trade. Added to these factors the market was in a sound technical position, having been freely sold by those bearishly inclined, and there has been liberal buying on the part of this interest. The cash situation displays a much better tone and recently prices have been moving upward in all markets, with the demand showing considerable urgency. Argentina is exerting a less depressing influence on prices, and prices for such corn have tightened up. With only moderate supplies from the old crop and only a moderate new crop promised, it would seem that any suggestion of deterioration would be quickly reflected in an advancing market.

Cotton—Continued absence of rain in the Southwest is causing alarm in the trade and resulted in an upturn last week. While the plant in drought sections has undergone a wonderful improvement of late it is recognized from its lateness and poor germination that extremely favorable weather is needed and that the continued drought can work much injury if not relieved at an early date. The market at this time seems under the sole influence of causes mentioned above. Many complaints come in that rain is absolutely necessary in the next few days, and this with estimates from crop experts on the ground of 3,000,000 bales for Texas, has stimulated values. Until rain comes to Texas, which does not appear probable at an early date, all other features of the market will be eliminated, but it is very likely any advance of consequence would meet selling against the crop from the Eastern sections, where excellent conditions prevail.

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 16,345; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MOSES SALOMON, Deceased.

Max Salomon and Jacob Salomon, as the executors of the last will and testament of Moses Salomon, deceased, having filed their petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the whole of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 28th day of July, 1914, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10, Probate—of said Superior Court, in the new City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said executors to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County. Dated, June 23, A. D. 1914.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed June 23, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

E. H. WILLIAMS, Attorney for Executors,
615 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

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Chu-Bu and Sheemish

(Continued from Page 17.)

alarmed by the bitterness of rival sects, sought compromise, and said that both had wrought it, but no one guessed the truth that the thing was done in rivalry.

And a saying arose, and both sects held this belief in common, that "Whoso toucheth Chu-bu shall die, or whoso looketh upon Sheemish."

That is how Chu-bu came into my possession when I traveled once beyond the Hills of Ting. I found him in the fallen temple of Chu-bu with his hands and toes sticking up out of the rub-bish, lying upon his back, and in that attitude just as I found him I keep him to this day on my mantelpiece, as he is less liable to be upset that way by the housemaid. Sheemish was broken, so I left him where he was.

And there is something so helpless about Chu-bu, with his fat hands stuck up in the air, that sometimes out of compassion I could almost bow down to him and pray, saying, 'O Chu-bu, help thy servant.'

Chu-bu cannot do much, though once I am sure that at a game of bridge he sent me the ace of trumps after I had not held a card worth having for the whole of the evening. And chance could have done as much as that for me, but I do not tell this to Chu-bu.

Clair De Lune

"Ah, ca va mieux." It is a general sigh of satisfaction. Dinner is over, and the diners and all the world, after a tiring day in hot sunshine, are at peace. A gentle breeze sends a flicker down the line of candles and lamps on the little tables outside the "guinguette." Through the branches of the chestnut trees, high above the tables, the moon shines down softly as it rises full and yellow over the woods of Meudon. The solitary waiter, after ferociously crying "Voilà, voilà, m'sieu!" for the past two hours, has recovered breath, and leans, contemplative, against a tree; vaguely happy to be at last standing still. At the little table the diners have become sentimental over the coffee. Hands clasp hands, and a terrier on a chair, who rudely disturbs the amorous stillness by barking at a slowly moving couple passing down the road, is shaken and scolded whisperingly into silence. Cigars glow; cigars of three sous, but strongly odorous, and altogether very effective as the smoke curls upwards in the moonlight. On a stool near the open door of the "guinguette" an old man thrums lovingly and softly on a guitar. He plays well, and has ranged from ambitious operatic extracts to "Viens, Poupoule" and "Elle avait Jambé en Bois!" But all is welcome. The soft strains suit the languorous mood of the moment, and twice already he has passed the hat round. His face beams in the glow of the lamplight as he sits down again to his instrument. Art is appreciated; these people are lovers of music; his pocket is heavy with coppers. Far down in the valley Paris lies wide-

spread and twinkling with lights. It is hot and dusty down there. The streets are still radiating heat after the glare of an August day. Here on the hill-top a breeze moves. Soon the diners are to descend again into Paris, but at present they refuse to think of it. They are alone with the whispering trees and the soft moonlight: far from the staring lights and the clatter of the streets and boulevards. They would linger forever, watching the smoke curl upwards and listening to sweet music after dinner. The old man commences to strum "Au Clair de la Lune," softly and with melting pauses. A sympathetic "frisson" seems to run down the line of tables. The terrier sleeps on his chair. The waiter's eyes are turned upwards. Sighs ascend with the cigar smoke. The old man bends lower over his guitar.

Suddenly, like a thunderclap, a horrid noise streams from the open windows of the "guinguette." People rouse themselves with a start, and gaze angrily in the direction from which the noise comes. "Au Clair de la Lune" wavers and stops. Protests arise from the tables. "C'est idiot, cette machine-la!" says somebody. "Jump on it!" cries another. The old man has risen and, fingering his instrument, gazes helplessly through a window into the room whence comes the noise. A sentimental diner calls him to her and presses a fifty-centime piece into his hand. "It's a shame," she says sympathetically, and the artist is moved. "Cette machine-la, c'est degoutante! One cannot struggle against that sort of competition!" he says. The noise continues. The waiter has recovered, and busies himself with the bills. The spell is broken. People start to hum loudly, and leave the tables and the moon, and walk across the grass into the lamplight of the "guinguette." Several couples are already dancing in the large room, and a group stands irresolutely round the automatic piano which has so rudely silenced the old man's guitar and is still banging out a cake-walk at a furious rate. The appeal becomes too strong; "Au Clair de la Lune" is forgotten, and the group breaks up into couples who join those already whirling. Under the trees and the moon sentiment is still triumphant at several tables, and the effect of the old man's melody remains. But soon the insistent cake-walk and the sound of shuffling feet call the lingering couples also, and they rise to join the others in the dancing room. The old man is left alone with the waiter, who dismantles the tables and puts them in a pile against a tree. "These people would sit all night," he says. "It is time la patronne started the machine!"

Inside the ballroom the "machine" is playing vigorously. A waltz has succeeded the cake-walk, and the dancers are already becoming thirsty with the heat and the dust. Mme. la Patronne, rather severe of countenance, stands watchful near the piano, ready to thrust in a new roll of music as soon as the one in the "machine" shall be finished. The dancers must pay, and for the long rolls it is necessary to put twopence or even threepence in the slot, according to the printed tariff on the side of the piano. But there is no lack of music. The "machine" goes on grinding

out waltzes and polkas; the room is full of dust. Hot brows and red faces are mopped, and the waiter brings sirops of all colors, and bock. Some of the dancers are stout, but lack nothing in enthusiasm. One, a well-preserved monsieur of fifty or more, who wears his hat very much on the side of his head, speaks English, and insists on saying "All right!" at every possible moment: a sally which never fails in humorous effect. "Il est drole!" murmurs a motherly soul who sits gripping a glass of grenadine and finds it difficult later to resist his invitation to waltz. She has to plead that the head and the heart and "l'estomac" would all be endangered by such an adventure. The younger dancers occasionally find the heat of the room oppressive—"Il fait chaud," says one, settling her hat, which is awry; "Prenons l'air un peu," says the other—and wander off for a promenade under the trees. The old man, his guitar in a case, sits in a corner, his fingers itching for melody, looking stolidly at the implacable another.

There is something like a panic when it is discovered that it is after eleven o'clock. The last boat has gone long ago, and the Parisians troop down the hill in the moonlight, some of them rather unsteady and all very tired, with only a quarter of an hour for the train. On the platform the old man takes out his guitar and starts again to play "Au Clair de la Lune;" his eyes closed, a prey to emotion. But the trains steam into the station and he is forgotten in the excitement of finding carriages. Standing alone on the platform he sends a few parting chords after the train as it steams out and loses itself in a tunnel for Paris. But nobody heeds him. "Que je suis fatigüe!" says the monsieur who speaks English, and goes to sleep, murmuring, with a last tribute to the holiday spirit, "All right!" Others follow his example, and it is a sleepy crowd that tumbles out of the train at Montparnasse to rush for omnibuses and tram cars. On the top of a motor omnibus the monsieur who speaks English composes himself to sleep again. "It is good to go to the country," he murmurs to his companion as the vehicle plunges recklessly down the Rue du Bac. "Mais, comme ca fatigüe!"

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 57,695.

MARIA BASCOU BARLETTA, Plaintiff, vs. HENRY CALVET, et al., Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Henry Calvet, J. A. McDonald, John Titus James, Lubeck's Investment Company, a corporation, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 1st day of July, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH A. BROWN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-11-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LOUIS GLAUDON (also called L. Glaudon), Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of LOUIS GLAUDON (also called L. Glaudon), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LOUIS GLAUDON (also called L. Glaudon), deceased.

AUGUSTA GLAUDON, Executrix of the last will and testament of LOUIS GLAUDON, (also called L. Glaudon), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 4, 1914.
A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Executrix,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 7-4-5



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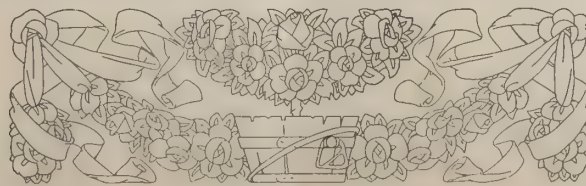
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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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A Fateful Murder

The murder that brought a climax to the tragic history of the Hapsburgs was not thought of in the chancellories of Europe mainly as an occasion for personal sympathy and condolence. It was well understood that the blow was struck at Austria, and that the dead body of the Archduke bore the wounds of no personal resentment, but of racial and imperial hatred. Often had it been predicted that the reign of Archduke Franz Ferdinand, a forceful character and leader of an aggressive group in the army and the aristocracy, would be eventful and interesting, if not in a sense productive of the gravest international complications. In short Franz Ferdinand was regarded as a man who would be likely to brandish the torch. His tendencies were clearly marked. He was no friend of Italy, and was credited with planning a sudden attack upon her in the first months of the Tripoli war. The Russians saw in him their arch-opponent, and believed that it was his ambition to make of Austria a Slavonic Power. He was a suspect personage among ultra-nationalistic Serbs. In the philosophy of the pure Serb patriot Russia is the only desirable Slav power, and Austria always has been and will be the enemy. When Franz Ferdinand was murdered it was said of him in Europe that while European peace had lost no conscious champion, yet perhaps more strife would be kindled by his death than by his life. And now it is clear that new and evil forces were unleashed by the murder. Always it has been the tendency in Austria to regard the Servians as primitive savages, a view to which their brutalities in Macedonia gave confirmation which was strengthened by the cruel murder. Immediately after the murder there were rumors in Vienna of an elaborate conspiracy hatched in Belgrade, and the Austrian police were soon engaged in unmasking intrigues. About that time pessimism overspread the press of Berlin, and the leading journals predicted that in

consequence of the murder race hatred would grow. In London it was said, "There never was a time when the present grouping of the Powers seemed so unnatural and unfortunate." Perhaps as a result of the strife that has been kindled we shall soon see a change in the grouping, for British sentiment appears to be leaning toward Austria.

The November Ballot

The people of California will have an excellent opportunity in November to vindicate their zeal for self-government on the Progressive-Democratic plan. This is the plan by which the government was brought back to the people by our twentieth century politicians, the gentlemen who practice the science of government by ear, and who are very much ashamed of the bungling of their forefathers. In November each American sovereign who is mindful of his duty as an elector, on entering the little booth where the sentiment of the dear people is registered will be handed a ballot more than half the size of a bed-sheet. He will find printed on this ballot the names of all candidates for office and the title of all propositions on which he is expected to express his mature judgment. These propositions number about fifty. Some of them are of the most vital importance. It will be in the power of the people to put their State back fifty years, but let them act with supreme wisdom and they will not be able to advance the general interests one minute. In other words, although it will be possible for us to do much evil there is no possibility of our doing much good. This is precisely the situation that confronts us. Doubtless Providence will protect us, but does it not seem somewhat odd that the people should put it in the power of any little coterie of socialists, anarchists or fanatics to menace the prosperity of the State? Of course the people are armed for their own protection, but why should they incur nervous prostration? Now it is by no means certain that the people will take care of themselves. From experiments that have been made it appears that it will take an expert eleven minutes to stamp the ballot, and that the average voter will require twenty minutes. What likelihood is there of the average voter doing his full duty? Whatever mischief there is to be done the anarchist and the fanatic will not neglect, but the probability is that unless the people are given an attack of gooseflesh the average voter will be in too much of a hurry to go the length of the ballot. So it will be instructive to see how direct government works in November, and it will take some days to see, for the officers of election do not work in relays and it will take nearly a week to count the

ballots. However, there may be consolation in the reflection that the demagogues have made us truly Progressive in despite the dead clutch of the wicked Founders.

The Candidate's Wife

California has not had equal suffrage long enough to be able to apprehend all its benign effects and refining influences, but it is clear enough that it affords the wives of candidates abundant opportunity to vindicate their devotion to their husbands. Heretofore the loving helpmeet could do little more than look pleasant and exhibit some degree of tact and skill in the management of domestic affairs. The qualities known as feminine were all that she could display. As the wife of a politician she was not expected to be a "good mixer," or to take any part in the business of hustling for votes. But now that women are in politics, engaged in uplifting the State, the wife of a candidate may become as busy a politician as her husband. There are clubs for her to join, and meetings for her to address, and it is within her power to prove herself a true Democrat by gracefully and amiably becoming a target for the coarse jests of motley groups of potential constituents. Old fogies there are that do not take kindly to the spectacle of the candidate's wife in the new role, but if they live long enough they will get used to it. Instead of getting angry at a candidate for employing his wife as a booster in the political arena old fogies should reflect that women are purifying politics and sweetening the atmosphere, and that the candidate's vote-hustling wife is exuding refinement as she gladhands her way along.

The Folly of "Regulation"

Senator Borah has come to a conclusion respecting government regulation, precisely the same conclusion that was elaborated on in these columns several weeks ago. It is the conclusion that in the last analysis government regulation will benumb enterprise and paralyze business. Discussing the Administration trade commission the other day, Senator Borah demonstrated that government regulation becomes inevitably political. For illustration he cited the application for a five per cent increase in rates on eastern railroads. The railroads say they must have the increase; the shippers say they cannot afford to pay it. Whatever the decision the issue will inevitably pass into politics, and politicians decide cases not on their merits but with a view to their personal interests. "Capitalists," says Borah, "do not intend to invest money in enterprises that some one else controls." The truth of this is illustrated right now in California, where we have a

commission boasting that all public utility corporations are at its mercy. Of course the breakdown of regulation is coming shortly, for paternalism never endures. Business is not to be held permanently in leash by politicians. The principle of paternalism, which is the principle of regulation, looks plausible to folks who view every question on its own narrow basis, and who have not sufficient breadth of mind for large and comprehensive inquiry. Seeing there was much dishonesty among men in control of big interests it appeared to the man of narrow vision that there was but one thing to do—"regulate" them. But instead of regulating them by hard and fast laws, it was decided to regulate them by politicians called commissioners. And soon we developed a passion for commissions. Mr. Wilson would put all business under a commission. So would Mr. Roosevelt. But such is the timidity of business that it is now in a state of terror and languishing, and the reason is becoming apparent. A complete perception of the truths of the science of government requires much meditation and experience of human nature and knowledge of political economy. If this perception were instinctive there would be fewer experiments in Washington.

The Inimitable One

Because Governor Johnson is "governor of California, not of Sacramento," when he goes a candidat' "he is not merely taking such time from the immediate duties of his office as is legitimate, he is actually engaged in one of the most important of those duties." Now, dear reader, if you were asked to guess the author of this oracular dictum, without hesitation you would say it could be none other than "Wild Jack" Neylan of the board of control. It would be natural to fall into this error, for "Wild Jack" is the readiest, handiest, loosest, fiercest and boldest of all the defenders of the Administration on the payroll. Besides you have not had many opportunities for sizing up the putative scholar of Fresno. We mean of course the distinguished linguist who cants in many tongues, but cannot avoid the accent of the Pharisee in any one of them. Listen to the Hon. Chester Rowell as he elaborates his argument with the finesse of the dialectician: "The people of the State are a part of the government, and consultation between the governor and the people is one of the functions of government. Therefore when the governor is occasionally absent, not from California, but from Sacramento, engaged in explaining public policies to the people and in meeting the people and learning their sentiments" he is attending strictly to business. Ah, you observe, yes indeed, but what about Governor Johnson when he went East to campaign for Vice-President? But the elegant scholar of Fresno is not to be caught napping so easily as that: "In a republic governed by popular elections, that is one of the prices we must pay for democracy." So you see it's all right anyway. When he stays at home vituperating the enemy, and explaining that it doesn't matter how high he has raised

taxes, since the corporations pay, he is performing "one of the most important of his duties." When he goes abroad he is merely imposing one of the penalties incidental to democracy. What a fine police court shyster Chester would make! But he aspires to the Senate.

Bryan's Friendship

Gratitude is the easiest of the virtues, flowing as it does from the dictates of nature. Even the miser, the man utterly selfish may be grateful, as it costs him nothing. But gratitude is not always cheap. When a man becomes prosperous, and the friends of his adversity are in need, then it may cost him something to indulge an inward sense and an outward acknowledgment of benefits received. Prosperity is often a severe test of gratitude. This appears to receive exemplification in the case of William J. Bryan, whose infidelity to some of his dearest and most loyal friends of other days is now the theme of discussion in several papers of the East. These friends have been worse than neglected; they have been sidetracked in the exigencies of politics through the influence of Bryan that newer, more advantageous friendships might be cemented. But friendship in politics is a difficult matter. The successful politician cannot afford to be dominated by a tender sentiment. He must be always on the alert to improve his opportunities and ever ready to cast a useless friend into the discard. This course may be pursued ostensibly from the noblest motives, for the politician in high place may repudiate, even sacrifice, a friend in the interest of the State. It is the easiest thing in the world for the politician to confound the interest of the State with his own interest.

Impoverished Propagandists

Either the Anti-Saloon League is not getting its money's worth out of its hired propagandists or else there is a great dearth of material out of which to fashion argument in support of the cause. We find that they are still circulating the story about the number of idiots who were conceived when both parents were intoxicated, but we are not told who it was that applied the X-ray to the process of procreation and caught ocular proof of the impregnation. We find also that a new apostle of the Middle West fanaticism has made his appearance in the person of a Dr. J. Wallace Beveridge, who, as a result of practicing on pregnant guinea pigs has made the discovery that alcoholic stimulants are reducing the birth rate. Dr. Beveridge's views are at variance with the findings of the Francis Galton Laboratory for National Eugenics. In that laboratory an examination was made, not of guinea pigs, but of three thousand children, of whom about one-half were the offspring of drunken parents. Speaking of this inquiry an editorial writer of the New York Sun said: "The results indicate that the children of alcoholics show no appreciable inferiority to the children of sober parents in physical development, intellectual force, or

sense perception." The report showed that the death rate among the offspring of alcoholic parents is slightly higher than among children of non-alcoholic parents, but, as the Sun writer observed, this is attributed rather to gross negligence than to a toxic effect on nurslings, and anyway if alcoholics do not succeed in raising as great a proportion of their children as do non-alcoholic parents, they compensate for their delinquency by their proligerousness. In other words, it appears that the alcoholic mother is not implicated in race suicide. Science is making it so hard for the Anti-Saloon League that it has to rely on the kind of tommyrot that we found in Collier's last week. Under the caption, "The Whisky Manufacturer" the editor discussed the outraging of a girl by a drunken loafer. He commented thus: "Somewhere in Baltimore or Louisville or Peoria, with his family protected by all safeguards money can buy, lives the smug and respectable pillar of society who made money out of stimulating this crime." We have so much respect for the intelligence of the editor of Collier's that the paragraph gives us pause. We ask ourselves, Does he practice total abstinence on Peruna or does he nod on hard cider? If both conjectures are far from the mark we may be inclined to suspect that the Anti-Saloon League has a subterranean passage to the sanctum and an intrigue with the office boy or the printers' devil. Is the editor of Collier's sure that none of the people who drank the wine that Christ made took a drop too much, and that there were no ill-consequences? Does he hold the stockholders of the Winchester Arms Company responsible for every murder committed with a weapon from their factory? There is (as the editor certainly knows) much less justification for the manufacture of deadly weapons than for the manufacture of a liquid which Dr. Osler, to mention one scientist, recommends in the treatment of twenty different classes of diseases. It cannot be that the editor of Collier's is so irrational or so blinded by fanaticism as to argue that because whisky makes some men criminals its manufacture should be forbidden. As well might we argue that as some newspapers poison the public mind and appeal to the ignorance of the mob much to the injury of government and the peace of society therefore the printing press should be consigned to the scrap-heap. But we refuse to believe that the editor of Collier's is so irrational as the silly paragraph seems to denote. We suspect that the paragraph emanated from the Anti-Saloon League, which has yet to learn that it is not wise to address intelligent readers in the North with the same arguments that have been employed among the illiterates of the South.

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Varied Types

CLXXXVIII—HARRY ORNDORFF

By Edward F. O'Day

"I've seen the Orpheum audience get its education," says Harry Orndorff.

Harry Orndorff is the invisible spirit of the Orpheum. He is the animating principle of O'Farrell street vaudeville. The lights switch on and off, the curtain rolls up and down, the orchestra plays and is stilled, the show starts, progresses from number to number and comes to a close at Harry Orndorff's behest. You don't see him, but you feel his influence, you are conscious of his presence. Without him what is order would be chaos, what is a smoothly running machine of the highest efficiency would be a dead unorganized mass. To put it succinctly and obviously, Harry Orndorff is the stage director of the Orpheum.

When Harry Orndorff says he has seen the Orpheum audience getting its education, he speaks to the fact. For Harry Orndorff has been stage director of the Orpheum for eighteen years. In that period he has watched polite vaudeville develop from rough variety. He has watched the patrons of vaudeville grow refined in taste. Under his eyes vaudeville has received its cachet. He has seen great stars of the stage and the opera condescend to the circuit, then learn to like it. He observed the dramatic sketch, fighting for a place in the vaudeville bill and later revolutionizing it. Harry Orndorff has been a spectator of all the changes that have made vaudeville of today so different from vaudeville of yesteryear that it seems an entirely different kind of entertainment.

"The first dramatic sketch ever given in vaudeville," says Orndorff, "was presented at the Orpheum by Stanton and Redding. The audience didn't want it. They laughed at it. Felix Morris presented the second one, and the audience took to it more kindly. It was the same with the cakewalk. When Barnes and Sissons did the first one, the audience wouldn't have it. With ragtime it was the same story. Clarice Vance sang the first ragtime at the Orpheum. The audience didn't understand. They were puzzled. The second time she came she was a tremendous success."

"Who are the hardest performers to handle?" I asked.

"The legitimate actors when they first come into vaudeville," answered Orndorff. "They are not used to the noise, and it makes them nervous. Some of them, like Bob Hilliard, are very 'upstage' at first, but they get over it. When an act they look down on 'stops the show' while they just barely get by, it takes the starch out of them."

"I'll never forget Julius Steger when the Orpheum was out at the Chutes. He complained of the noise the other performers made while he was on, and insisted that they must all stay in their dressing rooms. The first night they did stay in their dressing rooms and he had a quiet stage. But during the other numbers Steger kept tramping up and down, making a great deal of noise. The other performers made up their minds to teach him to be considerate. The dressing rooms were just off the stage in back, and the second night while Steger was on all the performers sat at their open doors with bags of peanuts. They cracked the peanuts noisily, then dropped the shells on the stage and mashed them with their feet. For the rest of his engagement Steger always walked on tiptoes!"

"Ezra Kendall was a strange character. He liked to pretend that he wasn't in the theatre

when it was his turn to go on. He'd go to his dressing room early, lock the door, make up and then turn out his light. When his turn came, word would be brought to me that he was not on hand, and I'd send a stagehand out to look for him. At the last moment he'd come out of his dressing room. He did it to annoy me.

"George Fuller Golden would appear half an hour ahead of time, salute me and say, 'On deck, captain.' Then he'd disappear, and when his turn came we'd have to find him. The chances are he'd be on the sidewalk talking to a friend, or at his hotel spinning stories. The first time he came here he had just made a great hit in the East, yet on the opening day he was so nervous he couldn't speak. He pointed to his throat to let me know that his voice had gone back on him.



Terkelson and Henry photo
HARRY ORNDORFF

I sent for a highball and he swallowed it in one gulp. 'How do you feel now,' I asked. 'Gr-gr-great!' he said, trembling all over.

"The greatest of them are nervous in San Francisco. They are all terribly anxious to make good here. They care a great deal for the opinion of San Francisco, and most of them would rather play one week here than ten anywhere else.

"When Henry Miller was playing the Orpheum, there was an acrobatic song and dance man on the bill who was known as 'Big Scream' Welch. Every time he passed Miller he'd say, 'Evening, Hen.' Can you imagine a total stranger calling Miller 'Hen?' Well, that was the sort of chap Welch was. On his opening night Miller didn't make much of a hit. 'Big Scream' Welch was to follow him on the bill, and when Miller came off, Welch slapped him on the shoulder and said:

"They don't want that stuff, Hen! Give 'em the hokeum! A little of the grease!"

For the benefit of the uninitiated, these are vaudeville terms descriptive of the lowest of low comedy.

"Alice Lloyd," continued Orndorff, "has more friends behind the scenes than any of the stage

folk who ever came across the ocean. She has the best disposition of any performer I've known. She is friendly and considerate. She played here at Christmas, if you remember. After the show there was a Christmas dinner and dance on the stage. The boy in the fly gallery asked her for a dance and got it. He was tickled to death.

"What do you think of that," he said to me. "Here she is drawing down more than a thousand a week, and she rags with a poor slob of a guy in the fly gallery. Some dame!"

"Bernhardt is a lovely woman. She used to sit in the wings and watch the other acts and applaud them. When one pleased her she always made a point of complimenting the performers.

"Ethel Barrymore is a queen. There are no airs about her. The Jack Wilson Trio was on the bill with her, and when they ragged, she'd snap her fingers and work her shoulders and go through the steps offstage. She did it because she liked to, and because she is always natural.

"Cissy Loftus is very nice, but high tempered. And she changes her mind about the imitations she'll do, first saying that she won't do such a one and then deciding to do it at the last moment. That keeps the musicians on the go.

"Nance O'Neil is very temperamental. I always prefer to talk to their managers when they're like her. You avoid trouble that way."

I asked Orndorff to tell me about his theatrical career.

"My first connection with the theatre," he said, "was in 1877 when I was eight years old. They picked me up on the street and made me one of the orphans in 'No Thoroughfare' which Mr and Mrs. W. J. Florence were playing at the old California, with Tom Keane, C. B. Bishop, E. N. Long and Mrs. Saunders in the cast. There were a lot of kids in the show, and after our scene we'd get gallery checks and watch the rest of the play. We never got tired of it.

"I had a pal named Charlie McDonald. He's still on the stage, by the way, doing an Irish comedy stunt. We practiced a song and dance act, and in 1878 we got an engagement at the old Adelphi at the corner of California and Kearny. We were billed as 'Masters Charlie and Harry,' and we each got twelve and a half a week. Our act made a hit, and we stayed at the Adelphi for a year. During that time Jeff De Angelis was there, and he was a wonderful performer even then. Eddie Foy was there too, one of the best song and dance men in the business. Eddie was quite a dramatic actor too, and made a sensation here as a leading man. In fact he could do a little of everything. Then there was Bernard Dillon, now with the 'Follies of 1914.' He was famous for singing Harrigan's song, 'Never Take the Horse Shoe from the Door.' Another act I remember at the Adelphi was Victoria Loftus' British Blondes. I don't know what became of them.

(Continued on Page 17.)

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Suggestion to Huerta: Change your name from Victoriano to Defeatiano.

Almost before Stitt Wilson got his pen well inked the Hogue jury said "Guilty."

What's the matter with George Fred Williams? All Europe on the verge of war, and not a word from him!

Poor old Sanjak of Novibazar! It never gets into the papers unless war threatens in the Balkans.

A thousand million kisses! M. Caillaux was quite a busy busser.

A French murder trial must be more fun than the Moulin Rouge or the Bal Tabarin.

"Read and burn" is a pretty good rule for letters like those that Caillaux wrote.

Affairs in Europe serve to remind us of Carnegie's endowment for perpetual peace.

If Johnson and the Colonel have not fallen out it is because they have not yet got thoroughly acquainted.

Most of the discontent in life is due to a sickly sensibility which hopes for justice and insists that it should be available. A curious absurdity in view of the fact that none of us is just.

A Mrs. Blickensderfer having called on the women of the country to rally to save a woman on trial for the murder of her husband, the New York Sun observes that the lady thinks the right to vote includes the right to kill. The right to vote includes many things which formerly ladies would have blushed to claim.

Wouldn't it be well for Captain Fredericks to "burn that letter?"

Who's Who Hereabouts

XXI—RODERICK MACKENZIE

Long years ago San Francisco cast off her swaddling clothes, burst her parish bounds and attained the size of a real city, but not until quite recently could she stand the true test of metropolitan dignity. You may cram a town with humanity, give it the air of engine-like activity and colossal monotony, and fill it with the grave evidences of accumulation, and it may still retain the manners and general character of a village. A city is hardly worth the name until it has a lure all its own; until it attracts people by the pleasures it affords and assimilates them before it becomes conscious of their arrival. There is this among other distinctions between a big village and a city: the village felicitates itself on the acquisition of each new citizen who has money to buy a town lot; a city doesn't know when a stranger with millions has added his name to the list in the blue book. Now San Francisco has acquired a number of millionaires of late, and they have not made a dent in the community. One of them is Mr. Daniel Jackson, the copper magnate, who was introduced to the readers of Town Talk a few weeks ago; another is the subject of this sketch—Mr. Roderick Mackenzie, son of Sir William Mackenzie of the Canadian Northern Railway. What attracted them, it is hard to say. Perhaps it was the mystery and magic of our summer fogs; certainly it was not a grim seriousness of things; maybe it was the soul of the city, a soul that many a sweet poet has tried to interpret.

Roderick Mackenzie is one of those rare and fortunate men who never have to do anything that is contrary to their inclinations, and whose inclinations are so well disciplined that they are always able to indulge them. This is the ideal existence which, according to the Book of Job, is denied to all of us, born as we are to trouble as the sparks fly upward. But this is not an Article of Faith. While there are men who can never get enough money, being constantly troubled with an itching for more, there are others, like Beaconsfield, who are satisfied with enough for current expenses. The case of Roderick Mackenzie is one that presents a state of mind and purse ensuring perfect contentment. The world may jog as it will; politicians agitate, reformers muddle and newspapers moralize, for aught this son of a baronet cares. He doesn't even bother about society. He's something of an Oriental philosopher, a kind of

Mahatma of Thibet. Nothing doing for him in the race for Dead Sea apples. He cares neither for the praise of the wise, nor the oblivion of the mob. Not for him the worship of the great American god Fuss. He just does nothing in particular but enjoy himself. Preachers of the importance of being up and doing, to the contrary notwithstanding, this is the life for the man with a heart above cows and chickens. It is thus a man may make life worth living, make it possible to rise up and possess himself.

It is not to be said of Roderick Mackenzie that he leads a listless life. He is a man with a passion or two, like every man with red corpuscles. A mighty huntsman is Roderick, and something of a gourmet, and he knows how to cook the rump of a roe-buck and concoct a fondue. When off on a hunting trip he keeps his friends well supplied with game. Perhaps it is as a sportsman that Roderick Mackenzie should be introduced, for it is as a sportsman mainly that he enjoys himself. The sport of kings is his favorite pastime, and he is the owner of some famous live stock. His horse Buckhorn won the last Suburban Handicap, and he also won the Empire City Handicap. He owns the famous stallion Joe Patchen and the great filly Maynack, which he bought for a nominal sum when it was generally supposed that she was "rattlebrained." He also owns the Pleasanton track on which he spent a fortune, transforming it into one of the show places of America. The development of the trotting horse is one of his hobbies, and he has hung up a purse of twenty thousand dollars for the best trotter at the World's Fair.

Another of Mr. Mackenzie's favorite amusements is billiards, and he is one of the best amateur billiardists in the country. Owing to his passion for the game he spends a lot of his time at Eddie Graney's billiard hall where he may be found at times engaged in play with Horgan, the professional champion of the three-cushion game. He beats Horgan as often as Horgan beats him. So this gentleman of leisure has at least one accomplishment. Doubtless there are gentlemen who would scorn such an accomplishment, but it is for the man who would to ask himself, as Hazlitt did when he was spellbound by the Indian jugglers: "What is there that I can do as well as this?" Confessing that he was ashamed of himself, as

he could do nothing so well, the great critic exclaimed: "I have passed my time in pouring words like water into empty sieves. There is nothing in which I can challenge competition."

After all it appears that although a gentleman of leisure with money to burn Mr. Mackenzie has been possessing himself, finding resources within himself quite as conducive to happiness as the noblest pursuits. True he might make quite a stir in the community, but his ambition does not run in that direction. The quiet life for him. Last Christmas the newspapers told of a policeman who reported to Chief White that a stranger who met him on the street handed him five hundred dollars to give to the poor on his beat. The chief sent him out to buy food and clothes to distribute. The police don't know to this day the name of the man who made the gift. It was Roderick Mackenzie, as I happened to learn from a friend who happened to see the Canadian millionaire give the policeman the money. On Christmas eve the sexton of the Paulist church was handed five hundred dollars and asked to give it to the priests with the request that they distribute it among the poor of the parish. The sexton did not know the name of the man who gave him the money. But some months later a worshiper at the twelve-fifteen mass dropped three twenties into the box, and the sexton recognized him as the man from whom he received the five hundred dollars. The man was Roderick Mackenzie, who is now a steady mass-goer, and he always drops three twenties in the box. Rather a good fellow this sporting man of millions! Yes, indeed. And an

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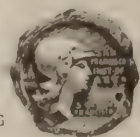
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The "European Concert"

By Count Albrecht von Montgelas, L. L. D.

The present grave situation on the European continent that arose out of the Austrian note to the Servian Government, insisting on the punishment of the persons connected with the brutal murder of the Austrian heir to the throne and his consort, and for guarantees to crush the Pan-Servian movement which has its headquarters in Belgrade, has again brought about much speculation as to the grouping of the big powers in case of a general European war. The peace of Europe rests on this grouping, which is commonly called the European Concert. The five big continental powers are divided in two groups, the "Triple Alliance": Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy; and the "Double Alliance": France and Russia.

The terms and purposes of both Alliances are frequently misunderstood even in Europe and it seems necessary at this time to make them clear once more. The "Triple Alliance" as well as the "Double Alliance" are for defense only. Both were contracted with a fixed purpose to uphold the "status quo" of the contracting parties only. Both provide for a "casus foederis" only in case one of the contracting powers is attacked by two or more enemies.

Therefore, if Austria in the present crisis is attacked by Servia and Russia, the "casus foederis" for Germany and Italy is given and they would have to come to the aid of their ally. On the other hand, France in such a case would have to give armed support to Russia and declare war on both Germany and Italy.

These are the given factors with which the European statesmen must reckon and there can be no guess work about the grouping of these five powers as they are under strict treaty obligations.

The great unknown factor however with which the leading statesmen of the powers involved have to figure is the attitude Great Britain will take in a general European conflict. Will England stand by the political doctrine of "splendid isolation" professed and proclaimed by Lord Salisbury? Will it side with one of the two

groups of powers and if so, with which? It is true it is now ten years (April 8, 1904), since England seemingly abandoned Lord Salisbury's policy by entering into a treaty with France commonly known as the "Entente Cordiale." Seemingly, because this treaty covered only the interests of the contracting parties outside of the European continent. England promised France its diplomatic support in Morocco while France in return waived all her rights in Egypt and the Lower Sudan. That England meant to keep its part of the treaty was evident in the crisis following the Agadir incident. In 1907, Great Britain openly re-entered continental politics by the Russian treaty and from that time on it looked as if the "Triple Entente" was going to remain a permanent factor in European politics. Recent events, however, during and after the Balkan war have shown that the interests of Russia and England are too contrary to each other to allow a permanent understanding, much less a treaty, obliging England to support her rival against any power and under any circumstances. It is clear therefore that the "Triple Entente" must naturally be very different from the "Triple Alliance" and the "Double Alliance," both of which involve strict obligations to come to the armed support of the respective allies. The "Triple Entente" or what still exists of it is more a friendly understanding undefined as to obligations and extensions. The same is true of the "Entente Cordiale" as it stands today. After achieving its chief purpose in Morocco, the "Entente Cordiale" has lost much of its actual value to France.

That the "Entente Cordiale" was never meant to be an instrument to support France in the carrying out of her "Revenge" plans and that there exists no treaty obligation for England to give armed support to France has been expressly stated by Premier Asquith on occasion of an interpellation in Parliament. Therefore in case France should declare war on Germany in fulfillment of her treaty obligation toward Russia, the "Entente Cordiale" would not bind England

to come to her support. Neither would the treaty with Russia of 1907.

England would have to take issue unrestricted by treaty obligations according to what her statesmen would believe to be in the best interests of the empire. But Great Britain, engaged in the consolidation and inner reconstruction of the empire, confronted by the conflict in Ireland and the grave possibilities in India emphasized anew by the recent happenings in Vancouver, will hardly want to involve itself in a European war. And while Great Britain cannot allow France to be weakened to any extent because it needs that country as a check for Germany, which after reducing France to a military power of second order would throw all its energy on the further strengthening of its navy, she has an even greater interest in keeping Russia from becoming over-powerful on account of the open policy of St. Petersburg to drive Turkey from the European continent, a policy which is being opposed chiefly by Austria, and it is here that the interests of Austria and therefore the "Triple Alliance" are identical with those of England. The latter cannot and will not allow Turkey to be driven back to Asia because this would mean a consolidation of the Ottoman Empire and in the end the downfall of England's rule over millions of Mohammedans in Egypt and India. The establishment of Russian and English spheres of influence and big dominions in Asia has only been made possible by the fact that Ottoman rulers became involved in European politics which weakened their once unconquerable empire. England will never be so short-sighted as to show the Ottoman statesmen of today where the power and the backbone of their empire really lies and whence their ancestors ought never to have removed it.

For all of these reasons England cannot very well give armed support to either group of powers and therefore perhaps the peace of Europe must rest on the influence of Great Britain, which has nothing to gain but might be seriously afflicted by a general European war.

Bethmoora

By Lord Dunsany

There is a faint freshness in the London night as though some strayed reveller of a breeze had left his comrades in the Kentish uplands and had entered the town by stealth. The pavements are a little damp and shiny. Upon one's ears that at this late hour have become very acute there hits the tap of a remote footfall. Louder and louder grow the taps, filling the whole night. And a black, cloaked figure passes by and goes tapping into the dark. One who has danced goes homewards. Somewhere a ball has closed its doors and ended. Its yellow lights are out, its musicians are silent, its dancers have all gone into the night air, and Time has said of it, "Let it be past and over, and among the things that I have put away."

Shadows begin to detach themselves from their great gathering-places. No less silently than those shadows that are thin and dead move homewards the stealthy cats. Thus have we even in London our faint forebodings of the dawn's approach which the birds and the beasts and the stars are crying aloud to the untrammelled fields.

At what moment I know not I perceive that the night itself is irrecoverably overthrown. It is suddenly revealed to me by the weary pallor of the street-lamps that the streets are silent and nocturnal, not because there is any strength in night but because men have not yet arisen from sleep to defy him. So have I seen dejected and untidy guards still bearing antique muskets in palatial gateways although the realms of the monarch that they guard have shrunk to a single province which no enemy yet has troubled to overrun.

And it is now manifest from the aspect of the street-lamps, those abashed dependants of night, that already English mountain peaks have seen the dawn, that the cliffs of Dover are standing white to the morning, that the sea-mist has lifted and is pouring inland.

And now men with a hose have come and are sluicing out the streets.

Behold now night is dead.

What memories, what fancies through one's mind! A night but just now gathered out of

London by the hostile hand of Time. A million common artificial things all cloaked for a while in mystery, like beggars robed in purple and seated on dread thrones. Four million people asleep, dreaming perhaps. What worlds have they gone into? Whom have they met? But my thoughts are far off with Bethmoora in her loneliness, whose gates swing to and fro. To and fro they swing and creak in the wind, but no one hears them. They are of green copper, very lovely, but no one sees them now. The desert wind pours sand into their hinges, no watchman comes to ease them. No guard goes round Bethmoora's battlements, no enemy assails them. There are no lights in her houses, no footfall in her streets; she stands there dead and lonely beyond the Hills of Hap, and I would see Bethmoora once again but dare not.

It is many a year as they tell me since Bethmoora became desolate.

Her desolation is spoken of in taverns where

(Continued on Page 19.)

Poems About San Francisco

CLVI—SAN FRANCISCO ARISING

By Edwin Markham

(The author of "The Man With the Hoe" is already represented in this series of San Francisco verse. The following was written for the Examiner in October, 1906, and was afterwards embalmed in the pages of the defunct Ridgway's Weekly whence it has been disinterred.)

O hill-hung city of my West,
Where oft my heart goes home to rest,
There came an hour when all went by,
A cruel splendor on the sky.
Out of the Earth men saw advance
The front of Ruin and old Chance.
A groan of chaos shook your frame,
And a red wilderness of flame
Darkened the nations with your name.
Now, sons of the West, I see you rise,
The world's young courage in your eyes.
Sons of broad-shouldered Pioneers,
Seasoned by struggle and stern tears,
I see you rising, girt and strong,
To lay the new-squared beams in song.
Build greatly, men, for she must shine
With Athens of the Sacred Nine—
Build airily, for she must stand
With Shiraz of the rose-sweet land—
Build strongly, for her name must be
With Carthage of the sail-white sea.

The Spectator

The Indiscreet Mr. Scott

A very good campaigner is Captain Fredericks of Los Angeles, and doubtless he is a better man than his friends would have us believe. His friends seem to think it important that organized labor should be conciliated, and they are so assiduously cultivating the labor vote as to give the impression that their candidate is a typical politician, skilled in the art of playing both ends against the middle. It was in pursuance of this policy that Joe Scott, the Los Angeles attorney who figured in the McNamara case, contributed to the flow of oratory at the Fredericks meeting at Dreamland. Joe is employed to take the curse of labor off the Captain. Joe tries very hard, but while rubbing one curse out he rubs another in. To hear Joe talk one might suppose he wasn't quite sure that he had earned the fee he received in the McNamara case. Also one might interpret the Scott address as an argument in favor of the election of Fredericks on the ground that he didn't succeed in hanging the cowardly fiends who blew up the Times building. But Joe was overflowing with indiscretion the other night. Carried away by the roll of his own periods he made a brutal assault on newspaper publishers for no apparent reason whatever, and when it was all over Captain Fredericks' friends were apologizing.

What Fredericks Is Running On

To some folks at the Fredericks meeting it occurred that it was neither good taste nor shrewd politics to have one of the attorneys of the unsavory McNamara defense on the Fredericks staff of campaign speakers. Captain Fredericks' strength as a candidate for the Republican nomination lies in the fact that he made some reputation for force of character in the McNamara case. In that case he proved himself a good attorney, and it was believed throughout the State that he also proved himself a fair

and fearless prosecutor. Doubtless he made some enemies among representatives of the vicious element of organized labor who would excuse all crimes committed in furtherance of union designs, but nevertheless he should not care to avail himself of a certificate of character from Joe Scott or even from Clarence Darrow, from whom it is said that he has a very complimentary letter. If there are any apologies or explanations to make Captain Fredericks is able to make them himself. Why not make them and challenge the Scotts and Darrows to impeach them?

Wanted: A Standpatter

Let me not be misunderstood. I am not insisting that Captain Fredericks be held responsible for the ineptitudes of his friends. But I would warn him that he is not making much of a hit among thinking people by letting it appear that it is his policy to put the loud pedal on pro-union sentiment. There are many Republicans who are convinced that the Republican party is coming back stronger than ever, but who are not very anxious for it to come back in any hypocritical mood. They are of the opinion that the party has been chastened for trimming and conciliating, and that it is about time for it to return to first principles with the aid of men who have faith in the party as a national asset. The Republican party has no fight with organized labor, nor has it any love of class distinction. What it must chiefly guard against are the men who carry water on both shoulders, who run with the hares and hunt with the hounds. Better a Hiram Johnson who stands pat with all his grotesqueries of demagoguery than a Jimmy Rolph with the facility of the sprightly ante-bubonic flea.

The Darrow Boomerang

Since the writing of the foregoing paragraphs light has been thrown on the mysterious Darrow

letter, which, according to Fredericks' friends, the captain has been carrying in his inside pocket. This letter, it has been whispered, would satisfy union labor leaders that Captain Fredericks was "all right," and presumably it was being shown only where it would do the most good. But now comes a letter from Clarence Darrow to his friend the editor of the Bulletin, which implies something of so revolting a nature that it will require a good deal of explanation on Captain Fredericks' part to save him from overwhelming repudiation. This is one of the most sensational letters ever sprung in the midst of a political campaign and why it was printed on the eighth instead of the first page of the Bulletin is incomprehensible notwithstanding the European convulsion. It appears that the editor of the Bulletin, hearing of the mysterious missive in the Fredericks pocket, wrote to Darrow for information to find out whether the Captain was really loaded for bear. Darrow's answer is that when he left Los Angeles in April 1913 there was still an indictment pending against him, which he understood would be dismissed at an early date, but which was kept hanging much to his mental anguish. "In spite of all that I could do," says Darrow, "the dismissal was delayed from time to time until about December

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fifteenth, when a man who was a friend of mine and of Mr. Fredericks informed me that he had a letter in his possession addressed to Mr. Fredericks, and that if I would sign the letter the case would be dismissed. I signed it without date, and left it in his possession. In a few days the case was dismissed. I had fought for more than two years in Los Angeles, had no more money or strength to waste, was 2,000 miles away, and at work. I felt this was the best way to end a long, hard fight." Captain Fredericks it would seem has been carrying around a boomerang.

He Must Clear His Skirts

At this writing (and Town Talk is now going to press) Fredericks has not been heard from. Presumably he will explain, for certainly he cannot afford to go on campaigning under the imputation of the Darrow to Older letter. Unless he is able to make a satisfactory explanation it would be folly for his coterie of backers in Los Angeles to go on financing his campaign. The imputation against him is clear. Darrow virtually charges that Captain Fredericks while occupying the position of District Attorney employed his power to extort a letter of absolution from a man under indictment. Obviously the Captain must clear his skirts. He is in a very unfortunate position, which he placed himself in by letting it be known that he had received absolution from Darrow. Of course it might be said that he never authorized a friend to act as go-between, and that anyway it had been agreed to dismiss the indictment. But he has the letter, and the fact is the dismissal of the indictment was delayed until after that letter had been signed. Now it doesn't matter that Darrow says the letter "is substantially true!" The question is, "Is Darrow's letter to Older substantially true?" For if Fredericks got the letter in the circumstances described then it would be folly to nominate him for Governor; such downright folly that the Bulletin's publication of the second letter at this time is tantamount to an act of treachery to Johnson. The leading Progressives have been saying that they hoped Fredericks would be nominated as they had campaign material with which they would smother him at the proper time. Weeks ago a well authenticated story came up from Los Angeles to the effect that Editor Earl was in a conspiracy to nominate Fredericks, so loaded was he with ammunition to kill the Captain off after the primary. Maybe the letter of absolution was part of the ammunition.

News from Los Angeles

According to former Speaker Phil Stanton, who dropped into town last week, Captain Fredericks has not the strength in his home city that folks hereabouts have been led to believe. "Los Angeles likes Billy Ralston," said Stanton; "and there is no gubernatorial organization in Los Angeles half as strong as Ralston's. The people down there have seen a good deal of him, and they like him for his forthrightness. Everybody knows just where he stands." Speaking of the Fredericks Los Angeles committee Stanton said it was composed chiefly of long-haired gentlemen from the Middle West. The chairman is the son of former Vice-President Fairbanks, the great apostle of the buttermilk propaganda that preceded the era of grape juice. "Fairbanks doesn't know fifty men in the whole county," said Stanton, "but Charley Fleming, the man who organized the Ralston clubs, is an old-timer who knows everybody and who is always getting somewhere."

The Baron's Retort

The Baron von Schroeder is a veteran of the Franco-Prussian War, and I make no doubt that if Germany becomes involved in the present European strife, his sword will once more be at the service of the Fatherland. An old story about Baron von Schroeder is timely. Some years ago the Baron accompanied to the Emergency Hospital a friend who had been injured in a street car accident and who was bleeding profusely. The surgeon who tended the injured man happened to be of French birth. While stopping the flow of blood he turned to the Baron and remarked:

"I suppose you've never before seen so much blood flow?"

"I have seen more blood flow in a single day than you have seen in all your life," answered the Baron quietly.

"Where?" asked the surgeon incredulously.

"At Gravelotte, where we walked through you, sir," replied the Baron.

Parole for Ruef

Abe Ruef almost put one over on the Governor, I hear. He came within an ace of getting out. Some time ago Commissioner Neumiller was in a mood to vote for Ruef's parole, and had he done so Sonntag, who has always been in favor of the parole, and Warren Porter would have joined him, but Governor Johnson got wind of the situation, so the story goes, and sent for Neumiller. That gentleman thereafter changed his mind. Of what has happened since only those on the inside are informed, but there are some on the outside who say that the Governor has quit, being unable to stand the pressure brought to bear in the midst of a campaign that gives him a melancholy outlook. If what the outsiders are saying is true the strings have been taken off Neumiller, and he will vote with Sonntag and Porter.

He Knew Not Burnham

Australia is to build a new federal capital city called Canberra, and the plans are being prepared by Walter Griffin, a young city planner of Chicago. For the preliminary work \$7,500,000 has been appropriated, and part of this huge sum defrays the traveling expenses of certain noted Australians who are now in America studying the plans of great cities. One of these commissioners is Captain George A. Taylor of Sydney who was in this city a few days ago looking

at our Civic Center. That he was disappointed we learned from an interview he gave the Chronicle. In this interview he expressed his regret that the Burnham plan for the adornment of San Francisco was disregarded. In speaking of the dead architect who formulated plans for the improvement of this city he referred to him as "Daniel Burnham whom we know in Australia better than you do." This was a little gibe which Mayor Rolph probably took particularly to heart. For Captain Taylor waited on Mayor Rolph, and sought to learn from him just what had happened to the Burnham plans and why the Burnham treatment of the Civic Centre was so much changed. Mayor Rolph found it difficult to satisfy his questioner, and turned him over to Secretary Rainey. Secretary Rainey gave him a card of introduction to Willis Polk, and from Polk who was closer to Daniel H. Burnham than any other man of this city, Captain Taylor obtained all the information he desired. Captain Taylor took occasion to criticize the Mayor rather severely for his lack of knowledge in the matter of the Burnham plans, and he was undoubtedly thinking of the Mayor when he told an interviewer that Australia knew Burnham better than San Francisco does.

James D. Phelan's Bargain

While on the subject of the Burnham report, I may as well tell a story that has never seen print. It is a story that shows what a shrewd bargain James D. Phelan can drive. The Burnham report was published just before the fire of April, 1906, and the entire edition was hauled from the publishing house by an expressman who was supplied with the names and addresses of all those to whom copies were to be delivered. The fire destroyed the magnificent set of original plans in the City Hall, and it was taken for granted that nearly all the published volumes had gone up in smoke. Of course the book immediately became valuable. About a month after the fire the expressman waited on Phelan with a bill for \$22.50.

"Did you deliver the books?" asked Phelan.

"All except twenty-three copies," said the expressman. "There were twenty-three parties on my list that I couldn't locate."

"Where are the twenty-three copies?" asked Phelan without manifesting any excitement.

"They've been lying in the barn where I stable my horse ever since the fire," explained the expressman.

"If you go and get them for me," said Phelan



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with seeming indifference, "I'll pay your bill and give you two and a half extra."

The expressman had no idea of the value of the books, and was glad to earn two dollars and a half over and above his charge. He brought the books to Phelan who congratulated himself on buying twenty-three copies of the rare work for less than ten cents a copy. The story goes to show that Jimmy might have become rich even without the aid of his father.

The Power of Eloquence

Gus Hartman is making a raconteur's campaign for the State Senate, and the quality of his stories is prime. He can spin yarns in every known dialect, but some of his best are personal experiences. Gus tells that when he was in the Senate, Leonidas Scooffy came to him and asked him to vote for a bill which was engaging a great deal of attention.

"How does the San Francisco delegation stand on this bill?" asked Gus.

"Practically unanimous," replied Scooffy.

Without asking whether the delegation was practically unanimous for the bill or against it, Gus replied:

"I'll vote for it, and if you give me some data I'll speak for it."

Scooffy supplied him with a mass of material, and Gus spoke for an hour, breaking his best previous record. The only other Senator who spoke in favor of the measure was Dan Reilly of San Francisco. He talked for five minutes. On roll call thirty-eight votes were cast against the bill, and only Hartman and Reilly voted for it. The secretary was about to announce the vote when Hartman jumped up.

"Just a moment," he said. "To keep my record straight in this matter I wish to announce that if Senator Dan Reilly had talked for ten minutes instead of five I'd have voted against this bill myself! And if Dan had talked for fifteen minutes he'd have switched his own vote. Let's make it unanimous!"

Cooley's Advice to Benson

When San Francisco was assured in statements emanating from Exposition headquarters that the Fair would be ready on time, it was inclined to take the statements cum grano salis. But now that the statements have been repeated, not anonymously but with the authority of Frank Burt, Director of Concessions, and Hollis E. Cooley, Chief of Special Events, to back them up, we all realize that unless some very grave accident interferes, the Exposition will make good its boast in this very important particular. For these men are trained Exposition men, and they know what they are talking about. They have been at many World's Fairs, and are full of the exposition lore which can only be obtained

in the school of experience. Readers of Town Talk had an opportunity to size up Frank Burt when he was interviewed a few weeks ago to the Varied Types series. Cooley they may not be so familiar with. Cooley is not merely an expert man in his highly specialized business, but is also a character. A story will illustrate. When F. R. Benson was here with his Stratford-on-Avon company playing Shakespearian repertoire, Thornwell Mully introduced him to Cooley at the Bohemian Club. The talk of course turned on Benson's engagement at the Columbia. He said it was proving one of the most gratifying engagements of his tour, and added that the tour as a whole had been rather disappointing.

"I can well believe it," said Cooley. "There ain't a man, woman or child in America who cares a rap about Shakespeare. If you'll take my advice, Mr. Benson, you'll drop Shakespeare as a hopeless proposition, and get hold of a live play. Why don't you produce 'Uncle Tom's Cabin?' There's one of the greatest money-makers in the world. It's been playing for years to big business. Do you know, there are a dozen companies playing it right now, and one of them took six thousand dollars out of Keokuk in two weeks recently. If you want to get a run for your money, forget Shakespeare and give 'em 'Uncle Tom'!"

Hearst's Epigram

There was one particularly good thing in that article attacking President Wilson which W. R. Hearst contributed to Sunday's Examiner. I refer to the concluding sentence: "He (the President) is the Pied Piper of politics, and the innocents who follow him will return no more." This is original, and extremely effective. I shall hazard a guess as to the genesis of the idea. What more natural than that Hearst should have hit on it while looking at the Maxfield Parrish picture of the Pied Piper in the bar of the Palace Hotel? If, as I imagine, the article was written since Hearst came to San Francisco, my guess is not implausible.

Booze in the Navy

Has Josephus Daniels succeeded in making the navy dry? Does the sea arm of our fighting force slake its thirst only with grape juice, and promote sociability only with lemonade? In other words, is the order that went into effect on the first of July actually effective? Or do the officers of the fleet still enjoy a Scotch and soda in the heat of the long afternoon and an aperitif before dinner? I put the matter to a friend who is remarkably well posted about naval affairs, and has a knack of laying hold on all sorts of naval gossip. He smiled until his face broadened its rident lines.

"Did it ever strike you," he replied, "that a thermos bottle is one of the handiest utensils in the world?"

I admitted that that might be, and asked him what connection there was between my question and the merits of the thermos bottle.

"Only this," he explained, "that a thermos bottle happens to fit nicely into a boiler tube, and there are just four hundred and twenty-four tubes in every boiler of standard make."

"Meaning?" I queried.

"Meaning," he glossed, "that if the worst came to the worst four hundred and twenty-four thermos bottles could be securely hidden in one boiler aboard an American man-of-war."

I infer from this that some of our naval officers have not surrendered their Scotch and their cock-tails aboard ship. My inference gains strength from another fact that has come to my ears: there has been a remarkably large sale of thermos bottles in San Francisco since July first, and the purchasers were well set-up men of naval bearing.

That History of the Fire

From time to time I have wondered, and expressed my wonderment out loud, as to when Professor Henry Morse Stephens of the University of California would get to work on his History of the Earthquake and Fire of 1906. It will be remembered that Professor Stephens was placed in charge of this historical work shortly after the fire and that a sum was appropriated to cover the expenses of the necessary research. The sum has been expended, and a tremendous amount of material has been gathered together, classified and filed away. The next step would be for Professor Stephens to begin the actual work of writing the book. But this step, I am told, Professor Stephens will not take. I have it on pretty good authority that the History will never be written. Professor Stephens and others have arrived at the conclusion that the project was an ill-considered one which could not be carried to a satisfactory execution. So it has been decided to let the matter drop. That History must be numbered among the interesting volumes never written.

The Esoteric of Placer

A friend who has been summering at Applegate in Placer county has been kind enough to mail me a souvenir of his outing in the shape of a little book published by the esoteric colony which flourishes in that mountain community. I have dipped into the book sufficiently to grasp the fact that the esoterics of Applegate resemble a great many other esoterics by reason of the fact that part of their teaching on sex matters is of a peculiarly sinister sort. I had heard of this



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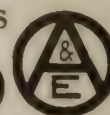
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colony before. I had heard among other things that its leader was not popular with the exotics of the countryside. The leader in question is Hiram E. Butler of whom my friend writes that he "is a soft-spoken, white-bearded, plausible old fellow. He cut aloof from the world in 1876 and dedicated himself to the Higher Life. Some man in Philadelphia gave him his start by donating \$16,000 in a lump sum, which shows that the Higher Life is not without its earthly rewards. You will notice in glancing through his book that fasting is recommended as part of the esoteric discipline. Well, I saw Butler at the hotel in Auburn today, and believe me, he seemed to be enjoying his Budweiser and tobacco. I don't think that an exponent of the Higher Life should take such obvious delight in the comforts of the flesh."

Esoteric Literature

The book written by this Hiram E. Butler and published for his esoteric brotherhood is called "Practical Methods to Insure Success." His claims are far from modest. In his prologue he declares that after two years of faithful adherence to the esoteric teaching, "you will never be sick; you will never be in need of money or friends; whatever you undertake will be successful; your mental capacity will continually increase as long as you live; your domestic relations will be very happy; and your children will be superior to all others." This of course strikes the commonplace note of charlatanism we are wont to hear from cultists of the Butler stripe. A note of unconscious humor is sounded when he tells us that owing to exceptional advantages in the pursuit of truth he has been "relieved from that long and tedious method that was necessary to those grand souls, Herbert Spencer, Charles Robert Darwin, and all others of that class of thinkers and world's pioneers." In other words, Butler's grasp of truth is intuitive. Certainly he has arrived at results which other "world's pioneers" never dreamed of encompassing.

The Malignity of Pork

Among foods Butler's pet aversion is pork, but his reason for condemning it is not the Levitical reason. "A large per cent of the lowest and most vicious habits that degrade our race, arises from the use of pork," he tells us. And here is his demonstration: "You will observe that after eating a hearty meal of which this has been one of the principal viands, you are still conscious of an unsatisfied craving. You may resort to tobacco, which for a time partially satisfies, but you soon want something else. Intoxicating drink or opium is called into requisition; or worse, illicit association for sensual gratification." Lest beef-eaters preen themselves on their superior-

ity to pork-consumers, Butler adds that "nearly the same results follow the use of all kinds of flesh foods."

Other Precepts

Butler will have no laughter among his followers. "Laughter, when it is too hearty, weakens the power of the mind; avoid it." His directions about fasting are too lengthy for quotation, but I cannot pass over this assertion: "Cases of prenatal disease can be entirely eradicated from the system by a fast of from twelve to fourteen days." But it is when Butler turns to the consideration of sexual matters that he writes with most gusto and seeming conviction. I have already remarked that his sexual teaching is sinister. True, it is hard to aver that Butler teaches this or that enormity, because his language is equivocal, and what he sets forth in one place he seems to deny in another. But those who know something of the early days of the Oneida Community and of the teachings of Thomas Lake Harris may be inclined to suspect an affinity between these notorious cults and that which Hiram E. Butler preaches at Applegate. The Higher Thought is not always the higher morality; it is not always decent even.

Harris and Laurence Oliphant

I do not know anything about the esoterics who are gathered at Applegate under the tutelage of Hiram E. Butler; but if they are practicing what Butler seems to preach in his book they are dreadfully misguided people. I have mentioned the notorious teachings of Thomas Lake Harris. Harris is of interest to the world at large because he bound his malign spell on brilliant but crack-brained Laurence Oliphant; and he is of interest to us because he removed his colony from New York to Santa Rosa where it flourished for some time. Harris was an Englishman brought up in the United States whose mind was dominated by three interests, avarice, religion and sex. He was a very successful charlatan, and the manner in which he duped Laurence Oliphant and swindled him out of large sums is part of recent literary history—literary history because the whole story has been told in Margaret Oliphant's biography of Laurence, while Laurence himself drew the character of Harris as it appeared to him when his eyes were finally opened, in his novel "Massolam" which created a sensation when it was published. I should like very much to know whether Hiram Butler ever had anything to do with Thomas Lake Harris.

Things I Never Expect to See

Peter F. Dunne with his hair rumped.
Charles C. Moore lunching on beef steak.
Maury Diggs attending Dr. Aked's church.
Dr. Aked at an Indoor Yacht Club entertainment.
Mrs. Eleanor Martin doing the maxixe.
Helen K. Williams presiding over the State Senate.
Father Yorke taking the stump for Phelan.
Otto Irving Wise without his cane.
Dan O'Callaghan without his laugh.

The River Chestnut

According to the Jornal de Commercio, the leading paper in Brazil, Colonel Roosevelt's discovery of the Rio Duvida was something like his charge up San Juan Hill. The Brazilian paper quotes Herr Moerbech, a German engineer, to the effect that the Rio Duvida traverses a region

that has been exploited by European rubber interests for fifty years. Herr Moerbech says that he provided the Colonel with maps and observations to facilitate his passage down the river. The native name of the river is Rio Castanho, or River Chestnut, which makes it all the more remarkable that the hero of Kettle Hill should have picked out this particular river for discovery. But perhaps Herr Moerbech is another of the disciples of Ananias who have been multiplying with amazing rapidity ever since the truth-teller of Oyster Bay began making a record for veracity.

The Techau Dances

The popularity of Techau Tavern was never greater than at the present time. The after-theatre throng fills the cafe to capacity, and no more popular feature has ever been inaugurated by any cafe than the dances which are held on Wednesday nights. Last Wednesday was the occasion of an informal dance at which the large attendance proved conclusively that the interest of the public in dancing is still on the increase. Three of the ladies present received beautiful gifts secured by the management from the collection of S. & G. Gump Co., the well known art dealers, and each guest present received an appropriate souvenir.

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Social Prattle

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Charming Mrs. Glynn

Those who have met the wife of Governor Glynn of New York during her visit here with the Hearsts have been charmed with her personality. She is a beautiful woman, with a great deal of dash and spirit. She dances gracefully, and exhibits the keenest interest in everything, so that it is a pleasure to entertain her. More than that, Mrs. Glynn is a woman of unusual cultivation. She has a well-stored mind, and there is a great deal of high thinking going all the time in that pretty head of hers. Hence her conversation is worth while, a compliment which cannot, I am sorry to say, be paid to very many women of fashion. Mrs. Glynn is not a feminist of the advanced type; in fact there is not very good reason for calling her a feminist at all. It will be remembered that she refused to align herself with the suffragettes of her own State, although her husband is not unfriendly to their cause.

A Millionaire's Daughter

Mrs. Glynn is a very rich woman in her own right. She is the daughter of a Massachusetts millionaire. Her father is Patrick B. Magrane, one of the richest, most influential and most respected citizens of the important manufacturing city of Lynn. Patrick B. Magrane owns the biggest department store in Lynn, and a great deal of valuable property. His mansion on Ocean street, in the "Nob Hill" district of the city, is one of the show places of the residence section. The rise of Patrick B. Magrane from desperate poverty to great riches is a romance well known to his fellow-citizens.

Was a Small Merchant

Fifty years ago or thereabouts Patrick B. Magrane landed in Boston, a young Irish emigrant with no capital but health and a determination to make his way in the United States by honest toil. He started life as a small merchant. When he had accumulated a little money he rented a little store on Market street, Lynn, and enlarged his stock of goods. And he married a buxome Irish girl who was just as eager to see Patrick Magrane succeed as he was to make her a comfortable home. She presented him in due course of time with eight sons and daughters, and found time to assist him in his modest business besides keeping house and nursing her babies. They prospered, and the time came when Patrick Ma-

grane was able to rent a larger store on Market street and to enlarge his stock still further. Mrs. Magrane divided her time between the store and her home. The business grew, and Magrane saved his money. In time he was able to buy the property on which his store was located. After a while he was able to build a larger store. Today on an enlarged site but in the same location Patrick B. Magrane has the largest department store of his adopted city, and does a business that ramifies all over New England. He is a millionaire many times over. When prosperity was beyond the peradventure of a doubt for Magrane he began indulging his family in periodical trips to New York. On one of these trips one of his daughters, Mary, met and fell in love with a poor but promising young lawyer named Martin Glynn. Patrick B. Magrane liked the young fellow, and the marriage took place. He who was once a poor merchant is now the father-in-law of the Governor of New York!

Misunderstanding La Gai

A woman as temperamental as La Gai, the Parisienne who learned the secrets of love from the leopards and imparts the secrets of the dance at the summer school in the academic groves of Berkeley, is apt to be misunderstood. She was misunderstood the other day by one of her dancing pupils. La Gai announces to her pupils the motives for pantomimic expression, and it is up to the pupils to strike the postures that suitably interpret her words. Her first motive was "Eat, drink and be merry." The pupils, ate, drank and were merry in the conventional pantomime of the dance. Her second was "Let me alone; I'm too sleepy." The pupils interpreted this sentiment with arms and legs and bodies rhythmically asway. But one of the pupils was shocked. She left the class room, and sought out Dean Rheber. She informed the Dean that La Gai was inculcating wicked lessons. In proof she repeated the words of the two motives, but in repeating the second she missed its letter and rather naughtily twisted its spirit. Need I add that she was a prim pupil of uncertain age? The Dean satisfied himself that she was mistaken, and will probably submit her case to the class in psychology.

The Unknown Mike

"For the love of God, keep time!" cried La Gai to her class the other day. She said it in French,

and the free use of the name of the Deity is somehow less grating to sensitive ears in the softer tongue. But the Chronicle reporter translated La Gai, and lest he offend, rendered the exclamation:

"For the love of Mike, keep time!"

Next day La Gai brought the paper to the dancing class.

"Thees Mike, I do not know heem. Who ees dees Mike?" she asked, and her pupils rocked with laughter.

Madame Beringer Recovering

Madame Joseph Beringer, head of the Vocal Department of the Beringer Conservatory of Music, has been seriously ill, but is rapidly recovering and will resume her classes by August 3.

Notes from Coronado

Summer polo is drawing quite a crowd, and the club house is taxed to its full extent for teas, as the tennis tournament is also on. During the week Mrs. Walter Dupee and Mr. John Miller of Pasadena were hosts at a delightful supper in the country after one of the polo games. The party motored out late in the afternoon and returned in time for the last of the usual Saturday evening dances at the hotel. Mrs. Claus Spreckels made her cousin Miss Grace Gibson of San Francisco the motive for a delightful tea dance at her home on the Ocean boulevard. The house was decorated in American Beauty roses with the exception of the white dining room which was in lovely pink carnations. Thirty of the young set were bidden and dancing was enjoyed from four until seven. Trips to North Island in the launch "Glorietta" are much enjoyed by the guests when the early morning flying by the army aviators is on. Many of the guests also make the trip to the island to see afternoon "parade" by the marines now encamped there. Lieuts. J. C. Morrow, T. D. Milling, Taliaferro and Carberry, aviators who recently returned from Galveston, have taken apartments in the hotel annex and will run their own mess. With them will be Lieut. W. L. Patterson upon his return from San Francisco. All of the young set in the hotel as well as from San Diego have been busy with their costumes for the Calico Ball this evening. Mrs. Frank Godfrey, formerly of San Francisco, was hostess during the week at luncheon and bridge. Among the guests from San Francisco were Mrs. W. D. K. Gibson and Mrs. Reed Dilworth. With Mr. J. D. Spreckels, on his yacht "Venetia" upon his return to Coronado were Mrs. Harry Holbrook and W. D. K. Gibson. Mrs. Holbrook will be the guest of her

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father while Mr. Holbrook attends the Bohemian Jinks. A most delightful tea dance was given in the patio of the hotel by the management recently. The tea tables were arranged on the lawn under the trailing Bougainvillea vines, and dancing was enjoyed in the banquet room which opens into the patio.

At Paso Robles

Recent arrivals at Paso Robles Hot Springs include: S. W. Waterhouse, Dorothy Waterhouse, John Waterhouse, E. H. Kocher, S. G. Pelton and wife, San Jose; J. D. Kelly, Mrs. A. W. Barber, Mrs. W. D. Rigdon, W. E. Osborn, Miss Mary Mahoney, W. L. Beedy, F. B. Sherman, Dr. H. M. Sherman and daughter, Capt. and Mrs. P. Rodwell Meyer, Gerald Boldemann, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. T. Hollingsworth, Frances B. Powers, J. M. Patrick, Margaret Patrick, Mrs. G. E. Wolf, Dr. C. Yetter, Mary Yetter, J. P. Langhorne, W. H. Fisher, H. A. Eiben, F. H. Church and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bancroft, Master H. Paul Bancroft, Mrs. W. P. Humphreys, Matilda Humphreys and maid, Geo. W. Robinson, C. D. Clinch, A. E. Stow, E. W. Runyon, Miss Nellie Mahoney, San Francisco; Mrs. L. J. Hill, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Henderson, Isabel Henderson, Mildred Henderson, Denver, Colo.; Miss Widdifield, Toronto, Canada; C. T. Fau, Oakland; Mr. and Mrs. Edgar M. Wilson, Belvedere, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Kimberlin, Lloyd Kimberlin, Miss M. Andrews, Santa Clara; Mr. and Mrs. John Lee Jr., Misses Lola, Ethel and Helen Lee, Mrs. H. F. Jurs, Miss Virginia Jurs, Palto Alto, Cal.; N. L. Billings and family, Pacific Grove; Chester H. Rowell, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. Pantages, Seattle; A. B. Fletcher, Sacramento; Miss Katherine Moore, Detroit; Dr. H. W. Emerson and wife, Centreville, Cal.; V. M. Beolding, Miss Alice Beolding, Joseph Beolding, New York; George H. Howard, San Mateo; J. Miller and wife, Chicago; Chas. S. Neal, Miriam C. John, Alameda; Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Monck, Santa Cruz.

At the Cecil

Miss Alma Thane and Mrs. E. Leffingwell returned this week from Napa county where they have been for the last month. The Thanes make their home at the Cecil. Captain F. R. de Funiat, U. S. A., and Mrs. de Funiat are here to remain for two months or so. Captain de Funiat has been stationed on the border. He has leave for two months. Mrs. George W. Moore and her daughter, Miss K. P. Moore of Detroit, Miss M. R. Brennon, Miss Lo M. Anguish and Miss Mary B. McDowell of New York were among the week's arrivals at the Cecil. Mrs. R. B. Dixon has given up her apartment and with her young son Hector has established herself at the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. George M. Perine and Mrs. Duncan McKinlay came up from Los Gatos during the week and are at the Cecil. Mrs. L. W. Moore has taken an apartment to remain indefinitely. Mr. G. L. Hickey whose home is in Payette, Idaho, returned during the week from a six months' trip to Peru. She is at the Cecil for a protracted visit. Mrs. Haye Colnan Smith and Mrs. E. L. Colnan are in town from Stockton and are guests at the Cecil.

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Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

The Greeks and Troy

If we may believe the story which Homer set forth at great length in the Iliad, it took the Greeks nine years to capture Troy. That was a long time ago. The Greeks haven't possessed Troy ever since, but there are plenty of Greeks in the Troad, or region surrounding Troy, at the present time. But they are not having a nice time there. The Turks are causing them a lot of trouble. It seems that ever since the Balkan war, the Turks have been leaving Macedonia and journeying into Turkish territory in Asia Minor. As these refugees approach the Turkish authorities notify Greek residents to get out and let the Turkish refugees take their homes, their flocks and everything else except their clothes, and in some instances their carts. When the Greeks of the Troad don't get out with sufficient despatch, the Turkish refugees drive them out, cheerfully informing them that they may go to Macedonia and occupy the land which the Turkish refugees found it expedient to leave. This latest trouble around Troy is not of epic importance, but it is causing a great deal of dire distress to the poor Greeks whose remote ancestors hid in the wooden horse.

Comes Now "Pilology"

Do you wear so much hair on your head that the small boys on the street make sarcastic remarks about the danger you will be in if the barber catches you? Don't mind the bad little boys. You are idealistic, imaginative and intelligent. Do you sport a mustache? Good! You are affectionate, youthfully and normally loving. Are you clean shaven? Too bad! You are physically and morally incomplete, cold, ungallant and unlovable. These are some conclusions

drawn from the study of hair and hairlessness by M. de Rochetal of Paris, an expert on the new pseudo-science of "pilology." This pundit reads your character by looking at your hair. Paris is interested to a certain extent, and is studying its capillary equipment.

To Prevent Espionage

A responsible paper of Berlin admits that discrimination has been practiced against French residents of Alsace-Lorraine on official authority. Hitherto there have been strenuous denials that the German Government was trying to decrease the number of French residents in the conquered Rhine provinces. The journal in question states that refusals to grant Frenchmen permission to dwell in Alsace-Lorraine were part of a strenuous campaign for the prevention of espionage. Retired officers of the French army are particularly obnoxious to German officialdom, as it is suspected that they may be tempted to render espionage service to their government. Permission to visit the provinces will be granted to active officers of the French army only in special cases from this time forward.

Georgia Complains

When the State of Georgia on the southern slope of the Caucasus became a part of the Russian Empire in 1801, it was guaranteed autonomy on the word of honor of the Czar. Now Georgia is complaining that the word of honor has been broken. The land of beautiful women accuses its imperial suzerain of oppressing it as Poland and Finland have been oppressed. It is the intention of Russia to turn part of Georgia into an immense fortified camp, and the inhabitants have been ordered to get out quietly if they don't want to be ejected. This is the climax, says Georgia, of a long series of cruelties and illegal acts. The Georgians are appealing to Great Britain for help. They want Britain to remind Russia that words of honor must be kept. Whether any European nation is in a position to make such a reminder to another European nation is a doubtful matter.

Ferdinand's Ambition

A Bulgarian paper tells a story which may account in part for the disastrous war in the Balkans. When Crown Prince Boris of Bulgaria was baptized into the Greek faith, the Duc d'Aumale, uncle of King Ferdinand, said to Ferdinand:

"Your son is now orthodox; it will be your turn next."

"I have been thinking of it for some time," said Ferdinand; "and I have selected the church and fixed the circumstances of my baptism."

The Duc d'Aumale expressed his curiosity, and Ferdinand replied:

"It will take place at St. Sophia under the thunder of Bulgarian guns."

But the Bulgarians never reached Stamboul. They were not even able to hold Adrianople.

Who's Who Hereabouts

(Continued from Page 6.)

odd character, too; not the sort of man at all that our leading clergymen deem worthy of applause. He gambles on the race track, bucks the tiger occasionally, and spends a lot of his

time among the low brows of a billiard hall. When Parker Whitney was arrested for violating the white slave law Mackenzie sympathized with him. He had never met Whitney, but he thought the white slave law was a bad law, and he went on Whitney's bond. But withal Mackenzie is a mighty clean man. When he first came to this city several years ago this son of a baronet fell in love with a girl. She was not of the smart set. She was a girl in humble circumstances, but Mackenzie was in love with her and as she loved him they married, and there never was a happier marriage. Perhaps it was because his wife was a San Francisco girl that Mackenzie decided to make San Francisco his home. Anyway he built an apartment house at the northwest corner of Bush and Van Ness and designed the top floor for himself and wife, and as he likes salt water swimming he put in a marble tank, the largest private swimming tank in the country. For this home he bought about \$60,000 worth of furniture, and he bought it in such a careless fashion that the local dealer wondered if he had the money to pay for it. The dealer 'phoned to several banks to get a line on Mackenzie's credit, and the Canadian Bank of Commerce told him to let Roderick go as far as he liked, or words to that effect.

Mackenzie's whole life has not been one of leisure. He worked for his father as a civil engineer in Canada, and he has an interest in his father's enterprises. He is now about forty years of age, and he looks like an athlete in fine fettle.

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Gossip of the Theatre

The One-Acter in Vaudeville

Whatever is the province of genius mediocrity seeks to invade with enthusiasm and self-confidence. Writers of unreadable prose preen themselves on their facility in verse. Painting is the pet accomplishment of thousands of women who never learned to draw. There is nothing harder than imagining a suitable plot for a one-act play, and now that there is demand for one-act plays everybody is writing them. "Speaking broadly of the current theatre," says George Jean Nathan, "a one-act play may be defined as a play which is one-third as tiresome as a three-act play." George Nathan uttered himself thus after visiting London where he saw a number of tiresome one-act plays at the leading theatres. London! the home of several clever playwrights, the centre of Anglo-Saxon culture, and not a one-act play worth seeing in the whole town! Well then, let us not complain if along the Orpheum circuit every now and then comes a play no better than "Dora." "Dora" might have been written by the "Duchess" or by May Agnes Fleming had they ever been addicted to play-writing. Very much like more than one of their heroines is the dear wife who, disappointed in love married the villain, the man who intercepted the letter from her lover. Dear old intercepted letter! What a fruitful expedient in fiction! But in the end there was a reunion, and doubtless they lived in bliss ever after. But the one-act plays of the current theatre cannot alienate me from vaudeville. There is always enough and more at the Orpheum to compensate for a bad half hour. Besides it is at the Orpheum that a man learns what is going on in the world. He sees reflected there life, manners and sentiment. There is instruction even in an animal act, and food for meditation in the singing of a Chinese tenor. Prince Kim he calls himself. He should be billed as a symbol of the awakening of a nation. Here is a Chinese who has had his voice cultivated by some competent teacher. It may not be a great voice, but its owner has learned something of the art of singing. Vocal students who are learning to sing and not learning, as is so often the case, how to enunciate ought to go and hear Kim, for he has not neglected the most commonly neglected of all the essentials of his art. Unless you go to the Orpheum this week you will not be sensible of the evolution of the dance. It is now entering the acrobatic stage, and intermingled with graceful steps are cart-wheels and handsprings. In time it will probably include a few trapeze and horizontal bar stunts.

—Theodore Bonnet.

The Rainey Pictures

A might man of the race of Nimrod is Paul Rainey who hunts with equal success whether his hand grasps the barrel of a rifle or the crank of a moving picture machine. There is hunting of both sorts for the admirers of Paul Rainey who are thronging the Cort this week. There are more of the strangely named beasts we saw in the first series of pictures. There is the old water hole, and a new one. There is another cheetah hunt. There are wonderful pictures of the flamingo, that strange bird most of us only knew in the illustrations of "Alice in Wonderland." There is an amazing picture of the crows and vultures descending on a carrion buck. There are pictures of the Kikuyus, a tribe few of us had heard of till a religious incident took place in their

country a few months ago that still agitates the Church of England. But most remarkable of all is the lion hunt, with Rainey's splendid Mississippi hounds acquitting themselves gallantly once more and with a thrill at the end when the lion is toppled over with a bullet within fifteen feet of the camera. Those who saw the first Rainey series won't miss the second; those who missed the first may now learn what they overlooked.

—The Second Nighter.

Final Week of "Cabiria"

The end of the season of "Cabiria" at the Gaiety approaches. It is announced that ensuing bookings of the great D'Annunzio photo spectacle will forbid a much longer stay at the local playhouse where "Cabiria" is about to enter on its fourth and final week. This is likely to prove disquieting news to many who have heard of the marvels of the D'Annunzio master-work but who have neglected to see it thus far, and the advance demand for seats indicates that the fourth will be the largest week of all. "Ask anybody," says the management of "Cabiria" in discussing the remarkable merits of the production, "what he thinks of this work." And the challenge is worth heeding, for not a single local critic nor anybody else, so far as the record runs, has been anything but enthusiastic. "Cabiria" has claimed the serious attention of John P. Young, the managing editor of the Chronicle, and startled David Warfield into exclamations of joy.

People's Philharmonic Concert

The third concert of the People's Philharmonic will take place at Pavilion Rink on next Thursday, August 6. The following fine program will be given: Overture, Magic Flute (Mozart) and Minuetto (Bolzoni), String Orchestra; Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso (Saint-Saens), Franz Adelman; Symphony in C major "Jupiter" (Mozart); Peer Gynt Suite (Grieg). The soloists for the Mozart Symphony will be the Lorelei Trio, Flora Howell Bruner, Louise De Salle Rath and Pearl Hossack Whitcomb, with Miss Frances Buckland at the piano. Franz Adelman hardly needs an introduction to our lovers of good music. He studied under Schrodick in Leipsic. He has been concert master under Buhlow, Carl Muck and Gustav Mahler in the Berlin Philharmonic, and also at St. Petersburg and Helsingfors. He was concert master under Fritz Scheel at our Midwinter Fair. What he regards as his highest honor is the fact that he was concert master under Rubinstein when that composer directed one of his own symphonies. Here is the Courtesies Committee for next week's symphony: Mrs. George Sperry, chairman; Dr. S. J. Onesti, Mrs. Josephine Martin, Edward Rainey, Mrs. James Crawford, Haakon Jensen, Madame Tromboni, Mrs. Paul Von Ettner, George Fraser, Oscar Prager, Miss Caroline Snook, C. N. Vavuris, Claude Frost, Mrs. Augusta Jones, Philip Jacoby, James Ferguson, Mrs. Emma Gray, Judge Kerrigan, Dr. D'Ancona, Mrs. Agnes Lane Leonard, Mrs. Paul Sturdivant, A. C. Boggs, Mrs. J. M. Hamill, Charles Dietrick, Mrs. Phila-



VINIE DALY

Who will be heard in songs from operas she has sung next week at the Orpheum.

Ietha Michelson, Mrs. John McGaw, Dr. Thorwick, Mrs. Blanche Ashley, Mrs. George McGowan, A. B. Anderson, Peter Kondos, Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding, J. B. Zimdars, J. J. Matheson, Mrs. George Crothers, B. F. Brissac, Gustave Lenoir, Mrs. Henry Sahlein, J. Stitt Wilson, Norman Rushton, Mrs. Fred Knight, Selden Smith, Mrs. Marie Revalk, George V. Steed, Mrs. Bert Lazarus, Miss Genevieve Pyne, Mrs. Helen Umbson, Henry Colombat, Miss Minnie Andrews, John McLaughlin.

Musical Comedy at Alcazar

Popular Charles Ruggles and clever little Adele Rowland will breeze into the Alcazar next Monday night in a glittering production of one of the best American musical comedies ever written, "A Modern Eve," which comes with the stamp of New York, Boston and Chicago triumphs. This brilliant offering, crammed with clever dialogue, funny situations, tuneful melodies and enchanting dances, will be given a production that will make history for local theatricals and cause even the old-timers to sit up and take notice. "A Modern Eve" was written as to book and lyrics by Will Hough and the melodious songs and dance music are the compositions of Victor Hollaender and Jean Gilbert. There will be a chorus of fascinating show girls and a snappy lot of male singers and dancers. But best of all is the cast. Headed by Charles Ruggles and Adele Rowland, it lines up like a New York Winter Garden array. Ruggles needs no introduction. He is by all odds the cleverest young actor who ever trod the Alcazar boards. He is equally at home in straight drama and musical comedy. His comedy gifts are of the rarest and he is a dancer of uncommon grace and agility. Since leaving the Alcazar he has scored a big triumph in the sensational Eastern success "Help Wanted." Adele Rowland is dainty, skillful, bubbling over with an irresistible personality that matches her fairy-like beauty. In "A Modern Eve" she will be seen in her original role of Camille which she has played several hundreds of times in the New York, Boston and Chicago productions of this big show. With Ruggles she will sing the famous song "Good-bye Everybody." Specially engaged are Louise Orth, late of the Gaiety, and dainty little Ann Tasker whose success in "Madame Sherry" is a matter of history. From the Alcazar regular forces there will be Louise Brownell, Burt Wesner, Edmond Lowe and Kernan Cripps, all of

whom are as much at home in musical roles as they are in the straight dramatic. An augmented orchestra has been engaged.

Vinie Daly at the Orpheum

Vinie Daly from Hammerstein's London Opera House and the Royal Opera of Bucharest will be heard in songs from the operas she has triumphed in at the Orpheum next week. Miss Daly is a niece of the late Dan Daly and is the only member of his eminent family on the stage. She began her stage career dancing with her mother when only two years old. She subsequently became a dancer in one of George M. Cohan's musical comedies and finding that it was necessary for her to sing at time she decided to go to Paris to study. There she made the gratifying discovery that she had a real grand opera voice. She sang in various companies and opera houses on the European continent before she went to London with an Italian company. While there Oscar Hammerstein who was opening his London Grand Opera Company, engaged her and she sang with great success several important prima donna rôles. No better combination of musicians has been heard in vaudeville than the Wharry Lewis Quintette. It is composed of J. Wharry Lewis, a violin virtuoso; Evangeline Lewis, a mezzo-soprano; Eleanor Greve, a flute soloist; Leona Henderson, a 'cellist; and Arnold Johnson, a pianist. The programs range from grand opera to ragtime. Edmond Hayes will present his satire "The Piano Movers." Ward, Bell and Ward are dancing gymnasts. Rellow, the mentaphone artist, will also be included in next week's attractions. A mentaphoneist is a man who makes music with his mouth and hands. Next week will be the last of Prince Lai Mon Kim, the Chinese tenor, and Emil Pallenberg's Trained Bears. It will also conclude the engagement of Chrystal Herne and her company in "Dora."

Hunt Pictures at Cort

The remarkable new series of Paul J. Rainey's African hunt pictures will start on the second week of their successful engagement at the Cort tomorrow afternoon. Capacity houses have been attracted all week. A graphic lecture, delivered by the well known lecturer, Harry E. Humphrey, adds much to the entertainment. There are three performances daily, at 1 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon and at 8:30 at night.



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Varied Types

(Continued from Page 5.)

"From the Adelphi McDonald and I went to the Bella Union on Kearny between Washington and Jackson. Charlie Reed was there, and Tommy Leary, and Patty Rosa who became a star afterwards, and Carrie Swain who did an acrobatic song and dance.

"A show at the Adelphi or the Bella Union consisted of a minstrel first part, specialties and a four-act drama, and the performers had to appear in the minstrel first part and the drama in addition to doing their specialties. That's why so many of them became famous afterwards—they were so thoroughly trained.

"Admission was twenty-five and fifty cents downstairs, and from two and a half to five dollars in the boxes upstairs. They sold mostly wine in the boxes. The audience was of men, except for the women in the boxes. But those old places weren't as rough as the Midway Plaisance of later days, and high class performers used to play there when they came to San Francisco, teams like Delehanty and Hengler, refined blackface, Johnson and Bruno, acrobatic song and dance, and the Vadis Twins who were the first to use the revolving trapeze which was made for them here.

"The Adelphi was run by Ned Buckley who made a fortune and is now living on easy street in Santa Rosa. The Bella Union in my time was run by Sam Tetlow. He became a very rich man, with property all over town, including what is now Sutro Heights. He had a partner named Scantlebury afterwards, and killed him in a quarrel. He lost his entire fortune beating the case, and later made a living selling lottery tickets. He died in the Poor House.

"After nineteen months at the Bella Union I

went East for three years, and in 1883 I came back to be stage director at the Fountain. The Fountain was run by George Schmidt who made a fortune out of it but lost it all in speculation. It was in the basement of the Latham Building where the Sutter Hotel now stands. The Fountain was the first variety theatre that had a nice lady audience. The work was hard. The show began with music at seven. At eight there was a farce. Then there were three specialties; finally an afterpiece that lasted till twelve. Minnie Dupree started at the Fountain. Wilson and Cameron, blackface comedians, were there; so was George Marion who became famous in the East as the stage director for the Savage productions. Rose and Martin Julian were contortionists there. Rose afterwards married Bob Fitzsimmons.

"George Marion took my place as stage director at the Fountain when I went to the Vienna Gardens at Stockton and Sutter. The Vienna Gardens was originally run by Gustave Walters who opened the Orpheum, but in my time a man named Larsen had it and made a lot of money out of it. At the Vienna Gardens I remember Bobby Gaylor, an Irish comedian who was afterwards starred by Brady; George H. Wood, blackface; Pat Riley, the Irish comedian; Maggie Cline, the singer; Kitty O'Neill, the best jig dancer in America; and Raymond Moore, a great tenor.

"When I left the Vienna Gardens I drifted East again, and was in burlesque for two seasons with Emily Soldene who was at the Tivoli later on. Then I returned and became stage director of the Orpheum."

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| SANTA CRUZ | Hotel, Casino, Surf Bathing, Fishing, Golf, Mountain Resorts. | 2.50 Sunday Excursion.
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A CHEETAH

on the new series of African hunt pictures at the Cort

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The principal factor in the stock market was the political news from abroad. London became excited over the break between Austria and Serbia, which might involve the whole of Europe. American stocks in London were thrown on the market and our market, with the limited amount of speculation, could not absorb them except at declining prices, and at the close of the week some stocks were at the lowest point reached since the panic of 1907. What the market will do in the immediate future is uncertain, but underlying conditions are becoming better every day. It is impossible to minimize the improvement in the steel trade, the basic industry about the dullness in which last spring the calamity howlers have been wailing so loudly. An advance of \$1 a ton in the price of plates, bars and shapes at Pittsburgh has just been announced, the first advance in many months. Prices are still low enough to keep out the foreign products and another increase in the unfilled orders of the United States Steel Corporation will probably be reported next month. Railroads are buying rails, cars and locomotives, having held off till they could go no longer. Official statistics of imports give the lie direct to statements made last March, April and May by some manufacturers who complained that foreigners were taking the domestic market away from them. The goods have not been imported and if those who complained actually lost business, they lost it to their domestic rivals. The goods were made here and not in Europe. It is impossible to dodge or explain away these Custom House figures.

Wheat—Black rust reports from the spring wheat belt early in the week turned the market from a dull declining market into an active bull market. Later in the week the strength in Liverpool, due to war news, made an excited market both here and abroad. Shorts covered freely and with new buying caused an advance of over 5 cents per bushel. Exporters did a good business and millions of bushels were engaged for immediate export. Receipts, however, have been enormous both at Chicago and at Southwestern markets and the accumulation in the visible supply was over five million bushels. Weather in the Northwest has been generally wet followed by high temperatures, which has been just the ideal condition for a spread of black rust. Some reports by private crop experts who are in the fields, call attention to the damage not only in South Dakota but in North Dakota and say the crop is going back every day with the damage so far about 25 per cent. The market was very excited at times and fluctuations were wide apart. At present the big factor in the market is the European situation, and should war break out, this country would be called upon for every available

bushel as foreign crops this year are short all over.

Corn—Corn was influenced a great deal by the action of wheat, although at times it acted independently of wheat when on one or two days last week extreme heat and an absence of sub-soil moisture gave the market a strong tone and higher prices were scored all through the list. The nearby futures act congested and with a visible supply of less than five million bushels and decreasing every week, the shorts will have a hard time filling their contracts. Receipts of corn have been very light all week and promise to continue so, as higher prices on the Southwest fail to attract any corn and it looks as if there is very little old corn left on the farm. The weather too has been too dry and while the big corn-producing States have not as yet been hurt, the South and Southwestern States have experienced almost a total failure. If we don't get a general rain soon over the big corn States, expect to see much higher prices for corn, especially the new corn crop futures.

Cotton—The Liverpool market has shown a declining tendency all week, brought about by the political news from the Far East and fear the big Powers would become involved. This has had a bad effect on our market and prices have been on the down grade with very little support until they reached the 12 cent level for October. Aside from the possibility of the larger Powers becoming involved, which would of course be a disturbing influence on all business, including cotton, there is no reason to look for any great decline in price and after the liquidation seen recently, we are apt to find a strong technical position, with traders more disposed to give at-

tention to the promise for the coming crop, which at the moment is not flattering. Many reports reached the market that drought had worked injury to crops in the Southwest. Much of the buying is credited to domestic mills who find contracts attractive when compared to prices asked for spot cotton. With war news out of the way, the market is in good position to advance as crop news is not good and there seems no promise of general rains.

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Bethmoora

(Continued from Page 7.)

sailors meet, and certain travelers have told me of it.

I had hoped to see Bethmoora once again. It is many a year ago they say when the vintage was last gathered in from the vineyards that I knew, where it is all desert now. It was a radiant day, and the people of the city were dancing by the vineyards, while here and there one played upon the kalipac. The purple flowering shrubs were all in bloom, and the snow shone upon the Hills of Hap.

Outside the copper gates they crushed the grapes in vats to make the syrabub. It had been a goodly vintage.

In little gardens at the desert's edge men beat the tambang and the tittibuk and blew melodiously the zootibar.

All there was mirth and song and dance because the vintage had been gathered in, and there would be ample syrabub for the winter months and much left over to exchange for turquoises and emeralds with the merchants who come down from Oxuhahn. Thus they rejoiced all day over their vintage on the narrow strip of cultivated ground that lay between Bethmoora and the desert which meets the sky to the south. And when the heat of the day began to abate and the sun drew near to the snows on the Hills of Hap, the note of the zootibar still rose clear from the gardens, and the brilliant dresses of the dancers still wound among the flowers. All that day three men on mules had been noticed crossing the face of the Hills of Hap. Backwards and forwards they moved as the track wound lower and lower, three little specks of black against the snow. They were seen first in the very early morning up near the shoulder of Peol Jagganoth and seemed to be coming out of Utnar Vehi. All day they came. And in the evening, just before lights come out and colors change, they appeared before Bethmoora's copper gates. They carried staves such as messengers bear in those lands, and seemed sombrely clad when the dancers all came round them with their green and lilac dresses. Those Europeans who were present and heard the message given were ignorant of the language, and only caught the name of Utnar Vehi. But it was brief and passed rapidly from mouth to mouth, and almost at once the people burnt their vineyards and began to flee away from Bethmoora, going for the most part northwards, though some went to the east. They ran down out of their fair white houses and streamed through the copper gate, the throbbing of the tambang and tittibuk suddenly ceased with the note of the zootibar, and the clinking kalipac stopped a moment after. The three strange travelers went back the way they came the instant their message was given. It was the hour when a light would have appeared in some high tower, and window after window would have poured into the dusk its lion-frightening light, and the copper gates would have been fastened up. But no lights came out in windows there

that night and have not ever since, and those copper gates were left wide and have never shut, and the sound arose of the red fire crackling in the vineyards and the pattering of feet fleeing softly. There were no cries, no other sounds at all, only the rapid and determined flight. They fled as swiftly and quietly as a herd of wild cattle flee when they suddenly see a man. It was as though something had befallen which had been feared for generations, which could only be escaped by instant flight, which left no time for indecision.

Then fear took the Europeans also and they too fled. And what the message was I have never heard.

Many believe that it was a message from Thuba Mleen, the mysterious emperor of those lands, who is never seen by man, advising that Bethmoora should be left desolate. Others say that the message was one of warning from the gods, whether from friendly gods or from adverse ones they know not.

And others hold that the plague was ravaging a line of cities over in Utnar Vehi following the southwest wind which for many weeks had been blowing across them towards Bethmoora.

Some say that the terrible gnousar sickness was upon the three travelers and that their very mules were dripping with it, and suppose that they were driven to the city by hunger, but suggest no better reason for so terrible a crime.

But most believe that it was a message from the desert himself, who owns all the earth to the southwards, spoken with his peculiar cry to those three who knew his voice—men who had been out on the sand-wastes without tents by night, who had been by day without water, men who had been out there where the desert mutters and had grown to know his needs and his melevolence. They say that the desert had a need for Bethmoora, that he wished to come into her lovely streets and to send into her temples and her houses his storm-winds draped with sand. For he hates the sound and the sight of men in his old evil heart and he would have Bethmoora silent and undisturbed, save for the weird love he whispers at her gates.

If I knew what that message was that the three men brought on mules and told in the copper gate I think that I should go and see Bethmoora once again. For a great longing comes on me here in London to see once more that white and beautiful city; and yet I dare not, for I know not the danger I should have to face, whether I should risk the fury of unknown dreadful gods, or some disease unspeakable and slow, or the desert's curse, or torture in some little private room of the Emperor Thuba Mleen, or something that the travelers have not told—perhaps more fearful still.

"Where are you going?"

"To call on Mrs. Wallaby-Wombat. Better come along. I understand there are some very interesting things to be heard."

"How so?"

"She has just quarreled with her best friend."

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 57,695.

MARIA BASCOU BARLETTA, Plaintiff, vs. HENRY CALVET, et al., Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Henry Calvet, J. A. McDonald, John Titus James, Lubeck's Investment Company, a corporation, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 1st day of July, A. D. 1914.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH A. BROWN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-11-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LOUIS GLAUDON (also called L. Glaudon), Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of LOUIS GLAUDON (also called L. Glaudon), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LOUIS GLAUDON (also called L. Glaudon), deceased.

AUGUSTA GLAUDON,

Executrix of the last will and testament of LOUIS GLAUDON, (also called L. Glaudon), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 4, 1914.
A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Executrix,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 8, 1914

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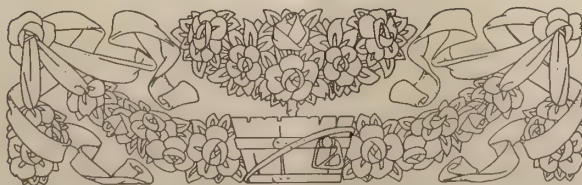
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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledge within four weeks are rejected.

That Darrow Letter

No word has come from Captain Fredericks touching the imputation of a species of blackmail uttered in the letter from Clarence Darrow to the editor of the Bulletin. Is it Captain Fredericks' intention to let it pass? Does he regard it as a triviality? There has been so little newspaper comment on this matter that perhaps Captain Fredericks has been lulled into a feeling of security, or maybe he has persuaded himself that it will be generally regarded as the usual campaign attempt at besmirchment. Unfortunately for the Los Angeles attorney he has himself contributed some color to the scandal, and besides the imputation has not the campaign ring. It was no enemy of Fredericks that summoned Clarence Darrow to the political stage in this campaign; it was Fredericks himself. He was pleased to have it known in certain quarters that he had a letter in his pocket from Darrow, a letter absolving him from blame in the McNamara case and therefore warranting the support of organized labor. To emphasize the absolution Fredericks called for the co-operation of Joe Scott, an associate of Darrows' in the McNamara case. And then like a bolt from the blue came a letter from Darrow to the editor of the Bulletin in answer to an inquiry that had doubtless been inspired by a report of the existence of the letter of absolution. "Yes," says Darrow in substance, "there is such a letter. I didn't write it. It was submitted to me by a friend of Fredericks, and as it was substantially true, and as I was told that if I should sign it an indictment that had been kept hanging over me would be dismissed I signed it." Surely a transaction of this kind calls for a few words of explanation from the man whose character has been impugned, a district attorney, a sworn prosecutor of criminals who is asking us to make him the standard bearer of the Republican party. If Captain Fredericks or his backers should not see fit to vouchsafe an explanation it is to be hoped there may be Republicans sufficiently concerned for the welfare of their party to make the matter a subject of inquiry. While

this looks like a "yellow dog" year, it is not wise to take chances. It is no secret that the Progressives are hoping for the nomination of Captain Fredericks, and if he is the sort of man the Darrow letter implies they have good reason for their preference; for if what Darrow says is true; that is, if Fredericks obtained the letter of absolution in the manner alleged, then it is not improbable that there are other indiscretions that will serve as campaign material. But aside from the question of its being a yellow dog year, would the Republicans be satisfied to win with another Pardee?

The Romance of Perpetual Peace

"Few people need to be told that associations exist up and down Christendom, having the ambitious object of abolishing war." So wrote Thomas De Quincey nearly one hundred years ago. His essay "On War" has a peculiar interest at this time, acquainting us as it does with the visions of perpetual peace that men conjured for their own delight a century ago, and inducing reflection on the little progress that has been made toward the realization of beautiful dreams. For in De Quincey's day as now not only were private associations looking forward to the abolition of war, but nations through their statesmen were talking of confederating against it. When we think of all the slaughter of men since the dawn of the last century and of all the vast preparations for war that have been going on ever since, how natural to echo the sentiment of De Quincey,—that the project to abolish war "is the most romantic of all romances in the course of publication." Yet it will be said, however, that at any rate we have made some progress toward composing the differences that give rise to war. Singularly enough the advance we have made is precisely what the great English essayist in the course of his speculations regarded as the utmost practicable; that is, to "a real Areopagus, or central Congress for all Christendom, not with any commission to suppress war—a policy which would neutralize itself by reacting as a fresh cause of war, since high-spirited nations would arm for the purpose of resisting such decrees—but with the purpose and the effect of oftentimes healing local or momentary animosities, and also by publishing the opinion of Europe, assembled in council, with the effect of taking away the shadow of dishonor from the act of retiring from war." If not an accurate description of the Hague Tribunal at least one that approximates it.

A Scourge and an Expedient

Is the arbitrament of the sword so undesirable as our peace apostles assume? At first blush it would seem that there could be

but one answer to this question. The butcheries of war, its wasting pestilences, consuming famines, and all the furies that follow in the train of war! on what hypothesis are they to be justified? None, it would seem; yet there have been profound philosophers of the opinion that war is a balance to tendencies of a worse character. War has been characterized as one of those scourges in the divine economy that have compensations, and if so what more is there for man to do but mitigate the evils he can not remove? It has been pointed out that as by the French Revolution substantial good was effected of immense value at the cost of immediate evils of the most tremendous and monstrous kind, it will always be no more than conjecture whether a country in certain crises may purchase improvement cheaper than by armed conflict. It has been suggested, too, that there is also this to consider,—whether the stimulation of national enthusiasm, the wakening of dormant patriotism, by war is not at times a necessity. Of course it is not to be gainsaid that when there is a long time between wars patriots grow too cunning to be sincere and the people too indifferent to scorn them. It is never in war that patriotism becomes the last refuge of a scoundrel. These are platitudes with which the ancients were familiar, and in old Rome when peace had her civic broils and intestine strifes no less lamentable than the waste and desolation of armed conflict that were Jove's dread clamors counterfeited, off to Gaul or Africa or Britain marched the plumed legions, and lo; class hatred was absorbed in the pride, pomp and circumstance of war. The expedients of the ancients may not have departed from the earth. A year ago Kaiser William, speaking of the spread of Socialism in his dominions, indicated a sense of those expedients by observing that war might prove to be the only solution of a grave and perplexing problem. In that speech there was a hint that was commented on in these columns; and it was here suggested that perhaps the Kaiser would not be so eager to avert war if an opportunity to solve the great domestic problem presented itself. Who knows but that his attitude last week was influenced by his desire to stay the ravages of a national malady that has been eating into the very heart of Germanic patriotism! Although apparently he had no desire to see all Europe convulsed by war, still it is not to be doubted that the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia would never have been sent without the acquiescence of Berlin; and it may be regarded as somewhat significant that when the Kaiser, as early as Friday of last week, urged the people to go to their churches and pray, he did not tell them to pray for peace but for the success

of German arms. Now whatever be the truth as to the inspiration of the general uprising it is certain that all the Powers are sensible at once of the inevitable benign effect of war on the public mind and of the fact that long have the times been sick and out of joint. There is a deep-lying struggle in the whole fabric of society, "a boundless, grinding collision of classes," and the brutal truth is that nothing can be more effective than war in reducing the pressure. We have seen that at the first sound of the trumpet Russian strikers went back to work, and were at once eager to fight for their country. At the same time the Socialist leaders of all countries were clamoring for peace. Well do they know that the blast of war is the death knell of anti-national sentiment. In one instance it proved the death knell of a Socialist leader, the French deputy who was assassinated by a wild-eyed patriot for having striven to cripple his country by reducing the required length of service in the army. When the dogs of war are unleashed it is time for political revolutionists to get to their kennels.

Salacious History

Judging from the general character of biographies now issuing from the presses of the leading London publishers there is a large demand for a more intimate knowledge of the part played by fair and licentious women in the history of the world. These books embody very little matter of concern to students of history and human nature, yet they affect a design to convey solid information respecting manners, customs and affairs of State. It is clear enough that the appeal is to a pornographic taste for scandalous stories and suggestive incidents of sensual intrigue, but the publishers have taken care to afford the reader color for the pretense of an appetite for historic research. For instance, the publishers of a life of Henry of Navarre have inserted a note informing us that "the career of the most amorous of all the Kings of France will be traced from start to finish, and as the reader follows the romantic story of the monarch and his successive favorites he will perceive that many a side-light is cast on important events, affairs of State, and the manners of the period." In a work dealing with the life of one of the greatest warriors and diplomatists of his time, his love affairs would have to be noticed occasionally, but in their due perspective, but in this case politics and war are merely incidental to the real purpose of the book—a parade of the monarch's amorous conquests. From this biography it appears that while Henri de Navarre was a great warrior, his most delightful triumphs were not on the tented field. The book has an appendix giving a list of sixty fair women who were able to give thrilling descriptions of the amatory stratagems and melting tactics of the gallant soldier. Similarly distracting is the new life of the Duc de Richelieu, described as "the most notorious Lovelace of his day who extended his conquests from the

coulisses of the Opera to the steps of the Throne, whom a Princess of the blood consoled when a prisoner in the Bastille, and for the possession of whose heart titled dames contended with pistols in the Bois de Boulogne." Yet we are told that the book is "far from being a chronique scandaleuse." How far the author might have gone had he really intended it to be that sort of stuff there is no telling, but certainly it is not lacking in salacity. The same may be said of the *Memoirs of Princess Murat*, of the *Autobiography of Princess Helene von Racowitza*, of the *Lives of the Byzantine Empresses*, and of many other books that are done in the best style of the modern documentary school of historians, but into which history is thrown merely to give them an air of respectability. What is the explanation of the outpouring of this kind of literature? Have readers been made weary of the tommyrot fiction of writers who have problems to solve and social sores to bare?

The Demagogue and the People

Superior folk regard the demagogue as a man devoid of the humor which God has given as an antidote to self-consciousness. The demagogue is a much misunderstood person. He is the one sane, practical politician, whose success is due principally to his accuracy in estimating the character of the multitude. He is a philosopher who knows how little of reasoned insight there is in the collective mind, how much there is of downright selfishness in the mob. He never loses sight of the fact that selfish interests form the principal motive power in man's social existence as well as in his individual activities, and in all his enterprises he makes an accomplice of the people. Thus the demagogue succeeds on the same principle that enriches the gold brick peddler. This rascal first appeals to the greed and dishonesty of his intended victim, who, before he is robbed, proves himself no better than the thief. That we may make our meaning clearer we will quote from a statement made for the press by Governor Johnson's campaign committee in answer to the charge of extravagance against the Administration: "The ordinary taxpayer pays no State taxes, all the revenue of the State now being derived from the public utility and other corporations." Here is as fine a specimen of frank demagoguery as was ever contrived in the teeth of the dear collective rogue commonly known as the people. Virtually Governor Johnson says, and almost in so many words he has repeated in his public speeches: "What difference does it make to you if I have added millions to the cost of the State government? The money doesn't come out of your pockets. We are taking it from the corporations. Under the new system the individual doesn't pay a State tax. We are putting all the burden on the corporations, which proves that we are the people's friends." Now that class hatred is more or less prevalent Governor Johnson has reason for feeling that many a voter is in favor of more extravagance than the galled

jade may be made to wince and cry out in pain. Of course not a few voters are well aware of the fact that Governor Johnson is aberrating from the truth several inches down his throat. They know that the amount which a public utility corporation pays in taxes is made part of the basis on which rates are fixed, and that the individual is paying taxes indirectly. But Governor Johnson has no difficulty in looking himself squarely in the face. He is appealing to the selfishness and greed of the dear people, and it is as his accomplices that he asks them to sanction his wild extravagance. To them he is beholden, and he reckons them no better than himself.

Concealed Taxation

This matter of indirect taxation was discussed by Collier's last week apropos a message which Governor Walsh of Massachusetts sent to the Legislature urging that the cost of running the State Public Service Commission be put upon the utility corporations. "The proposal," says Collier's, "has some distinct merits, but it must be clearly understood that this charge will not save any money. It will not save a cent. The effect will be that certain payments now met out of taxes will be met out of prices paid for railroad tickets, gas bills, etc. When such rates are regulated, these expenses will be included in the totals which the subscribers must pay to keep these utilities at the work of serving them. It is concealed taxation, not saving." This system of taxation has this merit in California,—that it saves the railroads from being held up by crooked assessors in some of the counties through which they operate. The system was adopted at the request of the public utilities. Naturally they would rather do business with one set of officials at Sacramento than with county officials all over the State. You don't hear any of them complaining of Johnson's extravagance. They get their money back. But we shall all hear more of extravagance before the campaign is over. Governor Johnson knows what is coming, and hence his whines and ululations from the platform and through the columns of his various newspaper organs. "Otis and De Young have a man at Sacramento," he says, "gathering ammunition for attacks on me. Beware of him!" Yes, indeed, there is a man at Sacramento gathering data, a newspaper man whom Governor Johnson knows very well, and whom he dreads more than forty devils. The man's presence at Sacramento is no secret. The whole Administration knows he is there. He is going over the books in the office of the Secretary of State, and he is finding out just what money has been spent by Johnson's grand army of taxeaters, and just what money has been drawn from the State Treasury by Johnson himself. When he makes his report perhaps the State will have reason to open its eyes. We certainly have a dandy Governor, and he is some high liver! No piker is Johnson now that we have a system of "concealed taxation."

Varied Types

CLXXXIX—KID MCCOY

By Edward F. O'Day

"Come upstairs where we won't be interrupted," said Kid McCoy whose name is Norman Selby on the St. Francis register. "We can talk more comfortably in my room."

More comfortably! Ye gods! More comfortably! Before I had time for a premonition the elevator had shot us to the tenth floor.

Reader, were you ever in a straitjacket? Have you ever tried to imagine how those medieval unfortunates felt when the torturers clamped them into a vise? If you have a sympathetic ear for suffering, read my tale.

Kid McCoy's sunny room didn't look like a torture chamber. There were pictures of his pretty wife and his pretty little girl on the bureau. There was a set of Buckle's History of Civilization in Europe on the writing table, that four-volume set you see everywhere nowadays. But before I could sit down:

"Try on one of my belts," suggested Kid McCoy.

"Huh?" I said stupidly.

"You wear a number thirty," said Kid McCoy, sizing me up. "Just take off your coat and vest."

From the bureau drawer he produced something that looked to my untutored eye like a corset, and before I could lodge a protest he had it strapped around my waist and was helping me into my coat and vest again. He had requested me to take a deep breath and to elevate my shoulders, and when he had the confounded thing clamped into place, I felt that I'd never take a deep breath again. My unoffending abdomen was being terribly punished, and I felt quite sure that every organ in my body was disarranged. How I pity the poor women who deem tight lacing necessary!

"Can I take it off?" I pleaded.

"Certainly," said Kid McCoy cheerfully. "Take it off when you go to bed."

I looked at him narrowly to see if he was spoofing me, but he seemed quite serious. And bedtime ten hours away!

"Sit down, and make yourself comfortable," he added.

That was such a good joke that I tried to laugh, but I was too tightly constricted to scare up even the faintest smile. The fun had been squeezed out of me as by a boa's embrace.

"What's it for?" I gasped, easing myself into a chair.

"The more you breathe the better you live," said Kid McCoy, "and this teaches you to breathe correctly. It holds the body erect, and allows the internal organs room for action."

Mine may have had room for action, but they must have been acting in unnecessary proximity to one another. I'll bet they never got on such neighborly terms before.

"The intestines get crowded down and out of place," continued Kid McCoy.

"Mine feel crowded up and out of place," I managed to whisper.

"You'll get used to it," he consoled me. "As a man gets along in life the intestines get

crowded down and out of place. With every breath this belt of mine forces the body up and back on the natural center of gravity, namely the base of the spine. King George of England wears one."

For the first time I fully sympathized with King George. Hadn't he troubles enough without this?

"Did you strap him into it?" I asked suspiciously.

"He sent Sir Whatshisname to me, and I tried it on him," explained Kid McCoy.

Blessed privilege of royalty! I myself have a few enemies I'd like to send to Kid McCoy.



Courtesy of the Bulletin.
KID MCCOY

I cannot help thinking that King George wears his belt by proxy, and that Sir Whatshisname cherishes thoughts of treason.

"Where did you get the idea?" I managed to ask.

"Deer hunting," answered Kid McCoy. "I noticed the way the deer breathed, and I thought it would be a good thing for men to breathe that way. I am an observer, and I apply what I observe. Take my corkscrew punch. I got that from looking down a gun barrel. You've noticed the way a gun barrel is rifled? That's to give the bullet speed. I got speed into my punch by giving it a corkscrew twist. I learned about rushing from the bull fight. The bull rushes straight ahead. That's the only way you can rush. You can't rush sideways. By dancing from side to side in the ring I made it impossible for my opponent to rush me. And I learned hitting by playing with a kitten. A kitten never strikes straight out; he strikes sideways. I found that was the most effective way to hit.

You see, I apply things. I found I couldn't breathe like the deer unless I held my body in a certain position. To teach the body to hold that position I invented my belt."

Kid McCoy demonstrated all these things. I didn't mind when he breathed at me like a deer, but when he corkscrewed at me like a bullet and rushed me like a bull and struck sideways at me like a heavyweight kitten, I resigned myself to a knockout. After all, if he had knocked me out it would have been necessary for him to cut my stays! But he was careful not to hit me, and the McCoy stays stayed uncut where he had strapped them in the interest of my center of gravity.

"Did you ever stop to think how you look inside of you?" pursued the remorseless Kid.

I was thinking of it at that very moment. I couldn't think of anything else. I was quite sure my ribs were being bent out of place.

"I studied anatomy, the Metchnikoff system, in the Pasteur Institute, Paris," continued Kid McCoy. "Let me show you how your colon looks."

I started to lean forward to look at my colon, but the belt brought me to a full stop. The Kid started explaining the picture he had drawn on a sheet of paper, but I don't think I was quite conscious of all he said. Scientific curiosity was being crushed out of me.

"My study of psychology has been of great help to me," Kid McCoy was saying as I came to. "You see, there is the conscious mind, the subconscious and the superconscious."

But the only one I could think of was the unconscious mind, and I seemed to be lapsing into it again.

"The mental process may be compared to a triangle," the Kid was saying when I rallied my scattered forces. "At the base of the triangle are sensations; from these come imaginations; from imaginations conceptions are born; then arise ideas; from ideas we get laws; and from laws we derive principles. Principles are at the apex of the triangle. Principles are what we should all strive for."

I was striving for breath, and principles seemed exceedingly unimportant just then.

"Principles," the Kid continued, "teach us to eliminate from the mind hate, anger, worry and fear. These four evil things have a physical effect as well as a mental one."

"Just like the belt," I murmured, but he did not hear me. Personally I was too far gone for hate, anger, worry or fear. But one desire remained, a consuming desire to get that belt off.

"You see, I have made quite a study of these things," continued Kid McCoy. "Up to three weeks ago I had a complete philosophy of life worked out, based on the germ theory. Three weeks ago I was cured of malarial fever by

(Continued on Page 19.)

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Just Before The War

By Robert McTavish

Now that Europe is "arrayed in flames like to the prince of fiends" it is interesting to look backward a few weeks, and see how remote from the thoughts of men was the danger of war. To be sure, the topic of war is perennial in Europe, but they have had so many war scares over there that they had come to think that all clouds were bound to be dissipated. In *The Nation*, London's great Liberal weekly, of July 18, which has just come to hand, I find in a discussion of the question "What Is the Cause of Armaments?" the editor felicitating his readers on the fact that several possible causes of conflict had been settled. "Europe," he says, "has survived acute risks of war, and realized in the act of survival the deeper unity, the latent good sense, which does and will avail to keep the peace." Yet on another page in the same paper I find a paragraph that tells of a prospect of war, of the very war, indeed, into which Europe was plunged a week or two later. This paragraph tells of an incident which illustrated the "nervous tension between Austria and Servia." "A typical Oriental panic," says *The Nation*, "seized the Austrian residents in Belgrade on the sudden death of M. de Hartwig, the Russian Minister who was stricken down by heart failure during what must have been an agitating call at the Austrian Legation." He had gone there to deny or explain some alleged disrespect which he is said to have shown after the murder of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. With characteristic folly some Servian newspapers then announced that M. de Hartwig, a powerful personality, popular in Servia as one of the authors of the Balkan League, and a steady backer of Servia against

Bulgaria, had been poisoned by the Austrians. There followed threats of revenge. The Austrian Legation was to be blown up, and the Austrian residents in Belgrade murdered in their beds. The result was a panic, during which many Austrians fled across the Danube, and the Legation had to be guarded by troops.

Another paragraph of interest in *The Nation* is one telling of a shock administered to French patriotism by some revelations in the Senate by M. Humbert. He said that France had fallen seriously behind Germany in mortars, heavy fortress artillery, wireless apparatus and artillery ammunition. Then came the War Minister with precise statistics. He admitted that some of the Eastern and Northern fortresses were out of date, that the stock of shells was inadequate, and that Germany had a general superiority in artillery, especially in the heavier calibres. He contrasted the expenditure of the two countries, and pushed the moral home in such a way as to render heavy panic expenditure inevitable. M. Clemenceau made the most of the occasion, and the upshot of the debate was that the Senate and Chamber appointed a commission to recommend further schemes of expenditure. The comment of *The Nation* was that the war trade had done a notable stroke of business in France.

In view of what is happening perhaps the most interesting of all the articles in *The Nation* is a review of a book entitled "Germany and England" by J. A. Crumb, whose death not long ago was a loss to letters. The book is a characteristic utterance of the anxious English patriot who considers it is his mission to inform his countrymen that the German objective is world empire,

that Bernhardt's watchword "Dominion or Ruin" truly summarizes the national thought of Germany, and that England is regarded as the one obstacle that must be overthrown. "It is not even our dependencies which they chiefly want," says Crumb, "they would overthrow us, and master us in our island home. We are for them an unworthy master-race; we won our Empire by force and fraud and by the defiance of every law of God and man. Today our sword is in nerveless hands. It is for the other branch of Odin's people, virile and serene in its worship of force, to wrest dominion from us." "All this," says the reviewer, "is alarming and vague, but the argument reaches still higher levels of extravagance in the pages which assure us that the German race is successfully emancipating itself from 'Christism' and building up for itself on the lines that Nietzsche laid down a native religion, a cult of valor. Corsica, he tells us, has conquered Galilee, and Napoleon is the type and ideal to which the German race aspires." The reviewer says that Crumb lost sight of the fact that the German race was not a united and disciplined phalanx. Doubtless, he says, the ideal of world-empire is the ideal of a formidable group of professors and bureaucrats who are trying to impose their purposes on the German people, but the Socialists and others will restrain them, and the Socialist are one in three in Germany. The reviewer answered all the Crumb arguments to his own satisfaction, and now it would appear that while he was writing them the professors and bureaucrats were getting ready for the launching of the thunderbolt by means of the ultimatum from Austria to Servia.

Who's Who Hereabouts

XXII—ASHBY L. STEWART

What a lot of maxims there are for the guidance of man to the great goal that so many are trying to reach! Most of these maxims tell us that opportunity is the thing we must all wait for and grab. We are told that there is a tide in the affairs of each of us, which, if taken at the flood, will lead on to fortune. If we are to believe these wise saws fortune is attainable to all of us, and every man has the marshal's baton in his knapsack. But the compact philosophy of the copybook is at times misleading. For some of us the golden moments in the stream of life are so far beneath the surface that one would need a diver's suit to go down after them. Success is not so much a matter of opportunity as talent for discovering opportunity and genius for exploiting it. Take the case of Ashby L. Stewart by way of illustration. Perhaps you don't know Ashby L. Stewart. Maybe you never heard of Ashby L. Stewart; for this city has grown into a big, teeming metropolis, where multi-millionaires are lost in the crowd, and where it often happens that a man doesn't become really interesting till he has become a failure. Thus far Ashby L. Stewart is only a success, a commercial success, but as he succeeded in no commonplace fashion, and as he revealed in the obscurity of everyday life and among prosaic circumstances a few of the Napoleonic qualities he is deserving of attention. Here is a man in the early thirties who ran the road to fortune in

seven league boots. Before the fire he didn't have money enough to buy a corner lot in the Mission. Now he is one of our biggest real estate operators. If he were now to wind up his affairs and cart off the surplus it would be found to run into seven figures. In other words, Ashby L. Stewart has Success stamped all over him in flaming letters. Plunger Riley Grannan in the halycon days of his career on the race track never got quicker action with a lift of his finger among the bookies than Ashby L. Stewart can get now in any bank with a stroke of his pen. And it was only the other day that he reached his thirty-second year!

If the career of this young millionaire proves that there is still room at the top it doesn't prove that the top is accessible to anybody with ambition to climb. In his case we find not only the alert soul vigilant to discern and lay hold on a propitious juncture, but nerve, perseverance, confidence and resourcefulness.

Ashby L. Stewart is a Missourian. He came to San Francisco in 1905, when he was only 23 years of age. He had heard there was some money to be made hereabouts, but as yet he had planned no intrigue with the goddess of fortune. As twenty-three he had not much experience of the world. He knew a little about business, having worked as a salesman, and he had one idea—that it was not a good thing to work for a salary. Nothing but a commission for him. Af-

ter looking around for awhile he went to work on a commission basis for the Bankers' Loan and Trust Company. He made a little money, and saved it. After the fire he heard about the Lincoln School lot at Fifth and Market—that it was to be leased for thirty-five years. At once he got busy. He went along Fillmore street interviewing merchants as to whereabouts in the downtown district they would like to locate. He found a number that would like to locate along Market near Fifth, and he questioned them as to how much they would pay. Presently he was almost prepared to put in a bid. The only thing lacking was money. He knew he would have to put up a certified check to guarantee his bid, and as he had figured out that he would have to bid \$2,835,000, he knew that he couldn't get away with it for less than ten thousand in cash. But he didn't have more than about thirty-five hundred. About this time he heard of Morris Rosenthal, a merchant who might be willing to take a chance with him. He interviewed Rosenthal and found him willing. A day or two later Rosenthal told him of a mining man from Nome with a pot of money who would like to have a third interest. The miner, a man named Sullivan, was let it on the ground floor. The certified check was at once forthcoming, and the bid was put in. Several prominent real estate men put in bids, but when the bids were opened it was found that

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Perspective Impressions

Now is the time when people brush the dust off their Rand-McNallys.

Wonder if the Kaiser would be frightened if France raised a regiment of Parisian duellists?

Before this war is over they may turn Carnegie's Hague Peace Palace into an arsenal.

It may turn out that the war is a diversion to delay Home Rule.

Examiner headline: "Heney In Napa." At last!

Nothing like war to solve the problem of disarmament.

Theatrical Manager Frohman says that the world is about to have a big supply of mad plays. Then the drama is once more becoming the reflex of life.

Neutrality treaties are queer things. In times of peace they are respected, but they are also useless. In war time they mean something, but you must go to war to enforce them.

"These treaties ought to make war almost impossible." The speaker was "Chautauqua Bill." He spoke these momentous words on the very day that diplomatic relations between Austria-Hungary and Serbia were broken.

If there is anything in the theory of the timelessness of men, the field and the opportunity for another military hero are now in Europe.

If clarity of speech is desirable why praise a man for his learning simply because he wraps a clear thought in the obscurity of an algebraical formula?

Great is the reaction in Texas where Tom Ball, a Dry, compared with whose dryness the Sahara is a marsh, a Democrat whose Jeffersonianism has been guaranteed by all the grape-juice Administration, was beaten for the nomination for Governor by Ferguson, a Wet, whose majority was close to thirty thousand.

The Artist

By John Galsworthy

He had long known, of course, that to say the word "bourgeois" with contempt was a little bit old-fashioned, and he did his utmost not to; yet was there a still small voice within him that would whisper: "Those people—I want to and I do treat them as my equals. I have even gone so far of late years as to dress like them, to play their games, to eat regularly, to drink little, to love decorously, with many other bourgeois virtues, but in spite of all, I remain where I was, an inhabitant of another—" and, just as he thought the whispering voice was going to die away, it would add hurriedly—"and a better world."

It worried him; and he would diligently examine the premises of that small secret conclusion, hoping to find a flaw in the justness of his conviction that he was superior. But he never did; and for a long time he could not discover why.

For the conduct of the "bourgeois" often struck him as almost superfluously good. They were brave; much braver than he was conscious of being; clean-thinking, oh, far more clean-thinking than a man like himself, necessarily given to visions of all kinds; they were straightforward, almost ridiculously so, it seemed to one who saw the inside-out of everything, almost before he saw the outside-in; they were simple, as touchingly simple as little children, to whom the Scriptures and Post-Impressionism had combined to award the crown of wisdom; they were kind and self-denying in a way that often made him feel quite desperately his own selfishness—and yet, they were inferior. It was simply maddening that he could never rid himself of that impression.

It was one November afternoon, while talking with another artist, that the simple reason struck him with extraordinary force and clarity: He could make them, and they could not make him!

It was clearly this which caused him to feel so much like God when they were about. Glad enough, as any man might be, of that discovery, it did not set his mind at rest. He felt that he ought rather to be humbled than elated. And he went to work at once to be so, saying to himself: "I am just, perhaps, a little nearer to the Creative Purpose than the rest of the world—a mere accident, nothing to be proud of; I can't help it, nothing to make a fuss about, though people will!" For it did seem to him sometimes that the

whole world was in conspiracy to make him feel superior—as if there were any need! He would have felt much more comfortable if that world had despised him, as it used to in the old days, for then the fire of his conviction could with so much better grace have flared to heaven; there would have been something fine about a superiority leading its own forlorn hope. But this trailing behind the drums and trumpets of a press and public so easily taken in, he felt to be both flat, and a little degrading. True, he had his moments, as when his eyes would light on sentences like this (penned generally by clergymen): "All this talk of Art is idle; what really matters is morals." Then, indeed, his spirit would flame, and after gazing at "is morals" with flashing eye and curling lip, and wondering whether it ought to have been "are morals," he would say to whomsoever might happen to be there: "These bourgeois! What do they know? What can they see?" and without waiting for an answer, would reply: "Nothing! Nothing! Less than nothing!" and mean it. It was at moments such as these that he realized how he not only despised, but almost hated those dense and cocky Philistines who could not see his obvious superiority. He felt that he did not lightly call them by such names, because they really were dense and cocky, and no more able to see things from his point of view than they were able to jump over the moon. These fellows could see nothing except their own confounded viewpoint! They were so stodgy, too; and he gravely distrusted anything static. Flux, flux, and once more flux! He knew by intuition that an artist alone had the capacity for concreting the tides of life in forms that were not deleterious to anybody. For Rules and Canons he recognized the necessity with his head (including his tongue), but never with his heart; except, of course, the rules and canons of art. He worshipped these; and when anybody like Tolstoy came along and said "Blow art!" or words to that effect, he hummed like bees caught on a gust of wind. What did it matter whether you had anything to express, so long as you expressed it? That only was "pure aesthetics," as he often said. To place before the public eye something so exquisitely purged of thick and muddy actuality that it might be as perfectly without direct appeal today as it would be two thousand years hence, this was

an ambition to which in truth he nearly always attained; this only was great art. He would assert with his last breath—which was rather short, for he suffered from indigestion—that one must never concrete anything in terms of ordinary nature. No! one must devise pictures of life that would be equally unfamiliar to men in A. D. 2520, as they had been in A. D. 1920; and when an inconsiderate person drew his attention to the fact that to the spectator in 2520 the most naturalistic pictures of the life of 1920 would seem quite convincingly fantastic, so that there was no need for him to go out of his way to devise fantasy—he would stare. For he was emphatically not one of those who did not care a button what the form was so long as the spirit of the artist shone clear and potent through the pictures he drew. No, no; he either demanded the poetical, the thing that got off the ground, with the wind in its hair (and, he, himself, would make the wind rather perfumed); or—if not the poetical—something observed with extreme fidelity and without the smallest touch of that true danger to Art, the temperamental point of view. "No!" he would say, "it's our business to put it down just as it is, to see it, not to feel it. In feeling damnation lies." And nothing gave him greater uneasiness than to find the emotions of anger, scorn, love, reverence, or pity surging within him as he worked, for he knew that they would, if he did not at once master them, spoil a certain splendid vacuity that he demanded of all Art. In painting, Rafael, Tintoretto, and Holbein pleased him greatly; in fiction, "Salamambo" was his model, for, as he very justly said, you could supply to it what soul you liked—there being no inconvenient soul already in possession.

As can be well imagined, his conviction of being, in a small way, God, permeated an outlook that was passionless and impartial to a degree—except perhaps, toward the bourgeoisie, with their tiring morals, and peculiar habits. If he had a

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Poems About San Francisco

CLVII—SAN FRANCISCO

By Philip B. Anspacher

(The following sonnet is by one whose name is new to this anthology. It was published in the *Sunset Magazine*, issue of June, 1904.)

How many times have I traversed the bay
That laps the lovely city of my birth,
Its waves, its sea-gulls and its rocky girth
The background of a childhood's holiday.
The winged years have swiftly fled their way,
And I have traveled over all the earth
Esteeming each great city at its worth,
Venetian domes and villas of Pompeii;

But thou, O goddess, shiniest loveliest
Of all the city-queens beside the sea,
Thy figure looms aloft in sunlight dressed,
Thy face gleams o'er the waves resplendently;
Thy prophet lips speak wisdom to the West,
And sing to Asian shores of Liberty!

The Spectator

Colonel Weinstock, Reformer

"Benevolence to the whole species, and want of feeling for every individual with whom the professors come in contact, form the character of the new philosophy." The sentence is Edmund Burke's, and he is speaking of Rousseau. Substitute "reform" for "philosophy," and the remark applies to the men who are engaged in uplifting California. Take Colonel Harris Weinstock, for instance. Colonel Weinstock is one of the brightest stars in the Johnsonian galaxy of reform. His heart beats so warmly for the dear people that he leaves no effort untried to make them as chemically pure as himself. The Governor recognizes in Colonel Weinstock a kindred spirit, and he testified his esteem by delegating the colonel to investigate the I. W. W. troubles in San Diego and the sanitary condition of the hop fields near Woodland. Benevolence to the whole species certainly animates Colonel Weinstock; yet when it comes to the individual he shows that want of feeling to which Burke drew attention. A case in proof of this has been called to my attention.

The Colonel in Business

Colonel Weinstock is a member of the firm of Weinstock-Nichols which deals in automobile supplies. Several months ago a young man of twenty-two employed by the firm was caught embezzling money. He was taken to the private office of Colonel Weinstock and catechized by the colonel in the presence of Pinkertons. He confessed his embezzlements, but with the understanding, so it is said, that he would not be prosecuted, provided the shortage was made up. Then he accompanied Colonel Weinstock to the surety company which had given him a bond, where he signed another confession as part of the proof of loss. On the following day he remembered some further embezzlements, and in the presence of Colonel Weinstock signed a third confession before a notary. He did all this believing that he would be allowed to make a settlement and go free. The surety company

reimbursed the Weinstock-Nichols Company for the entire sum embezzled, some thirteen hundred dollars. The young man turned over his automobile to the surety company, and with the aid of his friends raised a sufficient sum to wipe out all his indebtedness. It looked as though the incident was closed.

A Business Rival

The young man thought the incident was closed. He resolved to make another start in life, and went to Nevada where he engaged in the automobile supply business. He was a good business man, secured good agencies and kept a number of the customers with whom he had had dealings while employed in Colonel Weinstock's concern. After a while the colonel noticed that a certain amount of business was being diverted from his firm. He investigated, and discovered that it was going to this young man in Nevada. Was the colonel sore? I should think he would be considering all the circumstances. The young man was mighty ungrateful. Doubtless the colonel suffered qualms at the thought that he had compounded a crime, misled by impulsive kindness. So despite his generous promise Colonel Weinstock resolved to prosecute the young man. This made extradition necessary. Now all the young man's peculations had been in small sums, less than fifty dollars. The best the colonel could do was to prosecute him for misdemeanor embezzlement. The colonel swore to a warrant for his arrest on a charge of embezzling eighteen dollars, and Governor Johnson signed the necessary extradition papers. I am indebted for all these particulars to Harry Stafford who represented the young man during his subsequent trial, and Harry Stafford tells me that this was the first time he ever heard of a man being extradited for a misdemeanor. If the case is unique, it shows what a strong influence Colonel Weinstock possesses with Governor Johnson.

Heckling the Colonel

The case was tried before a jury in Police Judge Deasy's court. The young man went on the stand and told the truth, holding back nothing. Colonel Weinstock also took the stand, and showed much confusion when asked where he got his title of colonel. For some reason or other he didn't want to answer the question, but finally explained that he had once belonged to the National Guard. The colonel was asked by Stafford if he thought it was a brave thing for a colonel to extort a confession on promise of leniency and then go back on that promise. He was asked if it was military tactics to "double-cross" a young man, even if that young man had committed a crime. He was asked if this squared with his ideas of reform. Altogether the colonel spent a very disagreeable few minutes on the stand. And the jury lost no time in finding the boy not guilty. All of which seems to show that in Colonel Weinstock's system the benevolence of a reformer must not be allowed to interfere with business.

A Home-Town Swat

By the charter of Los Angeles the power of fixing the salaries, even of elective officers, is vested in the board of supervisors. This power was exercised the other day in the interest of economy, much to the displeasure of District Attorney Fredericks, the gentleman who is run-

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ning' for the Republican nomination for governor under a Darrow handicap. His salary was reduced from six thousand to five thousand a year. This action of the supervisors is not without its significance. Captain Fredericks' boosters in this section of the State are telling us how strong he is in his home town. They would have us believe that he is the pride of the South and that he will come across Tehachapi with a great majority over all other candidates. Yet right in the midst of the campaign it has been found that he was getting more salary than he was worth, and nary a voice has been lifted in protest. It would seem that home-town sentiment is not very strong for Fredericks.

Earl's Masterpiece

Sectional feeling has always been so strong in Los Angeles that it has long been a commonplace of comment hereabouts that "down south the people always stand together." This is so generally accepted as a truism that Captain Fredericks was hailed with enthusiasm when he came to town, the supposition being that naturally he would receive the united support of the clans of the orange groves and would therefore ensure a Republican triumph over the Progressive administration. Assuming that Captain Fredericks is the choice of the people of Los Angeles, it would be wise for Republicans of the bay region to give him their support, but the more we hear of his standing in Los Angeles the more unlikely it appears that he will even be able to get the united support of Republicans south of Tehachapi. On the contrary, it appears that Captain Fredericks is a prophet who inspires no confidence except far from his own home. I hear that nobody is more eager for his nomination than Editor Earl of the Los Angeles Tribune, who is one of Governor Johnson's warmest admirers. Earl is credited with having induced his attorney Edwin Meserve to withdraw from the fight for the Republican backing of the south in order to leave a clear field for Fredericks. Earl is so proud of his coup that he has not been able to keep his masterpiece of strategy a secret.

Earl Questioned

Earl has been asked the following questions by The Young Republican, the official organ of the Young Men's Republican Club of Los Angeles:



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Isn't it a fact that you have a whole safe full of "stuff" on our present District Attorney, which you are waiting to spring after the primary if he is nominated?

After the refusal of Mr. Fredericks to become a candidate on June 1, didn't you hurriedly call Vincent Morgan? Did Vincent Morgan then confer with Mr. Parrott?

Did Parrott, Morgan, Henry Lyon and a few others sit at a conference that lasted into the hours of midnight, arranging a scheme, whereby you could get Fredericks to change his mind and run for the office of Governor?

What financial assistance did Dr. Haynes give to the above scheme?

Edwin T. Earl stand up.

Ralston Preferred

The Young Men's Republican Club of Los Angeles is the most powerful political organization in that city. It has been in existence seven years, and its membership comprises some of the most prominent business men in Los Angeles. Now this club is opposed to Fredericks. "We cannot beat Johnson with Fredericks," says The Young Republican. Further: "There is more serious business in hand than the mere observance of courtesies as between different portions of the State, and the great Republican party cannot at this time make any sacrifices that will endanger its chances of success." The Young Republican has endorsed Ralston for governor, affirming him to be a man "with the courage to declare himself upon the issues of the campaign."

Otis On Scott

The Times is the only paper in Los Angeles supporting Fredericks, and this is what the Times says about Joe Scott, the star speaker of the Fredericks staff:

"Joe Scott has left a nasty trail across the northern part of the State. He has been making speeches in the gubernatorial campaign and has had the bad taste and bad faith to inject the McNamara case into it. What has the case of the confessed, convicted and punished dynamiters, locked up in San Quentin, to do with the gubernatorial canvass? Why should Joe Scott take it upon himself to drag it in? Cannot Scott be true to any cause he espouses?

"Many readers of the Times remember how vehemently Joe Scott declared his fealty to the cause of industrial freedom when he was president of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. He broke forth in bursts of fervid oratory that busted the circumambient to declare that Los Angeles should ever be a free city; and he vowed his willingness to offer up his life and property for the defense of our city against the aggressions of lawless labor-unionism, if need be. And the next thing heard of Joe was that he had been retained as one of the attorneys for the labor-unionite dynamiters. He could not hold fast to his own declarations—could not stand up straight.

"The Chamber of Commerce made some investigations into the dynamiting horror. The Chamber was in possession of important facts. Were these investigations and facts of any value to Joe Scott and his murderous clients after he flopped into the dynamiters' camp and became their counsel?"

A Great Game of Golf

James Woods, the genial and handsome manager of the St. Francis, and Roy Carruthers, the handsome and genial manager of the Cliff House, hied them to the Ingleside links the other day for a game of golf. It was no ordinary match. Much depended on its outcome beside the wager the two golfers had made. There was a delicate

question of prestige to be settled. For Jim Woods, the veriest tyro at the game, had flung a taunting defiance in the face of Roy Carruthers whose name proves that golf is in his blood. All their friends knew about the challenge; many of their friends immediately booked bets on the outcome. Two or three dozen men asked permission to attend, but the contestants put them off, both averring that they played their best without a gallery. Both men trained for the event, Jim Woods by making the complete rounds of the St. Francis on foot (except for some slight use of the elevator); and Roy Carruthers by a brisk work-out in the shopping district where he bought new golf shoes, a new golf sweater, a new golf hat and a dozen new golf shirts. When the day of the match came, only Tom McCann who is friendly to both and as impartial as he is expert in the interpretation of golfing rules, was allowed to attend. It was a desperate game, and alas! Roy Carruthers, the veteran of a dozen golf links, went down to defeat before Jim Woods, the beginner.

What Woods Says

I shall not attempt to describe the game in detail, for it was a battle of giants, and I cannot do it justice. But I have interviewed the contestants about it. Here is what Jim Woods, wearing his laurels modestly, has to say: "Roy is a limit handicap man, and always will be. He swings like a gate. In putting he squatted so that he looked like a setting hen. I had him two down and one to go and had laid him a stymie on the last hole before we started. As Jim Melville would say, to make Roy an effective driver we'd have to play him backwards. Even on the nineteenth hole I beat him—shaking."

What Carruthers Says

As there are always two sides, even to a golf story, I sought out Roy Carruthers, the defeated, and he told me this: "Jim's form was so absolutely impossible that it got me off from drive to put. His idea of an approach was about as clear as the present European situation. He would make his longest shots in endeavoring to sink a three-foot put. Besides, he took a mean advantage of me. My caddy used to be a bell-hop at the St. Francis, and Jim sent him to the clubhouse to page Tom McCann, so I had to use a putter instead of a driver on the third. He also had a distracting way of saying 'Front' when he meant 'Fore.'"

What McCann Says

The gallery viewpoint is always interesting, so I also interviewed Tom McCann. "They couldn't have worked harder," said McCann, "if they were excavating for the Twin Peaks tunnel. It would have been much more interesting if they had hit the ball once in a while instead of foonzling. As it was, I couldn't follow the game very closely because they tore up so much sod that I was busy keeping the dirt out of my throat—my eyes, I mean."

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As to the Score

The score seems to be more or less of a mystery. Reports differ, and I must let the reader decide for himself. "We finished the seventeenth all even," says Carruthers, "and I was beaten by Jim accidentally holing a long and difficult put on the eighteenth green." Whereas Woods says: "It was another such performance as Chick Evans' final match in the Western Championship, with just as one-sided a score." So there you are!

Dr. Taylor Sings

Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor who was irreverently dubbed "Fuzzy Wuzzy" during his term as Mayor of San Francisco, is our most prolific obituarist. Dr. Taylor cultivates all forms of verse, not without grace; but the ode funebral is one of his favorites, perhaps because his is the pale elegiac cast of thought. When one of Dr. Taylor's friends departs this life, the good Doctor is wont to lay a wreath of myrtle on the casket, and if he does not add perceptibly to the volume of the best funeral poetry by so doing, at least he makes us aware that his is a warm heart anguished at death and consolatory of the bereaved. One of the Doctor's close friends, Mrs. Mary Kincaid of the Board of Education, has just been called to rest, and her departure has evoked six sonnets in which her memory is tenderly and sincerely celebrated by Dr. Taylor. To borrow the rhetoric of Maitre Labori, I salute Dr. Taylor's grief; nay I share it. At the same time, since the sonnets have become common property through publication in the Examiner, I claim the privilege of reading them in a critical spirit.

Less Than Justice

Reading them in a critical spirit, I am impressed by the fact that they do less than justice to the memory of a remarkable woman. The tribute should be worthy of its subject just as surely as the subject chosen for commemorative poetry should be worthy of the tribute paid to it. I do not think that Dr. Taylor has paid the memory of Mrs. Kincaid a worthy tribute. These sonnets are creditable to Dr. Taylor's heart, not to his mind. They celebrate a great educator in terms not scholastically adequate. They lay stress upon the clarity of her mind, yet they are themselves lacking in lucidity. In language that is at times decidedly flabby they commend the austerity of her speech. They limn the dominance of character which distinguished Mrs. Kincaid in lines swayed this way and that by the demands of metre and rhyme. Agreeing as I do with Dr. Taylor that Mrs. Kincaid rejected mediocrity and strove for perfection, I am forced to believe that she would have been a severe critic of these sonnets had they been submitted to her for criticism.

Confusion of Images

"She strove with life as with a debt to pay," begins Dr. Taylor, but abandons this image, ending the sonnet by representing Mrs. Kincaid as a faithful laborer and also as a soldier who died "with sword in hand." He tells us in one line that "clear as the clearest crystal was her thought," yet in the next line that thought plays "in lambent flame," and immediately afterwards that thought has wings. In the same sonnet he compares her to a lightning rod. We learn too that Integrity was the fire of her bosom, that this fire was lit on the altar of her being, and that it was "fed with fond desire" by her vestals. Surely this is lacking in lucidity. In the third sonnet Mrs. Kincaid is compared to an "oak that weds itself in power to the ground;" but within a few lines she ceases to be an oak, for the poet says, "On she pressed to her successful day." In the fourth sonnet she is compared to a woodsman wielding an ax, and also to a river; yet when disease comes she is a warrior again, for he tells us that her gonfalon "fell in honor from her nerveless hand." A profusion of images is permissible in poetry, but not a confusion. Dr. Taylor's are very badly confused.

Tributes to Dead Women

When Dr. Taylor essays the writing of memorial verses in honor of a woman whose fine career has closed, he enters a garden of poesy that is already fragrant with the choicest flowers of our literature. I do not refer so much to Burns' "Highland Mary," Poe's "Annabel Lee" and "To Helen," Byron's "Thyrza" or Landor's "Rose Aylmer." There is in these that passionate regret which singers felt for loved ones passed away long before Dante celebrated Beatrice and Petrarch Laura. Nor do I refer to the celebration of young women untimely called away, like Wordsworth's exquisite "She dwelt among the untrodden ways." I have in mind poems where the sentiment is one of affection rather than love, such as Milton's splendid sonnet to "my Christian friend" Mrs. Catharine Thomson; or Dryden's elegies, among which that to the memory of Mrs. Margaret Paston compresses all that needs be said into nine wonderful lines; or Charles Lambs' "Hester." Brevity is the soul of such pieces. Dr. Taylor required eighty-four lines for the expression of his respect for Mrs. Kincaid. When Ben Jonson sought to pay fitting tribute to the Countess of Pembroke, he was able to immortalize her in six. Dr. Taylor could not attain, but he might have tried to approximate the simplicity of:

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death! Ere thou has slain another
Learned, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

One On Bohemian Hypercritics

There are in Bohemia men who are overly critical, men to whom nothing is excellent and the best is only "rather good" or "not half bad." These men are always in evidence at jinks, and they are the despair of the hard-working members who bestir themselves to provide entertainment, only to be rewarded with the damnation of faint praise. Ralph Phelps taught these inappreciative Bohemians, these skeletons at the feast, a well-deserved lesson at the low jinks in the Bohemian Grove Saturday night. Ralph Phelps was announced as an impersonator, and when he mounted the stage where wigs, make-up and costumes were laid out for him, he modestly announced that he would endeavor to entertain with impersonations of three of Bohemia's distinguished musicians, all of them men who had composed music for grove dramas, Theodore Vogt, Herman Perlet and Humphrey Stewart.

"My first imitation will be Teddy Vogt," said Ralph.

He turned to his table, made up his face, put on a wig and stooped to adjust his costume after the approved manner of impersonators. A quick turn in the spotlight, and it was Teddy Vogt to the life!

"Crude, but clever," commented the grudging critics of Bohemia.

"My second imitation will be Herman Perlet," announced Ralph.

Again Phelps went through the performance of making up. The figure that faced the assembled Bohemians seemed to be Perlet himself, so wonderful was the resemblance.

"Pretty fair for an amateur," buzzed the blasé hypercritics.

"My third and last imitation will be Humphrey Stewart," said Phelps, undismayed by the cool reception of his offerings.

This time the resemblance to the original seemed so close as to be startling. But the throwers of cold water were there to damp enthusiasm.

"Of course it wouldn't deceive anybody, but it's not so bad," chorused the sang-froid brigade.

There was polite applause, and Ralph Phelps stepped out to bow—leading Vogt, Perlet and Stewart! Then the hypercritics realized that they had been fooled by a trick older than Aesop.

"On Assigned Duty"

At the low jinks in Bohemian Grove last Saturday night Colonel R. M. Woodward, Surgeon



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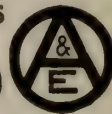
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in Command of the Marine Hospital at San Francisco, performed feats of legerdemain which caused even the most blase of hypercritics to admit that he was in Malini's class. Woodward is at the Grove because Rupert Blue, Surgeon-General of the U. S. Army, is a good fellow. Woodward was exceedingly anxious to attend the jinks, but could not leave his post without orders from Washington. There was a good deal of telegraphing back and forth between San Francisco and Washington before he got the necessary orders. Finally they came—special orders detaching Woodward on assigned duty at Bohemian Grove for the two weeks of jinks time. Woodward is in the groove on a matter of public health. You see, there are several hundred men in the camp, and really sanitation must be looked to! Doesn't this prove what we all know, that Rupert Blue, a Bohemian himself, is one of the best of good fellows?

Hotaling's Revenge

When the Non Artists of Bohemia held their picture exhibition at the club a year ago June, Dick Hotaling had one canvas accepted. It was called "Mon Elisor," and Porter Garnett who criticized the pictures in a catalogue that was a veritable tour de force of wit, said that it was "painted with the brutal frankness of Anthony Comstock." There was another picture of Hotaling's which the hanging committee refused to exhibit on the ground that the taste of Bohemia had not broadened sufficiently to accept a work which would easily have passed muster in the tolerant art sanctum of "Simplicissimus" and other frank European publications. It was more in the spirit of Gillray or Rowlandson than of any other Anglo-Saxon masters I can think of, and while it touched the Venus of Velasquez in the exuberance of its callipygean display, there was an abandon about it which contradicted the restraint of the Spanish master. So Hotaling was reluctantly compelled to send the canvas to his country place "Sleepy Hollow" and bide his time. His time came at the jinks last Saturday night. Dick disguised as a German professor, contributed to a program a lecture on art. It was a witty lecture, and the character was well sustained. But it was a lecture which seemed to demand at least one illustration to enforce its message. Hotaling supplied the illustration dramatically by whipping a cloth from an easel and displaying his rejected picture to the assembled clubmen. It was a complete revenge.

Luxury Note

Having installed in previous years all the other apparatus of sybaritic luxury they could think of, the Bohemians this year conceived the idea of putting in an all-night grill right next to the al fresco bar. So now, if a Bohemian camper feels hungry at midnight, there is a chef to fix up a

Spanish omelet or broil a steak with French fried potatoes. And lest the Joe Knowleses of Bohemia be in danger of getting too close to nature, there is now a pool table to remind them that nature's verdure is not the only green.

The 1915 Play Ready

For the first time in the history of Bohemia the book of a grove play is ready a good year in advance of production. At this writing Dr. "Jack" Shields' Indian play "Nec-Natama" has not been given, and nevertheless the book of the grove drama for 1915 is complete. It is the work of Frank Pixley who wrote the libretto of "The Prince of Pilsen" and with Luders made a fortune out of that pleasing work. Pixley's 1915 grove play is called "Apollo." The music is being done by Ed Schneider, and his work is not complete though well under way. It will be recalled that Gelett Burgess was to write the Bohemian grove play for the Exposition year, but had to relinquish the honor when it developed that his personal unpopularity was so great that all the best actors of the club were unwilling to act in his drama.

The Trimming of Pippy

It is an accepted fact that it takes nine tailors to make a man. It is equally true that it takes two barbers to trim Colonel George Pippy. The lawyer-milkman is so generously endowed capilarly that a single knight of the shears cannot attend to him. Colonel Pippy is always barbered at the Palace. There are many barbers in the "tonsorial parlor" of the Palace, but there are two of especial distinction. Their distinction arises from this, that they collaborate on the trimming of Pippy what time he needs a trimming. One barber cuts the Colonel's hair; the other trims his magnificent whiskers. When barber number one has finished snipping at the Colonel's luxuriant thatch, the Colonel moves to the chair of the other barber who proceeds to prune his creepers. I have said that the two barbers who do this mighty work are particularly distinguished. No others could take their place without special instruction. The reason is not far to seek. These are the only two barbers in the world who know where Colonel Pippy's hair ends and his whiskers begin.

Anthony's Dual Personality

Walter Anthony is to be dramatic critic of the Chronicle when Waldemar Young relinquishes the position to make the tour of the Orpheum Circuit with William J. Jacobs in their classical travesty "When Caesar Ran a Paper." Meanwhile Anthony is acting as music critic of the Chronicle in the absence of Miss Winchell, carrying on his work as press agent of the Gaiety Theatre at the same time. The other day, in his capacity as press agent, Anthony wrote an article of seven hundred words on the music of "Cabiria" and sent it to the Chronicle. Then he went to his desk in the local room of the Chronicle, and in his capacity as music critic, cut the article down to three hundred words.

"Darn these press agents," said Anthony the critic, speaking of Anthony the press agent, "you ask them for three hundred words and they write seven hundred!"

War at Carmel

Carmel-by-the-Sea, for all its peaceful look, is the Balkans of our geography. There are always war clouds there. The latest news that comes to me from the artistic settlement by the snow white beach is that Mary Austin is about to "grab" the open air theatre. That is the expressive way my informant puts it. "Grab" is a war-

like word. Germany has just "grabbed" Luxemburg; Austria-Hungary "grabbed" Bosnia. And so Mary Austin is trying to "grab" the al fresco playhouse where Carmelites produce their dramas. I am told also that those mighty captains of literature, Jimmy Hopper and Fred Bechdolt, are trying to prevent the "grab," collaborating in this endeavor as they once collaborated on "9009." To this end, the story runs, they have had themselves elected to the council of the Forest Theatre Society. So we may look for a mighty contest. Mary Austin is a foewoman worthy any two men's steels. Behind it all looms Frank Powers, by some accounted the good spirit, by others the evil genius of Carmel.

Sterling Is Busy

George Sterling is spending the summer in Sag Harbor, the home of his youth, and is hard at work. Word comes out of the East that since the beginning of June he has written over twenty poems and four short stories, a mighty output. Robertson of our town is soon to publish George's fourth book of poems, and it is said to be a worthy successor to "The Testimony of the Suns," "A Wine of Wizardry" and "The House of Orchids."

Ponting's Poem

During the period of winter quarters in 1911 before Captain Scott started upon his ill-starred expedition in November of that year, the party

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of explorers amused themselves by publishing a newspaper called the South Polar Times, and every day in the leisure hour after lunch, Captain Scott read its pages aloud amid the laughter of his companions. This unique journal has just been published, and I find it reviewed sympathetically in the literary supplement of the London Times. The Times calls special attention to an ingenious poem contributed to the South Polar Times by Herbert G. Ponting, saying that "it deserves greater publicity than the limited circulation of the three hundred and fifty copies of this book will give him." To give it this greater publicity the London Times quotes it in full. This is a matter of particular interest to us because Herbert G. Ponting is a resident of Berkeley. He is employed as a photographer by the Royal Geographical Society, and he took most of the pictures on the Scott expedition, although he did not go on the dash to the Pole and therefore escaped death. I think Ponting has been detained abroad on work for the R. G. S. ever since, but his wife is still living across the bay. Here is Ponting's poem which is concerned with the difference of opinion as to the correct way of using a sleeping bag:

On the outside grows the furside, on the inside grows the skinside.
So the furside is the outside, and the skinside is the inside.
As the furside is the outside, and the skinside is the inside,
One side likes the skinside inside, and the furside on the outside.
Others like the skinside outside, and the furside on the inside;
As the skinside is the hard side, and the furside is the soft side.
If you turn the skinside outside, thinking you will side with that side;
Then the soft side, furside's inside, which some argue is the wrong side.
If you turn the furside outside, as you say it grows on that side;
Then the hard side's next your own side, which for comfort's not the right side;
As the hard side is the cold side, and your skinside's not your warm side;
And two cold sides coming side by side, are not right sides, one side decides,
If you decide to side with this side, turn the outside furside inside,
Then the hard side, cold side, skinside, beyond all question's inside outside. . . .
And it doesn't matter a particle what you do with the bally thing, someone's sure to tell you it's outside inside.

A Possible Source

These amusing verses were written by Ponting for the South Polar Times in the winter of 1911. On the twenty-fifth of March, 1911, I had occasion to comment on the verse forms Joe Redding used in his opera of Natoma which had been sung by Mary Garden for the first time the month before. I noted that Joe's Indians talked trochaic tetrameter which is the metre of "Hiawatha," and I jokingly compared some of Joe's Indian verses to an amusing parody of "Hiawatha" which I had picked up somewhere some time before. Here are the lines of the parody as I quoted them:

*He killed the noble Mudjokivis,
With the skin he made him mittens,
Made them with the fur side inside;
Made them with the skin side outside;
He, to get the warm skin inside,
Put the inside skinside outside;
He, to get the cold side outside,
Put the warm side fur side inside;
That's why he put the fur side inside,
Why he put the skin side outside,
Why he turned them inside outside.*

I wonder if Ponting read these lines in Town Talk, remembered them, and adapted them to his purpose of entertainment in that winter camp where Captain Scott and his heroes were waiting to make their fatal dash to the South Pole?

Enthusiasm for Shortridge

From what one reads in the newspapers of the interior it appears that the only senatorial candidate for whom there is any enthusiasm is Samuel M. Shortridge. He is holding the record meetings of the campaign. When he spoke at Sonora the other night he packed a hall that had not been packed in twenty years. Up and down the State people have been flocking to hear him and to be warmed by his eloquent utterances. At San Jose the other night he spoke at the old Garden Theatre, which has so large an auditorium that candidates fight shy of it. The politicians of San Jose think it unwise to hold a meeting in the Garden, so vast are its spaces, so conspicuous are the empty seats. But Shortridge took the chance and filled the hall. The other senatorial candidates are doing most of their speaking in hotel parlors.

Curious Pictures for the Fair

Reader, you know your American history well, but are you not a bit surprised to hear that engravings by Paul Revere will be exhibited in the Palace of Art at our Fair? Also that paintings by Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat, and Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, will be on exhibition? It's a fact. Commissioner Trask of the Department of Fine Arts has unearthed these interesting works of art by men whom we do not think of as artists. Yet all three were very respectable artists. Paul Revere learned gold- and silversmithing in his father's shop, and afterwards became a proficient copper engraver. Before the War of Independence he engraved a number of anti-British caricatures, some of which are still in existence. Robert Fulton began life as a jeweler's apprentice, but afterwards studied portrait and landscape painting, adopting art as his profession. He went to England as a young man to study with the American Benjamin West, and it was while in England that he met James Watt, became interested in engineering, abandoned art and started on the career which made him immortal. Nevertheless, some of his paintings are extant. As for Morse, after leaving Yale in 1810 he became the pupil of Washington Allston, artist as well as literary man, and accompanied him to England where he achieved considerable success as a painter. Morse afterwards founded the National Academy of Design and was its first president. About 1832 he abandoned art for

science. Our Fair will serve to remind us of many curious facts like these; indeed one of its most beneficial results will be to increase our knowledge of American history and biography.

An Essay Contest

As an encouragement to the study of California history, and more particularly the history of the early Mission period, the alumni council of the Newman Club—the association of Catholic students of the University of California, with headquarters at Newman Hall, Berkeley—is offering to students of the university and graduates since 1909, the prize of \$100 for the best essay on the influence of the Spanish Missions on present day life in California. The essay is to be submitted to a committee appointed by the President of the University of California, consisting of Professor Martin C. Flaherty, Professor H. Morse Stephens and a third member to be selected by them.

More Dansants at Tavern

In response to many requests, the management of Techau Tavern has decided to hold an informal dansant every Friday evening in addition to those held on Wednesday evenings. These dances have been the most popular form of entertainment ever organized in any cafe, and always pack the Tavern to its utmost capacity. Last Wednesday evening the presentation of gifts was under the direction of Judge Shortall who is a candidate for election to the office of judge of the Superior Court. The gifts which are presented at the Tavern on these occasions have been selected by the management from the beautiful collection of S. & G. Gump Co., the well known art dealers of 268 Post street. Three of these costly gifts are presented to as many ladies on each of these evenings of dancing.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Hearsts in Chinatown

It remained for William Randolph Hearst to return to his native city and discover the possibilities for amusement afforded by Chinatown. It is a curious fact that San Franciscans neglect Chinatown. Its street life we are familiar with, and its bazaars are not unknown to us, although the tourists know them better. But how few of us ever go to the Chinese restaurants! We revel in the old-world atmosphere of the Italian, French and Spanish restaurants, but it is rarely indeed that we so much as drink a cup of tea in the interesting restaurants of Grant avenue and the neighboring streets. Perhaps one reason is that San Franciscans don't read "Blix." Surely if they did they would feel a curiosity about these oriental resorts. Perhaps now that William R. Hearst has pointed the way the Chinese restaurants will become the fad. For Hearst gave a party in a Chinese restaurant last Wednesday night, and a very enjoyable party it was declared to be by all lucky enough to be invited.

In Our Foreign Quarter

The Hearst party included Mrs. W. R. Hearst, Mrs. Glynn and the other ladies who came West as the guests of the publisher; also the Ned Hamilton, Heinie von Schroeder and Count Montgelas. There were fourteen in all. For the night they all turned their back on the fashionable centre of the city. First there was an Italian dinner at Dante's. After that George McMahon of the police department, an old school chum of Hearst, conducted the party through Chinatown. As George McMahon used to belong to the Chinatown squad, he knew his ground thoroughly, and the sightseers missed nothing worth while. Then came the event of the evening, a dance at Hang Far Low's restaurant in Grant avenue between California and Sacramento.

An Oriental Setting

The top floor is always the aristocratic part of a Chinese restaurant, and for the Hearst dance the entire top floor of the Hang Far Low restaurant had been reserved. The guests imagined themselves far from occidental civilization when they inspected the black teak wood tables and the carved chairs inlaid with mother-of-pearl, the carved open-work screens and the couches along the walls covered with straw mats which distinguish these interesting resorts. They were delighted with the tea, with the confections served in little dishes, the roasted almonds, the dried lichis, the preserved cumquats and ginger, and the curious bright yellow cakes. They were still more delighted with the Chinese musicians in

gay costumes, with their drums and squeaking fiddles and clanging cymbals. There was great merriment among them as they tried to dance to the weird oriental music. And there was perfect satisfaction when they discovered that their host had also provided an orchestra of white men who played all the newest dances. It was the first time that such a dance was ever given in Chinatown. Needless to say, W. R. Hearst, indefatigable ragger that he is, didn't miss a single dance.

Divorce Amenities

Personal animosity of divorced wives and husbands toward each other has come to be considered the worst of bad taste. The divorcee who snubs her former husband in public immediately becomes declassed and the divorced man who does not show some human interest in the spouse of his past is looked upon as nothing less than a brutal vulgarian. The Christian spirit, it seems, has descended upon divorced circles to walk there unfettered, and softens the sharp tongue to the extent that often the woman who was the most nagging wife becomes an adorably companionable divorcee, now that the court has regulated the matter of her monthly allowance. The element of jealousy that used to cause bickering when the two were married is now eliminated, its reason no longer existing.

Some Examples

Among the divorced couples who are exemplary in conduct toward each other are the J. Parker Whitneys. Mr. Whitney was host at a tea at the Palace recently when he entertained Mrs. Daisy Whitney, his former wife, his brother-in-law and sister Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wheeler Jr. and Mrs. Pedar Bruguere. Mrs. Whitney's cousins, Mrs. Robin Y. Hayne and the Countess de Tristan were at another table. Mrs. Violette Potter Kruttschnitt and her ex-husband Theodore Hermann Kruttschnitt are another example of the new spirit of amity. Mrs. Kruttschnitt was seen at the Orpheum with Hermann upon her last visit to San Francisco from Arizona. Although there was another young woman along, it was evident that she was not there to keep an armed peace, but merely to act as chaperone. Leonard Hammond and his beautiful brown-haired wife, Ruth Merrill Hammond, see each other and are quite friendly. Leon Greenebaum and Dolly Heynemann Greenebaum danced together at the Cliff House a couple of nights before their divorce suit was filed. Selby Hanna and Marie Wells Hanna had supper together at the Ball of All Nations, and the divorce was published the following week. Harry Hunt and his former wife, Mrs. Phoebe Raish Hunt, are very good friends. Noble Eaton is almost as devoted to Ethel Cooley Eaton as he was before he became her husband.

Society at the Cliff

There was a merry party of fashionables dining together at the Cliff House last Wednesday night, a party that claimed the attention of all the other diners, for it included some of our most exclusive young millionaire couples. There were in it Mr. and Mrs. Frank Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kohl, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Whitman, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Gordon and Raymond Armsby, Charles N. Black and one or two others. As

might be expected, the women were gowned beautifully, and made a magnificent sight. How often do you find so many really handsome women at one dinner party? Mrs. Kohl, Mrs. Drown, Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Carolan are noted beauties, while Mrs. Crocker, Mrs. Whitman and the others are of peculiar charm. During the dinner and afterwards the members of the party enjoyed dancing.

Knocking Mrs. Belmont

Why cannot the New York bavardes let Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont alone? They are always picking on the poor woman. Is it because the bavardes are opposed to woman's suffrage, and resent Mrs. Belmont's strenuous efforts for the cause? Or is their dislike founded on more personal reasons? At this distance I cannot attempt to decide. Mrs. Belmont gave a Chinese Ball at Marble House, Newport, the other evening, and during its progress there was an accident which one bavarde wrote up in what seems to me a very spiteful way. In the midst of the ball the lights went out. "It was not necessary," says the New York bavarde, "to paraphrase the ancient song and ask, 'Where was Mrs. Belmont?' She was right there and, though darkness hid the gorgeous simulation of the late Dowager Empress of China she represented, she acted much as one would believe that famous old tartar would have behaved under similar circumstances. She could not be seen but she could be heard, for she lost her temper com-

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pletely and all the veneer of good breeding dropped from her as no doubt she later on shook off her regal robes. She poured out her ire on everybody from the scullions in the kitchen to the flunkies in their black smalls, like a veritable suffragette fury." The bavarde goes on to say that she was reminded of a colloquy between two negroes outside the Casino, and she quotes:

"Wha's dat you said, nigger? Somebody done sass Mrs. Belmont? Ain't nobody in dis yere town c'n sass Mrs. Belmont—'cept'n only Mrs. Oelrichs."

The bavarde says that Mrs. Oelrichs was silent on this occasion. Also, that when the lights were switched on again Mrs. Belmont "was disclosed with a countenance like a meat axe which she stubbornly refused to take off during the remainder of the fete." As if a hostess hasn't a right to get mad when her lights go out!

At the Cecil

Col. J. C. Gresham who has been in command of the Tenth Cavalry at Fort Ethan Allan, has been ordered to San Francisco and has established himself at the Cecil. George D. Roberts, an oil man who represents Canadian capitalists in the Coalinga fields, is at the Cecil with Mrs. Roberts. Mrs. F. M. Miller and her daughter Miss Eugenia R. Miller, are at the Cecil from their home in Fresno to remain a month or six weeks. Roy Newberry, a hotel man from San Jose, accompanied by Mrs. Newberry is at the Cecil. Mrs. D. Ahlborn of Wiesbaden returned to the Cecil during the week after a month in the Yellowstone Park. From Washington, D. C., Mrs. N. D. McDonald and Miss May McDougald arrived at the Cecil on Tuesday. Mrs. T. Bird and Miss Henrietta Bird have taken apartments and have joined Mrs. Bird's other daughter Mrs. Dixon who with her young son, makes her home at the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur K. Lee from Geyserville, George E. Wilhoit of Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Bradley from Fresno and Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Fulton from Antioch are among others registering during the week. Mrs. E. C. Caldwell entertained six friends at dinner recently in honor of her daughter Mrs. Peyton Clark, wife of Capt. Clark, U. S. A., who recently arrived from the Philippines.

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An entirely new policy of entertainment is now in force at the Tait-Zinkand Cafe. Realizing that the public was getting somewhat weary of cabaret shows with their attendant tangoes, maxixes and other terpsichorean movements, the management decided to offer nothing but strictly high-class talent. As a consequence there are now appearing daily at luncheon, dinner and after-the-theatre, Madam Remy and Viola Morrison. The former artist needs no introduction to the music-loving public of San Francisco. Her matchless voice has won for her a warm spot in the heart of the local public. Viola Morrison of the American School of Opera, protege of Paul Steindorff, has a voice of rare quality and a personality that is extremely pleasing. There's a musical treat in store for those who hear these two artists.

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Gossip of the Theatre

Alcazarans in Musical Comedy

The Alcazar players are having the time of their young lives this week. They are disporting in musical comedy, to their own apparent satisfaction and the huge delight of large audiences. The vehicle is "A Modern Eve," and they are joy-riding it at top speed up and down the boulevards of melody and fun. Careful inspection of "A Modern Eve" on the occasion of its first presentation here failed to reveal a plot that could be reduced to intelligible terms, and now that it is on at the Alcazar a second attempt has been equally fruitless. But the absence of plot never yet harmed a musical comedy, any more than the presence of a plot ever made one. A musical comedy like "A Modern Eve" with the strains of an irresistible air running through it can afford to dispense with coherence. "A Modern Eve" has "Good-bye Everybody" to make it a success; more is not needed. This appealing song is sung at the Alcazar, as it was sung at the Cort, by dainty, tricky little Adele Rowland. She made a great hit at the Cort; she is repeating the hit at the Alcazar. "Goodbye Everybody" is her best number, but not her only one by any means. She has a waltz number with Charlie Ruggles that brings down the house and only comes to an end when both are out of breath. She has a trio number with Charlie Ruggles and Ed Lowe, "Excuse Me, Certainly," that the audience can't get enough of. And she has a ridiculous song "Fido" that couldn't suit her style of humor better if it had been written to order. Adele Rowland alone is worth a visit to the Alcazar. But there are other inducements. Charlie Ruggles, for instance. Charlie comes back from Chicago to show us that his versatility is unimpaired. What a favorite he is in O'Farrell street! The audience actually embarrassed him with the warmth and noise of their welcome. He and Ann Tasker have two numbers in the first act, "Hello Sweetheart" and "You're Such a Lonesome Moon Tonight," and right well does Charlie acquit himself of the music and the steps. In the second act he sings that pathetic ditty "If They Don't Stop Making Them So Beautiful" for all the world as if he'd never done anything else. It seems hardly necessary to say that Ann Tasker scores with her really beautiful voice and her agile feet. And to dispose of the other newcomer, Louise Orth displays a pretty voice in the opening choruses and a ravishing figure all through the show. As for the dependables of O'Farrell street stock, Burt Wesner must be mentioned first. If there is any sort of part Burt can't play it is yet to be handed to him. He is always excellent. In "A Modern Eve" he is excruciatingly funny without effort. If Burt didn't love this city too well to leave it he'd have been lured to some big musical comedy production that needed a real funny man long ago. Then there is Edmond Lowe, a young actor who is destined to follow the well trodden path wherein Ernest Glendinning, Charlie Ruggles and other young Alcazar actors have preceded him. The other end of the path is Broadway. Lowe shows himself perfectly at home in musical comedy, and it may be mentioned in passing that he is an artist in make-up. Louise Brownell and Kernan Cripps enter just as whole-heartedly into their parts as the others do, and make individual hits. There is a good chorus, and the scenic effects are beautiful. No wonder Fred Butler wore a smile Monday night. He has outdone himself in "A Modern Eve."

—Edward F. O'Day.

Second Week of "A Modern Eve"

"A Modern Eve" will be given again next week at the Alcazar Theatre. The show caught the town by the ear and it has led San Franciscans to O'Farrell street in droves. There is no doubt that the theatre will be crowded next week as it has been this.

Holbrook Blinn and the Princess Players

Holbrook Blinn and the members of the Princess Theatre company arrived in San Francisco last Tuesday, coming direct from New York City to fill a limited engagement at the Columbia. Mr. Blinn and the Princess Players created a sensation during the past two New York seasons presenting one-act plays of European and American authorship. The program includes four com-

plete one-act plays at every performance, and during the San Francisco engagement which begins Monday night, the entire repertoire will be given. For the first week Mr. Blinn has selected four of his biggest hits, two of them having come from the Grand Guignol, Paris, the theatre of the most sensational one-act plays. "Hari Kari" by Julian Johnson, a California writer, created no end of discussion when first produced. It deals with diplomatic life in Washington, and is to be offered along with "En Deshabille," a delightful French farce; "Fear," a strong dramatic work which received its first production at the Grand Guignol where it proved the big hit of the season; and "The Bride," a clever comedy. A splendid group of players make up the Princess company, and it is very interesting to note that Emelie Polini, the talented actress who won great honors in many of the principal feminine roles in the one-act plays presented at the Princess Theatre, will be seen in San Francisco. Harry Mestayer, well known here, Vaughn Trevor, Jean Murdoch, Langdon Gillett, Lewis Edgarde and others are in the company. Matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Bertha Kalich at Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week presents a very attractive appearance. It will have as its principal headline feature Bertha Kalich, the great emotional actress who has selected for her vaudeville appearance the epilogue of Echegaray's famous drama "Mariana" in which she achieves one of the greatest triumphs of her career and thrills her audience from the rise to the fall of the curtain. James T. Duffy and Mercedes Lorenze will appear in the miniature musical comedy "Springtime" which consists of songs and

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BERTHA KALICH

The famous emotional actress who will appear next week at the Orpheum.

patter by Mr. Duffy. Both possess charms of youth and personality. The Trans-Atlantic Trio will present a whimsical act in two parts. In the first they render vocal, instrumental, operatic and classic selections. In the second they costume in the fashion of fifty years ago and play music of that date. A special added feature and one which will excite particular interest in society circles will be the appearance of Mlle. Louise La Gai, premiere danseuse at the Grand Opera, Paris, and her twelve Society Monogram girls. Mlle. La Gai has been instructing the co-eds of the University of California in dancing, and the girls who are to assist her are her most successful pupils. They are styled Monogram girls from the fact that their initials only are published owing to the fact that their parents object to their full names appearing in print. The program of Mlle. La Gai will comprise "La Masque," "Pierrot and Pierrette," "La Gai Gavotte," "Ballet Des Roses" and "La Gai Varsoviennne." The holdovers will be Edmond Hayes and Company in the Piano Movers; Ward, Bell and Ward: Rellow, creator of the mentaphone novelty; and the successful prima donna Vinie Daly in songs from operas she has sung.

The Artist

(Continued from Page 7.)

weakness, it was his paramount desire to suppress in himself any symptoms of temperament, except just that temperament of having no temperament, which seemed to him the only one permissible to an artist, who, as he said, was nothing if not simply either a recorder, or a weaver of beautiful lines in the air.

Record and design, statement and decoration—these in combination, constituted creation! It was to him a certain source of pleasure that he had discovered this. Not that he was, of course, neglectful of sensations, but he was perfectly careful not to feel them—in order that he might be able to record them, or use them for his weaving in a purely aesthetic manner. The moment they impinged on his spirit, and sent the blood to his head, he reined in, and began tracing lines in the air, a practice that never failed him.

It was his deliberate opinion that a work of art quite as great as the "Bacchus and Ariadne" could be made out of a kettle singing on a hob. You had merely to record it with beautiful lines and color; and what—in parenthesis—could lend itself more readily to beautiful treatment of lines woven in the air than steam rising from a spout? It was a subject, too, which in its very essence precluded temperamental treatment, so that this abiding temptation was removed from the creator. It could be transferred to canvas with a sort of immortal blandness; black, singing, beautiful. All that cant, such as: "The greater the artist's spirit, the great the subject he will treat, and the greater achievement attain, technique being equal," was to him beneath contempt. The spirit did not matter, because one must not intrude it; and, since one must not intrude it, the more unpretentious the subject, the less temptation one had to diverge from impersonality, that first principle of Art. Oranges on a dish was probably the finest subject one could meet with; unless one chanced to dislike oranges. As for what people called "criticism of life," he maintained that such was only permissible when the criticism was so sunk into the very fiber of a work as to be imperceptible to the most searching eye. When this was achieved he thought it extremely valuable. Anything else was simply the work of the moralist, of the man who took sides, and used his powers of expression to embody a temperamental and, therefore, an obviously one-sided view of his sub-

ject; and however high those powers of expression might be, he could not admit that this was in any sense real art. He could never forgive Leonardo da Vinci, because, he said, "the fellow was always trying to put the scientific side of himself into his confounded paintings, and not just content to render faithfully in terms of decoration;" nor could he ever condone Euripides for letting his philosophy tincture all his plays. And if it were advanced that the first was the greatest painter, and the latter the greatest dramatist the world had ever seen, he would say: "That may be, but they weren't artists, of course."

He was fond of the words "of course," they gave the impression that he could not be startled, as was right and proper for a man occupying his post, a little nearer to the Creative Purpose than those others. As mark of that position, he always permitted himself just one eccentricity, changing it every year, his mind being subtle, not like those of certain politicians or millionaires, content to wear orchids, or drive zebras all their lives. Anon, it would be a little pointed beard and no hair to speak of; next year no beard, and wings; the year after, a pair of pince-nez with alabaster rims, very cunning; once more anon a little pointed beard. In these ways he singled himself out just enough, no more; for he was no poseur, believing in his own place in the scheme of things too deeply.

His views on matters of the day varied, of course, with the views of those he talked to, since it was his privilege always to see, either the other side, or something so much more subtle on the same side, as made that side the other.

But all topical thought and emotion was beside the point for one who lived in his work; who lived to receive impressions and render them again so faithfully that you could not tell he had ever received them. His was—as he sometimes felt—a rare and precious personality.

Masters of the Night

By Essex Smith

Glory of sun over short green turf, of filmy clouds across a deep blue sky, of shifting lights upon murmuring water—hum of insect, song of bird—these are the river's gifts by day. Idly the stream drones in and out between low, winding banks; from the banks a shadow world is reflected in clearness of the water, each unsubstantial branch, each blade of grass, shows sharply definite—indeed, the water seems to lend intensity of coloring to brown and green alike. Insects innumerable make holiday during these afternoons of sunshine; their hum, and the song of distant birds, are one with the river's melody.

Comes dusk, and the river has a more subtle charm—mystery of breeze through hidden trees, of murmuring water lost to sight, of singing birds, invisible yet close at hand. In that half-light before rising of the moon, when trees and bushes take fantastic shapes, looming through shadow, the river folk creep out—masters of the night, they claim the river as their own with setting of the sun, and man, at last, must confess himself outdone. Each bird, each insect, is wiser than he when twilight creeps over the land; when eerie sounds echo from the distant copse, and dead leaves move like crackling paper, although the wind has died. Otter, badger, fox, and many a night-flying bird, come to their own during these nocturnal hours; safe from man's intrusion, they hold high revel by the river from sunset till sunrise.

Murmur of water grew louder; all color faded from the river banks. It was the reign of sombre tints—of grey moths flitting ghost-like across dim water, of field and hedgerow wrapped in gauzy covering. No breeze stirred through the trees,

or moved the rushes by the bank, and as yet the birds were silent; nevertheless from out of the dusk came a strange volume of sound—song of bird, hum of insect, rustle of leaf, all softened, it seemed, to a mystic melody—the night song of the country that few men hear.

Dusk deepened. The copse on the side of the hill became elusive, vaguely brown; soon it lost shape and coloring both, was wrapped in gathering shadows. From these shadows, a reddish form stole out, and made its way towards the uplands—the fox, 'red wood-dog' of the gypsies, was abroad, and before long his three hollow, regular notes rang out clear through the stillness. Light grew still more dim, and bushes close at hand took strange shapes; they seemed to loom forward, ghostly visions through the shade.

Thus the river woke to new life. From his hover beneath the gnarled roots of a willow tree, the otter stole out, and dropped gently into the water; swimming against the current, his brown, supple back was soon lost to sight. A tall, grey fisherman stalked to the water's edge—the heron, intent upon his angling—while, heedless of their enemies, the fish began to rise. Trout glided into the shadows, feeding upon grey moths, while in the jackhole beneath the red clay hollows big pike stirred lazily. In the dim light there was movement upon the bank, stealthy sounds on land and in the water, while from the hidden trees owls called ceaselessly—an interchange of long-drawn, melancholy sounds.

With rising of the moon, the night became coldly brilliant; a broad bar of silver lay across the river, although the further banks were wrapped in shadow still. Soon the copse upon the hill came into vague form once more, while contrasts of light and shade showed more marked than during the day; moonlight on the river grew and broadened, beneath it the water shone like quicksilver. There were sounds, elusive, on the shadowed bank; a dark form glided through long grass, then took to the water—the otter, on his cautious journey towards a neighboring salmon pool. Moonlight caught the hair upon his back, as it glistened wet and dark; his snake-like head could be seen, the sweep of his tail. Swimming with head just above the water, he passed from moonlight into shadow, following each curve of the current; long afterwards there came a shrill whistle from far down the river, where a successful fisherman called to his mate. In dewy fields above the river, rabbits were abroad; a hare stole out of her "form," and limped towards the uplands. Overhead there was swish of hidden wings; beneath, in the river, "plop" of rising trout—such sounds, beneath cold light of the moon, seemed to hold curious significance; they were uncanny as the outlines of those lean willows which bent, gnome-like, above the whitened river.

Night, by the riverside, gave birth to many a strange illusion; murmur of wind through trees, although all wind had sunk, crackling of twigs by footsteps, although no feet had passed. Mystery clung to the river during these hours of gauzy moonlight; the mystery of hidden distances, of sounds that, coming from darkness, were lost in darkness again. Man, by the riverside at night, is an alien, an intruder—during the day he may be at no conscious disadvantage among the river folk, but when night comes his reign is over, his limitations are then defined with strictness. One, perhaps, knows the foxes' earth, away in the copse; another has traced the otter to his hover, and seen the dark head peer out, nostrils twitching, eyes alert. So one knows this, and one knows that, yet the total of our knowledge concerning creatures of the night—it is not great.

Nature's secrets are still her own; priest-like, she tells us what she will, nothing more.

Breeze trembled above high oaks on the crest of the hill; towards three o'clock the sedge warbler sang, and that mystic moment came when man and beast alike turn restlessly, moved by primeval instinct. Later, shimmer seemed to cross the sky; a grey curtain drawn by myriad ghostly hands; behind its folds trees and shrubs were faintly visible—denizens, it seemed, of a shadow world. A strange silence fell; even the murmur of the river seemed hushed—all night there had been no stillness like this when dawn was near. Now, from dewy meadows, the hare limped back to her "form," following well-worn runs, and the otter crept to his hover beneath the roots of the willow tree. The badger, too, who had wandered all night upon grassland, turned home, twigs snapping beneath his clumsy feet. With a queer, rolling gait he passed along the track, and on earth cast up by moles his foot-prints showed clearly. In the half light, this badger, "earth pig" of the country folk, was indistinguishable except to the keenest sight; his white and black face markings, his greyish body, seemed to blend with surrounding shadows. He pressed through thick furze and bramble as though it were gossamer, reached the mouth of the "set" where mound was piled high, and rolled away out of sight.

So, one by one, nocturnal hunters sought their strongholds. Sunlight aslant between the boughs, water struck to blue—such were not for them; a trembling redness in the east warned them to postpone all travel.

Dawn, meanwhile, came slowly. On the slope of the hill trees and bracken showed first as a formless mass, then their outline became definite, distinct against a lightening sky. Frail, gauzy was this dawn of day; the light had no depth of certainty; it seemed to hover, doubtful—a breath, and it might be done. Came sunrise then, and lent the light intensity—a red ball of fire outtopped the hills and crimson slowly spread westward, although the river was misty still.

Night, which had struck the river to substantial fairyland—a study in black and grey—was over; day came with brilliant coloring and langorous heat; with sounds that held little subtlety—hum of insect, song of bird, lap of water against red earth of the banks.

Color, warmth, sound—such are the river's gifts by day, clear for all men to share, but during the night she shows herself clad in sombre garments, aloof, mysterious; and safe beneath this shroud, the river folk come to their own. Masters of the night, they hold their revels in a land of black and grey.

THE BATHER

By Geoffrey Cookson

Between desire and beauty there is war,
Old as the ageless strife of sea and shore,
And there are greedy pools, where gendereth
The double-headed snake of love and death,
When, flesh to flesh, love sows a loveless thing.
Here with the waves is neither surfeiting,
Nor gain nor loss, but the light give and take
Of bubble kisses that in laughter break;
And that's the gentle way of Love. The sea
Is tenderer than mortal lovers be,
Knows no such hell; but on his breast Love lies
Still virginal—brow, cheek, and breast, and thighs;
He may unclasp about her body bright
The wave-flung veil, whose weft is chrysolite,
Lift high her slippery body, or let sink,
Low as a bride's on passion's trembling brink,
And yet be no despoiler of chaste dreams.
Down the long flow of shoreward-racing streams,
Into a molten twilight she may pass,
As through the mould of an enchanted glass,
With her own mirrored loveliness made one.

The sky her tent, her armorer the sun,
Greaved with wet light about her striving knees.
In Amazonian flight from foaming seas,
She gives her gracious body to the air,
Thrice vestal for her bath of love; and fair,
As some bright vision, none may now behold,
Pure as the deep's unquarried crystals cold.

How It Works

A boat and a beach and a summer resort,
A man and a maid and a moon;
Soft and sweet nothings, and then at the real
Psychological moment a spoon.
A whisper, a promise, and summer is o'er,
And they part in hysteric despair—
(But neither returns in the following June,
For fear the other is there.)

A Little Third Act

Hortense—Ours shall be a deathless love.
Hugh—Like the stars!
Hortense—Say rather that the stars shall be
ashes in the pit of heaven before we twain for-
get.
Hugh—And after that?
Hortense—Then on, and on, indefinitely!
Hugh—Until the crack of doom?
Hortense—Until the last cosmic problem is
solved.
Hugh—Let's make it further off, and more
definitely infinite. Let us love until Mayor Rolph
gets tired shaking hands!
Hortense—Sublime! Eternity's end were nearer
far!
(Curtain.)

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| DEL MONTE and MONTEREY | Hotel, Gardens, Bathing, Golf, Tennis, 40-Mile Auto Scenic Boulevard. | 1.65 | Sunday Excursion. |
| CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA | Beaches, Camping, Fishing, Auto from Monterey, 25c Each Way. | 2.00 | Saturday to Monday. |
| PACIFIC GROVE | Delightful Family Resort. Sea Bathing and Fishing. | 1.40 | Sunday Excursion. |
| PASO ROBLES | Hotel, Baths, Hot Springs. | 2.00 | 2 days' Excursion. |
| NAPA | Soda Springs. | 2.50 | Sunday Excursion. |
| ST. HELENA | Howell Mountain Resorts. | 3.00 | Saturday to Sunday. |
| CALISTOGA | Petrified Forest, also Lake County Springs and Resorts. | 4.00 | October 31st. |
| GILROY | Including Stage to Hot Springs. | 2.50 | Sunday Excursion. |
| PARAISO | do | 3.00 | Saturday to Sunday. |
| AETNA | do | 4.00 | Saturday to Monday. |
| SANTA ROSA | For Sonoma Co. Resorts. | 2.75 | Sunday Excursion. |
| WALNUT CREEK | For Mount Diablo. | 3.25 | Saturday to Sunday. |
| BYRON SPRINGS | Hotel, Hot Springs, Baths. | 4.25 | Saturday to Monday. |
| ALTA TOWLE | Among the Pines of the High Sierras. | 8.30 | 30 days. |
| CISCO | Rainbow and Brook Trout. | 2.00 | 5 days' Excursion. |
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| SHASTA SPRINGS SHASTA RETREAT | Hotel and Cottages. Auto to McCloud River. | 5.70 | 30 days. |
| SISSON | State Fish Hatchery. Trail and Guides for Mt. Shasta. | 6.35 | 30 days. |
| AGER | Auto to Klamath Hot Springs. Fishing in Klamath River. | 7.00 | October 31st. |
| KLAMATH FALLS (Upper Klamath Lake) | Steamer to Lake Resorts. Lake and River Fishing. Auto to Crater Lake. | 2.25 | Saturday to Monday. |
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The action of the Governors of the New York Stock Exchange in closing down the Exchange indefinitely was approved by all concerned. The Exchange was kept open as long as the London market remained open, but when London closed their Exchange, there was no reason why the New York Stock Exchange should be left open to make a dumping ground for our securities held abroad, which, in turn, would mean a further movement of gold from this country. Prior to the closing of the Exchange, stocks were in a panicky condition. London, as well as the Continent, became alarmed at the political news and when the situation grew so alarming that it was a foregone conclusion that a general war could not be averted, not only European holders of securities became alarmed, but some of our people took fright and stocks were offered freely at what looked like bargain prices. There is no reason why anyone in this country should become alarmed because of war in Europe. Outside of the temporary unloading of securities by the Continent, a general war in Europe would mean more prosperity for us later on. This war will put Europe back so far in a business way that it will take years to recover, and America will no doubt be the gainer. Then too we have an abundance of agricultural products that will be wanted by Europe, which will bring back a lot of gold to this country and cannot but add prosperity to all lines of business. The rate decision, while not as good as expected, was construed as favorable, inasmuch as the railroads were at least allowed a small increase. It will help sentiment some, as a good many in the trade were inclined to look for no increase at all and rather expected Government ownership in the future to become the popular argument. It looks as if we have now seen the worst of our depression in stocks and when the Stock Exchange opens again, the sentiment, which has had a good rest, should be more cheerful and higher prices will no doubt rule. We strongly advise buying the standard stocks.

Wheat—The war scare which later developed into the real thing, was responsible for the big advance in wheat early in the week. The foreign crops this year are all below normal and with Russia, the largest competitor of America, engaged in actual warfare with Germany, it can readily be seen that exports from that country would either be stopped entirely or curtailed to such an extent that this country would be called upon to furnish the bulk of wheat that is taken by importing countries. France too removed the duty on wheat, and this was an added help to the advance. However, the trade overlooked the fact that with all Europe at war, our wheat would not go out, as the insurance companies would not take the risk and owners of freight

vessels cabled their ships not to leave America for fear that they might be seized by a hostile country. This had a bad effect on prices and the advance which looked healthy, did not hold. Prices were forced down nearly ten cents a bushel from the best figures with the nearby futures feeling the most of it. Fear of the money situation also had a bad effect, as every city in the Middle West is blockaded with wheat and no doubt the banks have been called to finance most of it. Crop news has been lost sight of and while the spring wheat crop is not yet harvested, it is so far advanced that there is very little damage to come that would have much effect on the total, which will be an average crop. While we may have temporary reactions from overbought conditions, we believe wheat will sell very much higher and strongly advise the purchase of the May option.

Corn—Corn has been influenced to some extent by the action of wheat and the war scare, but the market, as a rule, has been governed more by the news from the growing crop. The crop this year will undoubtedly be a small one, as the crop in the Southern States is said to be beyond repair and the lack of moisture in the big corn States is beginning to be felt. Dry, hot weather has prevailed generally over the corn belt and unless we get a general rain in the big corn producing States soon, there will be numerous bad crop reports which will no doubt be accompanied by buying orders. The crop last year was a small one and there will be no surplus, and the growing crop is said to indicate only slightly above last year's yield. We feel quite bullish on corn at this level.

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| Reserve and Contingent Funds | 1,857,717.65 |
| Employees' Pension Fund | 177,868.71 |
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Who's Who Hereabouts

(Continued from Page 6.)

Ashby L. Stewart's was the highest. Immediately one of the bidders protested, saying that the young man (he was then twenty-four) was crazy to offer \$3,780 a month for the first five years; that as he couldn't possibly make good the lease shouldn't be awarded to him. Nevertheless it was awarded, but the deal was far from consummated. Stewart had made his opportunity, but there was something more to make—a building. Where was the money to come from? It didn't take Stewart long to get a building on paper, or to get leases signed up with merchants who were eager to become his tenants, but in addition to these preliminary details he had to pay his first month's rent, and meanwhile both Rosenthal and Sullivan got cold feet. The drama was progressing with the crisis ahead. About this time Stewart thought it would be a good idea to substitute a moderate surety bond for the certified check, and thus release \$10,000. He was told it would be all right to put up a bond for twenty-five thousand, but the suspense was not over. New complications arise when Stewart found that no surety company would issue a bond on the lease without a cash deposit for the full amount. At once he visited the Mayor, and much to his relief induced good old Dr. Taylor to let him put up five thousand cash. Happy turn! He was five thousand to the good. The certified check being for ten thousand, he drew down five and then it was easy to pay the first month's rent. But what about the second month? Also, what about the building? Well, the man from Missouri proved himself a mighty resourceful individual. By putting up the sub-leases as security he was able to borrow \$162,000 which would be paid as the work on the building progressed. But he needed \$75,000 more. The drama continues to grip. No sign of the suspense abating. Off goes Stewart scurrying for the seventy-five, and he was so desperate that he offered \$300,000 in thirty-five year bonds as a bonus for the money. Offer accepted by a gentleman representing a syndicate; but the deal hung fire for awhile. Meantime the second month's rent fell due. On the lot was a grand-stand erected for sight-seers during the visit of the fleet that was going round the world. Stewart made the grand-stand a pretext for not paying the rent. That grand-stand had to be removed before he could start building, and it took two months to get it off the lot. In the meantime he was having trouble with the syndicate. They knew he was in a hole, and they wanted to take the lease off his hands. They offered him seventy-five thousand dollars for it. He knew it was worth more, and he was soon negotiating for the sale of it to a Los Angeles capitalist, but he finally let the syndicate have it for \$149,000. That was what he made on the proverbial shoe-string.

That Stewart was not crazy, as the real estate men believed, when he made the bid for the lease is evident from the fact that while the syndicate is now paying \$7,500 a month to the city they are

getting from the tenants on the ground floor \$14,000 a month. The members of the syndicate are Harry Stetson, Robert Oxnard, M. B. Kohlberg, J. D. Isaacs, Jesse Newbauer and Gus Brenner.

Since the sale of that lease Stewart has been a very busy man. It has been thought that opportunities for quick deals in real estate ceased to be available about the time of the fire, but the man from Missouri has been making money hand over fist in real estate ever since. Right after selling his lease he bought a piece of property on O'Farrell street near Powell, and turned it over for a big profit in a few months. He buys a vacant lot, puts up a building, gets a tenant before it is completed, and then sells. He has built several hotels—the Hayward, the Sorrento, the Garfield and the Mentone. He also built the Alcazar Theatre and he has sold it and bought it about four times, making a profit each time. Belasco and Davis say it's hard to keep track of their landlord.

Ashby L. Stewart would never be taken by a casual observer for a Napoleon of finance. He doesn't look more than thirty years of age. He wears store clothes, and his appearance is that of a man who doesn't know what it is to be prosperous. He has a wife and baby and a home in San Rafael.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 5.)

Christian Science, cured in half an hour by my sister in Los Angeles when my temperature was at one hundred and three. So I have had to give up the germ theory. But I shall construct another philosophy of life based on Christian Science."

I staggered to my feet. My eye was fixed glassily on the volumes that reposed on the writing desk. The author's name fascinated me.

"Buckle," I said weakly.

"A wonderful mind," said Kid McCoy, "but he neglected his body. If he had taken care of his body he might have lived to do more work. How I wish I could have given him my breathing exercises!"

"Buckle," I repeated, reaching dizzily for the door.

I don't know what the Kid thought, but I couldn't help it. The word kept singing in my head.

"Come and see me again," he said pleasantly, and I sighed:

"Buckle."

Outside it came to me. It must have been my superconscious mind working.

Buckle? Why, of course! Surreptitiously I unloosened the buckle of the strap, and the belt relented. My taut organs relaxed, and my body returned from its center of gravity to its center of levity, or whatever it is that lets you feel comfortable. No wonder women like to get their corsets off!

Kid McCoy calls it "the longevity belt." Well, I lived a thousand years while I had it on.



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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 58,227; Dept. No. 2.

A. L. BLAKESLEE, Plaintiff, vs. VIOLET W. BLAKESLEE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to: Violet M. Blakeslee, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's adultery, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of July, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. A. BROWN,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

8-8-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 57,695.

MARIA BASCOU BARLETTA, Plaintiff, vs. HENRY CALVET, et al., Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Henry Calvet, J. A. McDonald, John Titus James, Lubeck's Investment Company, a corporation, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 1st day of July, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH A. BROWN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

7-11-10



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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

The Timely Convulsion

Proximate causes being easier to perceive than remote ones it is natural that some commentators should attribute the war to the animosities long existing between Servia and Austria, which had their tragic climax in the assassination of Duke Ferdinand. This is like saying that the Roman Republic was destroyed by the ambition of Caesar and Pompey, who were but the tools by which the particular work was done. Events which had been accumulating, which came from afar, pressed on and thickened until their united force was irresistible. When the Republic grew ripe for destruction along came Caesar to deliver the final blow. The competent historian does not look for small and special causes, but for large and general causes, and he finds that occurrences which contemporaries thought were of the greatest importance were of the smallest. Now, to account for the present rebarbarization of Europe we must consider the force and accumulation of preceding circumstances and review the events of a long period of years. Also we must be mindful of the fact that no civilization can bear more than a certain proportion of abuses, injustice, corruption, shame and folly. In the social organism there is a virus that preys upon it. Symptoms of the disease that was feeding on the vitals of at least one nation were manifest in the Cail- laux drama which brought upon the stage the whole corrupt world of French politics, finance and journalism. A leading statesman whose patriotism was challenged, by way of retort charged that a powerful newspaper guilty of an outrage which the worst drab of journalism in this country would hesitate to commit, was in the service of a German bank. Further, it was shown that at a time when Hungary was seeking access to the Paris money market this same newspaper accepted a large subsidy from a Hungarian financier. In Russia when the order to mobilize for war was given, St. Petersburg had a strike on hand which for days had paralyzed industry. It was nominally a protest against the brutalities by which a strike had been suppressed at Baku, but it was in fact the result of the unrest, half revolutionary, half economic, that had been growing for years. All factories and shipyards were closed, the street cars in the capital had ceased running, suburban trains had been held up by strikers, and at the moment when the blast of war was sounded strikers, emulating the sans-culottes of Paris, were erecting barricades in the streets preparatory to resisting the police and soldiers. Surely Russia was in need of a diversion. In Germany, too, where the cost of maintaining the greatest fighting

machine in history was more of a burden than people could bear, there was widespread unrest, and it seemed that the proletariat was recovering from its long nightmare of immobile fear. No wonder the government was ready and eager to back Austria. And what was the state of affairs in England? The government was facing rebellion in Ireland, and an army of unsexed furies in London. Everywhere the democracy that cut its eye teeth in France more than one hundred years ago was rampant, and it was high time for that periodical convulsion which is essential to the restoration of the equilibrium.

The Policy of Peace At Any Price

There are lessons for us in this European war that can hardly fail to impress even our peace-at-any-price editors and statesmen. We have seen that war is not wholly a matter of choice. There are times when a nation will not be permitted to occupy a neutral position. We have been told by our perpetual peace propagandists that the maintenance of a large army is conducive to war. Well, now it appears from what happened in Belgium that a country without an army large enough to inspire respect may not be able to enjoy peace however strongly determined it may be to avoid embroilment. A truly deplorable state of affairs. Here is Italy, exhibiting the very perfection of caution, yet threatened with a thrashing for behaving herself. It would seem that pending the arrival of the millennium and the signal for universal disarmament the judicious course to take is toward armament of respectable proportions. This is the course the United States has been avoiding at the instigation of certain editors and politicians who have been very busy coddling organized labor, which is strongly opposed to an adequate army on the theory that strikes are more easily to be won when soldiers are scarce. And as a consequence today we haven't an army large enough to guarantee the neutrality of the Panama Canal. But a few months ago Secretary of War Garrison and Major-General Wood called the attention of Congress to the fact that if 10,000 soldiers were sent out of the country the army remaining at home would be far too small for necessary work in time of peace. They reported that we had neither sufficient field artillery nor ammunition. In nine days during the Russian-Japanese war the Russians expended more than 250,000 rounds of ammunition. According to Major-General Wood the entire yearly capacity of this country is but as much as the Russians consumed in those nine days. Working three shifts a day this nation can manufacture but 250 field guns a year. We need right now as a minimum supply three times that number. How fortunate that an ocean separ-

ates us from Europe! In time if we persist in the policy we have been pursuing we may have occasion to wish that an ocean separated us from South America.

The Courtesies of War

If the reports that have been coming to us from the war zone are to be believed human nature has not altered much of late. Thus far we have heard more of the savagery and brutality than of the courtesies of war. Which reminds us of the question raised by Macaulay as to whether there should be any exchange of courtesies between combatants. The uncompromising historian thought not. "It is a bad thing," he said, "that men should hate each other; but it is far worse that they should contract the habit of cutting one another's throat without hatred." Why it is better to kill with malice than to kill without any passion, wholly as a matter of duty imposed by one's country, it is difficult to perceive. It is the soldier's trade to take human life, and if he neglects to do so he may be the cause of many deaths including his own. It is also the judge's trade to take human life. What should we think of the judge who imposed the death penalty with hatred in his heart? When we read of war, and are revolted by its horrors it is decidedly pleasant to come across a paragraph descriptive of a kindness received by a soldier at the hands of one of the enemy. The courtesies of war mitigate its horrors and cause us to realize that even in the midst of war the best instincts of our common nature persist as a result of the refining influences of civilization. History abounds in instances of generous and noble feelings that alleviated sufferings on the battlefield, and surely it is not to the discredit of soldiers that they exhibited rather the kindness than the ugliness of their nature. Who has not been thrilled with delight by stories of the courtesies shown by combatants toward one another in our Civil War. Wellington may have carried courtesy to an illogical length, as has been said, when on hearing that Junot had been wounded, he sent an expression of regret and an offer of the services of a good surgeon in the event of there being none at hand. Had the wound been a dangerous one, the death of so important a commander would have been an advantage to the English, and consequently Wellington was not justified in offering to assist in keeping him alive. However we are glad that he stretched courtesy an extra length. Reading of the ruthless severity already practiced in the present war we are reminded that in the Peninsular War the French and English troops being on opposite banks of a river and it being in accordance with immediate tactics for the French to blow up a bridge, Wellington sent over to the French commander a message to the effect that as it would be a pity to deprive the small town

Perspective Impressions

Anyway, Starr Jordan is accumulating material for another book.

Bet you don't remember the name of the assassin who started this war.

Are we wrong in supposing that when this war is over our maps will be out of date?

Why not a British brigade of "wild women," picture slashers and arsonettes?

What a lot of difficult European place-names we are learning to pronounce!

This time it was the German army that swore like hell in Flanders.

Will Captain Fredericks please burn that first letter or explain the second?

Somebody will be sure to tell you that out of war grows peace. It's such a wise thing to say.

The newspapers are occupying themselves these days not so much with what is knowable as with what is imaginable.

History-in-the-making would be much better reading if there weren't so many contradictions and denials.

Joseph Caillaux has been made an inspector of finance in the French army. Calmette has probably turned over in his grave.

The Democratic candidates for governor are mobilized, but nobody thinks them worth fighting.

The luckiest thing that can happen to a lot of job-chasers will be defeat at the primaries—it will save them a good deal of money.

How that phrase, "It is reported but not confirmed" tantalizes our warlike curiosity!

Note of weariness: That "Austrian army awfully arrayed" poem is still making the rounds of the press.

We have not only drunkards but dope fiends. Must we therefore advocate state-wide prohibition of the sale of drugs?

Andy Carnegie has approved England's behavior, and as Andy is a master of ethics there is no more to be said.

Colonel Roosevelt is silent about the war, probably because political caution warns him not to take sides.

For forty years Europe was a powder house, and every little while a new keg was added to guard against an explosion.

Who's Who Hereabouts

XXIII—MAX KUHL

The uncompromising reformer, we are told, when he recovers from his malady becomes a pliable, practical, sordid politician. This is like most propositions epigrammatically expressed—the fact that it states is enunciated in a more unqualified manner than the truth warrants. It is the cynicism of the politician who has had much experience of hypocrisy in politics, who has seen many an apostle of militant reform quit the firing line, abandon the army, withdraw from the fray and snugly ensconce himself in a bomb-proof job where the pickings are plethoric. The cynic is not much impressed by reformers. He doesn't take them at their own appraisal. Perhaps he was a reformer himself once, maybe it was as an apostle of the cause of civic righteousness that he began his political career, and so he is sceptical of the poses and professions of all reformers. While it is true that many of our practical politicians were originally reformers, it is also true that many of our reformers were originally politicians. A notable example is the chief of all the Christian Soldiers who fought at Armageddon. There is another example in the person of the Hon. Francis J. Heney, and the Governor of our State is another. With all the dips, spurs and angles of the mother lode of politics these eminent citizens were familiar before they found it to their advantage to assert allegiance to the milk-white banner of reform. Coming down to smaller fry we have in the person of the Hon. Max Kuhl, a shining example of the political opportunist with a vigilant eye for the beacon light. Reform and Kuhl are synonymous terms. Kuhl has been in the vanguard of the army of reform in many a contest for civic redemption. He has inspired a few forlorn hopes of righteousness entering the breaches of corruption. But Kuhl was not born a reformer. In his twenties he was a normal young man; gave no signs of a latent prejudice against the gay diversions that sadden the heart of the melancholy Puritan. It never occurred to him to become the teacher of a Sunday school.

In short nothing austere could be predicated of his manner or his conduct. As soon as age qualified him to vote he took a hand in politics, but not with any pious purpose. There were reformers in those days as there are now, but they were not powerful, and it was not worth the while of an ambitious young man to join them. What could they do for him? Kuhl lived in the thirty-seventh district, which was under the control of Arthur Fisk and Eddie Wolfe. Naturally Kuhl became one of their lieutenants. True, they were the representatives of the bad old machine, but that circumstance did not revolt the budding patriot. He joined the machine with enthusiasm, and he was not at all concerned about the need of reforming it. It was only when the machine was on its last legs that Max Kuhl perceived the evil of the company he was keeping. Perhaps the sense of his delinquencies caused an attack of remorse. At any rate he made amends by joining the Lincoln-Roosevelt League and becoming a reformer at two-fifty a month. To enable him to earn this money he was sent out on the road as an organizer. In addition to his salary he received his expenses. But somewhere up north he muddled things a bit and was recalled. Later the experience he had acquired as a performer he made good use of in the Good Government League and in the Municipal Conference which paid him a fat salary as manager. So you see the Hon. Max Kuhl made no mistake when he turned reformer. He has been getting along very nicely ever since. He never found anything that pays so well as reform. By reason of his enthusiasm for Governor Johnson he landed in the job of attorney for the Exposition at five thousand a year, and by reason of his services for the Municipal Conference he landed in the job of police commissioner. The members of the Municipal Conference pledged themselves not to accept any political position, thus to vindicate their disinterested devotion to the civic welfare, but all but Major Keesling forgot their pledge. Max

Kuhl was more fortunate than any of them, as he was paid a salary for his services and rewarded with a job later on. It is said that had Mayor Rolph known of the salary Kuhl would never have got the job. It was only a short time ago that the Mayor learned that Kuhl was a reformer for revenue, but notwithstanding the fact that Max is a thorn in the side of the Administration the Mayor is afraid to fire him, the explanation being that on the job he is less of a menace than he might be off the reservation and dancing. For Commissioner Kuhl has ingratiated himself with all our Puritanical clergy, and were he fired he might pose as the victim of his zeal in the cause of purity. So with a jelly-fish like Rolph in the Mayor's office Kuhl occupies a fine strategical position. The Big-Chief-Afraid-of-His-Shadow, as the Mayor has been dubbed, is so timid that although in favor of lifting the lid for dancers he passed the buck up to the supervisors.

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SAN FRANCISCO

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

French Military Deficiencies

France has publicly confessed the deficient organization and equipment of her army. Certain charges were made in the Senate just a week before the war clouds broke over Europe, and their general truth was admitted by War Minister Messimy. It was stated that forts were defective in structure; that guns lacked ammunition; that there was no provision for the defense of fortifications against attacks from the air; that wireless installation for communication from fort to fort was inadequate; that French artillery was rapidly falling behind that of Germany; that so-called improvements were obsolete by the time they were discussed and adopted. It was stated that the supply of boots for the army was two million pairs short of requirements, and that if war broke out the men would have to take the field with one pair of boots, and only one reserve boot in their knapsacks, and that one thirty years old!

Speaking to the King

A great many people think King George should have allowed that suffragette who penetrated to the throne room a chance to say to him all she had on her mind. Perhaps he should have done so. Yet the suffragette had no right to speak to the King. There is no British right of personal audience with the King. No commoner in the land can claim any such privilege as of right under English law. The English people are represented by their members in the House of Commons, and when it comes to talking to the sovereign, the Members of Parliament are represented by the Speaker. The Speaker of the House of Commons never makes a speech there; he is called the Speaker because when occasion arises he speaks to the King on behalf of the members of Parliament.

Another Bryan Failure

Coincidentally with the outbreak of war between Austria-Hungary and Servia came the news

that Germany would probably refuse to sign Secretary of State Bryan's new arbitration treaty providing for the lapse of a year before the beginning of any hostilities, during which an international commission would endeavor to obtain an amicable settlement. That this latest failure of Chautauqua Bill to make the dove of peace the favorite bird of Europe might have been forecasted, will be conceded by all who do not dwell in Utopia. Only a Bryan would entertain the possibility of such an arrangement. The terms of the proposed treaty need only be applied to current events for their absurdity to appear. Fancy little Belgium waiting a year for the others powers of Europe to devise an amicable settlement of her difference with Germany! Fancy the other involved Powers keeping the dogs of war on leash for twelve months! In incapacity for grappling with actual conditions the Grape Juice Secretary even surpasses his creature George Fred Williams, the would-be pacificator of Albania.

The Swiss Navy

It is not quite correct to say that Switzerland has no navy. There is a small armed vessel, something like a gunboat, stationed on the Lake of Geneva and usually to be found opposite Lausanne. It is not a formidable looking craft, but apparently it has a big mission, for it keeps watch on French Savoy, and incidentally on smugglers from Evians-les-Bains, the charming French watering place opposite. Perhaps our Minister had this boat in mind when he invited Switzerland to be represented in the naval pageant at the opening of the Panama Canal.

To Stop Moonshining

The agents of the Federal Government think they have discovered one very plausible explanation of moonshining or illicit distilling in the mountains of Kentucky. The moonshiner is very often law-abiding in other ways. He converts his corn into whiskey because he can be

sure of a reasonable profit from the whiskey, whereas if he attempted to send his corn to market the cost of hauling over the mountains would keep him poor. The Department of Agriculture is going to remedy this by helping the mountaineers to establish canneries in the mountains. It is confidently held that if this is done, there will be a great deal less illicit distilling, for the mountaineers have no prejudice in favor of the illegal manufacture of whiskey and would gladly turn to legitimate methods of earning a living. The problem is not a moral problem, but an economic one. The internal revenue officers have never been able to stop or even measurably to decrease moonshining, but it looks as though the Department of Agriculture is on the right road at last.

Unhealthy Monarchs

According to report most European royalties are an unhealthy lot. Indeed it is said that there is only one "first class" life among them, to use an insurance phrase. Alfonso has inherited the throat which killed his father; so too, it is feared, has the Kaiser, who is handicapped by a withered arm. King Nicholas was recently in a nursing home at Munich, suffering from an internal complaint; the King of Sweden is lately recovered from a cancer operation at Carlsbad; King George V suffers from a kidney complaint; the giant King of Denmark has been told that he has outgrown the strength of his heart; King Peter considered abdicating on the score of ill health; Charles of Rumania is a confirmed invalid. The only king who could insure like an ordinary mortal is Haakon of Norway. Turning to the queen consorts, the position is better, but by no means a happy one. The tragedy of the Czarina is well known; the Kaiserin has heart disease; Carmen Sylva is blind; the Queen of Montenegro has had two French specialists at Cetinje for months; Queen Maud has always been delicate. On the other hand Queen Mary, Queen Helena of Italy and the Queens of Greece, Bulgaria, Sweden, Spain and Denmark are all "first class lives."

The People's Forum

Plaint of a Purist

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: "With infinite disgust." "He was infinitely disgusted." I read the phrase constantly, and it fills me with finite disgust. As the foe of cacology you should war on it. Let writers know that there is in all history only one instance of infinite disgust. It is recorded in Genesis, chapter 6 verse 6, where we read: "And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth."

Sincerely,

—Scholasticus.

A Non-Fake Extra

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I wish that you would help me in setting the Bulletin right. That paper is so well along in its way to moral righteousness, that as one interested in perfection, I feel bound to point out one of its minor lapses. Last night I read in the evening daily that no "fake" news would be printed during the European war and no "extra" would be distributed

unless the facts warranted. In short, the statement seemed to indicate that the Bulletin would devote itself whole-heartedly and unreservedly to the apostleship of truth.

My dear Town Talk, I cannot adequately express to you the pleasure that the reading of this fine and manly announcement gave me. I felt that a new prophet had arisen in Israel—that Truth at last was receiving the support of a San Francisco daily. I realized that Mr. Older's conversion was a matter of great interest to his readers, and I noted that it occurred in the "5 o'clock edition" of the Bulletin of yesterday.

The hour was 3:30. Then I saw that the truth was not instant, but in the nature of a prophecy; both the war news and Mr. Older's acceptance of the truth were one and a half hours ahead of the clock. These facts naturally raised the query in my mind,—why does a guaranteed "non-fake" paper come into the world before its time? What would be the feelings of Mr. Older if he went down to the ferry to catch the 5 o'clock

train to Sacramento to see his friend the Governor, and found that the train left at 3:30?

In the interests of both Simplicity and Truth, I would hazard the suggestion that if a guaranteed non-fake edition of the Bulletin is printed at 3:30 in the afternoon, that it so state or else keep quiet.

Respectfully,

—Richard Hugh.

Shaw On Our Uplifters

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Reading "The Devil's Disciple" the other day I came across a dictum which might be applied quite appropriately to the uplifters who are trying so hard to free us from all the "occasions of sin." G. B. S. speaks of those "to whom drink and debauchery are still so much more tempting than religion and rectitude, that they conceive goodness simply as self-denial."

Sincerely,

—The Browser.

The Latest Thing

By John Galsworthy

There was in her blood that which bade her hasten, lest there should be something still new to her when she died. Death! She was continually haunted by the fear lest that itself might be new. And she would say: "Do you know what it feels like to be dead?—I do." If she had not known this, she felt that she would not have lived her life to the full. And one must live one's life to the full. Indeed, yes! One must experience everything. In her relations with men, for instance, there was nothing, so far as she could see, to prevent her from being a good wife, good mother, good mistress, and good friend—to different men all at the same time, and even to more than one man of each kind, if necessary. One had merely to be oneself, a full nature, fully expressed. Greed was a low and contemptible attribute, especially in women; a woman wanted nothing more than—everything, and the best of that. And it was intolerable if one could not have that little. Women had always been kept down. Not to be kept down was still, on the whole, new. Yet sometimes, after she had not been kept down rather violently, she would feel: Oh! the weariness! I shall throw it all up, and live on a shilling a day, like a sweated worker—that, at all events, will be new! She even sometimes dreamed of retirement to convent life—the freshness of its old-world novelty appealed to her.

To such an idealist, the very colors of the rainbow did not suffice, nor all the breeds of birds there were; and her life was piled with cages. Here she had them one by one, borrowed their songs, relieved them of their plumes; then, finding that they no longer had any, let them go; for to look at things without possessing them was intolerable, but to keep them when she had got them even more so.

She often wondered how people could get along at all whose natures were not so full as hers. Life, she thought, must be so dull for the poor creatures, only doing one thing at a time, and that time so long. What with her painting, and her music, her dancing, her flying, her motor-ing, her writing of novels and poems, her love-making, maternal cares, entertaining, friendships, housekeeping, wifely duties, political and social interests, her gardening, talking, acting, her interest in Russian linen and the Woman's Movement; what with traveling in new countries, listening to new preachers, lunching new novelists, discovering new dishes for dinner, new religions, new dogs, new dresses, new duties to new neighbors, and newer charities—life was so full that the moment it stood still and was simply old "Life," it seemed to be no life at all.

She could not bear the amateur; feeling within herself some sacred fire that made her "an artist" whatever she took up—or dropped. She had a particular dislike, too, of machine-made articles; for her, personality must be deep-woven into everything; look at flowers, how wonderful they were in that way, growing quietly to perfection, each in its corner, and inviting butterflies to sip their dew! She knew, for she had been told it so often, that she was the crown of creation—the latest thing in women, who were, of course, the latest thing in creatures. There had never, till quite recently, been a woman like her, so awfully interested in so many things, so likely to be interested in so many more. She had flung open all the doors of Life, and was so continually going out and coming in, that Life had some considerable difficulty in catching a glimpse of her at all. Just as the cinematograph was the

future of the theatre, so was she the future of women, and in the words of the poet, "prou' title." To sip at every flower before her wings closed; if necessary, to make new flowers to sip at. To smoke the whole box of cigarettes straight off, and in the last puff of smoke expire! And withal, no feverishness, only a certain reposeful and womanly febrility; a mere perpetual glancing from quick-sliding eyes, to see the next move, to catch the new movement—God bless it! And mind you, a high sense of duty—perhaps a higher sense of duty than that of any woman who had gone before; a deep and intimate conviction that women had an immensity of leeway to make up, that their old, starved, stunted lives must be avenged, and that right soon. To enlarge the horizon—this was the sacred duty! No mere Boccaccian or Louis Quinze cult of pleasurable sensations; no crude, lolling, plutocratic dollery of a spoiled dame. No! the full, deep river of sensations nibbling each others' tails. Life was real, life was earnest, and Time the essence of its contract.

To say that she had favorite books, plays, men, dogs, colors, was to do her but momentary justice. A deeper equity assigned her only one favorite—the next; and for the sake of that one favorite, no Catherine, no Semiramis, or Messalina could more swiftly dispose of all the others. With what avidity she sprang into its arms, drained its lips of kisses, looking hurriedly the while for its successors; for God alone—she felt—knew what would happen to her if she finished drinking before she caught sight of that next necessary one.

And yet, now and again, Time played her false, and she got through too soon. It was then that she realized the sensation of death. After the first terrible inanition, those moments lived without "living" would begin to assume a sort of preciousness, to acquire holy sensations of their own. "I am dead," she would say to herself; "I really am dead; I lie motionless, hearing, feeling, smelling, seeing, thinking nothing. I lie impalpable; above me I can see the vast blue, and all around me the vast brown brown—it is something like what I remember of Egypt. And there is a kind of singing in my ears, that are really not ears now, a grey, thin sound, like—ah!—Maeterlinck, and a very faint honey smell, like—er—Omar Khayyam. And I just move as a blade of grass moves in the wind. Yes, I am dead. It feels exactly like it." And a new exhilaration would seize her, for she felt that, in that sensation of death, she was living! At lunch, or it might be dinner, she would tell her newest man what it felt like to be dead. "It's not really disagreeable," she would say; "it has its own flavor. You know, like Turkish coffee, just a touch of india-rubber in it—I mean the coffee." And the new one would sneeze, and answer: "Yes,

I know a little what you mean; asphodels, too; you get it in Greece. My only difficulty is that, if you are dead, you know—you—er—are." She would not admit that; it sounded true, but she was sure it was not, because, to be dead like that would be the end of novelty, which was, to her, unthinkable.

Once, in a new book, she came across a little tale of a man who "lived" in Persia, of all heavenly places, frantically pursuing sensation. Entering one day the courtyard of his house, he heard a sigh behind him, and, looking around, saw his own spirit, apparently in the act of breathing its last. The little thing, dry and pearly-white as a seed-pod of "honesty," was opening and shutting its mouth, for all the world like an oyster trying to breathe. "What is it?" he said. "You don't seem well." And his spirit answered: "All right, all right! Don't distress yourself—it's nothing! I've just been crowded out. That's all. Good-bye!" And, with a wheeze, the little thing went flat, fell on to the special blue tiles he had caused to be put down there, and lay still. He bent to pick it up, but it came off on his thumb in a smudge of grey-white powder.

This fancy was so new that it pleased her greatly, and she recommended the book to all her friends. The moral, of course, was purely Eastern, and had no applicability whatever to Western life, where, the more one did and expressed, the bigger and more healthy one's spirit grew—as, witness what she always felt to be going on within herself. But next spring she changed the blue tiles of her Turkish smoking-room, put in a birch-wood floor, and made it all Russian. This she did, however, merely because one new room a year was absolutely essential to her spirit.

In her perpetual journey towards an ever-widening horizon of woman's life, she was not so foolish as to prize danger for its own sake—that was by no means her idea of adventure. That she ran some risks it would be idle to deny, but only when she had discerned the substantial advantage of a new sensation to be had out of them, not at all because they were necessary to keep her soul alive. She was, she felt, a Greek in spirit, only more so, perhaps, having in her also something of America and the West End.

How she came to be at all was only known to that Age—whose daughter she undoubtedly was—an Age which ran all the time, without any foolish notion where it was running to. There was no novelty in a destination, and no sensation to be had from sitting cross-legged in a tub of sunlight—not, at least, after you had done it once. She had been born to dance the moon down, to ragtime. The moon, the moon! Ah! yes. It was the one thing that had as yet eluded her avidity. That, and her own soul.



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Poems About San Francisco

CLVIII—BEYOND THE HARBOR BAR

By Stella Lewis Dunlap

(The following poem by Stella Lewis Dunlap is to be admired for its swing and dash. It is the work, evidently, of a practiced hand. Like a number that have appeared in this series, it is taken from the files of *Sunset*, issue of February, 1905.)

Low across the harbor and loud across the bar,
A dream voice calls me outward and lures me from afar.
In the mist upon the mountain, the mast upon the bay,
I see a hand that draws me on and points me far away.
How aches my soul with longing to follow where it beckons!
With loathing for the idle wharves, the rotting hulls and decks!
And oh to pass the gates of foam, at rise of evening star,
And seek a luring, moving sea, beyond the harbor-bar!

For here the dimpling waves scarce sway to rock the painted skiff,
Or lap in languid change of tide against the scornful cliff;
The bay lies faintly smiling where vagrant breezes pass
To die before they reach its rim of sparse salt-flavored grass;
The days are long and listless, the nights are slow and still,
And idle silence wraps the shore and broods upon the hill—
But oh to hear once more the sea, fierce willed to maim or mar
Stout ships that brave its fury, beyond the harbor-bar!

'Twere life to breathe its briny breath, to dare its driving gales,
To woo the winds of winter with white and shining sails,
To feel beneath my feet once more the leap of noble ships,
The sting of spray against my brow, its kiss upon my lips—
To scorn the threat of sullen seas or hoarse howl of the blast,
To sing to the rattle of icy shrouds, or creak of the straining mast,
To follow the flight of a gleaming gull to storm-swept coasts afar,
To find a wider world of waves beyond the harbor-bar!

Faint across the harbor and fair across the bar,
How shines the lane of light that leads to pulsing life afar!
And oh to tread that path once more, and find that tossing sea
That lies beyond the land-locked bay and ever calls to me!
In life to live and labor upon the heaving deep;
In death to find low in its depths a sound and dreamless sleep.
Swayed by the softly-singing tides with sunken helm and spar,
A sailor's rest in a sailor's grave beyond the harbor-bar!

The Spectator

Julius and Joe

We are hearing a lot these days about what Congressman Knowland has done for California. So much have we heard on the subject that my cynical friend, the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock, though concerned only about the fate of Governor Johnson, has taken occasion to send me a note of protest respecting the Knowland campaign. He says: "There is one thing that Joe has not done—he has not stuck to his post of duty. We hired him to stay in Washington, but here he is campaigning for Senator. And there's no need of his being here, for his wife is a better campaigner than he is. I think he's hurting himself. Anyway he's reminding us of Julius Kahn. Julius is a conscientious Congressman. His enemies are fighting him, but he stays on the job. Now there's been so much shouting about what Knowland has done, that I've been looking Kahn up in the dope book, and I've found that he's been a mighty busy man. He is the author of the Kahn Act for the protection of foreign exhibitors at the Exposition. After the President signed the bill, patent attorneys got busy and worked up a propaganda to scare the manufacturing interests of the country. After four months of hard fighting Kahn killed off all opposition to the bill, and the law remains intact. Julius has secured appropriations for the maintenance of the customs service and the patent and copyright offices at the Exposition. He secured an appropriation of \$500,000 for a Government building at the Exposition. That was a hard fight and it was won in the middle of July when it was pretty damned hot in Washington. Where was Alameda Joe? He was rooting for himself in the breezes that blow from the beautiful bay. Kahn helped to win the appropriation for the dry dock at Hunter's Point; also an appropriation for a rostrum in the National Cemetery and a road through the Presidio that will connect with the city's road to Fort Wiley. These are a few of the things put through by a Republican in a Democratic Administration. Evidently Julius was conciliating the Powers

that Be while Joe was insulting the President." The Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock, it appears, is better than a raw hand at research.

The Lifting of the Lid

So the police commissioners have decided to permit dancing in some restaurants one night a week! Is this a concession to the spirit of San Francisco that Mayor Rolph loves to prate about? And whereabouts in the decalogue do we find the night that need not be kept like a Connecticut Sabbath? Mysterious are the irrationalities of the current dispensation at the City Hall. Apparently, dancing in the philosophy of this dispensation is not an unholy pastime. It is tolerable, but like everything else in this day and generation it must be regulated. Terpsichore must not be given her head, else she may run amuck with her tambourine and use her garland of flowers to catch souls as susceptible as the chaste Max Kuhl. I suppose it was in deference to the prejudices of Max that the commission gave the lid only a one-seventh tilt. Perhaps they thought it would rouse the sleeping Puritan to go any further. But perhaps in time the Mayor may screw his courage up a little, and tell Max to go to blazes. I hear, by the way, that the Mayor isn't so enthusiastic about Max since he heard of the precise character of the commissioner's relations with the Good Government League. When he gave Max the appointment to the commission he thought he was rewarding a zealous, disinterested patriot, but, so the story goes, somebody has told him that when Max was making the fight for civic purity it was on a cash basis—something like a thousand a month. If such was the case the Mayor is deserving of felicitation on having picked out at least one business man to give verisimilitude to the professions of a business administration.

The Embattled Pulpiters

The lid-tilting hearing was in the nature of a field day for our militant pulpiters, and they whangdoodled to their hearts' content, although

the outcome showed again that Charles James Fox was right when he said that oratory never changed votes. The Rev. John M. Jackson, a notable pulpit pounder, declared that any lifting of the lid would be an act of bad faith since we had assured the world that our Exposition would be held in a city morally clean. To the mind of this master of ratiocination the reason for England's and Germany's failure to participate nationally in our Fair is probably to be found in the fear of those countries that San Francisco might prove a wicked city than London or Berlin. No doubt he thinks that the world would be mightily impressed with our virtue if the word went forth that we abhorred cafe dancing and singing. It is worthy of note that while several of the most jarring sects were represented by their ministers during this hearing, there were no Roman Catholic priests or Jewish rabbis present to protest. I asked one of the newspapermen who reported the hearing how he accounted for this, and he said: "I guess the priests and the rabbis were too busy ministering to their flocks to have any time for this particular matter of uplift." I shouldn't be surprised if he was right.

Chaffing Prexy Wheeler

The Bohemians who attended Dr. Shiels' grove play had a great time chaffing Benjamin Ide Wheeler about the troubles of his friend Kaiser Wilhelm. The president of the University of

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California might have enjoyed his stay in the Bohemian Grove much more if the war talk (which divided interest with "Nec-Natama") had not turned so persistently on the apparently desperate condition of the German army. Everybody in Bohemia knows that Benjamin is a great friend of Wilhelm. He always refers to that august personage as "my dear friend the Kaiser," and it is pretty generally understood from his conversation that when Wheeler is in Berlin he calls the Kaiser "Bill" and that the Kaiser reciprocates by addressing him as "Benjy." So the Bohemians made a point of putting Prexy Wheeler on the defensive. They were loud in their praise of Belgian prowess. They read in his hearing dispatches stating that the German gunners exhibited poor marksmanship, and that the German commanders showed lack of initiative and enthusiasm. They wondered why a fighting machine like the German army should have invaded Belgium without virtualizing itself properly. In fact they lost no opportunity of baiting Wheeler. And he satisfied their expectations by attempting to explain. His stay at the grove was one long exposition of German strength, one continuous explanation of German reverses. Whereat his tormentors laughed gleefully in their sleeves.

"The Mailed Fist"

Which serves to remind me that shortly after the conclusion of the Balkan War, President Wheeler wrote for the Literary Supplement of the New York Times a review of Alfred H. Fried's book "The German Emperor and the Peace of the World." This review which bore the name of President Wheeler was headed "The Mailed Fist; a Figment of the Imagination, Says a Pacifist." The heading goes a little further than Prexy Wheeler goes in his article; yet the article is strange reading in view of what has happened during the past three weeks. "Germany cannot wish for any further annexations of European territory," writes Wheeler. "It cannot afford to disturb the present balance of races and creeds." Also: "Germany wants first of all quiet and order in Europe. . . . There will be no war—unless Britain, under the long strain of her suspicions, should entrust herself at some unfortunate moment to the guidance of extremists who believe in striking before Germany attains her full naval strength. . . . To the outside observer it is the chief wonder that the people of Britain have been so slow to recognize that the Emperor is their best friend in Europe." These quotations seem to indicate not only that Prexy Wheeler is not endowed with prophetic gifts—a circumstance that doesn't surprise—but also that he lacks the discretion which might have prevented him from setting down his dogmatic assertions where they could be used to embarrass him. But his condition is not so bad as Starr Jordan's, for Jordan was caught in the tangles of war while preaching universal peace.

The Fredericks Slump

Cornelius Pendleton of Los Angeles, former Speaker of the Assembly and Collector of Customs at San Pedro, dropped into town this week, and was curious to know how Bill Ralston's fight was faring in his home town. He was asked about the Fredericks strength in Los Angeles, and his report corroborates the news that was brought up two weeks ago by Phil Stanton. According to Pendleton the candidate from the citrus belt will be lucky to get half the vote south of Tehachapi. "The man who is pressing him hard," said Pendleton, "is Billy Ralston." On top of this news comes the report from Venice of a straw vote taken there last Sunday by Fredericks sympathizers. Much to their amazement Ralston ran first. He received 135 votes to Fredericks' 87. The Democratic candidate, Fred Hall, got 60, while Keessling got only 34 and Belshaw 22. From this it would appear that Fredericks is not holding his own in his home town. The reason, I hear, is that his non-committal attitude on important questions is disgusting his friends.

Wise Ones for Ralston

Some weeks ago it was reported in one of the dailies that George A. Knight, the veteran war-horse of the Republican party, had announced that he was for Johnson for Governor. What Knight really said was that he would vote for Johnson in preference to an Egyptian mummy, meaning, it is supposed, Captain Fredericks. George A. Knight is for Billy Ralston. He believes that Ralston is the Republican capable of winning in November. There are many other live wires of the same opinion. One of them is Colonel Daniel M. Burns. Another is Christopher Buckley. These experienced politicians are for Ralston because they believe that if nominated he can be elected.

A Filmy Witticism

At the opening performance of the Princess Theatre players at the Columbia appeared Corporal Peter Peshon of the Board of Censors. He was there to see that the Muse of Comedy behave herself. Now Corporal Peter Peshon is no prude. He has had wide experience of the drama in the movies, and he has proved himself sensibly tolerant, though he has seen dramas which he has had cut down by tape measurement. Now he had heard disquieting rumors about the Princess plays. Somebody had informed him that the Blinn repertoire was streaked with the boudoir drama rampant. So he was on the alert. He sat through "Hari Kari" without a blush. He saw nothing wrong in the play but the Jap. The only bad taste he could find was the young woman's. Then came "En Deshabille." This comedy startled him a bit. When the lady entered the bedroom, just after the man in the pajamas got into bed, Corporal Peter Peshon frowned a little. Though he's no playwright, when he saw the lady taking the pins out of her

hair he began to imagine the drift of the thing. But when he found they were respectable married folk, he went outside to cool off. In the lobby he met Manager Melville Marx and the Chronicle's critic Wally Young. "What do you think of the show?" Marx asked.

The censor of films observed that there was nothing wrong with it, but he could see where "that French play" might be toned down a little. "Of course it's all right," he said, "but the lady in bed, if that could be cut out, it—"

"That's right," the Chronicle's critic interrupted, addressing himself to Marx, "cut about two hundred feet out of it."

The Lure of Riskiness

The most enterprising press agent could not have done better by the Columbia than Chief of Police White did when he expressed his doubts about the propriety of the Holbrook Blinn playlets and asked the Board of Censors to attend the opening performance. As soon as the Chief's action was announced in the papers eager patrons of the art theatric began besieging the box office in Geary street. Despite the fact that the war news monopolized the first four or five pages of the papers, and that this item of theatrical information was hidden away where it had to be looked for, all our best people and a great many not quite superlative read the announcement and immediately hurried downtown to reserve seats for the premiere. Everybody wanted to go to the premiere, for everybody had the same thought—there might not be a second night, or the second night's performance might be as innocuous and stupid as a bowdlerized version of Les Contes Drolatiques. The Board of Censors constituted a factor of unknown value in the theatrical equation. They might censor, and they might not. Why take a chance? "Two seats for the first night please, and as near the stage as possible!"

A Chicago Vendetta

To do Chief White simple justice, it must be mentioned that he was fully aware of the precious advertising he was lavishing on Messrs. Gottlob and Marx when he intimated to them that it might be necessary for him to put the lid on the Princess plays in the interest of public morality. "Gus" White is broad-minded, and endowed with a sense of humor that makes him humanly tolerant. I doubt whether in his heart of hearts he takes the Board of Censors very seriously or is anxious to see their functions extended to include the censoring of legitimate drama as well as film plays. But Chief White felt compelled to act. Esprit de corps urged him

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on. The Chief of Police of Chicago had taken the trouble to wire the Chief of Police of San Francisco that the plays produced by Holbrook Blinn and his associates were immoral, indecent, obscene, naughty, wicked, demoralizing and subversive of public order. I do not pretend to quote his very terms, but Chicago's Chief of Police feels strongly on the subject, and no doubt he used even stronger adjectives than these I have set down. Holbrook Blinn happens to be that functionary's black beast, his pet aversion. On Holbrook Blinn and all his works and pomps and plays and players the Chicago Chief of Police has declared a war of extermination. He has sworn a vendetta of horrendous import. Naturally our "Gus" could not ignore the warning served upon him by a distinguished colleague. So, though he knew his interference would crowd the Columbia on opening night, he felt compelled to take action. To give him his due Chief White smiled good-naturedly when Mel Marx gravely thanked him for his interference and told him that it had packed the Columbia to the last row of the gallery for the first time in lo! these many moons. Marx thanked the Chief in the lobby before the show. Of course the Chief was there. It would be a cowardly Chief of Police who would hesitate to risk his own morals at a performance to which he had despatched Corporal Peter Peshon and the rest of the Censors.

Blinn in Chicago

San Francisco is the first city the Princess Players have visited since their memorable experience in Chicago, so this engagement has given the Chief of Police of the Windy City his first chance to strike at Holbrook Blinn. Chicago is a very cultured city, but it is not without the taint of provincial puritanism. The fig leaf is highly regarded in Chicago as a buckler of morality. This may seem strange to those who remember that eminent authorities like Gertrude Atherton and Mrs. Fiske have declared Chicago to be the center of American culture, but let us remember that centers of culture know their Emerson and have a proper disdain for an enslaving consistency. Cultured Chicago received the Princess Players with eyes modestly downcast and minds troubled by doubt. They had heard about their productions from adventurous men who had risked their immortal souls by visiting the little Princess Theatre in New York. So they resolved not to dally with the chances of damnation. The Chief of Police is the guardian of Chicago morals, and he sent a policeman to a rehearsal of the Princess plays. The policeman returned to headquarters in such a scandalized state of mind that Holbrook Blinn was told he must be packing. So there were no Princess plays presented in Chicago. But before he went his way Blinn took occasion to say what he thought about the Chief of Police. He has a pretty facility of polite vituperation, has Hal of our town. He knows the secret of compounding verbal Greek fire. If he wrote his indignation on blue litmus paper, the paper would turn red. The castigation he gave the Chicago Chief was a triumph of literary expression. It was published far and wide, and held the Chief up to considerable scorn. He's smarting from it yet. Hence the vendetta. Happy the man who can advance the cause of morality and prosecute a private revenge at one and the same time!

Our Moral Spasms

We of San Francisco are perhaps not so cultured as the illuminati who dwell by the blowy shores of Lake Michigan. And perhaps we are not less moral. So we may view with complacency the little storm of scrupulousness that has been stirred up over the Blinn engagement

at the Columbia. We have known these storms before. They are periodical in their nature, and do neither much good nor much harm. There have been many occasions in our creditable theatrical annals when plays have been protested. The censors have been called out in force before. You cannot have forgotten that "The Blue Mouse" was suspect, and that two detectives passed on "The Girl from Rector's." Indeed, it is not so long since the movie censors, by way of diversion perhaps, attended the first production of a Paul Armstrong melodrama of eugenics at the Alcazar. Yet, with the exception of Salmi Morse's Passion Play (which received the countenance of the saintly Archbishop Alemany but offended the tenderer susceptibilities of certain Methodist ministers), I cannot recall a single instance when a play was actually suppressed by official action.

"The Turtle" Incident

I have not forgotten "The Turtle." "The Turtle" would seem unduly respectable if presented today, we have so broadened our ideas in these matters, but at the time of its production it gave every community it came into the most violent of conniption fits. There was quite a pothor about it in San Francisco as soon as it was advertised for presentation at the California Theatre. The people of the McDonough estate threatened to break Sam Friedlander's lease on the theatre if he dared to house its unexpurgated nastiness. So it was a very stupid and inoffensive "Turtle" that crawled onto the California stage on the opening night. A packed house was disappointed; the expected salacity was absent. "I wouldn't take Little Egypt to see 'The Turtle,'" said Ashton Stevens next morning, and went on to explain that he wouldn't insult the oriental wriggler of the Midway Plaisance by asking her to sit through its deadly dullness. The second night the California didn't hold a corporal's guard. "The Turtle," you see, was censored by the landlord, not by the police. The nearest the police ever came to interfering with a play, so far as my recollection goes, was when they served notice on Manager Kurtzig of the little Colonial in McAllister street that Wilde's "Salome" would not be permitted if the Dance of the Seven Veils was indecorously executed. But they might have saved themselves the trouble. Izetta Jewell, San Francisco's first Salome, was no Mary Garden. When she got through unwrapping her seven veils there was still so much chaste muslin swathed about her body that—my memory is not playing me false, I think—even Herod showed considerable disappointment!

The Fig Leaf Cult

There is no reason why we should be unduly humiliated by these spasmodic outbreaks of pseudo-morality. They are not confined to small, isolated communities like ours. They are as old as recorded history. Let us remember always that the cult of the fig leaf began in the Garden of Eden. Adam and Eve were the first Puritans! There were thin-lipped, dour Greeks who shook their heads over the nudities of the Gymnasium; Romans who found matter for criticism in the unveiled marble Venuses the sculptors delighted to chisel. History is full of the censoring of plays, books, pictures and statues. Savonarola flourished, not in Chicago but in Florence. Paris was always a liberal city, yet even in the easy-going days before the Revolution the censor was a busy little cup of tea. Has not Anatole France preserved for us the figure of M. Nicodeme, the president of the Purity League of Paris at the beginning of the eighteenth century? You have of course read that voracious book wherein Jacques Turnspit preserves the

opinions of his dear master the Abbe Coignard, so you remember the day M. Nicodeme bustled into the bookshop of M. Blaizot in the Rue St. Jacques and complained that a volume of Ronsard in the window was open at the frontispiece which displayed the figure of a woman clothed only in her hair. "The end that I pursue," explained M. Nicodeme, "is to outdo in niceness in the matter of modesty the regulations of the Lieutenant de Police." And that is the end every Anthony Comstock of them all has pursued before and since. "We have," exclaimed M. Nicodeme, "fixed six hundred vine or fig leaves on the statues in the King's park." The rebuke which Abbe Coignard administered from his point of vantage at the top of a ladder where he was devouring a volume of Cassiodorus, is good for the busybodies of today, so I shall quote it: "Seeing that objects have no meaning for us save by association of ideas, in placing vines leaves and fig leaves on statues, you transfer the quality of indecency to the leaves; so that one can no longer see vine or fig trees on the countryside without conceiving them as sheltering some indecency."

The Shavian View

About a year ago when Gaby Deslys was appearing at the Palace Music Hall in London she was assailed by fig-leaf fanatics headed by the good Bishop of Kensington. The Bishop was so wrought up over Gaby's performance that he wrote a letter to the Times about her, and demanded that her act be suppressed. George Bernard Shaw rushed to her defense, and some of the remarks he addressed to the episcopal puritan are worthy the pondering of the San Franciscans who want to fig-leaf our drama. The Bishop, he said, "is proceeding on the assumption that his conscience is more enlightened than that of the people who go to the Palace Theatre and enjoy what they see there. If the Bishop may shut up the Palace Theatre on this assumption, then the

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Nonconformist patrons of the Palace may shut up the Church of England by turning the assumption inside out." Furthermore, said Shaw, "if such individual and sectarian standards were tolerated we should have no plays at all, for there never yet was a play that did not offend somebody's taste." Are our souls to have no adventures because adventures are dangerous, he asked. "Carry that an obvious step farther and the Bishop of Kensington will be gagged because he might at any moment utter false doctrines." It is a far cry from the Bishop of Kensington to Corporal Peter Peshon and the rest of the censors who attended the premiere at the Columbia. But the same principle is involved. Perhaps our case is a bit more humorous since we send officers to pronounce on plays who cannot even pronounce the names of the plays properly!

Two Los Angeles Thrillers

One of the thrillers presented by the Princess Players at the Columbia is "Hari-Kari," the story of a Japanese spy who has a liaison with the daughter of an American naval constructor and is stabbed to death by his inamorata when she discovers that he has seduced her in order to facilitate his stealing of her father's plans. This little play thrilled San Francisco as it thrilled New York when presented there. It was written by Julian Johnson assisted by Harry Mestayer. Julian Johnson, up to a short time ago, was the dramatic critic of the Los Angeles Times. He went to New York as general press representative of Oliver Morosco, and produced "Hari-Kari" shortly afterwards. Just about the same time another Los Angeles man, another Los Angeles Times man indeed, was thrilling New York in another field. I refer to Willard Huntington Wright who used to be the book reviewer of the Otis paper, and who signalized his accession to the editorial chair of the Smart Set by publishing his "Los Angeles Chemically Pure." That article made New York sit up and take notice almost as much as "Hari-Kari" did. Is it possible that Los Angeles is wresting from San Francisco the glory of sending to New York men capable of doing things sufficiently brilliant to startle the metropolis out of its blase indifference?

The Doctor's Grove Play

There must have been great curiosity among the eight hundred and sixty Bohemians who were present at the high jinks to see how Dr. J. Wilson Shiels would acquit himself as a playwright. As I did not see "Nec-Natama," I am not a very good judge of its merit. Even if one has cultivated the habit of visualizing a drama from the printed page, one cannot do full justice to its worth by merely perusing it. In the reading, I must say, it is impressive. "Nec-Natama," the author tells us, means Comradeship, and Dr. Shiels found his theme by imagining the condition into which an Indian tribe would be plunged if love was banished from their midst and hate took possession of their hearts. As the doctor's purpose was the inculcation of a moral lesson by means of symbolism,

he took what liberties he pleased not only with Indian character but also with nature. We are to suppose that among these primitive people love held dominion until one day a white man who had been saved miraculously from the stake, succumbed to the charms of the Hate Woman, whereupon the cycle of hate began, to continue until a captive maiden inspires the Hate Chief of the tribe with a pure passion, thus teaching him self-restraint and restoring the reign of love. From the nature of the theme "Nec-Natama" is beautiful rather than strong; it is sentimental rather than true. But it lends itself to picturesque treatment, the end no doubt that Dr. Shiels kept in view. It is a carefully written play. Many of the speeches consist of chopped-off phrases that must be effective on the stage in conveying the laconic style we associate with Indians; but the reader finds his pleasure in the more elaborate speeches written in the metre of "Hiawatha," and in the songs. Dr. Shiels' songs read very well indeed; they prove him, not a poet indeed but a graceful versifier. The best recitative is that in which the High Priest tells the story of the coming of the White Man to the wood and the evil events that followed. The best lyric is "The Song of the Trees;" it is good to read, and it must have been very effective when sung. "Nec-Natama" is not to be numbered among the best of Bohemia's grove dramas, but it is a worthy performance, and there is no reason why Dr. Shiels should plead in extenuation that he is a physician, not a writer.

The Reception of "Nec-Natama"

The consensus of opinion in Bohemia seems to be that "Nec-Natama" disappointed expectations. "Too much dialogue, and not enough action," is the way I have heard a number of Bohemians sum it up. All agree that the stage effects were very beautiful, particularly the cascades which flowed down the mountainside to splash into the pool on the stage. The electric lighting of the water was ingeniously contrived and excited enthusiasm. The music of Uda Waldrop I have heard described as "too sugary." It is significant that at the Sunday morning concert Wallace Sabin was given an ovation when he arose to conduct his "March of the Irish Kings," written for Morse Stephens' grove play "St. Patrick at Tara," and that the stirring music was resoundingly applauded. Professor Stephens' drama was not particularly sylvan, but it pleased Bohemia. Dr. Shiels confined himself conscientiously within the limits imposed by grove drama, but he left his audience rather cold. The usual travesty of the grove play was omitted this year. For the past few years this has been prepared by Morse Stephens for the delectation of the choice spirits who remain in the grove Sunday evening. This year there was no travesty, and some account for the omission by saying that there was not sufficient enthusiasm over "Nec-Natama" to make a travesty worth while. But Bohemians are notoriously hypercritical, and it may be that the criticisms I have summarized are unnecessarily harsh.

The Guerin Color Prints

I dropped into Paul Elder's this week for a private view of the collection of color prints from Jules Guerin's drawings which will be on public exhibition there beginning today. The collection is a small one but thoroughly representative, and viewing it one cannot but admire the sound judgment of the men who chose Jules Guerin to devise the color scheme for our Exposition. For Jules Guerin is a wizard of color. He has an unerring eye for the beauty of varied hues, and his pencil is like a magician's wand,

conjuring for our delectation the ravishing visions that have delighted him. The tenderness of moonlight, the fierce glory of the sun, the mystery of the mist and the message of the long shadows speak from these fine reproductions. The grandeur of Egyptian ruin is commemorated in his pictures as vividly as in Shelley's "Ozymandias;" the haunting melancholy of Venice as unforgettably as in Byron; his Palestine is as graphic as Kinglake's. In other words, Guerin is the poet of color; he renders it to the eye as the poets and the masters of jeweled prose render it to the imagination. To inspect these prints at Paul Elder's is to journey on a magic carpet from Assisi to Baalbec, and from Damascus to the Mount of Olives. It is to have the eye flooded with all the riches of the rainbow, and the mind exalted by the dignity of great art.

Our Superintendent of Schools

It would be a misfortune if San Francisco should lose the services of Alfred Roncovieri, but happily it looks as if he is assured of re-election by an overwhelming vote to the office of Superintendent of Schools. He is running on his record, and is therefore unassailable. It is a record of achievement that demonstrates in him the possession of a constructive mind and a high gift of executive ability. The school children are his first care; after them the teachers. There has been no taint of politics in his administration. Adequate salaries for all in the employ of the department has been his aim at all times, and the public schools of this city have kept pace with the most progressive methods of pedagogy during his incumbency. The fact that he is President of the California Teachers' Association shows his standing in the profession.

Informal Dances at Tavern

The informal dances at Techau Tavern will be continued as usual on Wednesday and Friday evenings of each week, except that on the evening of August 26, there will be a supper dance and dancing contest on the lines which have been so successful in the past. Each of the winning couples will receive two prizes, one for the gentleman and one for the lady. These prizes have been selected with great care and are both attractive and costly. On each dancing evening three of the ladies present will receive gifts from the well known art collection of S. & G. Gump & Co. and purchased by the management for presentation to guests.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Overheard

It was Monday night at the Columbia, and the Princess Players were in the midst of that spicy little play "The Bride." Sitting in front of me was a very beautiful young woman, and I happened to know that the light shining in her fine black eyes was the afterglow of the honeymoon. I happened to know also that the young man beside her was her husband who is not as single-hearted in his devotion to her as he ought to be. In the midst of a most amusing incident she turned to him and said, in a very meaningful manner:

"They do these things better in France."
What do you suppose she meant?

Mrs. Sharon's Hands

The tea rooms of the Palace and St. Francis are the rendezvous for the returned smart-setters these days. At the Palace during the tea hour Tuesday a handsome young army officer remarked to his charming companion that he liked the tea and muffins, but that the piece de resistance for him consisted of the hands of Mrs. Frederick Sharon. Naturally I studied Mrs. Sharon's hands. The son of Mars was right. They are unusually fine hands. They are as exquisitely shaped as the hands of a Phidian Venus and as white as lilies, with rose-tipped finger nails. They are graceful hands that flutter like petals. And they are expressive hands, the revealing signs of a charming personality. They are hands for a painter to delight in; hands that only a poet like Austin Dobson could fittingly celebrate. I am grateful to the soldier for calling my attention to Mrs. Sharon's hands.

As to Jackling

The grand bachelor apartment for Copper King Jackling that includes an entire floor of the new St. Francis wing is nearly completed. But will it be a bachelor apartment? That remains to be seen. There is just a chance that Jackling may take a bride into its luxurious ease. A bachelor is never a confirmed bachelor till he's dead, and as Jackling is very alive you never can tell when he'll marry. Jackling is in Alaska just now on his splendid yacht Cyprus, and there are guests aboard, for he's a great entertainer. It happens that among the guests is Mr. E. B. Braden and his charming daughter Winifred. Braden is a member of the Pacific-Union and the Claremont Country Club. His daughter hasn't made her debut yet, but she's immensely popular on both sides of the bay. Incidentally she is receiving a great deal of attention from the Copper King. Decidedly, it is in order to ask whether Jackling will enter his new hotel home as a bachelor or as a benedick.

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Society Grand Jurors

Is the federal grand jury getting into society? Or is society getting into the federal grand jury? Probably it's the latter way. A new federal grand jury has just been impaneled by Judge Dooling, and in the list are Harry Simpkins, Gus and Will Taylor. I need not mention that these are very important society men. Gus and Will Taylor are important in themselves, socially considered, and tremendously important as the husbands respectively of Helen and Edna Hopkins. In the list they appear as ironmongers, not as society men. Harry Simpkins is listed without occupation, simply as "Harry Simpkins, University Club." That of course is a residence, not an occupation. Harry Simpkins is a capitalist, and doesn't have to work for a living. On his social importance I do not have to dilate. There was a time when many thought he would marry Jennie Crocker, but he didn't. These three men will lend tone to the federal grand jury. If it meets at night they are sure to attend in dinner coats, which will impress the other jurors and amuse Judge Dooling who never wore a dinner coat in his life. Indeed, I don't think Judge Dooling ever constricted his manly bosom within the limits of a "boiled shirt." He prefers a hickory shirt for all occasions. Harry Simpkins and the two Taylors will find the judge's hickory shirt very interesting. As for their work, they will find that interesting too, no doubt—as interesting, let us say, as slumming. They are to serve till November, which means that they are going to miss some of the winter's festivities. Doing one's duty to the State involves sacrifice, you see.

Swatting Her Opponents

If Mrs. Helen K. Williams does not get the Republican nomination for Governor it will not be on account of any shortcomings as an orator. Mrs. Williams makes a rattling good talk, and spices her periods with piquant criticism of her opponents. At a political meeting at the St. Francis last week she said she was sure of beating Eshleman because he had done nothing but make a fool of himself. Shinn she described as a feeble individual who would probably collapse before the campaign is over. The average Lieutenant-Governor she said is forgotten before his term is over, but, she added, "I promise you that if you elect me you'll remember me the rest of your life." Though the audience was composed chiefly of women Mrs. Williams was applauded most heartily when she took a smash at the Prohibitionists and said that prohibition would be beaten by the women of California.

A Belated Apology

The Catholic church at Monte Rio gave a benefit concert the other night at which a number of Bohemian Club men, camping at the Grove, took part. Courtenay Ford introduced the performers. Billy Hopkins who is just recovering from an attack of whooping cough, feared that his voice might go back on him, and asked Courtenay, when he was introducing him, to mention the fact of his recent illness so that it might

serve as an apology if the song turned out badly. Courtenay, a bit fussed and conscious as Courtenay usually is when he gets in the limelight, forgot Billy's request and simply introduced him in the formal way. Quite to his own surprise Billy sang very well—never better—and sat down congratulating himself on a rarely good performance. Before making the next announcement Courtenay said: "Mr. Hopkins asked me to explain to you that the reason he was in such poor voice is because he has been ill, and he wishes to apologize to you for being in such bad form. I neglected to do so when presenting him, but I make his explanation and apology now!"

Mrs. Hooper's Death

The sudden death of Mrs. William B. Hooper was a shock to her many friends. Apparently Mrs. Hooper was in the best of health when she retired last Tuesday evening. She had been busy all day attending to the furnishing of a small apartment she intended to take possession of on the following day, and she had invited friends to spend Wednesday evening with her. But she passed away during the night. Mrs. Hooper was a charming and cultivated woman of strong personality. She was a splendid horsewoman, and took a prominent part in the Society Circus about two years ago. After the death of her husband Major William B. Hooper ten years ago, Mrs. Hooper lived very quietly on her beautiful place at Mountain view. She is mourned by a great number of relatives and friends.

Mrs. Mulcahy Safe

Among those who were fortunate enough to leave Europe before war was declared was Mrs. Richard E. Mulcahy who had spent the past two years abroad. Mrs. Mulcahy left Bologne on July 20 on the Rotterdam. The first war news was received the fourth day out. Every precaution was taken by the captain to avoid capture as French men-of-war had been heard by wireless in the path of the Rotterdam. The ship's course was slightly changed and at night no lights were visible. The Rotterdam arrived in New York only a few hours late. Mrs. Mulcahy had engaged passage on the Imperator which was to sail August 1 but changed to the Rotterdam.

At the Cecil

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pixley who have recently built a new home at Pebble Beach, were guests at the Cecil for a day or two this week. Mrs. E. Leffingwell, Mrs. A. F. Thane and Miss Alma Thane returned recently from Lake Tahoe where

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they enjoyed a fortnight's outing. They are all established at the Cecil for the remainder of the season. Mrs. W. H. C. Bowen and Miss Gladys Bowen have been at the Cecil for a week from their home at Yountville. George T. Stittman of Kansas City and T. M. Shepherd, a well known Massachusetts man, were among the week's arrivals. Mrs. E. M. Gardiner of Sacramento and Miss Josephine Hinkle have been enjoying a week at the hotel. Lieut. W. C. McChord Jr. was at the Cecil during the week, en route from his station at the Presidio of Monterey to Sequoia National Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Bruguere have returned to town from the Santa Cruz mountains. The Pedar Bruguieres continue at Saratoga, but motor up to town frequently.

At Paso Robles

Paso Robles Hot Springs has entertained the following guests recently: F. G. Holland, Boston, Mrs. J. Tynan and family, G. A. Urquhart, E. Ruano, Miss Palamo, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Y. Campbell, Charles T. Smith, Miss Adele Monahan, Miss Jennie Monahan, J. H. McGovern, A. P. Giannini, L. Mario Giannini, Wm. Randolph Hearst, Mrs. W. R. Hearst, Mrs. E. H. Hamilton, Miss Hamilton, Miss Bliss, Miss Goodrich, Orin Peck, Wm. A. Case, N. A. Tebbetts, C. P. Wilson, Wm. W. Grant, Eugene W. Bernard, Mrs. M. V. Hall, Burr Fisher and family, E. D. Clinch, B. H. Brainerd Jr., San Francisco; Miss H. W. Pendelton, R. H. Pendelton, B. M. Crawford and wife, E. C. Prather, J. F. Quirk, Dr. and Mrs. Pardee, Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Gay, Oakland; C. M. Belshaw, Antioch; M. B. Veale, A. F. Bray, J. R. Boothe, Martinez; Mr. and Mrs. W. V. McQuaid, St. Paul; Mrs. Paul Lessina, Des Moines, Iowa; Mr. and Mrs. John E. Baird, Philadelphia; Harriette S. Smith, Belmont; A. H. Howe, A. H. Howe Jr., Goldfield; Mr. and Mrs. Spalding, Menlo Park; C. W. Brady, Honolulu; George Thompson, M. Baehr, Arthur De Wolfe, New York; Mrs. W. H. Hansen, Redwood City; Mrs. H. C. Gesford, Napa; Miss Emily C. Smith, Binghamtown, N. Y.; Richard Ritchie, Mercersburg, Pa.; M. Elizabeth Hewett, Auburn, Mass.; Dr. and Mrs. Blake, Massachusetts; Miss Lucy Baldwin, So. Canterbury, Conn.; Miss Helen Baldwin, Oberon, No. Dakota; Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hastings, San Mateo; Mrs. Chas. E. Virden, Ernestine Virden, August Virden, Sacramento.

The Appeal of Tait's

Where music greets mirth and digestion waits on appetite—where everybody who is anybody meets everybody—is surely at the Tait-Zinkand Cafe. There of an afternoon will be found resting the weary shopper who is especially catered to with all the delicacies which appeal to the fastidious and a woman is never in so fastidious a mood as when she has finished a round of the shops. The music is of the best and supplies a restful air that leaves one free to indulge the luxury of doing nothing but enjoy the menu. There is an especially fine luncheon at 50 cents

served here daily between 11:30 and 2. One wonders how the management "does it" at the price. But whatever the reason of "how," the fact remains that it is there daily awaiting the judgment of the most critical taste.

Plants and Men

You berries once,
In early hours,
Were pretty buds,
And then fair flowers.

Drop, drop at once,
Your life is done;
You cannot feel
The dew or sun.

We are the same,
First buds, then flowers;
Hard berries then,
In our last hours.

Sweet buds, fair flowers,
Hard berries then—
Such is the life
Of plants and men.

—W. H. Davies.

Auto Agent—I'd like to sell you an automobile.
Mr. Nicker—No use, young man. I can run in debt fast enough without employing machinery.

Those that worshipped the golden calf never saw the slashed skirt.

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The Princess Plays And Players

By Theodore Bonnet

To Mr. Holbrook Blinn and his Princess players, hail and fare well in our midst! May the man in the box office sweat on his job! In a world where it is not always easy to find amusement one should be grateful for a succession of thrills such as one gets these purple nights at the Columbia. Plays that are startling and sensational Mr. Blinn has staged at the Columbia; and with performances that are well nigh perfect the Princess players are delighting us. These Princess plays are not for pale persons, nor yet for folks with high blood pressure. From these plays one learns that comedy does not have to dignify amusement with a wholesome moral tendency in order to justify its existence. There is salacity in these comedies, of a kind that stimulates the intellectuals, but does not appeal to pruriency. To be as enthusiastic about these performances as I would like requires courage and involves the terrible danger of being misunderstood, so few people are sensible of the fact that a play is not unwholesome if the audience be in good health. I am enthusiastic about the Princess plays not by reason of their intrinsic merit but because they serve to accentuate the difference between the hypocritical drama that tries scientifically to demonstrate universally accepted moral truths and the voluptuous tropical drama that beguiles with naughty themes. Not long ago Thalia put down the pedum and took up the probe and the scalpel, and grinning behind her mask proceeded to lay bare the hideous sores of social life and to paint the ugly consequences of the reckless indulgence of a dominant passion. These riggish plays, dear at once to callowness and senility, plays that paraded filth under the mask of literary skill and sincerity, we were exhorted by pulpsters to see and applaud. Now Thalia, waving her sceptre whereon bells of silver and gold are tinkling, has come back to sing her hymn in praise of pleasure, and it seems to

me that she should receive a tumultuous welcome. After wallowing in the analytical drama redolent of the municipal clinic, the drama that served as a medium of sociological ideas, how invigorating to be plunged into the drama of furtive loves and hidden meetings. True, it is the drama of equivocal and of the raciness that is Paris,—and there is in these Princess plays the audacities of boudoir conversation that wouldn't be tolerable in a drawing-room, but they don't preach, they don't pander to hypocrisy, and these virtues of omission cover a multitude of perversities. After all we don't go to the theatre to be told that it is better to worship Jehovah than Baal, and it isn't pleasant to be cozened into the notion that a white slave drama points a whelming moral. Besides as a people we are being gagged with Puritanism, and we have been led to concentrate so much attention on the minor proprieties that we have become indifferent to the enormous sin of intellectual dishonesty. The cultivation of solemnity has so impaired our digestion that we are much in need of a stimulant, and it affords some relief to blush at a farce made after the French formula even to the extent of abounding in adroitness and seduction. If we must have a moral, consider the husband ardent and obtuse whose self-sufficiency is shown in its most ludicrous form. It is well for darling husbands to know a thing or two about the realities of life, and "The Bride" is instructive, though incidentally the play makes fun of the dishonor of a husband. Brieux showed us a husband guilty of a terrible crime against his wife, and the preachers and moralists went into ecstasies about it. Why shouldn't William Hurburt show us a wife with three lovers? Especially why shouldn't he when he has so charming and talented a woman as Miss Polini to play the bride? Exquisite is the finesse of Miss Polini. Her acting is enchanting. In "The Bride" she is the quintessence of

farcical feminine wile. In "Hari Kari" she is the woman with a scarlet smile who abandoned herself to a freak of sensuality, and she proves herself an emotional actress of tragic power, showing us that when a woman doesn't love like an angel she loves like a tigress. But "Hari Kari!" Why was it ever written? A drama may not need to carry a lesson in its laugh nor a warning in its pictures, but at least it should refrain from revolting with an offense against taste. The caprice of a white man for a pretty Japanese girl is tolerable, but not a realistic picture of a pretty white woman warm from the lustful embrace of an Oriental satyr and begging for his kisses. But "Hari Kari" is soon over, and we soon forget all but the acting of Miss Polini and the masterly vraisemblance achieved by Mr. Mestayer in his characterization of Ito Natsume. In these Princess plays, by the way, Mr. Mestayer's versatility is put to the test, and he comes through in triumph. An admirable actor, whether simulating naturalness or completely divesting himself of his identity, there is no detail of his art that he neglects. The most thrilling of all the plays in this week's series is "Fear," a study from the French of the progress of the passion that tyrannizes over the imagination. It is a play that communicates shudder after shudder. Mr. Blinn himself is the central figure, and reveals himself as an actor of the first rank. The temptation must be strong to overact this part, but exercising to perfection the power of repression, Mr. Blinn represents every emotion in irresistible symbols. This company is made up of excellent players, men and women of understanding and temperament, and there is one in particular, Miss Murdoch, of whom I am curious to see more. She appears this week only in one play wherein she shows that she has the gift of being sweet and the power to give the fulness of life to a picture.

Gossip of the Theatre

The Philharmonic Concert

The third Philharmonic concert was a success. Comfortably seated in the spacious, softly lighted Auditorium an assemblage, said to number seven thousand persons, listened attentively and with pleasure to a charming program of classical music intelligently interpreted. For those to whom music is one of the necessities of life these concerts are a great blessing now that we are between the regular concert seasons. And judging from the size of the audience there is a great hunger for music in San Francisco. This hunger the Philharmonic concerts serve well to appease. Mr. Perlet's orchestra gratified the audience with an excellent program that included Mozart and Grieg. Franz Adelman was the soloist and won much applause with a Saint-Saens number. The Lorelei trio sang an arrangement of a Moszkowski valse and two encores. The best feature of this contribution was the playing of the accompanist, Miss Frances Buckland. It was brilliant and sympathetic and breathed the quality of magnetism. It was inexplicable that an otherwise well managed affair should have had an exceedingly bad piano for which an apology had to be made. It was indeed of the "tin pan" variety. That Miss Buckland was able to evoke sweet sounds from it was a tribute to her artistry.

—H. M. B.

Bertha Kalich at the Orpheum

One of the few great queens of tragedy is at the Orpheum this week. Only in the epilogue to Jose Echegaray's "Mariana" are we permitted to see Bertha Kalich. It is like getting but a glimpse of her, but it is enough to enable one to see that she is an actress with a wide range of expression and great magnetic power. The epilogue to "Mariana" is but a picture of a soul torn by the conflicts of passion and struggling conscience, and this picture Bertha Kalich realizes in every detail. She makes it thrill with its very sombreness, and almost from the moment of her entrance she grips her audience, giving it a sense of the sweep of fate, direct and irresistible. An actress of gentle imperiousness is Bertha Kalich, with a fine play of feature, and a voice flexible and grave that responds with the precision of a keyed instrument. From Paris via Berkeley came Mlle. La Gai to the Orpheum this week. She is accompanied by some of her sweet and shapely pupils, who have learned at the great educational institution across the bay to kick high and twinkle their knees. Several of them make it quite clear at the Orpheum that they are supple enough to kick the silk hat off President Wheeler's dome of thought, and Mr. Wheeler is no midget. The girls dance in fetching costumes, and give a series of pretty pictures.

Doubtless Mlle. La Gai is a fine teacher, but as a dancer she is no Pavlova.

—Theodore Bonnet.

Great Dancers at Orpheum

The Orpheum will present next week a great new show. Mlle. Natalie and M. Ferrari, the latest European terpsichorean sensation, will head the bill, presenting the classic and modern dances which have made them famous. They are said to eclipse all their predecessors and to furnish one of the most delightful acts ever presented in vaudeville. The Hayward Stafford Company, the bright particular stars of which are Harry R. Hayward and Frances Stafford, will appear in Mr. Hayward's new sketch "The Devil Outwitted." Miss Josephine Dunfee, the gifted young prima donna, will prove a pleasant feature of the concert. The concert and operatic stages have known her for several years. Miss Dunfee's first appearance on the operatic stage was as prima donna for the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company in which she sang a large repertoire. In vaudeville Miss Dunfee has arranged a program which includes one operatic number but is composed principally of lighter music. Will Rogers, "the Oklahoma cowboy," will exhibit his skill with the lariat. He is the possessor of a sly and quaint humor which is extremely effective. Britt

Wood, the juvenile jester, who in the guise of a boob recently made an immense hit by the wonderful manner in which he played upon a harmonica, will return for next week only in compliance with a generally expressed wish. Marie and Billy Hart will display their ability and versatility in their own novel comedy skit "The Circus Girl" which proved an immense hit both in London and New York. With this bill the Trans-Atlantic Trio and the eminent actress Bertha Kalich will conclude their engagements.

"Baby Mine" at Alcazar

"Baby Mine" which is one of the funniest plays ever written, has been chosen by the Alcazar as the second vehicle of their two popular stars, Charles Ruggles and Adele Rowland. After two weeks devoted to musical comedy this clever pair are going to surprise their most ardent admirers by the way they can make the leap from one form of entertainment to the other, for both are as easily at home in the handling of tuneful melodies and intricate dance steps as they are in drama or farce. "Baby Mine" is aptly described as the laugh play of the century. This will be the first time this play has ever been offered at popular prices, and the Alcazar is making every effort to give it a two-dollar production. The prices are twenty-five, fifty and seventy-five cents for the evening performances, and twenty-five, thirty-five and fifty cents for the Thursday, Saturday and Sunday matinees. The two stars will have an ex-

center with phenomenal success, his drawing power in Germany, Austria and Russia being equalled only by Ysaye's. Miss Lerner's and Mr. Burmester's appearances are under the direction of Frank W. Healy, and will be confined to two recitals at the Gort and two appearances as soloists with the orchestra.

Princess Players' Second Week

Holbrook Blinn and his Princess Players from New York are prepared to more than duplicate this week's success during the second week of their stay at the Columbia, commencing Monday night. It is a great program that they will offer. The four plays usually making up a bill, "The Neglected Lady," "The Black Mask," "Fancy Free" and "The Fountain" have been added to, and the program will include a dramatic allegory entitled "War," by Rounceville. It is a very short playlet and in conjunction with the other four pieces of the program, it is well fitted. Mr. Blinn produces it on Monday night for the first time on any stage. "The Neglected Lady" is a decidedly French farce, in fact it borders on the burlesque. It is taken from the French of Max Morey by Roi Cooper Megrue, and relates the trials and tribulations of hard-up Thespians who rehearse their acts at home. "The Black Mask" is by E. M. Harwood and J. Tennyson Jesse, and is a terrifically strong drama in which Mr. Blinn plays the dual role of

two miners. "Fancy Free" is an extraordinarily clever one-act comedy by the late Stanley Houghton. "The Fountain" is by C. M. S. McClellan, the author of many well known productions, such as "Leah Kleschna" and "The Pink Lady."

Held Up

She held up the train—not in road-agent fashion, But with a studied sang-froid and most tactful dispassion;
As she went through the rain
She held up her train.

She held up her train and I found her possessing
More graces, more charms than I had been guessing,
I saw tiny feet and—well, that is confessing:
I was glad of the rain,
When she held up her train.

"All women are rivals when it comes to clothes."

"Yes; each one tries to outstrip the other!"

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Preceded by Frank E. Pixley's Original One Act Play

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"THE BLACK MASK"
"FANCY FREE" "THE FOUNTAIN"

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A GREAT NEW SHOW

Mlle. NATALIE & M. FERRARI, Premiere, Classic and Modern Dancers; HAYWARD, STAFFORD CO. in "The Devil Outwitted," a semi-classic by Harry Hayward; JOSEPHINE DUNFEE, Late Prima Donna of the Gilbert & Sullivan Opera Co.; WILL ROGERS, "The Oklahoma Cowboy"; BRITT WOOD, the Juvenile Jester; MARIE and BILLY HART presenting "The Circus Girl"; THE TRANS-ATLANTIC TRIO. Last Week BERTHA KALICH and her Company in the Epilogue to Echegaray's "Mariana."

Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, \$1.00.
Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.



TINA LERNER

The great pianiste who will be an assisting artist at the Symphonies this season.

cellent supporting cast and a perfect scenic investiture. Immediately preceding the performance of "Baby Mine" will come the first production on any stage of Frank E. Pixley's new and original one-act play, "Taming a Tartar," with Ann Tasker, Burt Wesner, Edmond Lowe and Dora May Howe in the cast.

The Symphony's Assisting Artists

The "assisting artists" will be a most important and interesting element in the symphony concerts of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra's forthcoming season. The instrumentalist or singer securing an engagement must be of great and matured ability. Two "assisting artists" of the first rank secured for the coming season, Tina Lerner, the beautiful and talented Russian pianist, and Willy Burmester, the eminent German violinist, are in the front rank. Miss Lerner whose beauty and personality make a combination of winsome charm and forceful magnetism, has successfully appeared with practically all the great symphony orchestras of Europe, and her tour has been an unbroken series of triumphs. The idol of Berlin, Burmester is declared by all so fortunate as to have heard him, to be a truly great player. For years he has concertized in every European art



Mlle. NATALIE and M. FERRARI

Who will appear next week at the Orpheum.

The Golden Bird

By Dorothy Easton

I.

The little garden of Mrs. Nightingale's is a sweet place to walk in, lying, as it does, in the heart of the village. A cluster of orchards sloping down to dark woods; elm trees, yellow beeches, a chimney covered with scarlet creepers. There are old-fashioned "button flowers," mahogany colored, with dew on their grey leaves; sage and thyme grow by the pear tree. The fox-hound pup runs in, a jolly dog with loving eyes; he comes and eats all the twigs off the raspberry canes.

Winds blow, a shower of yellow leaves sweep over. . . . I can see "The Golden Bird."

An old inn, with mossy roof, and for its sign, a strange bird flying at the sun. Painted by some broken artist when he had no money to pay for his bed—was he drunk when he drew it?

Mrs. Nightingale comes out with a cup of rhubarb wine:

"You lookin' at 'The Golden Bird?' she says. "See that winder under it? That's where young Swaine 'as lain ten years. 'Tis some sort o' rheumatism climbin' up his back—from sleepin' in a damp bed when 'e was footman. . . . There's a glass by 'is bed, so's 'e can see the village road, an' a string by 'is 'and, so's 'e can wave a flag to greet ye; 'twas the postman run it up for 'im. Like to come an' see 'im? 'E's lonesome. My darter'll take you down at five o'clock."

A little fresh talking sound runs through the trees, cocks are crowing, and all the brown chrysanthemums nodding their heads. A drift of leaves have blown across the windows of "The Golden Bird."

. Twilight. I have just come from seeing Dick Swaine. His mother, a burly old woman in a blue dress, opened the door, the inn is dark. But while we stood, there came a sound of music.

We climbed a steep, black staircase. Inside that room I saw a young man lying, with a white face turned to us through the shadows. The corner's were dark already, but with his mirror he showed me the last gleam of sunset. His sister came in, a tall, fair girl, then I noticed the room was full of flowers. She shut the door, and the young man, still smiling, we were shown a church he had built of matches. A shawl he had knitted, and many little boxes quaintly carved; hours and hours of time in the making of each "fancy."

Down below a man spat on the mud. "Play to us," said the sister. He drew a violin from under the sheets.

He couldn't bend his cheek to it, but held it on his chest; the room quite dark now, we sat without stirring, and the sister sang. . . .

Very low so that her voice and the soft strings mingled, then rising as the passion of the music rose! It seemed the roof lifted, the walls of the little room vanished.

Mrs. Swaine's tread reached us, coming with the lamp.

A dark night, new moon. They have been cutting creepers—I have just run back with a bunch of crimson leaves, and left them at "The Golden Bird."

II.

. There is still a thread of scarlet on the old chimney, a tinge of orange on the elms. Clouds travel fast today, the road is thick with leaves.

I often go to "The Golden Bird" at twilight to tell Dick how the woods are thinning; how the beeches have turned dark purple, and the ash trees feathery gold, and the ground under them flame red.

Dick seems to look through the walls of his room: "The sycamore's 'ud be turned now," he'll say, or "'Tis the undergrowth's perishin'."

I tell him how it was clear this morning, and frosty, a milk-white breath on the hills, how the woods were quiet as a dream, each tree naked against the cobweb of lights. "A leaf blew in my window," he says, smiling. I tell him of the old shepherd I met with a high peaked hat and a huge umbrella on his back for a tent. (the sound of sheep-bells comes to us). And how at three o'clock the sun slipped over the Downs, and all the country turned misty-blue like wild forget-me-nots; how pale clouds colored up and suddenly took fire; and, as the last red light died out, how the rooks darkened the whole country with their fighting.

"Twilight falls sudden," says Dick. His face is very pale these autumn nights.

". That wood where the rooks go is full of violets in the spring," he tells me. "Fowers I love them white narcissus." In the silence comes the clang of iron being hammered. It is nearly dark, a scent of dying leaves drifts in.

And then, talking of life, and food, and poor men's wages, we watch the sparks fly from the forge below, red stars thrown up against the purple trees, blazing, vanishing. ". Sets you thinking," whispers Dick. "We're all sparks from the same old forge, but some flies redder than others. . . . 'Tis roast pleasant this evenin' at the Hall."

"And you'd like some?"

(Continued on Page 19.)

Cut This Out For Reference

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| | | 12.00 | October 31st. |
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| | | 12.15 | October 31st. |
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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

The Exposition Line—1915—First in Safety

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Satisfactory progress was made in cleaning up outstanding commitments entered into last week by settlements over the counter between Stock Exchange houses, and many large houses have practically balanced their accounts. So far have these settlements progressed that the governors of the exchange decided to permit brokers to trade in securities for cash and to exchange them for the purpose of making settlements with customers. Brokers are put upon their honor not to open speculative accounts or buy or sell on margin for themselves or their clients until the Exchange reopens, but they may deliver stock sold by one customer to another who has bought through the same office. This would not be permitted if the exchange was open, but it will enable the members to clean up outstanding trades and thus release a large amount of money tied up in margins and deposits. Wall Street turned quite optimistic just because the European war situation had become much more serious. The worst is now known. The entrance of Great Britain into the titanic struggle leaves nothing more to be feared. The war cannot spread any further and for that reason Wall Street began to discount the end which must come some day. In commercial circles it was also felt that trade would soon become fairly active on the Atlantic Ocean because the combined fleets of Great Britain and France will be able to protect lines of communication between America and their home ports. This caused a sharp advance in all American grain markets, though dealers are still uncertain about their ability to get cargo room for exports to Great Britain at an early date. This difficulty will be chased away if German warships are driven from the Atlantic. It is evident from the withdrawal of prices and other signs that further improvement in the iron and steel trade is confidently expected, but some shifting of business is inevitable and will help some while hurting others. The same is true of agriculture. The war has raised the price of wheat, has deprived the cotton planters of three of their important consumers among the nations, Germany, Austria and Russia. The banks are arranging to finance the cotton crop in a liberal way so as to enable planters and the smaller spot dealers to carry part of the cotton until the war is over or the general state of the trade calls it for actual consumption. Cotton mills in this country will probably gain business, so that the domestic consumption is likely to be heavier than ever.

Wheat—It was a big, broad, bull market in wheat the past week, with distant futures showing the most strength. The financial situation has resulted in an extremely wide spread between the September and December deliveries, the difference at one time being 6 1-4 per cent, which is mater-

ially larger than the full carrying charge difference under normal conditions. The question of getting the money to finance the wheat is the only cause for this extraordinarily wide difference. It makes a big handicap for the bulls. Liverpool cables there is a strong feeling there that shortly some means will be devised whereby there will be importations of grain, and the trade in England is showing more confidence. Russia prohibited all exports of grain. In ordinary times this would set wheat wild, but it passed without notice. The British Government is reported to have granted better terms for insuring war risks on foodstuffs. This will be a help to the export business. Within a few days Germany will be swept clean from the high seas, then there will be nothing to interfere with unrestricted commerce all over the world excepting to Germany and Austria-Hungary. Finances will be the only thing left to arrange and we believe the interested countries will soon find a way out of that difficulty. Export business is now at a standstill, but we regard it as only temporary. Owing to the blockade at the seaboard, wheat that was shipped to Galveston for export is being turned back by the railroads to Kansas City and other points. Thrashing returns from the Northwest are disappointing, but the winter wheat crop is so enormous that under any circumstances, we have a great big record crop.

Corn—Corn is the one independently strong natural bull position. About all the corn in Chicago has been sold to go East and consumers want more, which dealers are unable to furnish. Cash corn in St. Louis was as high as 84 cents. This makes September at 74 cents look cheap. We have frequently in the past predicted a scarcity

of old corn and it is coming stronger and earlier than even we expected. There are elements which may cause September corn to sell much higher. December corn was strong on continued bad crop reports. The Government figures were a surprise, showing a condition far below that of last year for the same period. The weather, since the compiling of this report, has been hot and dry generally throughout the big corn States and no doubt the crop has deteriorated some the past week. Unless we get rains soon, we look for very much higher prices.

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The Golden Bird

(Continued from Page 17.)

"No, no. I'm not blamin' the aristocracy; they means well. Our lady's a mortal kind woman! Sent me a bunch of grapes last summer—and mostly they don't send you grapes till you're dyin'. No, no, 'tisn't that. . . ."

Some thought too big for his utterance shadows Dick's face. ". . . 'Tis the feelin'," he falters, and then with a sigh, "Ah, well, they don't know better. . . ."

A gust of wind, laden with leaves from all the trees, flies past, and over the top of the woods appears the new moon.

"The boys an' girls is comin' in this evenin'. Would you care for to come, miss?" . . .

So last night I went in again at seven o'clock.

Lamplight, a room full of laughing faces, smoke, and music. Dick had his violin, and "Charlie," the blacksmith, was singing the Old Hundredth; a huge man with soft eyes and a glorious voice.

There was "Jim," gardener at the vicarage, and a good-looking youth, second footman at the Hall, with four or five of the women servants; one splendid girl—such a figure!—and a "don't-touch-me" air, that was given the lie direct by her laughing lips.

The little kitchen maids nearly died of giggling; the head parlor-maid laughed too, but soundlessly. They all laughed. . . . and the village girls laughed to see them laugh.

A girl opposite me—"Slap-cabbage" they called her—had eyes like two black devils. It was hard to picture her in a decorous cap and apron, her dark hair flew out, her face burnt red. When she stood up to sing, she leapt. And when she sang, she shouted.

I was never conscious of the second footman—he had so learnt the art of oblivion, but the gardener's long legs were all over the room.

A pale light shone on Dick's face, our choruses shook the bed: "Who will o'er the Downs with me?" "Sweet Chiming Bells." Charlie gave us "Uncle Tom Cobbler" and "The Old Armchair."

Dick's eyes were soft as honey, for the lads won't come without a gift, if it's but a pipeful of tobacco, and the girls bring flowers, the first violet, the last rose, a daisy!

The room grew warm with our laughter, our faces looked as if we had sat round a bonfire; only one chill moment, when the head parlor-maid asked the time. Then "Slap cabbage" told us she was leaving her place, because she couldn't get her voice soft enough to suit. And suddenly mounting her chair she gave a great shout that nearly had the roof off. Dick struck up a jig, and it seemed as if the tall girl with the laughing lips must burst out of her dress. They sat very stiffly, these maids from the Hall, their bodies drilled; like straight bottles full of some heady wine that was gathering force with waiting.

A shiver of ecstasy ran round when Dick's sister, accompanied by the violin, sang one of her songs. The gardener kept stroking his leg,

and Charlie pulling his long mustaché, the footman put down his cigarette, and I heard the parlor-maid's corsets creak; she had drawn too deep a breath.

We were all singing "Auld Lang Syne" when Mrs. Swaine climbed up, her face like a crumpled apple: "There now! the music of ye's waked the fowls up!" And set down a tray of green gooseberry wine, a liquor that makes one's cheeks very pink, and one's toes tingle!

Then, standing round with joined hands, we shouted "Rule Britannia" and "God Save the King."

It was dark coming out; I should have stumbled but that the blacksmith gave me his arm; cottage gates are hard to see.

The Summer Girl Perennial

(They are sitting together on the sand in bathing suits. He is sunburned and she, too, has a nose liberally sprinkled with freckles. They look at each other. Follows more looking—and more. Both sigh, she tremulously; he contentedly. Finally, she smiles slyly; he smiles boldly. He pours sand over her fingers. She pouts. He puts his hand on hers.)

She (trying to blush)—Don't.

He (tightening his grip)—Why?

She—Because.

He (sitting closer beside her)—But I like to.

She (looking at her hand lying in his)—Why?

He—Oh, I don't know.

She (making false pretenses of the liberty of her fingers)—I'll have to go.

He—Why?

She—I have to.

He (quietly putting his arm about her)—I won't let you.

She—You mustn't do that.

He—Why?

She—Because you mustn't.

(He after looking around and seeing that no one observes them, suddenly kisses her.)

She—Oh!

He—What?

She—You shouldn't.

He—Why not?

But he found out why not, for early that fall he met her face to face on the avenue, dressed in the most harmonious autumn style.

He rushed forward eagerly and raised his hat, "Gladys," he cried. But with a glance of queenly disdain she merely looked at the bowing and blushing youth with the lemon soda hair, side-stepped him with consummate art and delicacy, elevated her nose into the air, and passed on. Cuthbert reeled and began to walk up the avenue as though he were climbing Mont Blanc. This is an old, old story, but Cuthbert was very, very young and had to learn it.

Friend (to husband of nagging wife)—What will you do if your wife develops lockjaw from that hurt?

The Nagged One—I might be tempted to throw away the key.



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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 58,227; Dept. No. 2.

A. L. BLAKESLEE, Plaintiff, vs. VIOLET W. BLAKESLEE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to: Violet M. Blakeslee, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's adultery, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of July, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

JOS. A. BROWN, Attorney for Plaintiff.

8-8-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 57,695.

MARIA BASCOU BARLETTA, Plaintiff, vs. HENRY CALVET, et al., Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Henry Calvet, J. A. McDonald, John Titus James, Lubeck's Investment Company, a corporation, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 1st day of July, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH A. BROWN, Attorney for Plaintiff, Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

7-11-10

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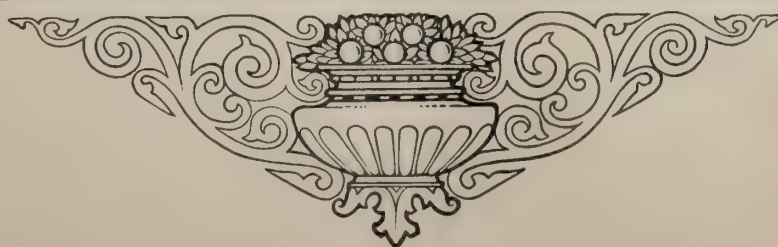
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Press Censorship

Press censorship has become one of the most notable of the scientific achievements of modern times, and to the Japanese belongs the credit of having first brought it almost to a state of perfection. In their war with Russia the Japanese were, exceedingly courteous to war correspondents, but allowed no news to be despatched that might impair a plan of campaign or render futile a piece of strategy. In the present war press censorship is far more effective than it was in Japan, yet, considering the territory covered by the several armies involved, the muzzling of correspondents requires extraordinary vigilance and most drastic methods. The press agencies, baffled in their efforts to obtain any real news during the first engagements in Belgium and along the frontier, exercised their imagination, and invented interviews with leading statesmen, as Mr. Toots used to write invitations to himself to dine with the Duke of Wellington. And even the news that came from authoritative sources was not to be given full credence, as it was to the interest of the several Ministers of War to color the news in order to influence public sentiment abroad in countries where it was desirable to excite either sympathy or fear.

The Paradoxes of Belgium

Belgium is a country that has more surprises than the one the Germans received there. Folks who dread the Pope, who believe that he spends most of his time intriguing for political power, and that the Church of Rome is a blight on every country where it has a stronghold, will find by a casual study of Belgium that it is full of surprises. There are about 7,000,000 people in Belgium, and they are nearly all Catholics. Protestants and Jews number about 20,000. Yet there is nothing of religious intolerance in Belgium. Freedom of religion is guaranteed in Belgium, and not only the establishments of the Catholic church but of all churches are supported by State grants. Education is free to the poor, and compulsory to all. The Pope isn't trying to keep anybody in ignorance in Belgium. And though the Pope is very much opposed to Socialism,

Belgium is the refuge of Socialists and the stronghold of Socialism in continental Europe. Obviously, if what the Sons of Liberty are preaching in this country is true, Belgium is a country of paradoxes. It is steeped in Catholicism, and yet its people are among the most enlightened peoples of the world, and notwithstanding that it is but little more than a speck on the map it ranks sixth among the nations of the world in the value of its commerce. Conspicuous among its exports, by the way, are its Catholic missionaries, who are recognized at Rome as the most ardent of all purveyors of the gospel. It is a tradition of the church that whenever St. Francis Xavier, the great Jesuit missionary, called for assistants in the Far East he always wrote "Da Mihi Belgas." It appears that the country that has been producing soldiers of Christ for centuries is not lacking in patriots to fight for their country as well as for their religion.

War and Christianity

Arbitration is urged as a necessary inference from Christianity. If arbitration meant the subsidence of bad feeling then of course it would be a Christian substitute for war, but it has never been the Christian view that physical war was so great an evil that any other evil was to be preferred to it. On the contrary, physical suffering and death are in the Christian view no supreme matter at all. Indeed they are of no consequence in comparison with moral and spiritual things. There is nothing in the New Testament to indicate that Christ would have regarded an era of general international arbitration as a great moral and spiritual advance. It is by no means certain that the world at war would be more wicked than the world at peace. The devil, we know, finds a great deal of employment for idle hands, and peace protracted means an excess of supply in the labor market. We know about the left cheek and the two coats, but if words are to be applied literally what about the statement of the Prince of Peace that He came not "to bring peace on earth but a sword." If Christ was prejudiced against war, at least He did not scorn a bit of militant imagery. War of course is revolting, but so also is the cant of arbitration, and the cheap enthusiasm and factitious advertisement of its advocates.

The German Emperor

The current opinion of the world is that Emperor William is responsible for this war. But the current opinion of the world is not infallible. Once upon a time it was thought that the Kaiser thirsted for military glory, but no man ever did more to keep the peace, and assuredly there were times more propitious than the present for plunging his country into war. Further, William is not a man to be suspected of inviting a

catastrophe. A most remarkable man is the German Emperor: a personality so individual, so human, that toward it one may adopt any attitude save that of indifference. The ruler of a nation in arms under a system that is on the whole a negation and crucifixion of personality, he has loomed up as the dominant figure of his day, a King equipped for war who has been content with the triumphs and glories of peace. No royal mediocrity is William. A patron of the most daring of the higher critics of the Bible, concerned no less with Babylonian research and social reforms than with the strategy and tactics of war, he has engaged in controversies on the stage and in the concert room, promoted experiments in scientific agriculture, lectured youth about gymnastics,—what conceivable contact has his strenuous mind neglected? His own subjects have often marvelled at him, sometimes censured, and not infrequently applauded him. Foreign opinion has veered with each of his more startling utterances, but after a long period, during which he made more occasions for the pencil of the caricaturist and the pen of the satirist than all the crowned heads of Europe together, he inspired throughout the world feelings of respect, admiration and affection. Berlin, divided between a great Socialist majority and a small Radical minority, made up its mind long ago to like him; yet today we are told that he has been guilty of one of the greatest blunders in history and that as a consequence his brilliant career must soon end. There are bold prophets in the world.

The Lust for War

A little while ago those unctuous writers and philosophers who were preaching the gospel of arbitration told us that war was all a matter of commercial greed, and that the dogs of war were in the keeping of great financiers. These same writers and philosophers are now telling us that it is kings that make war, and that to put an end to war the governments of Europe must be converted into democracies. We have heard something like this before. Formerly it was said that the wars which desolated Europe during the second half of the seventeenth century were brought about by ambitious rulers, jealous courtiers and intriguing ministers. It was predicted that when the day came for a self-governing people to assume the right to oversee, criticize and advise the Government, then they would no longer entrust their most vital interests to oligarchs and dynasts, nor allow kings and grand viziers to squander the blood of subjects to satisfy royal jealousy or aristocratic cupidity or a senseless thirst for glory. War, it was said, would dwindle and die, for the great heart of the people would be more and more charitable, less and less aggressive. Well, there are few despotisms left, the people have a lot to say

about government in France and England, and even in Germany, but what of the dream and its realization? Are the dear people never to be incited to war? Some months ago the Italian historian Ferrero wrote that on every hand could be seen Governments and Kings struggling against the people and against public opinion that peace might be preserved. It is the people, he said, who are fired with a desire for war, while their Governments, together with their sovereigns ("notably Wilhelm and the long-nosed Ferdinand," according to Ferrero), are devoted to the preservation of peace and are resisting the pressure of public opinion even at the risk of losing the popularity for which they have always striven. As a matter of fact war is at times popular. The natural patriotic instinct in the mass of the people is easily evoked in support of any war. The people of England were practically unanimous for the Crimean War. They regarded Russia not only as the determined enemy of England but as the determined enemy also of the liberties of Europe. The truth about war is that a storm springs up from nowhere in particular—with the unexpectedness of a fire, a flood or an earthquake—men lose their heads and clamor for violent action. Consider what happened in Austria when Duke Ferdinand was assassinated. The Emperor wept, and the people shrieked for war. In Russia about that time the people were shrieking against the Government. In St. Petersburg strikers were erecting barricades in the street to fight the police. Presently they heard the news from Austria. They tore down the barricades and marched through the streets singing the national anthem and clamoring for war. Racial hatred is not a matter of royal decree. In France where the passion of revenge had been smoldering more than forty years, it required no more than a pretext for embroilment with Germany. If we are to abolish war we must reckon a little with human nature. Forms of government are not of the most vital importance. Perhaps there is no form under which the facilities for plunging a people into war are so abundant as in a republic with a free press more sensational than patriotic and public servants sensitive to public clamor. It was neither a king nor a group of financiers that kindled sentiment against Spain in this country. It was the same yellow journalism that was raging against the President the other day for his policy of watching and waiting.

The Primary Campaign

According to Samuel G. Blythe, who was recently on a visit to this State, there is no industry pursued more persistently in California than politics. He says this is a great State that produces many crops, but none that absorbs so much interest as the political crop. To a casual observer in the midst of our primary campaign it would seem that there is more truth than humor in what Mr. Blythe says. Indeed the only humor in what he says is precisely that which is inherent in the truth. Our politicians with the assistance of our indefatigable moralists and patriots of the press have succeeded in

thrusting the business of politics into the foreground of affairs. The government has been brought back to the people, and what is the result? Are the people improving the public service by electing to office better men than were formerly available? There are several hundred men asking the people to nominate them for public office, and nearly all of them are professional politicians who have lived off politics all their lives. The average voter has no personal knowledge of the character of any of the candidates, and nowhere is he able to get reliable information. Newspapers that were the most ardent advocates of the direct primary are saying nothing of the merits or demerits of candidates, and there is no means of enlightening the public opinion that will utter itself at the polls on Tuesday. Surely the direct primary is not an improvement on the convention system. Even the old boss-ridden convention afforded the people some knowledge of the men with designs on public office. Out of the convention contests came light. Now it appears that darkness is by no means undesirable. Consider for example the case of Captain Fredericks of Los Angeles, a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor. Here is a man who was unknown outside of Los Angeles until it fell to his lot to prosecute the McNamaras. Very little more is known of him even now. The little more that is known is not to his credit. He is today campaigning under a shadow that would be intolerable to the average self-respecting man, and though the circumstantial evidence supporting a monstrous implication is strong his friends and himself deem it advisable to utter no word in his defense. Tactically this appears to be the wise course to pursue, especially as discussion of the matter has been suppressed in many of the leading dailies. In the bad old days before the direct primary, the boss, though an autocrat, never had the courage to go into a campaign with a standard-bearer who was afraid of the light. Times have indeed changed since politics became the chief occupation of the people.

The Great American Craze

The Georgia Legislature is the scene of the latest manifestation of the great American craze to regulate everything and everybody. It is in the form of a bill to prohibit the sale of cigarettes or cigarette papers in the State, which has been reported favorably by a committee to the Senate. An elaborate discussion of the proposed law appeared the other day in the New York Sun, and the views of that journal are of interest at this time in this State which is now the scene of an agitation personally conducted by professional propagandists of the same mental calibre and temperament as the anti-cigarette crusaders of Georgia. The Sun's sentiments are similar to those expressed in the argument against prohibition written for our official ballot. "The proposed legislation," says the Sun, "is clearly opposed to public policy. It is simply an unwarranted infringement of personal rights and a curtailment of the degree of free agency to which every man is en-

titled. It is the sort of law which, being essentially non-enforceable on the one hand and on the other creative of anger and a spirit of opposition, brings all law into hatred and contempt. It is, further, a stage in the progress of a movement which causes great misgivings and fears among the judicious." The Prohibitionist, whatever the object of his intolerance, is the genuine, blown-in-the-bottle undesirable citizen. He is doing an incalculable amount of damage in this country if by reason of nothing more than the animosities he provokes and the hatred and contempt of law that he excites. Futile though his agitations be, and inoperative the laws that he makes, he is far from innocuous. Depravity follows in his wake, for where there is contempt for law there is widespread corruption of public officials. "Where is the craze to end?" the Sun asks. "There is hardly any form of pleasure which has not its crew of rampant censors and comminators—motoring, the dance, the theatre, flirtation, drugs, alcohol, kissing, eating meat, cigarettes, the use of tobacco in any form—all these and perhaps a dozen others we do not call to mind are today the subject of agitations calling for prohibition by law on moral or hygienic grounds or both." And the Sun asks further "Are the people of America to be tied up presently in a tangle of worse than Chinese paternalism? Are individual will and mind and conscience to give way altogether to a paternalism half ecclesiastic, half governmental, all fussy and fatuous, and regardless of the plain lesson of experience?" There may be little danger of a Chinese paternalism, but the meddlesome ones will continue to torment us while the funds last, and it is not easy to exhaust them. Every prohibition is proposed with more or less excuse in theoretic benefit to mankind, and while we have hypocrites eager to be regarded as philanthropists it will be easy for the professional agitator to find fuel for his zeal.



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CXCI—EDMUND ROSNER

By Edward F. O'Day

"The hardest Orpheum audience to please is the Monday afternoon audience. We call it 'the critics' audience.' That doesn't refer to the dramatic critics for the newspapers, but to the critics who sit in the balcony and in the gallery. They are mostly young men, the gallery gods. They are always out in force at the Monday matinee, and if they don't like an act they let the performers know it. And they have very good judgment too.

"Another trying audience is the Friday night audience. We call that 'society night,' because that's the night society people come to the Orpheum. They enjoy themselves, but they don't applaud. On that account they are very hard to play for."

The speaker was Edmund Rosner, for the past twenty-seven years the musical director of the Orpheum. Everybody who goes to the Orpheum—and I take it that means every man, woman and child living in San Francisco and most sojourners here—knows Herr Rosner by sight. His bald head is the most celebrated bald head in San Francisco. His Hungarian orchestra is one of our most cherished institutions. His organ with the cloth over the keys is the wonder of newcomers. His answering grin when a performer cracks a joke at his expense is a popular local symbol for good nature.

When Rosner speaks of pleasing the Orpheum audience, he is not sounding the personal note. He is speaking, not on his own behalf but for the performers beyond the footlights. That Monday afternoon audience is not critical of his playing but of the various acts that go to make up the bill. That Friday night audience is not hard for Rosner and his orchestra to play for; he means that it is hard for the vaudevillains to play for.

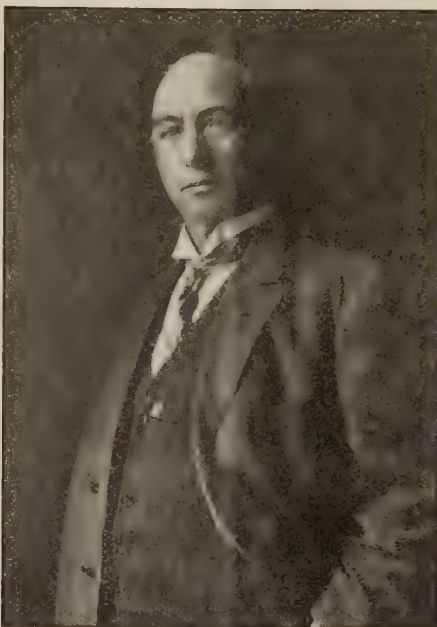
Rosner doesn't have to worry about making good. He is so firmly entrenched in the affections of Orpheumites that siege guns couldn't dislodge him. He knows what they like, and gives it to them in good measure. Rosner is as much beyond criticism as Lotta's Fountain, or the Seal Rocks.

"I can tell who will be in the audience any day or night," says Rosner. "I know what faces to look for in the front rows when I go out to direct the overture this afternoon. And by taking one look at the audience I can tell the performers what to expect. Sometimes I say to them: 'You'll have a good audience tonight.' Other times I say to them: 'It's a cold audience tonight, but don't get discouraged.'

"I ought to know. I've been studying Orpheum audiences for nearly twenty-eight years. Their character has changed a great deal in those years, especially since the fire. They don't enjoy the shows as much as they used to. They have less life. They are more reserved. The fact is, they're spoiled. They get too good a

show for the money. Compare our bills with the bills of the New York vaudeville theatres which charge two dollars and two dollars and a half, and you'll see that I am right. In those New York houses they have one star on the bill; the rest are cheap performers. An Orpheum bill costs in salaries more than double what one of those New York bills costs.

"There has been a change also in the way the audience receives my music. The taste in music is not as good as it used to be. Fifteen or sixteen years ago when I had half as many musicians as I have now, the audience used to applaud my number during the intermission. Two or three



EDMUND ROSNER

encores would be demanded if the selection was particularly pleasing. At that time I often played classical pieces. But they don't want classical pieces any more. They want light popular music. They like medleys, one steps, rag time. But they don't applaud much. I very seldom get an encore nowadays. My men and I would much rather play good music. But we are hired to suit the public, not to please ourselves. So we give the audience what it wants."

There have been many other changes at the Orpheum during Rosner's quarter of a century there.

"In Gustave Walter's time," he said, "we used to count the house to see whether there were enough people in it to pay our salaries. There were times when we went without our salaries for six weeks, the business was so poor. But as soon as Mr. Meyerfeld took charge all that was changed. We've never had to worry about our salaries since."

Edmund Rosner has been directing an orchestra for a long time. As a boy of fifteen he led the orchestra in his father's Cafe Rosner in Budapest. During the Vienna Exposition of 1873 he was musical director at the Vienna Orpheum. After that he went back to Budapest, and directed at the Budapest Orpheum. He stayed there till 1887 when Walter heard of him and brought him to this city. It is curious that he should have directed in three theatres of the same name.

Rosner brought twenty players to San Francisco from the Hungarian capital. The act was

a great success, and ran for sixteen weeks. After that Rosner and his men stepped down from the stage to the orchestra pit, and Rosner has stayed there ever since. Of the twenty members of that original Hungarian Orchestra, eight are dead; several remain in San Francisco; the rest are scattered. Only one plays today in the Rosner orchestra. He is A. Logar, the flutist, and he has played with Rosner for a trifle of thirty-five years. The four violinists of the original aggregation are all known to fame: Ferdinand Stark is the leader at the St. Francis; Bernat Jaulus used to be the leader at the Portola-Louvre; V. Huber was leader at Del Monte for ten years; I. Fenster used to be the leader at the more or less naughty Olympia. So you see, Rosner has had quite an important part in supplying us with good music.

Rosner is as much an Orpheum "fan" as any of us. Boredom has passed him by.

"I can laugh as heartily as anybody at a good comedy act," he says. "And I like good dancing and singing numbers. My favorites? Oh, there are many of them. See! Here are the pictures of some of them."

The walls of Rosner's office under the Orpheum stage are covered with autographed pictures of celebrities. Among those he picked out as his particular favorites were Alice Lloyd, Lily Lena, Grace Van Studdiford, Olga Petrova, Louise Dresser, Nellie Nicholls, Vinie Daly and Elsa Ruegger the 'cellist.

Not all the musical acts please Rosner. There's the xylophone, for instance.

"Americans like it," he says. "Must I tell you why? Because it's noisy! But thorough musicians prefer something more refined."

We canvassed various other kinds of acts, and I was beginning to think that Rosner's taste was all-embracing in its scope until I mentioned the animal acts.

"I don't like animal acts," he said, "because I belong to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The poor animals you see on the stage are very often treated cruelly. Their masters use the whip in training them, and sometimes beat them during the performance.

"I remember a Greek named Leonidas whom I had arrested. He had a Newfoundland dog, and one night when the poor dog hadn't performed as well as usual I caught Leonidas pounding his head against the wall.

"Then there was Little Fred who had an educated pig. He used a whip with a nail at the end, and used to stick the nail into the animal's neck to make him squeal. I had him arrested

(Continued on Page 19.)

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Perspective Impressions

Did the Balance of Power ever exist anywhere outside the minds of diplomats?

Has Bryan delivered his "Prince of Peace" lecture lately?

One way to become prominent is to get stranded in Europe during war time.

A man is always sure of his vices, but he is often deceived about a woman's virtues.

The stage is a school of manners. Some people would make it a medical college.

How Kipling must regret these days that his inspiration is gone!

The impossible Sulzer has reached his proper level at last. He's to be Prohibitionist candidate for governor of New York.

Poor neglected Joe Knowles! How heartily he must indorse the view of war held by General Sherman.

One good result of the war may be that Californians will learn to drink their own wines.

Two or three years ago Lord Roseberry said that Europe was "clattering into barbarism." Just now that looks like a prophetic remark.

If the forts hold out long enough, perhaps a lot of people will learn how to pronounce "Liege."

Curbstone humorists are hereby notified that jokes about Belgian hares and Brussels sprouts are barred by the statute of limitations.

Travelers will tell you that Belgium can be toured in a day. But of course Germany is not traveling with a Baedeker.

The Germans of New York have asked Governor Johnson to express his views as to England's enlistment of Japan's aid. Apparently the Germans of New York are not aware that our Governor is in the midst of a campaign on neutral territory.

A battle may be won in two or three hours, a victory may require days, even weeks of hard, continuous fighting.

The siege of Liege was a tame affair compared with the chase of a launch through the Golden Gate by a tug freighted with an Examiner reporter and all that he had on board.

A few days before the blast of war was sounded our incessant prattler David Starr Jordan, wrote: "The great safeguard against the armies and navies Europe has gathered for war is that Europe is not rich enough to use them, and is too human and humane to want to use them." Is there anything our Dave doesn't know?

"We are rapidly nearing the time when ministers of God, elected by the people who trust to God for guidance in political affairs, will govern our cities, States and nation." Thus spake the Rev. D. O. Colegrove, a local Methodist minister, last Sunday. Quite an idea, that! Why not Dr. Colgrove for mayor, Dr. Aked for governor and Dr. Lyman Abbott for president?

Who's Who Hereabouts

XXIV—W. H. H. HART

Great is the power of eloquence. But for some reason this sophisticated generation is reluctant to admit that its emotions are susceptible to the magic of oratory. The orator is not held in the high esteem that he once enjoyed. Perhaps this is owing to the abundance of cheap oratory on the market. There was a time when the talents of a great poet or a great philosopher were thought to be of a nature inferior to those which are requisite for success in the forum or on the platform. The great models of eloquence ranked above all the learned men of their day. When Demosthenes was to plead men flocked to Athens from the most remote parts of Greece as to the most celebrated spectacle of the world. Nowadays we are inclined to regard the orator as a victim of the oral habit whose whole nature is drenched with the fumes of his self-sufficiency, and who has poisoned his soul with fatuous ideals and debauched his intellectual processes with reckless hyperbole. We scorn to be moved by eloquence. But this is only pretense—a silly affectation on a par with that which is expressed with a smile during a heartrending scene in the theatre. As a matter of fact eloquence has not lost its power over human nature, and emotion wherever expressed is still one of the grandest of levelers. Also as a matter of fact, even sham eloquence, that is, the eloquence that is not even one part honesty is at times irresistible, as we have learned from the results of murder trials. It has been said that those who would make us feel must feel themselves. Almost any successful lawyer will tell you in confidence that this isn't so. The power of sham eloquence was well illustrated once upon a time in the case of General W. H. H. Hart, whose reappearance in the political arena induced the foregoing reflections and observations. General Hart used to fill a very large space in the public eye. That was in the eighties and early nineties of the last century. I lost track of him until the other night when I found him addressing a woman's political meeting. From his remarks I learned

that he was running for the office of Attorney-General, wherein, many years ago, he obtained his title. General Hart was nominated for that office at a Republican convention in Los Angeles. The old railroad machine was then in the heyday of its power. But General Hart was not a machine candidate. He broke the slate; and breaking the slate in those days was no minor achievement. Hardly anybody knew that Hart was ambitious of political office. The delegates to the convention knew nothing about it until Tom Fitch took the platform. Now Tom Fitch was an orator who could have the platform almost any time he wanted it. "The silver-tongued orator," they called him from one end of California to the other and in the remote corners of Nevada. An orator possessed of the power to inflame the passions and elevate the imagination of any audience was Tom Fitch. Whenever he got on his feet an ocean of oratory foamed and frothed about him, and it was a pleasure to float in it. When Tom Fitch got on the platform in Los Angeles the delegates gladly let down the porches of their ears. He announced that he was going to nominate a man for Attorney-General, and then he told a story about a drummer boy in the Civil War. He was a poor drummer boy who had run away from home to give the best that was in him to his country. He took part in some of the bloodiest engagements in the Valley of Virginia. He had more than one drum shot under him. He did many gallant things in the field. But his most valuable and hazardous service was rendered to General Thomas on the occasion when he was hemmed in at McLe-more's Cove by Bragg and Breckenridge. It was the brave little drummer boy who carried the message that informed Thomas of the trap that had been laid for him. He carried it twenty miles, through territory sown with the enemy's scouts. Acting on the information received from the drummer boy Thomas marched to the summit of Lookout and laughed at the foe. The thrilling story was told in impassioned language, and

when the eloquent speaker related that General Thomas caressed the drummer boy and told him that he had saved an army from annihilation there was not a dry eye in the house. "That boy," he exclaimed, "is the man I now place in nomination for the office of Attorney-General of this great State. His name is W. H. H. Hart." The hall shook with the thunder of applause. A vote was taken, the slate was broken and the drummer boy was nominated.

General Hart was the hero of the campaign. He was elected by an overwhelming majority. In justice to him it should be said that although the story as related to the convention was somewhat inaccurate it was not his fault. He was not guilty of the inaccuracies. General Hart is a war veteran. He was a brave soldier, but he was never a drummer boy, he never carried a message to General Thomas and he never saved an army from annihilation. Tom Fitch had confounded him with somebody else. However, General Hart survived the story, and ran for Attorney-General a second time and was elected. Now he is running again. He hopes to "come back" after a long interval, which is a very difficult feat.

General Hart, by the way, is the attorney who was the most conspicuous of all the professional figures in the longest-drawn will contest ever conducted in this State—the Blythe case. He was an intimate friend of old Tom Blythe, the millionaire who used to own what was known as the Blythe property on Market and Geary streets. In the contest he represented Florence Blythe, and it was mainly on his testimony that she won the case. Since then he has not been very active in his profession. I have heard that he made a lot of money in oil, and also that he lost a lot of money in oil, and now that he is running for Attorney-General again I infer that the well isn't flowing at present. If he could start Tom Fitch flowing again I'd take a small bet on his chance of "coming back."

Some Notes On The War

"Neutrality a Paper Bulwark"—Leopold's Secret Understanding With Germany—His Slip of the Tongue—King Albert's Prescience—Von Bernhardt's Amazing Forecast—His Warning to France—Generalissimo Joffre—Does France Owe Him to Germany?—Soldier versus Diplomatist

By Robert McTavish

Belfort, "the iron gate of France," offered such heroic resistance to the Germans in the war of 1870 that it was awarded the Legion of Honor. That was the first time the ribbon was bestowed on a community, and the act touched the sublime. Now France has bestowed the decoration on Belgium for its amazing fight against the legions of the Fatherland. Belgium is commanding the admiration of all who love pluck; and is surprising the strategists. But Belgium was prepared for the contingency.

"Neutrality is a paper bulwark," wrote the German General Friedrich von Bernhardt three years ago, and he had his eye on Belgium as he penned the words. But Belgium did not need the warning. Belgium knew that treaties of neutrality were like egg shells, made to be broken. So Belgium quietly set her defenses in order.

Perhaps it is a good thing that Belgium is ruled by King Albert, and not by the late King Leopold. For a story is told about Leopold (it may or may not be true) which has a bearing on this matter of neutrality. I give it for what it is worth.

At the moment when the attacks on the late King Leopold, in connection with the atrocities in the Congo Free State, were engaging the attention of the civilized world, the French and English Governments, in deference to popular sentiment, addressed strongly worded protests to Leopold, reminding him of the conditions under which he had been invested by these powers with the sovereignty of the Congo Valley. These representations, couched in the most vigorous language, were extremely unpalatable to Leopold, who, observing that the Kaiser had astutely declined to take part in the movement against him, proceeded to display his resentment against France and England by contracting a confidential arrangement with the Emperor by which Germany was to be allowed free passage over Belgian territory in the event of her going to war with France, and even providing for the support of the German forces by the Belgian army in their invasion of France. In fact, King Leopold put his signature to a complete plan of operations for the invasion of France through Belgium which had been drawn up by the General Staff of the German army, receiving in return a pledge from the Kaiser that Germany would stand in the way of any attempt by the other great powers to deprive him of his sovereignty of the Congo Free State.

Leopold was one of the shrewdest monarchs of his day. But he practically shipwrecked the entire scheme by a curious slip which he made at a dinner given in his honor by the Kaiser at Kiel. Responding to the Emperor's toast, he vaunted that ruler's military talents, extolled him as the greatest commander of the age, and wound up by expressing the hope that when he visited Belgium in the near future he would find the army all that he wished. Leopold did not say "my army," but "your army." On this becoming known, the French Government at once inferred that some secret military convention existed between the Kaiser and Leopold, by the terms of which the Belgian army would be at William's disposal in the event of his going to war with France. In due course the French Government

obtained not only the proofs of the understanding, but even an actual photographic copy of the secret convention, thanks to the treachery of one of Leopold's left-handed relatives, who had free access to him and to his private apartments at all times, at Laeken, and who was always in monetary difficulties owing to his being an inveterate gambler.

The French Government, instead of taking up the matter with Leopold, communicated with his Prime Minister and Cabinet about the matter, and that, too, in no uncertain tone. The Belgian Ministers took the unprecedented course of officially and completely disavowing their King.

On his accession to the throne King Albert lost no time in preparing the national defenses. He had considerable difficulty in persuading his people that there was any necessity of wasting money on the construction of fortresses, in the purchase of heavy ordnance, and in the organization and equipment of a larger army. What was the use, they argued, of the international treaties by which the neutrality of the kingdom was assured by the neighboring powers, such as France, Germany and Great Britain, if they were to be subjected to the heavy burdens of militarism?

King Albert insisted that while the nation might look to friendly powers, such as Great Britain, to assist in preserving its neutrality, it was up to the people themselves to do the principal share in the matter, and, at any rate, to be in a position to resist foreign encroachment of its neutrality until help came.

While King Albert did not make much headway in converting his people from easy-going civilians into a nation of soldiers, such as the Germans and the French, he has, nevertheless, managed to endow Belgium with an elaborate system of forts and defenses and to convert Antwerp into one of the most powerful of strongholds, thanks largely to the designs of Gen. de Brialmont, the nineteenth century counterpart of Vauban and the greatest military engineer in modern times.

So international, indeed, is the celebrity of the general in this respect that he was invited by Rumania to design the fortifications of Bucharest, which is today one of the most strongly defended capitals of Europe. That King Albert fears that the resistance offered by his troops to the advance of the German army through his dominions will not be very effective is shown by the fact that he has removed the seat of the Government, the court, all the national archives and treasures to Antwerp, whither the leading Belgian banks have transferred in special trains all their securities and bullion. At Antwerp they will be under the additional protection of the guns of the British warships assembled at the mouth of the Scheldt.

* * * * *

General von Bernhardt is considered one of the leading European authorities in military affairs. It was in his book "Germany and the Next War" that he declared neutrality to be a paper bulwark. That book is an amazing work when viewed in the light of what has just happened. It is a matter for wonderment that the German Government authorized its publication, for it outlined Germany's plans of defense and offense and

must have proved exceedingly valuable to her potential enemies.

One of the points von Bernhardt insisted on was that Germany must not be an aggressor on the sea against Great Britain. We see today that she is not. He counseled the speedy crippling Great Britain and France. Our scanty information seems to indicate that this has been attempted with a certain measure of success. He also foresaw that Great Britain would attempt to land an army on the Continent of Europe, though he did not guess that this would be accomplished as safely and speedily as it has been done.

Perhaps von Bernhardt underrated France. "The French army," he wrote, "lacks the subordination under a single commander, the united spirit which characterizes the Germany army, the tenacious strength of the German race, and the esprit de corps of the officers."

Part of this seemed to be borne out just before the war was declared when the charges made by M. Humbert were admitted to be true by M. Messimy, the Minister of War. But there is a suspicion that the charges were grossly overstated either for a strategic or for a political purpose. Perhaps they were thrown out to deceive Germany; perhaps to discredit General Joffre who has many enemies.

When von Bernhardt wrote his book, it was true that the French army lacked subordination under a single commander. But singularly enough that defect was corrected almost immediately afterwards, it may be because von Bernhardt pointed it out. If so, there is additional reason for regarding the publication of his book as a great German blunder. It would be strange indeed if France were indebted to Germany for the French generalissimo General Joffre, but stranger things have happened than that.

General Joffre is the youngest officer of his rank in the French service, and is indebted for his position at the head of the army not to any political intrigues or favor but to the unanimous votes of the foremost generals in France, comprised in what is known as the Superior Council of War. Three years ago when the French nation demanded the appointment of a Generalissimo who would enjoy supreme command of the army in peace and in war it was at first decided by the Government to appoint old General Pau to the post. He, however, declined, partly because he realized that he would under any circumstances be forced to retire on the score of age limit in eighteen months time and partly too because he felt that by reason of his religious principles he would always be an object of more or less suspicion to the Anti-Clerical element of the Government, and that this suspicion would hamper him in the exercise of his duties in such a way as to affect injuriously the safety of the eastern frontier. So he nominated in his stead General Joffre, one of his comrades in that war of 1870 in which he lost his arm, and his choice was indorsed with enthusiasm by all his fellow generals of the Conseil Supérieur de Guerre, by the Government and by the President.

Like so many great military leaders, General

(Continued on Page 19.)

The Housewife

By John Galsworthy

Though frugal by temperament, and instinctively aware that her sterling nature was the bank in which the true national wealth was deposited, she was of benevolent disposition; and when, as occasionally happened, a man in the street sold her one of those jumping toys for her children, she would look at him and say:

"How much? You don't look well?" and he would answer: "Tuppence, lidy. Thruth is, lidy, I've gone 'ungry this lawst week." Searching his face shrewdly, she would reply: "That's bad—it's a sin against the body. Here's threepence. Give me a ha'penny. You don't look well." And taking the ha'penny, she would leave the man inarticulate.

Food appealed to her, not only in relation to herself, but to others. Often to some friend she would speak a little bitterly, a little mournfully, about her husband. "Yes, I quite like my 'hubby' to go out sometimes where he can talk about Art, and War, and things that women can't. He takes no interest in his food." And she would add, brooding: "What he'd do if I didn't study him, I really don't know." She often felt with pain that he was very thin. She studied him incessantly—that is, in due proportion to their children, their position in Society, their Christianity, and herself. If he was her "hubby," she was his "hub"—the housewife, that central pivot of society, that national pivot, which never could or would be out of gear. Devoid of conceit, it seldom occurred to her to examine her own supremacy, quietly content to be "integer vitae, scelerisque pura"—just the one person against whom nobody could say anything. Subconsciously, no doubt, she must have valued her worth and reputation, or she would never have felt such salutary gusts of irritation and contempt towards persons who had none. Like cows when a dog comes into a field, she would herd together whenever she saw a woman with what she suspected was a past, then advance upon her, horns down. If the offending creature did not speedily vacate the field, she would, if possible, trample her to death. When, by any chance, the female dog proved too swift and lively, she would remain sullenly turning and turning her horns in the direction of its vagaries. Well she knew that if she once raised those horns, and let the beast pass, her whole herd would suffer. There was something almost magnificent about her virtue, based, as it was, entirely on self-preservation, and her remarkable power of rejecting all premises except those peculiar to herself. This gave a fibre and substance hard as concrete. Here, indeed, was something one could build on; here, indeed, was the strait thing. Her husband would sometimes say to her: "My dear, we don't know what the poor woman's circumstances were, we really don't you know. I think we should try to put ourselves in her place." And she would fix his eye, and say: "Robert, it's no good. I can't imagine myself in that woman's place, and I won't. Do you think that I would ever leave you?" And watching till he shook his head, she would go on: "Of course not. No. Nor let you leave me." And pausing a second, to see if he blinked, because men were rather like that (even those who had the best of wives), she would go on: "She deserves all she gets. I have no personal feeling, but if once decent women begin to get soft about this sort of thing, then good-bye to family life and Christianity and everything. I'm not hard, but there are things I feel strongly about, and this is once of them." And secretly she would think: "That's why he keeps himself so thin—always letting himself doubt, and sympathize,

where one has no right to. Men!" Next time she passed the woman, she would cut her deader than the last time, and seeing her smile, would feel a sort of divine fury. More than once this had led her into Courts of Law on charges of libel and slander. But, knowing how impregnable was her position, she almost welcomed that opportunity. For it was ever transparent to judge and jury from the first that she was that crown of pearls, a virtuous woman, and so she was never cast in damages.

On one such occasion her husband had been so ill-advised as to remark: "My dear, I have my doubts whether our duty does not stop at seeing to ourselves, without throwing stones at others."

"Robert," she had answered, "if you think, just because there's a chance that you may have to pay damages, I'm going to hold my tongue when vice flaunts itself, you make a mistake. I always put your judgment above mine, but this is not a matter of judgment, it is a matter of Christian and womanly conduct. I can't admit even your right to dictate."

She hated that expression, "The grey mare is the better horse;" it was vulgar, and she would never recognize its truth in her own case—for a wife's duty was to submit herself to her husband, as she had already said. After this little incident, she took the trouble to take down her New Testament and look up the story of a certain woman. There was not a word in it about women not throwing stones; it referred entirely to men. Exactly! No one knew better than she the difference between men and women in the matter of moral conduct. Probably there were no men without that kind of sin, but there were plenty of women, and without either false or true pride, she felt that she was one of them. And there the matter rested.

Her views on political and social questions—on the whole, very simple—were to be summed up in the words: "That man—" and, so far as it lay in her power, she saw to it that her daughters should not have any views at all. She found this, however, an increasingly hard task, and on one occasion was almost terrified to find her first and second girls abusing "that man—" not for going too fast, but for not going fast enough. She spoke to her husband about it, but found him hopeless, as usual, where her daughters were concerned. It was her principle to rule them with good, motherly sense, as became a woman in whose hands the family life of her country centred; and it was satisfactory on the whole to find that they obeyed her whenever they wished to. On this occasion, however, she spoke to them severely: "The place of woman," she said, "is in the home." "The whole home—and nothing but the home." "Ella! The place of woman is by the side of man; counselling, supporting, ruling, but never competing with him. The place of woman is in the shop, the kitchen, and—" "The—bed!" "Ella!" "In the soup!"

"Beatrice! I wish—I do wish you girls would be more respectful. The place of woman is in the home. Yes, I've said that before, but I shall say it again, and don't you forget it! The place of woman is—the most important thing in national life. If you want to realize that, just think of your own mother; and—" "Our own father." "Ella! The place of woman is in the—" She ceased speaking, feeling that, for the moment, she had said enough.

In disposition sociable, and no niggard of her company, there was one thing she liked to work at alone—her shopping, an art which she had long reduced to a science. The principles she laid down are worth remembering. Never grudge your time to save a ha'penny. Never buy anything until you have turned it well over, recollecting that the rest of you will have turned it over too. Never let your feelings of pity interfere with your sense of justice, bearing in mind that the girls who sell to you are paid for doing it; if you can afford the time to keep them on their legs, they can afford the time to let you. Never read pamphlets, for you don't know what may be in them about furs, feathers, and forms of food. Never buy more than your husband can afford to pay for; but, on the whole, buy as much. Never let any seller see that you have bought a bargain, but buy one if you can; you will find it pleasant afterwards to talk of this. Shove, shove, and shove again!

In the perfect application of these principles she had found, after long experience, that there was absolutely no one to touch her.

In regard to meat, she had sometimes thought she would like to give it up, because she had read in her paper that being killed hurt the poor animals; but she had never gone beyond thought, because it was very difficult to do that. John was thin, and distinctly pale; the girls were growing girls; Sunday would hardly seem Sunday without; besides, it did not do to believe what one read in the paper, and it would hurt her butcher's feelings—she was sure of that. Christmas, too, stood in the way. It was one's duty to be cheerful at that season, and Christmas would seem so strange without the cheery butchers' shops, and their appropriate holocaust. She had once read some pages of a disgraceful book that seemed going out of its way all the time to prove that she was just an animal—a dreadful book, not at all nice! As if she would eat those creatures if they were really her brother animals, and not just sent by God to feed her. No; at Christmas she felt especially grateful to the good God for His abundance, for all the good things He gave her to eat. For all these reasons she swallowed her scruples religiously. But it was very different in regard to dairy produce; for here there was, she knew, a real danger—not, indeed, to the animals, but to her family and herself. She was for once really proud of the thoroughness with which

(Continued from Page 17.)



KEEP A GOOD MAN
ALFRED
RONCOVIERI
For Superintendent of Schools
Do It At The Primary

Native of S. F. Educated University of California. Speaks Four Languages Fluently.
Supt. During Calamity 1906. Judge Him on His Splendid Record of Past 13 Years.

Poems About San Francisco

CLIX—THE GOLDEN GATE

By Mabel Porter Pitts

(For most of our poets the Golden Gate seems to have most appeal when it shines in the sunlight and its waters are serene. But the following poem tells a tragedy of the Gate. It is from Mabel Porter Pitts' volume "In the Shadow of the Crags.")

The sun sinks low and the hour grows late,
The clouds drift in through the Golden Gate;
The sea-gulls dip with a whirl and cry,
They scan the earth and they scan the sky,
They dart and whirl with a restless wing,
Nor trust the song that the breakers sing;
They know the purr of the mighty sea
Presages acts of its treachery;
Beneath the droning so soft and low
They feel the breath of the tempest blow.

A mother prayed till the hour grew late,
"Bring my boy safe home through the Golden Gate."

A troubled ship on the wave is seen,
Her sails are bright with a silvery sheen,
She plows her way through the salty deep,
While mighty waves o'er her bulwarks leap;
The tempest's finger points out her course,
She swerves and follows with fateful force;
She trembles, hesitates, rushes, dips,
Her white-faced crew with their salt-washed lips
Nor fear nor care for the wind-swept sea,
They sleep the sleep of eternity.

A mother prayed till the hour grew late—
And her boy went Home, through the Golden Gate.

The Spectator

Johnsonians on Johnson

Fremont Older turned over his editorial labors to the California Development Board last Saturday, and spent the week-end at his summer home near Saratoga. He made a point of getting out among the farmers and sounding them in relation to Johnson's chance of re-election. Everywhere he heard the same story. The farmers are disappointed in Johnson. He won them last time by pointing out that he would give them those glorious weapons of liberty, the initiative and referendum. He gave them these blessings, and in consequence the farmers are face to face with the danger of a universal eight-hour law and State-wide prohibition. Older returned to the city on Monday, and told his friends that Governor Johnson was hopelessly beaten. Theodore Roche, the law partner of the new Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, recently made a motor trip through the south. He too sounded those he met about Johnson's chances. He received the same replies. Like Older Roche returned and told his friends that the Governor would go down to decisive defeat at the polls.

Conservation at Progressive Headquarters

Governor Johnson appears to be conserving his campaign fund, which doubtless is increasing rapidly, the army of contributors on the State payroll being very large. But meanwhile there is much dissatisfaction among his henchmen of the legislative ticket. They expected assistance, but they are getting none, and they are told that they will have to finance their own fights. Consequently they are in no amiable mood, nor are they at all interested in the fortunes of the Governor. Indeed some of them are openly denouncing him and predicting his overwhelming defeat. The Army of Armageddon is torn with dissension, and nowhere is there any enthusiasm among Progressives. From Sacramento comes the news that even in the very citadel of the party hope has vanished. In the circumstances it would seem to be advisable to conserve the campaign sack even until November, and use the money to finance all hands back to private life.

The Bewildering Fredericks

After a study of the political situation in California Samuel G. Blythe has reported that the

only men in the race for the Republican nomination for Governor are William C. Ralston of San Francisco and John W. Fredericks of Los Angeles. He describes Ralston as an able and an engaging man who has the courage to assert himself on all issues, and he says that Fredericks has side-stepped the Prohibition issue. This is not exactly the truth of the matter. While Fredericks has carefully avoided discussion of every important issue, he has artfully contrived to be all things to all men, and it would be more accurate to say that he has side-stepped in public and straddled in private. Fredericks is really a lightning-change artist in politics, the artfullest of artful dodgers. He has the confidence of long-hair reformers in the South and short-hair performers in the North, but those who know him best say that his sympathies are with the folks who made Los Angeles chemically pure. Some folk say he is for the open shop, others that he has great respect for the power of organized labor. The enemies of General Otis say that the Captain thinks it unfortunate that the McNamaras didn't "get" him, but General Otis regards Fredericks as his friend, and is supporting him notwithstanding the fact that Otis is denounced at Fredericks' meetings. So you see Fredericks is "some" politician. He appears to have reconciled all interests on the theory that Johnson must be beaten even if it takes a yellow dog to do the trick. But he appears to have made one mistake, that of starting his campaign too early. He doesn't wear well.

Eloquence That Tells

Sam Blythe pays some fine compliments to Samuel M. Shortridge. He compares our great orator's diction to that of Macaulay, and says "it will make him a marked man if he ever gets to the Senate—not because he is an orator, but because he will orate in English, a language practically unknown to large numbers of our statesmen." Shortridge's eloquence is of some value to him in this campaign. He is the one candidate packing halls wherever he goes. The people, suffering from an overdose of politics prefer the movies to political meetings, but not so when Shortridge comes to town. They flock to see him, to hear him and to applaud him. He has been giving them straight talks on the Republican party as a national asset, and the vehement simplicity of his eloquence has been warming

hearts and inflaming imaginations in the remotest corners and the most populous towns in the State. Shortridge's eloquence is the kind that has a man behind it. It is not the mere marshalling of words and phrases. It is logic on fire. What the effect has been we may conclude from the testimony of Shortridge's rivals of other parties. Phelan, Griffin, Heney, Rowell—Democrats and Progressives, all agree that of Shortridge's nomination there is not a scintilla of doubt. They have been everywhere and they ought to know.

As to Ralston

According to reports from Los Angeles there will be great astonishment in San Francisco after the ballots have been counted. It will be occasioned by the small vote Fredericks will get in his home town, and the large vote that will be cast for Ralston. Reports from all sections are to the effect that Ralston is coming strong at the finish. Here is the one man running for Governor on the strength of his own personality. There are no fraternal orders behind him. He has made no effort to avail himself of his fraternal connections. He has made no alliance with any group of interests. He has been content to take the platform, and tell people frankly where he stands. He has behaved so unlike the typical politician, come so near realizing the enlightened conception of what a public servant should be that I am curious to see what the people will do now that the government has been brought back to them.

Fredericks' Temper

"I am not interested in California politics," said an easterner who spends a good deal of time in this State, "but I should be sorry to hear on my return that Captain Fredericks had been elected Governor."

I asked him why he took this stand.

"I do not think that a man who cannot control his temper is fit to be a Governor," explained my eastern friends. "I was in Los Angeles," he went on, "during the trial of Clarence Darrow, and one day I attended a session of the court where that trial took place. Captain Fredericks suddenly lost control of his temper over a remark by Earl Rogers, attorney for Darrow, and seizing a heavy ink well hurled it with all

his force at Rogers. It missed Rogers, and struck the wall, and for all I know the ink stain may be there yet. Had it hit Rogers it might have killed him. Surely a man who is at the mercy of his temper to such an extent as that is not an ideal candidate for Governor."

Apparently Captain Fredericks is hastier than Governor Johnson who also flies into a temper once in a while. There are unmistakable signs that California has tired of the Johnsonian temperament, and it would be too bad if a Johnson was succeeded by a Fredericks.

A Mizner Volunteers

Consul Rojestvensky, the monocled representative of Russia in San Francisco, received a call the other day from a volunteer, in the person of Mr. Lansing Mizner. The consul dropped his glass in astonishment when the bulky bon vivant of the Pacific-Union Club informed him of a burning desire to take up arms for Russia. Mr. Mizner explained that his sympathies were with Russia, and besides he wished to help France and thus vindicate his appreciation of the wines and chefs of that noble country. The Consul was delighted. He grasped Mr. Mizner's hands and shook it warmly.

"But," said Mizner, "let us come to an understanding. I will not enlist below the grade of General, and I must have my motto blazoned on my arms. The motto of the Mizners is 'Safety First.'"

A Matter of Controversy

The man who winds the ferry clock actually blushed when he entered the editorial sanctum sanctorum the other day.

"I've been writing a bit of poetry," he said with great embarrassment.

"Wonders will never cease," I bromided.

"You never know how the war fever will hit you," he agreed; and handed me this:

What is the name of the place of the siege?
Are we correct in pronouncing it Legee?
Are those in the right who give us their pledge
That natives who know always term it Lee-edge?
And how about those who argue for Leega,
As though it should rhyme with the Muscovite
Riga?
Or is the old town where the batteries rage
Properly called in the French way, Lee-age?

"How do you pronounce it?" I asked the man of the clock tower.

"I follow Joe Dwyer," was the answer, "and Joe never pronounces it the same way twice."

The Amateur Strategists

Not least among the horrors of war is the amateur strategist. You find him everywhere—before the bulletin boards, in hotel lobbies, in bar rooms, in club grills and lounging rooms. The amateur strategist has small respect for generals.

He picks flaws in every plan of campaign. Had his advice been followed, the Germans would have reduced the Liege forts in ten hours; the Austrians would have had the Servians on the rung long ago; the French would be bivouacking beneath the lindens of Berlin; the English would have cleared the North Sea, the Baltic and the Atlantic of hostile ships. The amateur strategist is equally at home in Wilhelmshaven or Cattaro, in Kiao Chau or Dunkirk. He knows the passes of the Vosges, the valley of the Drina and the road from Belfort to Strassburg. He can hurl ten army corps across Russia in a night. "Now, if von Emmich had only—," and he is good for half an hour without stopping. What has already happened is of secondary interest to the amateur strategist. His main concern is with what is going to happen. He has settled the whole thing. The new map of Europe is already drawn in the tablets of his brain. Emperor William has become plain Mr. Hohenzollern; or, if his sympathies run the other way, France and Belgium are Teuton provinces. He is cocksure, emphatic, sweeping. The amateur strategist is a fearful bore.

Field Marshals in Mufti

The amateur strategist reminds me of a story Harry Mestayer tells about his friend Herbert Druce. Druce is a London actor of high standing. We saw him once with John Drew. During the Boer war Druce was playing in a London theatre, and one of the stage hands conceived a mighty admiration for his ability. London stage hands are taught to know their place, but this stage hand finally plucked up enough courage to ask Druce to have a drink with him. Druce consented, and the stage hand led the way from the theatre to a pub where, he assured Druce, the liquor was excellent. The bar was lined from end to end with London workingmen, all intently following the exposition of an amateur strategist. Even the bar maid hung upon his words.

"'Ere's bloody Buller," expounded the talker, placing a beer mug in position, "and 'ere's Spion Kop, and 'ere's the river," spilling a trail of beer between Buller and Spion Kop. "Buller crosses the river and attacks Spion Kop from the front. Wot's the result? 'E's repulsed with bloody slaughter. All wrong, I say. Wot's to prevent Buller from circling round 'ere and attacking Spion Kop from the rear?"

It was quite impossible to get a drink, so the stage hand led the way to the door.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Druce," he said earnestly. "I'm very sorry. It's getting so I can't go into that pub without meeting a bloody field marshal!"

Both British Subjects

In case any international difficulty had arisen over the fact that two newspapermen left a neutral port in company with the German Consul to board the German man-of-war Leipsic, a cur-

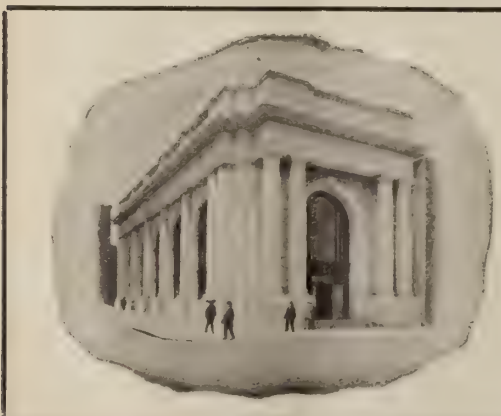
ious situation would have been divulged. The two newspapermen in question were Jack Denham, reporter, and Harry Coleman, photographer. These Examiner men are both British subjects! Obviously it would take a Philadelphia lawyer to figure out what could have been done to them had the matter been referred by Admiral Pond as a breach of neutrality to Secretary of State Bryan. Of course Captain Haun of the Leipsic was not aware of the nationality of his two visitors. He took it for granted that they were native-born or naturalized Americans. Suppose he had known them for Britishers? There is another curious angle to the affair—the fact that a British subject should be called upon by the exigencies of newspaper work to praise the preparedness and courage of his country's enemy, and to tell how that enemy was going to annihilate the British vessels in these waters.

Dr. Buckley, Campaigner

A short time ago Dr. C. F. Buckley brought suit against former sheriff Dick Whelan for a medical bill of a hundred and some odd dollars. Whelan fought the suit on the ground that Doctor Buckley had treated him for malaria when he was really suffering from pneumonia. The case was tried before a jury in Judge Franklin Griffin's court. Judge Griffin instructed the jury, as was proper, that if the services performed were unscientific or the diagnosis incorrect, the physician could not recover. The jury found this to be the case, and Dr. Buckley lost his suit. Judge Griffin is now a candidate for the Superior bench, and a pamphlet has been issued dealing with this case of Buckley vs. Whelan. This pamphlet which has been sent to every physician practicing in San Francisco, states that Judge Griffin instructed the jury that a doctor could not recover a medical fee for which he was suing unless he could prove to the satisfaction of the jury that his professional services had benefitted his patient. It will be noted that this language is very different from the language of Judge Griffin's instructions, and that it is very unfair to the judge. There is no name signed to the pamphlet, but some guessers are unkind enough to insinuate that Doctor Buckley wrote it.

Candidates for the Bench

Never was the political field so crowded as at present with men confident of their ability to shine as jurists. Some of them nobody ever heard of; others, like Judge Lawlor, we are never permitted to forget. Judge Lawlor is like the



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| 4:40P | Sacramento, Marysville, Colusa, Oroville and Chico. Pittsburg only stop. Carries free observation car. |
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Tennysonian brook. It was but the other day he was re-elected to the job he now holds, and now with no chances to take, he is seeking promotion to the Supreme Court, thus contributing to the gaiety of the Bar. Justice Shaw being a candidate for his present position of associate justice and Judge Murphy of Mono being a candidate for the place to be vacated by Justice Angellotti, it would seem to be a bit presumptuous for Judge Lawlor to give rein to his ambition. For the Superior Court there is a very large flock of candidate—several incumbents, all the police judges and not a few of the rag-tag and bobtail of the bar. As the term of the veteran jurist, Judge Hunt, is soon to expire, he is among the candidates, and it is important that he should not be neglected. Among the incumbents who have proved themselves worthy of public confidence is Judge Crothers, and of those seeking promotion there is none more entitled to it than Justice of the Peace Bernard J. Flood, who has had eight years of experience on the bench. He is an able lawyer, and he enjoys the esteem and confidence of the bar. Another candidate whom one has no hesitation in recommending is Judge Alfred J. Fritz, who made an enviable record on the Police Bench some years ago and who has since been engaged in private practice.

Owens River Water

The use of the water brought from the mountains to the city of Los Angeles by means of the Owens River aqueduct was held up last week when Henry A. Hart of Los Angeles applied for an injunction to prohibit the delivery of the water to consumers. Hart's application was based on affidavits made by Dr. Ethel Leonard, former bacteriologist for the city of Los Angeles, and by Dr. A. F. Wagner, professor of chemistry in the University of Southern California. Dr. Leonard and Dr. Wagner, as a result of their investigations, take the position that the water is unfit for domestic use. With the aid of their findings Hart is fighting to place the matter before the State Board of Health for a thorough bacteriological and sanitary investi-

gation. This is not the first time that the purity of the Owens River water has been questioned, and it looks as though the matter will be settled now one way or the other. As Los Angeles' water problem is not unlike that which San Francisco is trying to solve in the Hetch Hetchy project, the subject is one of great interest to San Franciscans.

The Doctors' Findings

Dr. Wagner analyzed ten samples of water taken from the Owens River, its tributaries and the Los Angeles viaduct. He makes affidavit that all ten samples are unfit for human consumption. Dr. Leonard's affidavit contains a number of arresting statements. She declares that the Owens River is polluted by the drainage from the swamp which composes a large part of Long Valley, a swamp infected with anthrax and other cattle diseases which kill hundreds of animals every year; also that the carcasses of these animals add further infection to the soil of the valley. She declares that the Owens River water is further contaminated by the outflow from the septic tank of the town of Bishop, with 1500 population, which tank is used for the purpose of treating all the sewage of the town. She points out that a slaughter-house, the conditions of which "are almost beyond description," is situated on Bishop creek which flows directly into the Owens River, carrying with it the filth and pollution from the slaughter pens, hog pens, barnyards and from the carcasses of dead animals about the slaughter-house. She says that many large animals and hundreds of smaller ones, drowned in the sixty miles of open aqueduct and in the Haiwee reservoir, constitute a further source of pollution and furnish organic matter on which bacteria coming from higher up may feed. "I feel," she says, "that the stream should be called 'the outfall sewer of Owens Valley' instead of the Owens River;" and her conclusion is that "any domestic use of Owens River water must be abandoned."

A Low Appraisalment

Father Henry I. Stark, the well known young Paulist priest, preached at the last mass at old St. Mary's Sunday. In the course of an eloquent sermon he had occasion to mention the Cure of Ars, a French priest of great sanctity who will probably be canonized some day. After mass Tom O'Connor met the preacher, and asked for more information about the holy man. Father Stark briefly outlined his career, and gave several instances of his self-sacrifice. As an instance of his indefatigable zeal he mentioned: "The Cure of Ars used to spend eighteen hours a day in the confessional."

"Well, I don't want to be flippant, Father," replied O'Connor, "but it strikes me that a priest who hears confessions for eighteen hours a day, especially in France, must get an earful!"

An Opera for Farrar

The war in Europe may deprive two Californians of a high artistic distinction. It may prevent Geraldine Farrar, the great prima donna, from producing a new grand opera "Cleopatra" written by Charles K. Field, the editor of "Sunset," and W. J. McCoy, the well known composer of the Bohemian Club. The score of "Cleopatra" was finished not long ago, and libretto and score were expressed to Geraldine Farrar in Paris just before Europe was convulsed with war. Since then Field and McCoy have had no way of ascertaining the prima donna's whereabouts, or of discovering whether the work is safely on its way to her. When Farrar was in San Francisco she heard about "Cleopatra" and expressed a desire to see the work.

The Field libretto was completed, but not the McCoy music. The work that had been done interested Miss Farrar, and she had several conferences with McCoy about it. Miss Farrar has never sung grand opera in English, but she seriously considered doing so after this work had been brought to her attention. Her final decision will of course be delayed now. The book of "Cleopatra" represents several years of work on the part of Field. The story is founded to a certain extent on Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra" and Sardou's "Cleopatra," but Field also found inspiration in the pages of Plutarch, Appian and Athenaeus. Those who know the poetical and dramatic powers of Field and the musical ability of McCoy are hoping that "Cleopatra" receives the approval of Geraldine Farrar. If she makes up her mind to sing it California will have the distinction for the first time of contributing a complete work to a great prima donna's repertoire. "Natoma," it will be remembered, was only half Californian; Joe Redding wrote the book, but Victor Herbert composed the music.

Age and Veracity

To lie about one's age is one of the leading weaknesses of humanity, and among prevaricators it is perhaps the hardest to detect. From one to eighteen a person wants to appear older than he is; from twenty-five to seventy it is one's invariable impulse to appear younger; but from seventy on age becomes a pride to its possessor and a sore temptation to untruthfulness. There are tribes of Indians whose members claim to have attained a fabulous old age, but canny scientists have discovered that it is a custom among their old men to claim a hundred years as soon as wrinkles and gray hairs appear. The student of human nature, therefore, may be too polite to reveal his skepticism when an age is understated or overstated, but he may be pardoned for entertaining doubts on the subject.

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Was He 118?

All of which is suggested by a newspaper item that chronicled the death of Captain Goddard E. D. Diamond at the alleged age of 118. For years we were regaled with stories about the captain whenever his birth day rolled round. He used, on that day, to go through a series of exhibition stunts that were religiously reported in the papers. He would dance with a girl supposedly one hundred years his junior, and perform various other feats, including a walk to the Cliff House and back. Was Captain Diamond as old as he claimed to be? It has often been doubted. The most recent challenge was published in the New York Sun of August 9 in a letter which read as follows:

To the Editor of The Sun—Sir: There was printed the other day in The Sun a statement telegraphed from San Francisco that Capt. Goddard E. D. Diamond was confined to his bed there and his friends feared the illness would prove fatal as he had just turned 118 years. The despatch further stated that he was born in Plymouth, Mass., May 1, 1796.

As the number of persons of modern times who can be proved by registry of birth, or other equally good evidence, to have reached that age may possibly be counted on one finger of one hand, I was moved to inquire of my friends in Plymouth in regard to the matter. The carefully kept records of the town did not disclose the birth of Capt. Diamond at that date or any other date, or that any one of the name of Diamond ever lived in the town of Plymouth.

Boston, August 8.

C. E. S.

An Unexpected Honor

The directors of the Chamber of Commerce gave a fine luncheon at the Commercial Club the other day. The purpose was to assemble the brightest minds of our mercantile houses for a discussion of the Owens amendment to the shipping bill. Among those present were Harry Dimond of the Dry Fruit Association, Ned Dimond of the American-Hawaiian, A. B. Hammond and James Tyson, the lumber barons, Joe Hotchkiss the packer, C. R. Johnson, representing a dozen or so Fleishhacker and Wendling corporations, Milt Esberg, the tobacco king, and many others. Henry Fortmann of the Alaska Packers and Jim Armsby of that ilk came as the rest were sitting down to Chef Reiter's tempting repast. They came with blood in their eyes and war written in their countenances. Their appearance created a sensation.

"Why haven't we been invited to this luncheon?" they chorussed in dangerous tones.

"Not invited!" exclaimed the master of ceremonies. "Why, Henry, you surprise me. And, Jim, you pain me. You were not only invited, but you were invited to be guests of honor. Come to the head of the table."

Two extra chairs were sneaked in, two extra covers laid. But Fortmann and Armsby were smoothing out their ruffled fronts, and didn't notice that the table was crowded. Thus does diplomacy cover up its mistakes.

Dancing Contest at Tavern

The popular informal dances are still held at Techau Tavern every Wednesday and Friday evening, and on each occasion three elegant and costly gifts are presented to three of the ladies

present. These gifts were selected from the art collection of S. & G. Gump Co., 246 Post street. The popularity of these dances is undoubtedly due in a great measure to the atmosphere of refinement and respectability always in evidence at Techau Tavern. So popular have these dances become that in addition to the veranda on the main floor, the management has thrown open the enlarged banquet hall on the second floor. On Wednesday evening, August 26, there will be a supper dance and dancing contest with two elegant gifts for each winning couple, and bells, whistles and souvenirs for everyone present.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

La Loie Fuller's Visit

Quite unheralded to the public La Loie Fuller, the famous American dancer, arrived in this city last week to be the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckels. Mrs. Spreckels and Miss Fuller met in Paris and formed an acquaintance which ripened into friendship under the influence of an affinity of artistic tastes. When Mrs. Spreckels learned that La Loie was considering the advisability of bringing her dancing pupils, her "brood" as she calls them, to San Francisco during Fair time, Mrs. Spreckels enthusiastically approved the idea and induced La Loie to make a preliminary visit in order to arrange the necessary details of the undertaking. Miss Fuller was fortunate in starting for America just before Europe became an armed camp. Almost the first thing she did on arriving here was to pay a visit to the Exposition grounds. They surpassed her expectations not only in beauty but in their advanced condition of preparedness. So delighted was she that she immediately threw herself into the project she had been tentatively considering, and her hours ever since have been divided between business conferences and the charming entertainments which Mrs. Spreckels has arranged to do her honor.

Rodin May Come

Miss Fuller is one of the most ardent admirers in the world of the genius of Rodin. Indeed she joins to a whole-hearted worship of his sculptural achievements a sincere affection for the artist himself. He is her very dear friend, and she has been entertained at his beautiful home in Meudon. She possesses several of his best pieces, and they are the most treasured items in the exceptional art collection which it has been part of her life work to assemble. Several of these she has brought to San Francisco, and she takes great delight in showing them to the friends of Mrs. Spreckels who have been invited to meet her. One of them is a bronze head done in Rodin's most expressive manner. This head, at once a thing of beauty and a study in character, is the head of a Japanese girl who was a dancing pupil of Miss Fuller. It is rendered invaluable to Miss Fuller because Rodin inscribed its base with a dedication to "the admirable and genial La Loie Fuller." That is a distinction few can boast. It is on a par with another honor that has been bestowed upon Miss Fuller, the honor of having Anatole France write the introduction to her book of memoirs. But to return to Rodin. Out of the fact that she brought some of Rodin's works to this city and out of conversations which Mrs. Spreckels and she have held about them has grown another project—nothing less than that of having a great Rodin exhibition at the Fair and inducing the master himself to pay a visit here.

When Miss Fuller returns to France—and she will probably return as soon as she thinks it safe to travel—she will set about carrying this project to fruition.

Meeting Our Celebrities

During her visit with Mrs. Spreckels La Loie has met several Californian celebrities whom she has charmed by the easy grace of her manner and delighted by the depth of her sympathetic insight. Among them were two sculptors of whom California has reason to be proud, "Bob" Aitken and Arthur Putnam. Miss Fuller, on account of her high admiration for Rodin, has made a special study of the sculptor's art; and she surprised both of these men by her familiarity with their work and her understanding of their artistic aims. Another sculptor whom she has met here is Robert G. Eberhardt of New York, one of the sculptors at the Exposition. Jack London and David Warfield are two other Californians whom La Loie met in the home of Mrs. Spreckels, and to whom she paid that highly prized compliment, an unstudied familiarity with their achievements. It is not given to many visitors to absorb the spirit of San Francisco as readily as Miss Fuller has absorbed it, but then, how few visitors there are who come here with the open mind of sympathy which is one of her delightful characteristics? One of the most enjoyable affairs arranged by Mrs. Spreckels in honor of La Loie was a luncheon on Tuesday at which Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spreckels, Mrs. George Wingfield, Mrs. Joseph Fredericks, David Warfield, Robert Aitken, Arthur Putnam, Robert G. Eberhardt and Frank Unger were among the guests. On this occasion Miss Fuller was deeply interested in the singing and playing of a quartet of Hawaiian musicians.

Artistic Temperament

Artistic temperament is the subject of an article written by Oliver Morosco for the September "Green Book." The article was suggested to "Ollie" by an exhibition of artistic temperament given by Laurette Taylor, the star of Hartley Manners' very successful play "Peg o' My Heart." After describing several phases of artistic temperament, "Ollie" goes on to say:

"One of the funniest and most absurd cases of 'artistic temperament' I have ever encountered I found a few years ago lurking in the bosom of a promising young actor. At that time he was playing important leading roles with my Burbank stock company in Los Angeles. I had brought to Los Angeles, from New York, a well known feminine star to play a special starring engagement with my stock company."

Morosco does not give the names, but I shall. The promising young actor was Harry Mestayer, now of the Holbrook Blinn Princess players. The well known feminine star was Margaret Illington.

Morosco's Story

"Ollie" says that the exhibition of artistic temperament came at a Thursday matinee during the production of "Romeo and Juliet." At that performance Romeo acted with unusual bril-

liance, so much so that it was evident at the end of the first act that the applause was for him, not for Juliet. But Romeo hid and refused to answer the call. He wanted that audience to clamor for him, and clamor in vain, so that the manager might appreciate his importance. The ovation was brought to an end when the stage manager threw on the house lights and the orchestra began to play. Juliet sent for Romeo, "and everyone on the stage became aware of the fact that somebody was being 'told his right name.'" "Fearing for Romeo's personal appearance," the stage manager interfered. But according to Morosco the attack of artistic temperament persisted that evening. It was cured when Morosco "told Romeo several things the star had overlooked in the afternoon." Such is the story Morosco tells at the expense of Harry Mestayer.

Mestayer's Version

Guessing that Harry Mestayer and Margaret Illington were the parties adumbrated by Morosco in this yarn, I called Mestayer's attention to it. He laughed, and offered to give me the authentic version. Naturally I was glad to annotate a page of theatrical history. Mestayer explained that he had directed a production of "Romeo and Juliet" at the especial request of Margaret Illington who was eager to play Juliet to his Romeo. Morosco gave Mestayer carte blanche, and the production was an elaborate one, so elaborate that Morosco gave orders that the curtain should be rung up at 8.05 p. m. to prevent the Burbank's Pasadena and beach patrons from missing their last cars. After giving this order which Mestayer promised to obey, Morosco went off on a hunting trip. All went well till one night when Margaret Illington was late. When 8.05 came she was not in the theatre, but Mestayer

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dutifully rang up the curtain. Miss Illington was dressed in time for her first scene, but was furious that the play should have started before she arrived at the theatre. After the balcony scene the audience was very demonstrative, but Miss Illington refused to take a curtain call. When Mestayer held out his hand, smiling, and invited her to come down and bow she addressed him in language that was picturesque but not polite. As the applause continued the curtain went up again, and Mestayer still tried to bring her out, whereupon there was more picturesque language. As the curtain fell for the last time Miss Illington approached Mestayer, hissing, "You will ring up before I come, will you?" and her finger-nails scratched a bloody trail down his cheek. So it would seem that the "artistic temperament" was displayed by Juliet, not by Romeo, and that it was caused by an order issued by "Ollie" Morosco.

Mrs. Parrott and the War

A San Matean remarked to me the other day that nobody of his acquaintance was so much distressed about the general European war as Mrs. Abby Parrott. For my benefit he counted off on his fingers the relatives of the mistress of "Baywood" who may be called upon to serve their countries in the field. In France lives Mrs. Parrott's daughter May whose husband is the Comte de la Lande. There are also Mrs. Parrott's granddaughter Marie Christian de Guigne and Josephine de Guigne whose husbands are Viscomte Helie de Dampierre and Viscomte Philippe de Tristan. There is also the former Regina de la Lande, daughter of the Comte and Comtesse, who is now the Vistomtesse Louis de Tristan. In England is the former Isabelle Parrott. She is the wife of Colonel Archibald Douglas-Dick. He won his colonelcy fighting the Boers, and may be expected to take the field again. It is not to be wondered at that Mrs. Parrott is terribly worried.

A Long Name

What San Francisco girl possesses the longest name? I heard the matter talked of the other

day, and it was agreed that Agnes Tillmann probably won this distinction (if it is a distinction) when she became the Baroness Jan Carel van Pantheleon van Eck. It was also remarked that the former Azalea Keyes probably has the hardest name. Her name is Countess Lowenhaupt von Faulkenstein. But these are not so bad. I notice that the daughter of the new Minister to Belgium, Christine Marburg of Baltimore, is engaged to the secretary of the Dutch Legation at Brussels. His name is Jonkherr Alidius Wal-moldus Lambertus Ijarda von Starkenvogh Stachomover. It's pretty hard to beat that. What a lot it must cost the jonkherr to have his cards engraved!

At Paso Robles

Paso Robles Hot Springs has entertained the following guests within the past few days: Miss Stow, Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Lacey, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Thompson, Miss Marion Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Loewy, Miss M. Loewy, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Michels, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Bruce, G. P. Moore, Miss Berry, Miss Johnson, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. E. Margeson, Claremont; Mrs. R. J. Wilson, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cadwalader, Burlingame; May Goodrell, Mrs. Stuart, Des Moines; Frank Lane and wife, Joseph Sancedo and wife, Stockton; James Newton Rogers and wife, Scotia, Wash.; Charles J. Taltin and wife, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. S. Henneman, Tucson.

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More Princess Plays

By Theodore Bonnet

There are a few acrobats of the affections at the Columbia this week, but none that a moral censor however sensitive might cavil at. There is what might be called a voluptuous farce with a faint aroma of gaudy nights if not of amorous days, but the wantonness of it is sterilized and the careless husband and adventurous wife furnish nothing more than a faint thrill of expectation. Mr. Holbrook Blinn wears a dress suit and his drawing-room manners in this farce, making it obvious that he is not that kind of actor. But hold! I am not going to pick flaws in so fine an artist as Holbrook Blinn; especially not in view of what he is doing for us. For them whose eyes are for beauty in the theatre as well as for such essentials as character lucidly realized in letter and in flesh and moods and passions rightly felt and sincerely expressed, there is such a feast at the Columbia as we see but infrequently spread on the stage. So I am grateful to Blinn. As the repertoire of the Princess players unfolds the higher they mount in public esteem. This week they are giving five one-act plays, not all works of genius, some of them froth for froth's sake and nothing more, but more than enough in them of solid worth to compensate for occasional streaks of vapidness. It would be worth while sitting a whole evening in the midst of boredom if one could be assured of being entertained at the close by so exquisite a performance as that which is given by Miss Polini and Mr. Blinn in the McClellan play called "The Fountain." A play of sweet pathos

is this, classic in its blend of austerity and charm. The curtain rises to the melody of a splashing fountain and one almost feels the breath of roses and lush grasses as of a scented garden. It is a picturesque setting for creatures of gossamer and rainbow. In this play Mr. Blinn as an old rag-picker, a spectacle of a ruined and broken life, represents with incomparable effect a deep and haggard pathos, a forlorn sense of desolation. The piece de resistance this week is "The Black Mask," a little masterpiece of realism, not the realism of externals—though in this it is not lacking—but the higher and better sort, the realism that deals with mental conditions, like the realism of Hamlet and The Vikings. The black mask is worn by a man who has most of his face torn away in an explosion. He has little more than an eye left. To his young wife he is more than repulsive and repellant, and eagerly she embraces a lover. In a quarrel between lover and husband the latter pretends to have been killed. At the suggestion of the wife it is decided to avoid discovery by throwing the body down a deserted shaft of a mine, the lover agreeing to disguise himself thereafter as the husband by wearing a black mask. While the wife is absent from the room the husband rises, kills the lover, removes the body, and on his wife's return pretends that he is the lover. They go to their room for the night, and just as the curtain falls the wife shrieks. A horrible story, ugly and harrowing; and appealing through the imagination, the final impression is appalling.

The workmanship is excellent. Told in dialogue charged to the fullest with significance, the emotions developed are acutely tragic, the personages impressively elementary, the effects poignant; and the little play thrills the theatre to the kind of hush that comes with the knocking at the gate in the Macbeth. "War," a dramatic allegory, as it is called, is tried out at the Columbia this week, and is given an effective performance by Mr. Blinn, Mr. Mestayer, Mr. Trevor, Mr. Gillet and Miss Benson. "War" is a play of abstractions, very impressive no doubt to persons who accept the postulates of the peace propaganda personally conducted for the greater glory of Mr. Carnegie. Playwrights are very sensitive to whatever is in the air, and hence the number of dramas on burning questions that soon grow cold. By this dramatic allegory we are taught that kings are men of straw manipulated by great financiers who promote war for self-aggrandizement. Not a very convincing allegory at this particular time when we see Europe engulfed in a war that is the outcome of racial hatreds and jealousies, while at the same time the commerce of the world is paralyzed, the stock exchanges are closed, and the plutocracy is in a panic. The peace propagandist's theory of war is about as sound as Secretary Bryan's theory of the efficacy of 16 to 1 and Dr. Jordan's ante-mobilization theory that the present war was impossible because the nations of Europe couldn't afford the expense.

Gossip of the Theatre

Virtuosity in Vaudeville

Some old favorites returned to the Orpheum this week. The oldest of them, by far the most enduring, is Herr Rosner, who came back to augment his perennially Augmented Hungarian Orchestra. The veteran musical director went on a vacation in a hospital some weeks ago, and had himself refurbished on an operating table. In the pink of condition he returned to the keys last Sunday, and enjoyed every inch of the show. I saw him yawn but once, and that was when Harry Clark was playing an Old Master on the banjo just to make liars out of certain musical authorities (names not given), who said it couldn't be done. What a wonderful thing is virtuosity! See what a fine living it enables Britt Wood to make in vaudeville, and he doesn't work half so hard as Harry Clark, for his instrument is the harmonica, a little one about three inches long. There is a great crush of virtuosity at the Orpheum this week. In addition to Britt Wood and Harry Clark there is Will Rogers, the cowboy, with his ropes and his jokes, the dovetailing of which is the most dexterous part of his performance. There is also Marie Hart who sings an aria standing on one leg in the middle of a slack wire. And there is Josephine Dunfree who sings four songs in three dresses—one at a time. It would appear that vaudeville is demanding more strenuousness every day. It is not sufficient to do anything well, or to depend on a single art or special talent. Everything must be reinforced. Apparently the theory of vaudeville is that our jaded tastes are constantly in need of a new fillip. Perhaps this ac-

counts for "The Devil Outwitted," a sketch in verse that Harry Stafford is playing this week. It is a sketch that raises one's expectations and plays a joke on the audience,—not a nice thing for a sketch to do.

—Theodore Bonnet.

"Baby Mine" at the Alcazar

When I arrived at the Alcazar Tuesday night I found the theatre crowded, and as Tuesday is about the worst night of the week in the matter of theatrical attendance, I gathered that the word had gone forth the night before that "Baby Mine" was something not to be missed. For one I am heartily glad I didn't miss it. I had laughed at "Baby Mine" before, but not more than I laughed Tuesday night. This farce is irresistible in its titillation of the funny bone; there is no known protection against its tickling of the ribs. Gloom and "Baby Mine" cannot exist together. When Margaret Mayo constructed it she built a house of mirth. It was an Alcazar man, Ernest Glendinning, who first played Alfred Hardy in this city; and it is nice to be able to say that in Charles Ruggles, another Alcazar man, he has a worthy successor. Ruggles starts you laughing when the farce begins, and never lets up. Neither does Adele Rowland who plays Zoie. They are a splendid pair, are Ruggles and Miss Rowland. One never tires of their cleverness and easy humor. The whole cast plays with that good spirit which is characteristic of Alcazar stock; Louise Brownell, Burt Wesner, Edmond Lowe, Dorcas Matthews and the rest. You are to be pitied if you haven't joined in the general

roar of laughter at the Alcazar this week. Frank Pixley's curtain raiser "Taming a Tartar" is a good little comedy excellently played by Ann Tasker, Dorcas Matthews, Burt Wesner and Edmond Lowe.

—The Second Nighter.

Third Week of Blinn Players

The third week of the Princess Players at the Columbia will see an entire change of program, and there will be four novelties on the bill. The week commencing Monday night promises to be one of the most successful of the Holbrook Blinn season, for plays have been selected which leave absolutely nothing to be desired by those who seek sensation and thrill. San Francisco has been anxiously awaiting the presentation by Mr. Blinn and his players of the sensational playlet in three parts called "Any Night." It is a thriller of the most modern type written by Edward Ellis. It holds the record of an entire season at the Princess Theatre, New York. The characters of the play are a Young Girl, a Young Man, a Street Walker, a Policeman, an Old Man, a Hotel Clerk, a Hotel Porter. There will be on the program also a satirical comedy entitled "Phipps," from the pen of Stanley Houghton. It is a delicious comedy sure to find favor for the brilliancy of its lines and the clever acting of Mr. Blinn, Mr. Trevor and Miss Murdoch. In "Ib and Little Christina," a delightful playlet by Basil Hood, Emilie Polini, Jean Murdoch, Mr. Blinn, Mr. Trevor and others will be seen, and another strong cast will appear in the laughter-provoking farce entitled

"Food," written for the Princess Players by William C. De Mille. The last-named piece is a satire on the high cost of living, with its story laid at a time in the distant future. Matinees are given Wednesday and Saturday.

"Ready Money" at Alcazar

Next week the Alcazar will offer the first production in stock and at popular prices of James Montgomery's comedy of love, risk, romance and thrills, "Ready Money," a play for every woman who is married and all who expect to be. The production of this highly successful comedy will introduce to local theatregoers new players in the persons of Richard Vivian, Paul Harvey and Frank Harrington. Richard Vivian is one of the most capable young actors on the American stage and he comes to the Alcazar by special arrangement from the Burbank in Los Angeles where he has a long list of successes to his credit. Previous to his season in Los Angeles he played the leading role in Galsworthy's famous comedy "The Pigeon" at the Little Theatre. Paul Harvey who has been specially engaged, was formerly the leading man for Virginia Harned when she scored her triumph in Herbert Bashford's well known American play "The Woman He Married." Associated with these players will be the cream of the Alcazar company including Louise Brownell, Dorcas Mathews, Burt Wesner, Edmond Lowe, S. A. Burton, Cliff Stewart, David W. Butler and others.

Gus Edwards Act at Orpheum

Gus Edwards' Matinee Girls, a musical production in capsule with Charles Olcott as its stellar feature will be the headline attraction at the Orpheum next week. Irene Martin and a bouquet of American beauties including Gene Ford and Margaret Dana will participate in the production which will be one of the most elaborate and beautiful ever presented in vaudeville. The lyrics are the work of Jean Havez, Will D. Cobb and Edward Madden, and the libretto is by Gus Edwards who also staged the presentation. Beautiful scenery and costumes are a feature. Aileen Stanley, described as "the girl with the personality" and an exceptionally clever character singer,

will be heard in new and original songs. The Hess Sisters, exceedingly handsome, graceful and dainty girls, will introduce dances of various nations. A lively and strenuous acrobatic dance is the most important feature of the act presented by the Hickey Brothers. They open with clever songs and amusing dialogue. Horace Wright and Rene Dietrich, the "somewhat different" singers, have a very enjoyable act which consists of operatic and popular melodies. They are great favorites here and are sure of a cordial reception. With this bill Hayward, Stafford Company; Marie and Billy Hart, and Mlle. Natalie and M. Ferrari, the famous classic and modern dancers, will close their engagements.

"Too Many Cooks" at the Cort

"Too Many Cooks," described as an hilariously funny comedy, comes all the way from New York to the Cort on Sunday night. Frank Craven, so well and favorably known in San Francisco for his matchless impersonation of Jimmy Gilley in "Bought and Paid For" will be with "Too Many Cooks," and returns to town not only a leading player of the comedy, but its author as well. "Too Many Cooks" has a record of one solid year in New York. The company assembled by William A. Brady to assist Mr. Craven in telling the story of "Too Many Cooks" is said to be one of the most competent and perfectly balanced seen here in a long time. Mr. Craven will appear in a part which he wrote specially for himself. Others of the cast are Roy Gordon, Harry Sleight, C. W. Goodrich, John C. Leasch, Hall Bern, Hudson Liston, Philip Hillman, Thomas J. Hayes, Georgie Olp, Mary Blyth, Camilla Crume, Alice Braham, Lettie Ford, Dorothy Millette, Kathleen Hammond and Alma Braham.

De Wolf Hopper Coming Soon

Much interest attaches to the forthcoming engagement of De Wolf Hopper and the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company at the Cort. The engagement is scheduled to begin Sunday night, September 6. The tremendous success of the first season of revivals at the Cort two years ago is well remembered. The present organization, a standard and permanent one, grew out of the company that appeared in the revivals of "The

Mikado" and "Pinafore" at the New York Casino. This season's cast, in addition to Mr. Hopper, consists of the following: Idelle Patterson, Gladys Caldwell, Jayne Herbert, Anabel Jourdan, Paul Hyde Davies, Arthur Cunningham, Herbert Waterous, John Willard, Herbert Cripps, and a chorus of fifty. During the engagement at the Cort "The Mikado," "Pinafore," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Iolanthe" and "The Yeoman of the Guard" will be given.

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"IB and LITTLE CHRISTINA," a charming playlet by Basil Hood.



GUS EDWARDS' MATINEE GIRLS

Next week at the Orpheum

The Housewife

(Continued from Page 8.)

she dealt with that important nourishment—milk. None came into her house except in sealed bottles, with the name of the cow, spiritually speaking, on the outside. Some wag had suggested, in her hearing, that hens should be compelled to initial their eggs when they were delivered, as well as to put the dates on them. This she had thought ribald; one could go too far.

She was, before all things, an altruist; and in nothing more so than in her relations with her servants. If they did not do their duty, they went. It was the only way, she had found, to really benefit them. Country girls and London girls, they passed from her in a stream, having learned, once for all, the standard that was expected from them. She christened and educated more servants, perhaps, than anyone in the kingdom. The Marthas went first, being invariably dirty; the Marys and Susans lasted on an average, perhaps, four months, and then left for many reasons. Cook seldom hurried off before her year was over, because it was so difficult to get her before she came, and to replace her after she was gone; but when she did go, it was in a gale of wind. The "day out" was perhaps, the most fruitful source of disillusionment—girls of that class, no matter how much they protested their innocence, seemed utterly unable to keep away from man's society. It was only once a fortnight that she required them to exercise their self-control and self-respect in that regard, for on the other thirteen days she took care that they had no chance, suffering no male footstep in her basement. And yet—would you believe it?—on those fourteenth days, she was never able to be easy in her mind. But however kindly and considerate she might be in her dealings with those of lowly station, she found always the same ingratitude, the same incapacity, or, as she had reluctantly been forced to believe, the same deliberate unwillingness to grasp her point of view. It was as if they were always rudely saying to themselves: "What do you want of us? We wish you'd leave us alone!" The idea! As if she could, or would! As if it were not an almost sacred charge on her in her station, with the responsibilities that attached to it, to look after her poorer neighbors, and see that they acted properly in their own interests. The drink and immorality and waste amongst the poor was notorious, and anything she could do to lessen it, she always did, dismissing servants for the least slip, and never failing to point a moral. All that new-fangled talk about the rich getting off the backs of the poor, about the law not being the same for both, about how easy it was to be moral and clean on two thousand a year, she put aside as silly. It was just the sort of thing that discontented people would say. In this view she was supported daily by her newspaper, and herself, wherever she might be. No, no! If the well-to-do did not look after and control the poor, no one would, which was just what they wanted. They were, in her estimation, incurable; but, so far as lay in her power, she would cure them, however painful it might be.

A religious woman, she rarely missed the morning, and seldom went to evening, service, feeling that in daylight she could best set an example to her neighbors.

God knew her views on Art, for she was not prodigal of them—her most remarkable pronouncement being delivered on hearing of the disappearance of the "Monna Lisa." "Oh! that dreadful woman!—I remember her picture perfectly. Well, I'm glad she's gone. I thought she would some day." When asked why, she would answer: "She gave me the creeps."

She read such novels as the library sent, to save her daughters from reading a second time those which did not seem to her suitable, and promptly sent them back. In this way she preserved purity in her home. As to purity outside the home, she made a point of never drawing Robert's attention to female beauty; not that she felt she had any real reason to be alarmed, for she was a fine woman; but because men were so funny.

There were no things in life of which she would have so entirely disapproved, if she had known about them, as Greek ideals, for she profoundly distrusted any display of the bare limb, and fully realized that, whatever beauty may have meant to the Greeks, to her and Robert it meant something very different. To her, indeed, Nature was a "hussy," to be tied to the wheels

of that chariot which she was going to keep as soon as motor cars were just a little cheaper, and really reliable.

It was often said that she was a vanishing type, but she knew better. Pedantic fools murmured that Ibsen had destroyed her, but she had not yet heard of him. Literary folk and artists, Socialists and Society people might talk of types and liberty, of brotherhood and new ideas, and sneer at Mrs. Grundy. With what unmoved solidity she dwelt among them! They were but as gadflies, buzzing and darting on the fringes of her solid bulk. To those flights and stinging she paid less attention than if she had been cased in leather. In the words of her favorite Tennyson: "They may come, and they may go, but—whatever you may think—I go on for ever!"

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The Exposition Line—1915—First in Safety

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—A special committee of five has ruled that members of the New York Stock Exchange desiring to buy securities for cash may send a list of the same to the Clearing House Committee of the exchange, but no offers of less than the closing prices on Thursday, July 30, will be entertained. Members wishing to sell securities may offer them for cash at prices not less than the closing prices. As the curb brokers have been able to sell stocks at such prices members of the Exchange see no reason why they should lose the business. This rule of the committee of five will enable the Stock Exchange officials to test the market without opening the door to speculation. It is probable that "official quotations" for cash will be given out within a day or two. It is quite feasible to have a cash market in which actual physical delivery of stock certificates or bonds will accompany actual spot payments in cash or certified checks if the members choose to do business that way. This would make impossible the dumping of securities by European investors, because they would have to send their stock certificates and bonds to New York before they could be sold. As they would not know what the price would be on arrival in New York more than a week after they were mailed or expressed, such liquidation would not be too heavy to be absorbed here. It would be inconvenient and for that reason there would not be too many offers. In addition to this the price would be paid in currency and not in gold, so such sales would do no more than establish credit balances in New York. London cannot reopen until private settlements have made further progress and brokers who are in deep water have secured assistance. Many failures would have to be announced the first day the London Stock Exchange did regular business because so many members bought and sold stocks for continental Europe in the last trading days and have been unable to get the stocks or the money from such customers. The war is solely to blame and these brokers are entitled to the fullest measure of sympathy and assistance. Sales were made for the account of the strongest banks in Germany and Austria on which deliveries cannot be made. Human foresight cannot guard against such risks. London's difficulties hang like a cloud over the New York Stock Exchange, but the "feeler" that its special committee of five is putting out will probably disclose the strength of the investment demand and the volume of securities pressing for immediate sale. Sellers will not be able to make the market as long as the minimum price is fixed, but buyers can do so if they are willing to pay closing prices or better. The test will be watched with interest by all concerned.

Wheat—The wheat trade is passing through a period of depression. It is not to be wondered

at in view of the fact that the open market on the Chicago Board of Trade is the chief center in the world where wheat can be sold every hour of every day instantly, while the Atlantic is absolutely shut to foreign shipments. The seaboard owners of wheat making resales in Chicago, the Southwest selling wheat to Chicago houses daily to arrive and back of all this a heavy run of receipts to be paid for by money which is not easily obtained except on such choice collateral as grain. It may be well to state that the entire reaction in wheat from the high point on the bull campaign created by the war scare is less than prices advanced during a single session at two or three different times, while the buying excitement was on. We regard the market as holding remarkably well in face of the conditions noted above. The Liverpool market has been quoted lower almost every day during the week. The explanation is simple. England by a force of power on the sea is diverting numerous cargoes of wheat from the continent to the United Kingdom ports. This fact eases the spot market at Liverpool and futures follow. The European war is assuming greater proportions each day and everything points to a long continued struggle, the greatest in the world's history of wars. There can be but one conclusion. With European crops short, the harvests only partly gathered for want of men who are at the front, with every probability of delayed crop preparation for another year, there will be in the next few weeks or few months a demand for American breadstuffs such as never before witnessed. It looks like wisdom to become a careful investor of wheat on breaks for food emergency which is ahead for the eastern world.

Corn—Chicago stocks of corn are just about

50 per cent of what they were last year, but the consumptive demand is proportionately less and the country less inclined to hold. The farmer is now selling the grain above any expectation he may have had last June or earlier, when he was led to believe that Argentina would deprive him of the greater part of his former revenue from corn. South America has limited the exports to 1,400,000 bushels, about 33 per cent of what at one time was threatened and which increased the price of wheat to their buildings around 60 cents. Those who were not panic stricken by the prospect of a corn inundation and retained their surplus are now being fully compensated for their shortened crop of last year by the increased price—the highest in twenty years. With only partial relief through scattered showers, we believe that corn can be easily rallied from sharp breaks.

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Varied Types

(Continued from Page 5.)

too. That whip is on exhibition at the headquarters of the Society.

"I am sorry to say that there are very few foreigners who don't whip their animals. The Americans are an exception. They generally train their animals through kindness instead of through whipping. And they treat them well. They keep their cages nice and clean, see that the attendants give them the air four or five times a day, and cook them fresh food twice a day. The theatre has an animal room where there are all the accommodations anyone could desire.

"That animals can be trained by kindness I know from my own experience, for I have trained all sorts in my own home, from birds to monkeys. I never used my hands on any of them. You can tell when the performing animals are ill-treated. You will notice them cower and pull in their tails when their masters approach them."

To change the conversation to a more pleasant subject I asked Rosner how he liked the jokes poked at him by the performers.

"About my bald head and so on?" asked Rosner. "I don't mind them a bit. They usually ask me in advance if it will be all right, and I always tell them that if they can get a laugh at my expense I am perfectly satisfied. That's the least of my troubles."

"What is your greatest trouble?" I asked.

"Local composers who want me to play their compositions," answered Rosner. "I wouldn't mind if they had merit, but they are so bad!"

There was a tap at the door.

"A lady wants to see you about a piece she has composed," said the guardian of the stage door.

Rosner laid down his cigar and groaned.

Some Notes On The War

(Continued from Page 7.)

Joffre is a very silent man, rather retiring in his demeanor, yet of the kindest, quietest, most unaffected and easy going manners, which do not at first convey the impression of a rigid will and steel-like determination that constitute his chief characteristics. Burly in figure, with heavy flaxen mustache plentifully tinged with silver, thickly tufted eyebrows, shading a pair of very clear blue eyes that often twinkle with merriment, are usually genial and but seldom hard, he suggests when in civilian clothes one of those courtly country gentlemen that are to be found in rural France. Yet he can be very grim, and there are some who regard him as harsh, notably those officers of high rank, comprising a dozen colonels and no less than five generals, who last year at the close of the annual maneuvers were by one sweeping and sudden stroke of discipline relieved by him of their commands and placed on the retired list for inefficiency; in one word, for their

failure to stand the stern test of the maneuvers that had been carried out under his direction.

During the three years that he has been in supreme command of the army the latter has had time to take his measure, with the result that it has accorded to him its unbounded confidence and believes in him as a leader who can be trusted to lead it to victory. He is liked and respected by the officers, and above all by the rank and file, the soldiers describing him as the finest of "chiens de garde (watch dogs), calm, but always ready to bite." He in his turn has had during these three years of command in time of peace the opportunity of forming a correct estimate of the officers and men upon whom he now has to depend for the execution of his carefully matured plans against the enemy, and if they are enthusiastic about him, he is equally enthusiastic about them.

Although the cleverest mathematician in the army and a scientific soldier in the best sense of the word, General Joffre is the most determined supporter of the policy of attack in war. The only tactics that he has any use for are those of the offensive, and it is these that are best suited in his opinion for troops of the temperament of the French soldier of today.

* * * * *

Before leaving von Bernhardt it will be interesting to quote his prediction of the present struggle. After declaring that it was inevitable and necessary and that it must be fought out at whatever cost, he continued:

"To be or not to be is the question which is put to us today, disguised, indeed, by the apparent equilibrium of the opposing forces and interests, by the deceitful shifts of diplomacy, and the official peace aspirations of all the States; but, by the logic of history, inexorably demanding an answer, if we look with clear gaze beyond the narrow horizon of the day and the mere surface of things into the region of realities.

"There is no standing still in the world's history. All is growth and development. It is obviously impossible to keep things in the status quo, as diplomacy has so often attempted. No true statesman will ever seriously count on such a possibility; he will only make the outward and temporary maintenance of existing conditions a duty when he wishes to gain time and deceive an opponent, or when he cannot see what is the trend of events. He will use such diplomatic means only as inferior tools; in reality he will only reckon with actual forces and with the powers of a continuous development."

That is a soldier's view, and the event has proved it the correct one. The question arises, Has the soldier a more sensitive finger on the pulse of the world than the diplomatist? It may be so. Diplomacy is a cult of artificiality, while war is based on a primal instinct of humanity. Perhaps Napoleon understood human nature better than Talleyrand; perhaps von Bernhardt is better posted than von Bethman-Hollweg. At any rate von Bernhardt was a prophet, even as Leo Tolstoy, another soldier, he it remembered, was a prophet in forecasting this Armageddon.



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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 58,227; Dept. No. 2.

A. L. BLAKESLEE, Plaintiff, vs. VIOLET W. BLAKESLEE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to: Violet M. Blakeslee, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's adultery, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of July, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.
JOS. A. BROWN, Attorney for Plaintiff. 8-8-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 57,695.

MARIA BASCOU BARLETTA, Plaintiff, vs. HENRY CALVET, et al., Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Henry Calvet, J. A. McDonald, John Titus James, Lubeck's Investment Company, a corporation, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 15th day of July, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.
JOSEPH A. BROWN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-11-10

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ESTABLISHED 1878

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SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 29, 1914

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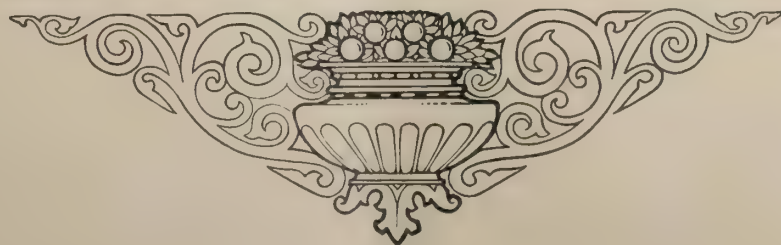
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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Cant of War

About war as about things of much less importance there is a great deal of cant. Now to sum it all up in a few words no worse plague can afflict mankind than the plague of war. It requires no fine taste in scourges to abhor war above all others. And no man vindicates his sensibilities by deploring war and lamenting the sacrifice of human life. It is quite human to experience poignant emotions of a tender nature on being made sensible of the wholesale slaughter of men. We all know that war is a terrible thing. Not more than a spark of imagination is required to visualize the horrible spectacle of the carnage of battle. Though we have never seen vast fields littered with the dead and dying or ever heard the groans of myriad wounded, yet we believe that Wellington spoke the simple truth when he said, "If you had seen but one day of war you would pray to Almighty God that you might never see such a thing again." But if war is so hateful to us why do we bestow more passionate applause on our splendid butchers than on our modest benefactors? We talk of extinguishing war, and the actual horrors of war revolt us, but the idea of war fascinates us and charms us. The literature of war is a literature of intoxication, and the demand for it is incessant. If war has its hideousness and its harrowing woe, it has also its chivalry, its pageantry and its high sacrifice, and whatever represents it to the mind is treasured. All history is fighting and killing, and we love to read it, and it pleases us to learn of the honor and renown bestowed on conquerors. On the stage the noise and trappings of war are thrilling, and the great soldier is always a majestic figure and it pleases us to find him like Nietzsche's Overman trampling on the ineffective, boasting an iron supremacy, administering an iron justice. So it would seem that there is something like a war-lust in our blood. At any rate there is something in our nature to which the idea of war appeals. Perhaps if that idea were not so frequently thrust upon our attention,

or perhaps if we were to cultivate an abhorrence of the idea, there would be less readiness to indulge the fiendish passions that rage beneath the battle-flag.

The Big Naval Battle

When will this big naval battle we are all waiting for take place? The question has been on many a tongue since the outbreak of the war. The titanic conflict may occur any day. It may not occur at all. It all depends on whether Germany shall find it expedient to take desperate chances on the sea where in the event of the decisive success of her greatest commercial rival the fatal consequences would be felt for one hundred years. The risk is probably too great to take. Besides a sweeping naval victory seldom has any immediate effect on the course of a war. A decisive success on land is another matter especially when practically the whole of the military strength of the opponents has been set in the field. It is on land that decisive victories have been won in modern times. Austerlitz laid Austria in the dust. Jena paralyzed Prussia. The guns of Waterloo silenced Europe for more than a quarter of a century. Sedan drove a dynasty into exile. On the other hand, the French nation humiliated at the Nile, a little later triumphed at Marengo. The destruction of Trafalgar was but the prelude to the glories of Austerlitz, and England had to fight bloody years of war after her greatest naval victory. The traces of a great sea fight soon vanish. The debris of the engagement is soon swallowed by the waves, the victorious ships speed out of sight, and the ocean resumes its aspect of lonely serenity. To end a war efficient armies are required that they may mutilate cities, burn villages, devastate fields and bring starvation to the populace. However, when a country has vast colonial possessions to defend, and has constant need of foodstuffs from across the waters, she cannot very well dispense with battle-ships and cruisers, nor can she afford to lose them. England's navy, though apparently inactive in this war, is rendering her valuable assistance. It is keeping the trade routes open, and it is making captures that will help to reimburse the nation when the war is over.

Germany and the Netherlands

As the question of the future of the Netherlands has been revived of late years in various forms, maybe Germany was not unmindful of it when Belgium was entered. For years the fact has been recognized that this question was destined to play a part in all the possible developments in European policy; for after all the future of great States is determined by the destiny of small ones, and none is so important as Belgium and Holland when considered with refer-

ence to their neighbors. Peace would not have been broken in 1793 had not the Revolutionary Government violated the treaties which insured the neutrality of the Scheldt. For centuries the control of Holland was the chief bone of contention between France and England, and in these two countries of late it has been strongly suspected that Germany had her eye on Holland. At the same time it has been openly asserted that the future of Belgium was inseparable from Holland. Whoever is to hold Holland will hold Belgium. The owner of Holland will also possess the islands at the mouth of the Scheldt which command the entrance to Antwerp. This means even more than the control of that port, for it includes the command of the trade of northeastern France which passes seaward almost entirely through Antwerp. Only a few years ago the press of England was saying how serious a matter it would be for that country if Holland were acquired by Germany. It was pointed out that Germany was naturally annoyed at seeing the vast bulk of its external trade passing in and out of two ports neither of which is German, and in the result enriching two small nations for whom Germans have little sympathy and much contempt. It was said that these views were expressed in the construction of the Ems-Dortmund Canal and the great harbor at Emden designed to divert traffic from the Rhine. This attempt to capture German trade for Germany, it was argued, was intended to coerce Holland, and make Dutchmen feel by threatening them with economic ruin that they should rather see themselves subject of a great Empire than of a small and inconsiderable State.

No Hope for Our Merchant Marine

This would seem to be a time propitious toward efforts that might be made for the revival of our merchant marine, but with all the favorable circumstances there are obstacles well nigh insurmountable. This we learn from Rear Admiral Caspar F. Goodrich, U. S. N., who has expressed his views on the subject in the August issue of the Navy. The non-subsidy policy of our Government is not, it appears, the reason why there are but few ships afloat flying the American flag. According to Admiral Goodrich no nation has done so much as France to encourage shipping by means of subsidies, yet its total tonnage is about twenty-five per cent less than that of a single German company, the Hamburg-American. And the British Government has not coddled shipping except in the case of fast ships available as cruisers for war. At least seventy-five per cent of the country's oversea trade is borne in tramp steamers which enjoy no Government aid. The explanation of the apparent disinclination of

Americans to engage in shipping, according to Admiral Goodrich, is "regulation." The shipping interests of other nations thrive because they are let alone. They are not hindered as are the interests of this country by what Rear-Admiral Goodrich calls "noxious restrictions." The American ship owner is under a hopeless handicap as against his foreign rival. For instance while the British ship is taxed on its profits, the American ship is taxed on the investment, and whereas the British ship pays consular fees once a year the American ship pays consular fees every time it enters a port. By these two items alone Read-Admiral Goodrich accounts for the driving of the American flag out of the Chinese seas where forty years ago it competed with the British. These handicaps might be removed, but there is another of a very stubborn nature, described as the "exactions of the seamen's union." These exactions, owing to the activity of a former Norwegian sailor, resident of San Francisco, are constantly becoming more embarrassing, and if the La Follette measure mis-called "For Safety at Sea" becomes a law, then the American flag will vanish from the sea. So there is little likelihood of the revival of American shipping except temporarily on the government ownership plan. When the war is over England and Germany will return to the field of commerce and recoup their losses with ships on which Andy Fureseth will not be able to cast any blight. "Open all gates," says the Rear-Admiral, "let down all bars and perhaps we shall one day see the American merchant navy take its own old place." "Not on your life," says our good friend from Norway; "to hell with American shipping! Long life to my countrymen who are the only genuine blown-in-the-bottle sailors."

Pope Pius X

The verdict of history no doubt will be that Pius X was above all things a churchman. No Roman pontiff was ever more loyal to the traditions of the church, more firm in devotion to the spirit and letter of its teachings. Distinguished for his piety, his amiability, the simplicity of his life and the sweetness of his nature, he was universally beloved, and history will rank him among the most beautiful characters in the long line of occupants of the chair of Peter. On account of his attitude on certain political and ecclesiastical issues that disturbed the tranquility of his reign it was said that he was not in accord with the spirit and intellect of his age, but for this he is not to be censured by enlightened history. It is the boast of the Catholic Church that it is in accord with the spirit of all time, not of any particular age. It would not be what it is if it were to accommodate itself to new winds of doctrine and yield to the influence of the ephemeral philosophies. Pius X took a firm stand against modernism, and he remained deaf to all suggestion of yielding to the Government of France when the expulsion of the religious orders was threatened. The result was vast ma-

terial losses but great spiritual gains. Hundreds of thousands became practical Catholics who before were lukewarm, and in the end the spirit of hostility to the church disappeared, and the Vatican commanded the respect of its most bitter and bigoted opponents among the officials of France. The reign of Pius X was a few days more than eleven years, a short term, but when the reforms that he instituted are reckoned and due thought is given to the influence that he exercised on the religious world it will be found that he is entitled to rank among the great wearers of the Triple Crown.

Bristow of Kansas

What is the matter with Kansas now? Here is Bristow of Kansas consigned to the scrapheap! Bristow, the bristling, belligerent, uncompromising, unterrified champion of all the isms, ancient and modern, that the Prophet of Oyster Bay handed down to his disciples before Armageddon: where is the psychologist to expound the catastrophe of his undoing. Bristow is one of the saints of the New Freedom. The product of a purity that dazzles with its whiteness, the practitioner of a partisanship immaculate in its idealism, is all his carefully cultivated superior righteousness to go to seed? How disheartening to the army of redeemers to see Bristow repudiated, renounced, rejected, cast aside, flung into the discard by the soberest State in the Union! Naturally the Demon Rum grins like a gargoye and points to Bristow as a victim of total abstinence. Is there no one to chant the threnody which the occasion inspires? Where is the Kansas poet receptive to the fine frenzy instilled by grape juice, with the imagination to conceive the poignant details of the tragedy? It is not only that Bristow was beaten: he was done to innocuous desuetude by an unregenerate standpatter—one Curtis of Kansas, a statesman with the cloven hoof who approximates nearer to Joe Cannon in iniquity than any man save, peradventure, Penrose of Pennsylvania who has the presumption to run against Gifted Pinchot. Verily the fickleness of the dear people passeth human understanding. Are we to take the downfall of the inimitable Bristow as a sign of the times? In view of what has happened in some localities it would seem that perhaps Kansas may be relied on for omens.

The President's Man in Manila

Although the Filipinos are not yet deemed fit for self-government it is clear that among them are men better supplied than their governor-general with common sense. For instance, there is the Filipino whom Governor-General Harrison offered the job of governor of the fierce Moros. In accordance with general expectation the Moros, who regard the Filipinos with contempt and consider themselves a superior race, sent word to the Hon. Burton Harrison that a Filipino governor would find the climate of their island fatal to his constitution. When he received this message the callow repre-

sentative of the Big Chief in Washington was consumed with rage. It was an insult to his tremendous dignity, and in hot haste he summoned an American cruiser, having resolved to ship his black-and-tan executive under the protection of great guns. But the Filipino, more discreet than the curled darling of Newport, begged leave to remain at home. He was not at all wanting in respect for the power of the governor-general, but he was not disposed to humiliate the Moros at the risk of his own hide. He resigned. Equally sensible is Dr. Vincente de Jesus, whom the governor-general appointed chief of the Health Department of Manila after firing Dr. Victor Heiser, an experienced hygienist, who had almost cleared the country of its two most fatal diseases, cholera and bubonic plague. Now this Filipino has devoted himself to surgery, and he deemed it unwise to supplant a capable sanitarian, but to please Mr. Harrison he took the job, whereupon the microbes got busy again, and there was a great increase of mortality. Then Dr. de Jesus, having demonstrated his unfitness, resigned, and on instructions from Washington an army doctor was appointed to the position. Mr. Harrison appears to be the typical jack in office of the present Administration.

The Sincere Journalist

Our vociferously altruistic and philanthropic contemporary, the Bulletin, has again been weeping copious tears for the children that labor. What a tender heart beats in the editorial sanctum of this sympathetic journal! If God observes by what springs we are moved and measures our desert by the disposition of the heart what will the portion be of this great journalist who is indefatigable in his endeavors after high degrees of perfection—in others? Of course he prefers the good of others to his own pleasure and profit, and therefore it is to be presumed that when he urges that a war be declared on child labor in the United States, he really, sincerely desires to promote the welfare of the little fellows who sell fake extras for half a cent a copy. He does not say so, but maybe this is because he is too modest to call attention to his saint-like unselfishness. He speaks only of solving the problem by barring the products of child labor from interstate commerce, which is a solution that would not seriously affect the Bulletin. But it is not to be supposed that he would neglect the opportunity of setting a good example in the event of a step being taken elsewhere in the right direction. Sensible always of human misery, a tempest is incessantly rising in his soul, and he is looking forward eagerly to the day when every boy in the land will be going to school with shining morning face and dreaming sweet dreams between immaculate sheets when the sun goes down. Oh, what a miserable age of cold indifference we have fallen into! But in spots there are good men, of the most benevolent nature, and however God may feel about it they will usher in the millenium, and disdain to claim any credit for their grand achievement.

Varied Types

CXCII—VINCENT K. BUTLER

By Edward F. O'Day

What does a Rhodes scholarship do to an American? We all know what it does for him—it gives him three years' training at the greatest school in the world. But what does it do to him? Does it make an anglo-maniac of him? Does it alienate him from his native land? Does it deprive him of sympathy for his fellow Americans? Does the Rhodes scholar return to the United States a better or a worse American than he went away? Is he anglicized? Is the British accent upon his thoughts and actions as well as upon his tongue? In a word, is the Rhodes scholar so changed that when he comes back his friends wish that he had attended Harvard or Yale or Berkeley instead of Oxford?

When I talked with Vincent K. Butler I had these questions in my mind, and when he answered my queries of curiosity I searched behind the answers for a reply to these more important interrogations. I was desirous of finding out the effect that three years of Oxford had had upon young Butler rather than of discovering what he had learned there. What matters most in a university career is the frame of mind in which you leave. The end of the course is really the beginning of things; that, I suppose, is the reason we speak of "commencement" exercises. So I endeavored to make out Butler's mental attitude on leaving Oxford.

Young Butler has candor, so my task was not one of unusual difficulty. The first thing of which I satisfied myself was that his head hadn't been turned or swelled. This St. Ignatius lad went to Oxford with a fine record in scholarship and athletics. He was nineteen, below the age of most Rhodes scholars, when he left the Jesuit college in this city to enter Worcester College, Oxford. The distinction of winning a Rhodes scholarship in competitive examination with the best students of our large colleges did not spoil him; neither did the distinction he won during his three years at Oxford. He was modest three years ago; he is modest now.

But that is a comparatively small matter. Much larger is the attitude of the Rhodes scholar toward Englishmen, for his attitude toward Englishmen will affect his attitude toward Americans. Has he formed crass ideas about the superiority of Englishmen to Americans, or vice versa? Well, hero worship is one of the easiest cults for an impressionable young man to fall into. Another is the cult of iconoclasm. Let us test our Rhodes scholar by means of the heroes whom he met at Oxford.

"Chesterton," says Vincent Butler, "should be read, not heard; or if heard, not seen. His voice is too little, his body too big. He is impressive only in his writings. When he addressed us the effect was like that of champagne before breakfast."

"Shaw spoke to us on comedy. 'In ancient times there was Aristophanes,' he said; 'later there was Moliere; today there is of course myself.' One expects that egoism of Shaw, and he never disappoints an expectation, even when good taste seems to demand that he should."

"We saw Dr. Robert Bridges fairly frequently in Worcester. Our provost, Dr. Daniel, had privately published Dr. Bridges' first poems. Before he was made poet laureate he would read occasionally to one of our literary societies, the Lovelace Club. (Colonel Richard Lovelace was an old Worcester man.) Bridges delighted in read-

ing his Virgil translations to us. At times he would stop to muse; then he would murmur:

"Ah, how Virgil would have loved the hum and buzz of that line!"

"His readings were as scholarly as one would expect, but they did not provide our most spirited meetings! When he was made poet laureate, I wrote to ask if he would honor the club as our guest. He answered with a five-word rebuff on a halfpenny postcard. He was too busy. Later, when he was visiting the provost, he summoned me to say that he was quite willing to come to us if what he had to say would be of any benefit. He gave me a ten-minute talk on pronunciation, the length of a syllable and the quantity



VINCENT K. BUTLER

of a vowel. Then he asked if that sort of thing would interest the club. I was not quite sure, so we missed the poet laureate's visit. A week later he published a book on his hobby, 'The Present State of English Pronunciation.'

"Lloyd George's speech at the Union was the most compelling I ever heard. Indeed, when he spoke shortly afterwards near Oxford there were those who labeled him great. He is splendid, a splendid demagogue."

"I was converted to Home Rule by hearing Sir Edward Carson speak against it. I cannot think of him as Irish except in the brogue and a certain trick of the voice. But that may be the South of Ireland in me confessing a lack of sympathy with the North."

"The Prince of Wales is inoffensive and a pretty little fellow. He is twenty-two and looks seventeen. He is not aloof, but his set was picked for him before he came. Hansell, his tutor, is much in evidence, hence the quip—'too much Hansel and not enough Gretel.'"

"Ambassador Page was pleasing as a speaker, and pleasant to speak to. Like Sir William Osler he has charm. But in statesmanship he is not a Sir Edward Grey."

I submit that this Rhodes scholar has not been prejudiced for or against these great men by the fact of their greatness or the fact of their nationality. I do not dwell on the soundness of judgment apparent in these estimates, quite unlike the hit-or-miss appraisements of the en-

thusiastic undergraduate in American colleges. I am not seeking to praise Butler, but to use him as a means of testing the Rhodes scholarship idea. Am I wrong in thinking that when America is leavened with young men capable of appreciating at their worth the great men who stand for us as the representatives of certain English classes, parties, ideals and so on, we shall be much better off than we are now?

Butler has seen other British things as clearly as he saw celebrities. He smiles at Oxford slang, but not superciliously. He laughs at the tea drinking, but not patronizingly.

"There are really four t's," he says; "tea, toast, tobacco and talk. And they go together surprisingly well."

He neither condemns nor praises British reserve; he accepts it and understands it.

"When I left Oxford," he says, "some of the notes I received from fellows who had been like brothers to me were amazingly blunt and casual. But the feeling was there. These friendships had been slow in the making. You are let severely alone when you arrive, and you learn to go about quietly and not intrude. After a while you are accepted and take your place in the college life. Athletics is a great help in smoothing the way for the stranger. Rowing, tennis and rugby are open to you. Cricket is more difficult. The baseball training is little help for cricket. The batting is a matter of wrist and body movements which must be learned when one is very young. I think their batting is more scientific than ours. In baseball the good eye and the swing are nearly everything; not so in cricket."

"Take it all in all," said Butler, "you are playing the other man's game and it is his deal. But it is an altogether delightful game to play. It is a superb opportunity, this of learning the Oxford standards and of meeting on intimate terms the representatives not only of Great Britain but also of Germany and France. And it doesn't hurt one's Americanism."

I think Butler is right. Oxford has developed him as no American college would in three years, but it has not changed him. He returns the same American who went away. It is true that he has an English accent, but he acquired it so unconsciously that he didn't believe he had it when people first joked him about it. It will go from him just as unconsciously, and that's a good thing, for it is not well for an American to have an English accent or any sort of accent. For the rest, Vincent Butler seems to prove that the will of Cecil Rhodes is not going to spoil promising young Americans.

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Perspective Impressions

History often threatens to repeat itself, but never does.

Apparently there is a strong prejudice in California against the lady candidate.

Every once in a while the papers remind us that the Austrians and Servians are still fighting.

From chaos to order, and then to chaos again: thus the cycle ever runs.

Why doesn't some enterprising paper send Starr Jordan to the front as a war correspondent?

The local war poets have been ominously silent. Doubtless they are mobilizing their adjectives and will soon be upon us in force.

It is being pointed out that this or that seeress predicted the war. True enough. Most of them have been predicting it regularly every year.

Nothing is certain in Europe these days, but it seems tolerably sure that Monte Carlo will have a bad year.

For the first time the success of Mr. Heney gives us much pleasure. The walloping he gave Rowell is perhaps the best thing he ever did.

Some prominent clubmen are complaining that the war has deprived them of the racy illustrated weeklies from Paris and Berlin. Truly, war works hardship on all.

Some folks are indignant that the middleman should be trying to make too much money, and they demand that his profits be regulated. What about his losses? Who regulates them?

If the manufacturer, producer and merchant must be restrained in wartime, what about the newspaper publisher who cheats us with fake extras? Is he to go unwhipt of justice?

The newspapers are again telling us what the College of Cardinals will probably do. They are about as well informed on the subject now as they were when Pope Leo died. The election of Pius X indicated that a compilation of what the newspapers didn't know about the Vatican would fill the Vatican library.

A respite of a few days, and then politics, politics, politics until November!

Digest of Mr. Hearst's message to his editors: Our hearts bleed for the wounded and bereaved, but remember the main chance and be of good cheer for there is trade ahead for a nation of shopkeepers.

Mr. Hearst's announcement in his own papers that he would not be a candidate for Senator from New York unless called upon to make a fight in the public interest is doubtless by way of preparing us for the call. Mr. Hearst is never in a receptive mood in vain.

Nothing like a hungry attention to details for imparting verisimilitude to an otherwise unconvincing description of a battle. Hence the frequent attempts to turn the right or the left flank, the concentration at short intervals on the enemy's front and counter strikes and other things showing that the reporter was in the midst of things with a field glass that enabled him to see a distance of one hundred miles.

Who's Who Hereabouts

XXV—HON. JAMES D. PHELAN

At first blush it may seem like a waste of space to introduce our readers to the Hon. James D. Phelan. Most of them, or at least those who have lived all their lives in the same parish with him, are of the opinion that they are well acquainted with him. He is our most conspicuous citizen. He has enjoyed this distinction many years, and has spent a lot of money for it. No man ever labored more industriously to keep himself in the public eye. Whatever could be done to justify conspicuously his existence Mr. Phelan has done. Thus he has become a sort of provincial celebrity with a very extensive bowing acquaintance. It may be said of Mr. Phelan that his life is an open book. But the book is only for public consumption, and it affords no intimate study. Mr. Phelan is that extraordinary paradox—the well-known man whom nobody knows, except by reputation, either the reputation he enjoys among his admirers or the reputation he bears among the unsympathetic. For as in the case of almost every eminent man there are two portraits of Mr. Phelan in which, amidst a diversity of coloring there is distinguishable a faint, general outline. Mr. Phelan would seem to typify man in the abstract, who, we have learned from reputable authority, is a chimera, a confused chaos; at once a sage of the heights and a worm of the earth; a being midway from nothing to the Deity and at the same time a god playing the fool; in short, a Jekyll and a Hyde.

In the circumstances, now that Mr. Phelan is hotfooting to the goal of his ambition, it is certainly no waste of time to give a portrait of him as drawn by himself. Unconscious self-revelation he has afforded us many times, but now we are permitted to see him according to his own lights turned on with deliberation. Mr. Phelan, standing behind his self-constituted senatorial committee, has issued a folder on which is printed a list of the achievements which, he feels,

should endear him to the hearts of the dear people. In this folder Mr. Phelan is to be found pointing to himself with pride as a great public benefactor. So you see this folder throws a great white light on the motives and character of our hero. He makes it plain that he wishes to reap what he has consciously sown, and it appears that he has done so much for us that had God denied him to us we should have been as the Israelites in the wilderness had Moses been left to perish in the bullrushes.

All the offices Mr. Phelan ever held are mentioned in this folder, and rightly so, since the list shows that he has rendered much honorable public service. But the list also shows that he is not averse to giving himself those artificial airs of self-importance which are generally recognized as the credentials of impotence. It is by such little touches that saliency is given to his autobiography. For example: "Declined ambassadorship to one of the great European nations, preferring service at home." Before or after being turned down? The story on excellent authority is that Mr. Phelan longed to be assigned to Vienna, and had himself recommended by Mr. Bryan as persona gratissima on account of his religion, which turned out on investigation to be somewhat inaccurate. But how puerile in his disingenuity is this great man! Admitting that he declined the Ambassadorship, would he really have been able to convince himself that it was because he was inspired with zeal for his own beloved California? And does he wish to imply that the nation's gain would be California's loss?

Again: "Commissioner to Europe by appointment of President Wilson to support the United States Government's invitation to foreign countries to participate in the Panama-Pacific Exposition." This is a slight inaccuracy, but it gives a touch to the portrait. When official inquiries were made as a result of Mr. Phelan's inepti-

tudes respecting the decadence of Spain Washington disclaimed responsibility for him. However, he did have a letter of some kind from the President which gained him certain courtesies abroad, but what nation did Mr. Phelan persuade? Was his mission a failure?

Reading on I find that he "secured \$500,000 for United States building at the Panama-Pacific Exposition." Nothing to boast of if true. Fancy Uncle Sam after inviting the world to the Exposition giving less for a building than was appropriated by Pennsylvania, and no more than was appropriated by one or two other States of the Union. The measly sum ought to have been rejected. But I wonder why Phelan should blame it on himself. It would have been so easy to share the discredit, and at the same time come nearer the truth. But the man is a megalomaniac. He is so crazy for applause that he claims everything. He even tells us that he "erected the California Building at the Chicago World's Fair and returned \$20,000 to the State Treasury out of the State appropriation." Yet he was only vice-president of a State commission. I wonder if he wishes us to believe that he did all the work! And as to the twenty thousand, did he return it all by himself? And what might he have been expected to do with it?

As Mr. Phelan has passed the time when any deficiency of taste and judgment might be palliated by his youth, great is my astonishment at finding him calling attention to the fact that he "erected a monument in San Francisco in honor of the admission of the State into the Union, and in honor of Padre Junipero Sera, the founder of the Missions." It has been generally supposed that Mr. Phelan was a disinterested patron of art, an enthusiastic lover of the City Beautiful, but we see that his bronze contributions have a significance all their own.

(Continued on Page 19.)

A Sea Change

By Henri Lavedan

Mademoiselle Lea de Toucy, eighteen years old, beautiful, pretty. Such eyes, such a figure—everything! One would die for her.

Madame de Toucy, her mother. Very considerable traces of former beauty, and, so they say, still considered.

Rose, the maid. Very neat. Many would be satisfied with her.

Raoul Gesier, thirty-two years. Dark, not bad looking. The millionaire Gesier? Gelatin and tapioca? Yes.

On the beach at Dieppe at the bathing hour. Mademoiselle de Toucy comes out of her bathing-house draped in an immaculately white linen bathing gown, which she wears with the grace and stateliness of an Arab. From under a black silk handkerchief knotted about her head a few strands of hair, like blond seaweed, flutter at her neck and about her seashell ears. Her mother and her maid accompany her. Excited movement in the crowd. She reaches the edge of the water, which is calm as a lake.

She throws off her bathing robe and steps daintily forth. A dozen kodaks are leveled at her. The shutters fairly rattle. There is a flash as she dashes into the surf, the water molds the jacket to her torso—the sight is over. Lea is swimming. She slips adroitly through the muddled mob of bathers in the first row, passes the green-clad raft on which long-legged, goose-fleshed Englishmen are balancing themselves, and quickly gains the open. And here, thirty yards out, following her and tranquilly coming in her direction, she sees Raoul Gesier. She continues on her way unmoved, but she knows that the young man is coming nearer. He is almost beside her. She turns. Their eyes meet.

Gesier—Will you allow me to go a few strokes with you, mademoiselle?

Lea—If you like, sir. The sea is free to everybody.

Gesier—Does it tire you to talk?

Lea—That depends.

Gesier—In the first place, let me tell you that you can swim—oh!

Lea—I move through the water, certainly.

Gesier—Like a little boat—with legs. And then you keep your head, your neck and your shoulders completely out of the water.

Lea—Like a mermaid.

Gesier—It is simply ravishing.

Lea—You swim well, too.

Gesier (flattered)—Oh!

Lea—And you are not tired at all, you are not puffing like a seal. There are so few men who are presentable in the water.

Gesier—And women, too. You are not splashed the least bit. Yes, there is one little drop near your mouth. But it looks so well there! Did you put it there on purpose?

Lea—No, it bothers me.

Gesier—Do you want me to wipe it away? I would love to drink it.

Lea—I do not touch glasses in a toast. Is that all you have to say to me?

Gesier—No. Do you know why I have followed you and spoken to you so boldly.

Lea—Because you were badly brought up.

Gesier—There is something in that. But the real reason is that I am very bashful.

Lea—I should never have suspected it.

Gesier—Do you know me?

Lea—I know who you are.

Gesier—Surely you must have noticed recently that I was looking at you a great deal.

Lea—Yes; everybody looks at me, and I don't pay any attention to it now. But I did notice you.

Gesier—Why me?

Lea—Because you did not look at me as everybody else does.

Gesier—That's true. Twenty times a day I have cleverly managed to meet you everywhere—

Lea (laughing)—Cleverly! Why did you not secure an introduction to my mother?

Gesier—I did not dare. She is very impressive. And then I was afraid of my friends, who are a lot of bounders. So, taking it all together, I decided to introduce myself out here in the water.

Lea—Well, for a bashful man!

Gesier—Oh, the water warms me up. Wasn't

I right? You see how comfortable we are here. There is no one to take our chairs away from us.

Lea—But where are we going?

Gesier—Straight ahead.

Lea—No. If I know anything swimming, you love me.

Gesier—Yes, that's it. I—I am getting warm. Let us stop a bit.

Lea—If you like.

Gesier (turning over on his back)—And let us sit down. (Twitching his body about and changing his place.) Not there—it's wet.

Lea—What is your motive in making love to me?

Gesier—Oh, the best, the only one!

Lea—And you are determined that I, too, shall love you?

Gesier—I do not make that an indispensable condition. I am not very handsome. My name is Gesier—not a very pretty name. But if you could feel a little flutter of emotion for me I would be delighted.

Lea—That is impossible! (Starting to return.) I am getting cold.

Gesier—I am not.

Lea—Let us make a sprint.

Gesier—All right, let's. But why is it impossible?

Lea—You are too rich.

Gesier—There it is! I was waiting for that.

Lea—Ten millions!

Gesier—A dozen. But then it isn't my fault.

Lea—It would always look as if you were loved only for your money.

Gesier—Oh, no!

Lea—When you were kissed, would you ever think it was for yourself alone?

Gesier—Try it! You'll see. But you have not answered me. Do you love me just a little bit?

Lea—No, and happily for me, for if I loved you I would rather drown myself—

Gesier—Mademoiselle!

Lea—than tell you so. Twelve millions! I don't want to be taken for a fortune-hunter.

Gesier—Never fear, with those eyes, with the bosom that flutters over that heart.

Lea—You know nothing at all about it.

Gesier—Yes, I do! Oh, I know all about—shall I say it?—all the tricks.

Lea—You cannot possibly have any idea—

Gesier—I know, I know—all the internal tricks. Oh, I am no fool!

Lea—Poor, dear man!

Gesier—What!

Lea—You poor, dear fellow!

Gesier—Oh, come now, what do you mean?

Lea—Well, mother brought me here expressly on your account, to corral you.

Gesier—To corral—(treading water)—I have to get my breath.

Lea—I'll be perfectly frank with you. We are ruined. I am not the daughter of the Marquis de Toucy. He is a pretended father whom mama married at a bargain and who has recognized me as his daughter. We have pensioned him off in Brittany. I was told to be very flirtatious with you. Oh, it was to be serious business. Now, answer me, do me justice—have I flirted with you?

Gesier—Never!

Lea—I do not wish to deceive you. If you have met me often, it is because they were always putting me in your way. My toilets, my gowns, my hats, were all for you. My bathing costume? For you. This declaration that you

have just made in the sea, so originally and so romantically—(she laughs).

Gesier—Well?

Lea—All planned, prearranged, manipulated!

Gesier—By whom?

Lea—Oh, not by me! And, finally, do you know what was guardedly suggested to me?

Gesier—No.

Lea—The cramp trick! Once out in the water with you, I was to be seized with a cramp. "Monsieur! Help!" You would dash toward me, you would take me in your arms and, fainting against you, I would let myself be hauled back to the beach like a sack before the whole beachful of people. Of course, that would not force you to marry me. But, just the same, I would be compromised. You love me—who knows how far you might have been led if I had been an adventuress! So, you see! You need not thank me, but admit that I am a good girl, and keep my secret. Good-bye. (She turns her back on him and starts away.)

Gesier (catching up to her with swift strokes)—No, no, mademoiselle! By gelatin and tapioca! This shall not end here. Aha, so they wanted—not you, of course, but your mother, your family—you, you are divine, and I adore you!—they wanted to do me up, they took Raoul Gesier for a pudding! Well and good! Do you know what would be the thoroughly aquatic and modern thing for us to do!

Lea—To go back. There is a current here.

Gesier—I scorn it! It would be for us two to get together and pay them back in their own coin, your mother and those who are in the plot with her.

Lea—But how?

Gesier (very excited and waving his arms out of the water)—We must do the cramp trick! I want you to do it. If you don't do it I will do it myself. (He dashes toward her and seizes her around the waist.)

Lea—Will you stop!

Gesier (who does not release her)—I will not! Lea, dear Lea, say that you love me, that you will be my wife! Splash about! Come, have a cramp! (With his legs and his free hand he churns up the water about.)

Lea—First stop making a propeller of yourself.

Gesier—I've got to do it. That's for the crowd on the beach. The eyes of all Dieppe are upon us!

Lea—Let me go or I'll slap you!

Gesier—Slap me! (She tries in vain to get way, to slap him.) That's it! Hit me! Fight! That's splendid! Bravo!

Lea—Oh, I implore you!

Gesier—No, you are compromised now. (He wraps his arms about her.) I've got you now, Lea! it's I who am doing the corralling. You

(Continued on Page 19.)

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Poems About San Francisco

CLX—SUTRO HEIGHTS

By Alberta Bancroft

(The following little appreciation of one of the garden spots of San Francisco was published in *Sunset Magazine*, issue of February, 1906. The author, Alberta Bancroft, has written a number of charming pieces.)

A cliff above an ocean beach;
Some low-built parapets;
A view of rolling combers
One sees and ne'er forgets.
A lawn that speaks in perfumes;
An ocean melody
To haunt the tall dracaenas
That look upon the sea.

A glimpse of misty islands
One never saw before;
A glimpse of phantom ship and sail;
A mile of sandy shore;
A sound of spiked leaves rustling—
The whole, a memory
Of gardens of dracaenas
That look upon the sea.

The Spectator

"Any Night" Is Given

Chief of Police White went to the Columbia Monday night to see his lawyer who was in the audience, but the Chief was so little perturbed about the dangerous tendencies of "Any Night" that he didn't bother to go inside and see it. Which showed one of two things. It may show that Chief White is a much wiser chief of police than the man who occupies that exalted position in Chicago. This latter stopped "Any Night" with a great noise of words. Or it may show that Chief White had so much confidence in the judgment of Corporal-Censor Peter Peshon that he thought it supererogatory to judge for himself. Those of us who do not believe that the police should usurp the function of the dramatic critics sincerely hope that we may be able to applaud Chief White's restraint. We can do this quite consistently without extending our approval to Edward Ellis' little drama of harlotry. Those who fear "Any Night" may stay away from it. Just the same, curiosity will keep the Columbia filled this week, just as it kept the Princess Theatre of New York filled. "Any Night" was the only play given in New York by Holbrook Blinn which ran for an entire year. The rest of the program was changed from time to time, but "Any Night" was a fixture. We are nearly all curious for a peep at the half-world, even those of us who know all about it already.

A Cynical Audience

I heard some shocked "ohs!" and "ahs!" during the unfolding of the three scenes of "Any Night," but I am forced to say that the audience as a whole was amused rather than shocked. There was quite a lot of laughter, some of it at disconcerting moments, those moments which should not be too common in the theatre when you look straight ahead with your face as nearly blank as possible. I wonder how many women blushed during "Any Night?" Probably not many. Blushing is becoming a lost art, and is hardly ever practiced any more by confirmed theatre-goers. The red tint you see in the cheeks of feminine first nighters is not the sudden glow of embarrassment or shame; it is the badge of healthy outdoor life or—rouge. Truth to tell, our habitual theatre-goers are a pretty cynical lot. "Any Night" was an experience for them, but it wasn't an ordeal. The next thing we know some enterprising manager will present Witter Bynner's "Tiger." Our course in bagnio drama has made us remarkable shock-absorbers.

A Feminine Critic

Two very prominent couples, one from Bur-

lingame, the other from Pacific avenue, were in the audience Monday night. So indeed were a great many of those who wear the badge of aristocracy in this parish. But my attention was called to this particular party during the performance of "Any Night." It was during the third scene when the drunken father and the consumptive street walker were in the Raines Law Hotel together. The peripatetic Camille was very sad and very sorry for herself. This caused Mrs. Pacific Avenue to say in a voice loud enough for all of us who sat near to hear:

"If she's so sorry, why did she go to the place?"

The Moral of It

But to return to our cynicism. This is illustrated by a story which has been told me since Monday night, a story which, I am assured, is true. It seems that a man and wife of considerable prominence in this community were discussing "Any Night" as they slowly made their way up the aisle at the end of the performance.

"It was horrible, horrible!" exclaimed the man. "There is no excuse for such plays, no excuse whatever!"

"But it has a moral just the same," said the wife.

"Moral, my dear!" said the husband. "What moral could it possibly teach?"

"Always patronize fire-proof hotels," replied the wife.

Carmel the Strange

What a community is Carmel! Is there a stranger place in the United States? Life there is compact of comedy and tragedy. Events go to extremes there. They are sometimes ridiculous, sometimes terrible. One day Carmel makes us smile. Another day it transfixes us with horror. It gives us pause, does this colony of artists, dilettanti and poseurs. One wonders uneasily how much accident is to blame for what happens there, and to what extent the Carmelites themselves plant the seeds of their troubles. Wickedness rubs elbows with good all over this sad world, and the deadly sins are forever crowding the virtues; but the mixture of good and evil seems quintessentially concentrated at Carmel. Does Carmel need the ministrations of an exorcist? What is the matter with the place?

Its Tragedies

A few years ago a gifted young girl killed herself at Carmel. Was it the influence of Carmel or a cause independent of environment that stilled the music of Nora May French? If there are those who know they will never tell. Not

long ago there was a poison mystery at Carmel. The horror of it drove one of the ablest Carmelites away. Grace Macgowan Cooke says she is afraid of some sinister Carmel thing, she cannot say just what. And now there is this murder of Miss Helen Wood Smith, with rumors flying about to make it seem as awful as "Harkari." Why should Carmel admit a Japanese to its intimacies? Did Carmel think that culture could abolish racial antipathies, remove the dangers against which our instincts have erected barriers? If so, Carmel is mad. The destruction of a human life is too high a price to pay for that discovery.

Culture and Ruin

There is more sense than one in which culture is a word of bad import. The bacteria of tragedy develop rapidly in a nutrient medium. It is only the superman or the superwoman who can afford a catholicity of taste in art or anything else. For the lesser mind the risks are great. Ruin has come to many who essayed too much knowledge of oriental things. For the West cannot always see the evil that is in the East; the West is not sophisticated enough, has not been gilding the surface of wickedness for centuries as the East has been doing. To take a familiar instance: how many have found in bitterness of remorse that they could not tell until it was too late where religion ended and evil began in certain oriental cults? Carmel teaches us that the tree of the knowledge of good and evil is still a very dangerous tree.

White and Yellow

"Hasn't that Jap beautiful eyes?" said a foolish San Francisco matron to a wise one.

"I do not know," answered the wise one. "I have never looked at his eyes. I know him only as a good window washer."

Is Carmel above such prudent caution? Has Carmel with all its bookishness missed the lesson of Kipling; that white must not mingle with

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yellow, that East and West may not meet? I thought every Californian, cultured and uncultured, knew the dangers that arise when the oriental is not kept at a bowing distance. There may be cordiality in our politeness, but it must remain politeness, never become intimacy. It is astounding that anybody should wait to learn this lesson from the testimony of a coroner's jury.

Religious Intolerance in Politics

Once more some of our jobchasers have been appealing to religious intolerance. Just a few days before the close of the primary campaign a ticket headed by Frank Keesling was privately circulated among members of the Masonic order. The ticket made its appearance first across the bay where it is said to have originated. The ticket recommended either Knowland or Rowell for Senator, and it was explained in a letter issued on Saturday that either was preferable to Shortridge because, though a Mason he had certain Catholic affiliations. Politicians who handled the ticket explained that there were too many Catholics in public office. Of course the inspiration of this ticket is not to be imputed to the great fraternal order that was sought to be used in the interests of the jobchasers by whom it was circulated. In this country that order is not in sympathy with any of the schemes of partisan politics, and it has often resented the efforts of Masons to invoke Masonic support in political campaigns. The politician who would drag his fraternal order into politics for his own ends is not very much concerned about the objects of the fraternity.

The Fuel of Bigotry

Considering the fuel ready to hand it ought to be easy to start a blaze of religious bigotry at this time. The fuel has been supplied both by Mayor Rolph and Governor Johnson with the assistance of certain professional Catholics who have made themselves conspicuous in politics of late. Mayor Rolph has given some folks the impression that his Administration was personally conducted by the authorities at the Cathedral. Doubtless some of these impressionable ones suspect that it was at the behest of the College of Cardinals that he ceased wearing his Masonic badge. And when Governor Johnson appointed Rolph's mentor, Matthew Ignatius Sullivan, chief justice of the Supreme Court, there were some Methodists and Baptists hereabouts who jumped to the conclusion that the Governor had received orders by wire from the Vatican. If these nervous folks who are in constant dread of the subjugation of this country by Rome would have their anxieties allayed they should elect none but Catholics to executive offices, for then there would be no coddling of Catholics and the professional Catholic would soon vanish from public life. It is only the Protestant of the Rolph stripe who thinks to ingratiate himself with the church authorities by cultivating Catholic intimacies. The Catholic whose intimacy might be worth cultivating is not to be found doing peanut politics or improving professional prestige by means of political pull.

England's Great Soldier

The appointment of Sir John French to command of the British army in France was no surprise, I am told, to persons well-informed in military matters. Several years ago when Gen-

eral French was at the bottom of the full Generals' list he was appointed Inspector-General to the Forces, and the appointment caused a good deal of comment at the time as it was thought that friction would be the result since in all probability the several Commanders-in-Chief scattered over the islands thought themselves competent to inspect the units under them. However, the great ability of General French was universally recognized, and it was predicted that he would command in the next war, notwithstanding the fact that it is unusual for a cavalryman to reach the top. Most of the British commanders, like Wellington, Hill, Hardinge, Colin Campbell, Airey, Sandhurst and Woolseley—to take them in chronological order—have been infantrymen; whilst Napier, Roberts and Kitchener have belonged to the so-called scientific service. The Duke of Cambridge almost alone belonged to the cavalry branch. General French joined the cavalry in 1874 and served in the Sudan campaign. When the South African war broke out he was sent to command the cavalry division, but it was some time before he was able to fulfil that role. He found himself in Ladysmith without his division, and while there commanded the troops in the highly successful battle of Elandslaagte. Leaving Ladysmith just before the siege, he went to Cape Colony, and with a few troops succeeded brilliantly in keeping the Boers occupied. His great chance came when Lord Roberts began to move. He at last got hold of a cavalry division with which he reached Kimberly, and performed many brilliant services. Subsequently he held an independent command operating in Cape Colony, and never during the war was he guilty of any errors. He proved himself a man of iron nerve and composure. It is said of him that when things went wrong, as they occasionally do in wartime, General French remained cool while others were tearing their hair. Of late years he has concentrated all his attention on war preparation.

The War Poetry

War is the poet's opportunity as well as the general's. From the time of lame old Tyrtæus it has been the poet's wont to encourage the fighter with martial strains. England has been prolific in war poets. Who was that minstrel who advanced before the gleaming hosts on the field of Hastings, chanting his song of the sword? He had his fellow, for every stricken field where England fought. Bluff Mike Drayton sang Agincourt; Tom Campbell sang the Battle of the Baltic; Byron sang Waterloo; Tennyson sang Balaklava; Kipling celebrated the soldiers who went out to crush the Boers. Will this war give us another "Hohenlinden," another "Chronicle of the Drum?" Will another Wordsworth step forth to sing:

And we are left, or shall be left alone,

The last that dare to battle with the foe?

Robert Bridges, conscious of his bays, has uttered himself; but there is no stir in his words, no throb or thrill:

Thou careless, awake!

Thou peacemaker, fight!

Stand England for honor

And God guard the right.

This is not fighting talk; the blood doesn't race to that sort of music. William Watson is trying to sonneteer us into the fray:

Doff then thy placid mien, unleash thy rage

And sear and blast him with thy lips of fire.

This is the poet singing at the top of his voice, talking so big that his voice shrills. Much better than Bridges' contribution, or Watson's is the poem of Stephen Phillips addressed to Belgium. It deserves to be quoted in full:

He said: "Thou petty people, let me pass.

What canst thou do but bow to me and kneel?"

But sudden a dry land caught fire like grass,
And answer hurtled but from shell and steel.

He looked for silence, but a thunder came
Upon him, from Liege a leaden hail.
All Belgium flew up at his throat in flame
Till at her gates amazed his legions quail.

Take heed, for now on haunted ground they tread;

There bowed a mightier war lord to his fall.
Fear! Lest that very green grass again grow red

With blood of German now as then with Gaul.

If him whom God destroys He maddens first,
Then thy destruction slake thy madman's thirst.

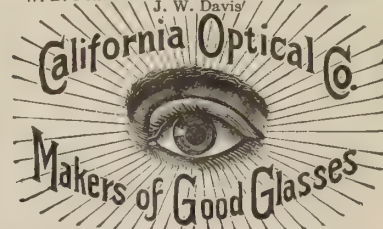
Editors and the Vatican

When the papers can spare the space from war news they are at great pains to elect a Pope. It is true that no paper has been bold enough to pick out the particular Cardinal who will suc-

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ceed Pope Pius X, but the editorial wisecracks have been airing their supposed knowledge of Vatican politics and indicating why this, that and the other Cardinal will have great strength in the conclave. We have even been regaled with a long dissertation on the possibility of an American Pope. Editors do not always learn by experience. They were just as wise after the death of Pope Leo XIII, and the choice of one who might be called "a rank outsider" did not disconcert them. Why is it that the editors do not go to authoritative sources for their information about this important matter? Nobody familiar with the manner in which Joseph Sarto came to be elected Pope would be rash enough to hazard a guess as to his probable successor.

The Balloting

The election of the late Pope has been described by the Abbe Cigala who is quoted in Douglas Sladen's interesting book "The Secrets of the Vatican." At the first vote, thirteen Cardinals received ballots. Rampolla headed the poll with twenty-four votes, Gotti was second with seventeen and Cardinal Sarto received five. As no candidate had received the requisite two-thirds majority, the ballot was declared void and burned. No one expects the first ballot to be successful, for the Cardinals are all under oath to go into the conclave without any preconceived opinion, and are especially precluded from making any arrangements for a Pope's successor during his life-time. At the second ballot the votes were still scattered, but less widely. Rampolla had twenty-nine; Gotti had lost one; Sarto's were doubled from five to ten. It was characteristic of him that he went out, praying the electors not to think of him any more, to pass the whole night in prayer. When they balloted again next day Rampolla still had twenty-nine; Sarto had twenty-one; Gotti had nine. At this moment came a dramatic scene. Cardinal de Kozielsko, the Austrian Archbishop of Cracow who brought a mandate from the Emperor of Austria, considered that the time had come for him to declare his note, "that a candidate with political habits so pronounced would be ill-received in the Austro-Hungarian Empire." He did not mention any name, and did not deliver any veto, though the allusion was evident. Yet we have been told time and time again that the Austrian veto was actually delivered. It is well known that Pope Pius abolished the right of veto. Any Cardinal bringing a mandate into the next conclave will be excommunicated.

The Election of Pius

When the Austrian Cardinal had spoken, Cardinal Rampolla gravely arose, and in Latin as incisive as the blows of a hammer, replied: "I am terribly grieved at the severe wound dealt to the liberty of the Church, but as regards myself nothing more welcome or agreeable could happen." The whole Sacred College approved

this declaration, and on the next ballot Rampolla received thirty votes. Sarto received twenty-four. He was terrified by the responsibility which threatened and withdrew to the Pauline Chapel where he passed several hours weeping before the altar. When he returned to his cell he found it full of his colleagues who begged him not to refuse the burden. Satolli repeated to him the words Christ used to St. Peter when He was walking on the waters: "Ego sum, nolite timere!" He added, smiling: "God who helped you to direct the gondola of St. Mark so well, will help you to command the ship of St. Peter." On the third ballot thereafter Sarto had fifty votes, eight over the necessary two-thirds. One formality remained, to examine the ballot papers and see that he had not voted for himself, since that renders a ballot void. When the ballot was opened it bore witness to his chivalry: he had voted for his most formidable competitor, Rampolla. After the formal ceremonies the conclave soon emptied itself with the exception of one Cardinal, the octogenarian Bishop of Valencia, who lay dying. The Pope administered the Viaticum to him. The wave of exaltation that swept over the aged man at being the first to receive that office from the new Pope, restored his vitality, and three days afterwards he was sufficiently cured to leave the conclave. It is easy to picture the joy of the faithful who saw in this "a miracle and an omen."

Our Exotic Statesman

There is to be another election in San Francisco early in the month of October—the recall election by which Senator Grant in all probability will be barred out of Sacramento. There is no need of holding a special election to test the sentiment of Senator Grant's constituents, but Governor Johnson thought it advisable to put the city to a little extra expense in the interest of the young statesman to whom he feels kindly on account of his responsiveness in legislative matters progressive. It is considered the part of political wisdom to avoid making a recall election part of a general election, and so Grant has been favored at the expense of the taxpayers in characteristic reform fashion. Nevertheless there is panic in the Grant camp,—for there is a movement in his district to persuade former Senator Eddie Wolfe to take a hand in the scrap. Wolfe was one of the ablest of standpat Senators of a few years ago. Indeed he was regarded by many as the ablest man in the Senate, and now that the reaction has set in, and the standpatter is no longer abhorred as a vessel of iniquity the probability is that Wolfe will win in a walk against Grant. For Grant is rapidly becoming an anachronism. He belongs to that august age of political purity that now seems so remote, the age of Hiram's heyday when the pillars of government were receiving a new coat of varnish. He spent most of his time at Sacra-

mento reducing San Francisco's blood pressure. He was for making the Exposition wholesome by rendering it dry, and we have today as a monument to his genius and zeal for purity the red-light bill by which he would abolish the oldest of professions. Senator Grant is an exotic flower that flourishes best in communities that are chemically pure.

Our Trade and the Canal

That shrewd, far-seeing old millionaire Collis P. Huntington always took the stand that the construction of a Panama Canal would be a serious blow to the prosperity of San Francisco. How he was abused for so doing many San Franciscans must remember. Was he right in this as in so many other matters wherein the passage of time has borne out his statements and approved his wisdom? It remains to be seen. However, we are already beginning to learn that we shall lose some very valuable ship-

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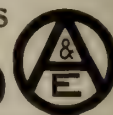
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ping business on account of the opening of the canal. The ship news reporter of the Examiner is authority for the statement that the most important change to be expected is the discontinuance of practically all cotton shipments to the Orient through this port. It seems that nearly all the southern cotton will be dispatched direct from Gulf of Mexico ports, a routing that will effect a considerable saving. The seriousness of this change may be judged from the fact that cotton makes up the bulk of the shipments to the Orient out of this port. It is hoped, however, that the natural increase in our trade with the Far East will offset within a reasonable time the loss due to deflected cotton.

Modjeska and the Mestayers

The actor Harry Mestayer's presence in town reminds me of a curious fact regarding the first and last professional appearance of Madame Modjeska in California. Modjeska's first appearance in this State was at the old California Theatre, at that time under the management of the great John McCullough. She appeared in the title role of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," and the leading male role was played by W. A. Mestayer. Her last appearance was at the Auditorium in Los Angeles at a theatrical benefit for the sufferers in the Messina earthquake. At that time Nat Goodwin had revived "When We Were Twenty-one," and was playing it in Los Angeles with Edna Goodrich and Harry Mestayer who is the nephew of the late W. A. Mestayer. Mestayer had been the Imp in the original production, and was once more playing his old part. At the Messina benefit Mestayer played the sleepwalking scene from "Macbeth" with Modjeska. So the great actress began and ended her splendid American career in professional association with the Mestayer family.

A Stern, Unbending Critic

Waldemar Young and William J. Jacobs, both distinguished members of the Chronicle staff, start next week from San Francisco on a forty weeks' tour of the Orpheum circuit in their original burlesque "When Caesar Ran a Paper," a skit that attracted so much attention and excited so much laughter when it was presented at the Press Club's annual entertainment that Moris Meyerfeld immediately decided to book it "over the big time." At this writing Young has

just relinquished his desk to Walter Anthony. In the course of a recent day's work Young opened an envelope containing photographs of himself and Jacobs in the costumes of Antony and Caesar, together with a highly laudatory press notice and the following personal letter:

My Dear Mr. Young: I should feel obliged if you will publish the enclosed picture and article in Sunday's Chronicle. Messrs. Young and Jacobs are two young men of singular ability who, I am satisfied, are destined to achieve fame from the start. As a dramatic critic you may probably have heard of them, and if you possess any knowledge of them that can be used to their benefit I shall be grateful if you will liberally edit my notice. I do not make a rule of asking personal favors, so I hope you will grant this one. Yours truly, Gerald Dillon, Publicity Department, the Orpheum.

As dramatic editor of the Chronicle, and a stern, unbending editor at that, Young decided that it was too soon to give Young and Jacobs publicity, so the pictures went into the library and the press notice into the waste basket. This is set down here in order that there may be a record of the first time in the annals of the stage when a player deprived himself voluntarily of free publicity!

Two Worried Jokers

Jack Spreckels was with Charlie Parcells and Smith O'Brien in the Bohemian Club Saturday night when Howard Veeder happened along and asked him to take a spin to the Cliff House. Jack accepted the invitation, leaving his own car in front of the club. Noticing this, Parcells and

O'Brien decided to play a joke on him. They thought it would be great fun to take his car away, so that on his return he would think it had been stolen. But they couldn't make it go properly, so they coasted down the Taylor street hill and when the car came to a stop at Turk street they were forced to abandon it. Then they visited the apartment of a fellow Bohemian and telephoned to the club where the car might be found, pretending they spoke from the police station. There is a very wise boy at the exchange board in the Bohemian Club, and it wasn't very long before he knew whence and from whom the message came. When Spreckels returned from the Cliff House he was acquainted with the situation. He immediately took steps to have Parcells and O'Brien informed that he had applied for warrants for the arrest of the two men who had taken his car. The practical jokers were frightened when this word came to them the following day. They confessed and begged off, whereupon Spreckels pretended to be amazed at discovering their identity. They have decided that such practical jokes lead to too much anxiety; so they are saying "never again" while Spreckels is laughing in his sleeve.

The Industrial Fair

The Industrial Fair to be held at the Coliseum from October 17 to October 25 will from present indications be the most magnificent spectacle in the way of an industrial exhibition ever presented in the West. Amid a riot of light and color created by a special illumination system that will exceed in volume any ever installed here, the manufacturing interests of the entire



FRANK CRAVEN

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Tetzlaff on Novel Track

Teddy Tetzlaff, driving his 300-horsepower Blitzen Benz, broke the world's mile speedway record August 12 on the natural salt beds at Salduro, Utah, on the Western Pacific, 112 miles west of Salt Lake City. He drove the straight-away mile in twenty-five and one-fifth seconds, lowering the world's record of twenty-five and forty-one hundredths seconds made by Burman at Datona, Florida, on April 23, 1911, one-fifth of a second. The time was official, having been sanctioned by the American Automobile Association. It establishes these salt beds as the fastest racing course in the world. E. A. Moroos, manager of the Blitzen Benz team, spent considerable time investigating the possibilities of this course before Tetzlaff made his record-breaking test, and it lived up to all expectations. These salt beds which are sixty-five miles in length and eight miles in width, furnish a smooth, unbroken surface, level as a table and are from two to twenty feet in depth. The salt is crystallized, ninety-eight per cent pure and white as snow. The surface is hard and dry, and Tetzlaff had no difficulty in lowering the record. Manager Moroos is arranging for an international auto race to be held on this course next year. Among those present at the test were many noted speed kings including Billy Carlson, Hughie Hughes and Wilbur De Alene.

The Techau Dances

The informal dances held at Techau Tavern on Wednesday and Friday evenings of each week still continue to be the most popular entertainments offered by any cafe in the city. On Friday evenings, as well as on Wednesday evenings, there are three beautiful and costly gifts presented to as many ladies who are present on these occasions. These gifts are from the celebrated art collection of S. & G. Gump Co. The dance last Wednesday evening, August 26, was a supper dance and dancing contest with prizes for the best dancers of the modern steps. There were two prizes for each winning couple, one for the gentleman and one for the lady. The presentation of the prizes was in the hands of Dr. Leo McMahon, State dental surgeon and a popular member of the Olympic Club.

A Necessary Evil

The artful boy applied for a job.
 "Do you want a boy?" he asked of the manager of the offices, standing before him, cap in hand.
 "Noboy wants a boy," replied the manager, with unpleasant emphasis on the "wants."
 "Do you need a boy?" asked the applicant, no-wise abashed.
 "Nobody needs a boy," came the discouraging reply.
 The boy stuck his cap on the back of his head.
 "Well, then, Mister," he inquired, "do you have to have a boy?"
 The manager collapsed.
 "I am sorry to say that we do," he replied, "and I think you're about what we have to have."

Cynicism

Simms—You're a poor sort of a club member. I very seldom see you around at the clubhouse.
 Timms—Why, I get around once or twice a week.
 Simms—Well, look at me—I'm there every night.
 Timms—Yes, but you're married, and I'm single.

Senator's Wife Declares Akoz Cured Eczema

"I am enjoying my western visit more than I anticipated, because during my stay in Los Angeles I have gotten rid of eczema, which for eight years has caused me much suffering. Akoz cured me." Thus spoke Mrs. A. L. Nelson, wife of Senator A. L. Nelson and attorney of Rolette, North Dakota, who is visiting with friends at 1640 Shatto street, Los Angeles. In her letter, Mrs. Nelson tells of other results she obtained from Akoz:

For eight years I had eczema in a most disagreeable and aggravating form. Remedies I tried gave but temporary relief at most. In April shortly after coming from my home to visit in Los Angeles I was told to try Akoz. I was skeptical but to please a friend I started in on the treatment, using the external and internal preparations of the mineral. In a few days I



MRS. A. L. NELSON

noticed a great improvement. In a week or two the eczema began to disappear. Now it is gone and I am entirely cured. I am now rid of the trouble that caused me so much suffering and thanks to Akoz; it is marvelous.

"For years I have suffered more or less from rheumatism. Since taking Akoz I have not been bothered by any rheumatic pain. I used Akoz after bathing in the surf at Ocean Park and its wonderful healing power prevented my shoulders and arms from burning and blistering.

"I will gladly give any information, personal or by letter, regarding my case and of the good I obtained by the use of Akoz."

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Hearst at the Theatre

William Randolph Hearst with his beautiful wife and three other ladies slipped quietly into the Cort Theatre Tuesday night when the first act of "Too Many Cooks" was about half over. They seemed to enjoy the comedy very much. The ladies laughed, and Hearst who probably laughs but rarely, smiled that enigmatical smile of his several times. When the curtain fell at the conclusion of the first act, the Hearst party remained seated. It looked as though they intended to stay. But the orchestra began playing a very lively two-step, one of those pieces which stir the feet of all who love dancing. Hearst whispered to his wife and to the other members of his party, and then all arose and left the theatre. They did not return. May I hazard a guess as to the meaning of this? My guess is that Hearst intended to remain through the performance, but that the dance music proved too strong a temptation for him. I have already told in these columns what an enthusiastic ragger he is. I shouldn't be a bit surprised to learn that the party motored from the Cort to the Cliff House and spent the rest of the evening ragging.

A Rebuke for Sam

Sam Hopkins was at the Columbia Monday night with his handsome wife Elyse and a party of friends. They were all very much interested in that beautiful fantasy "Ib and Little Christina." In the midst of it Sam Hopkins lit a match, perhaps because he was absent-minded and intended to smoke a cigarette, but more probably because he wanted to look at his program. An usher was down upon him in a second.

"This is not the Orpheum," said the usher, and the look he darted at Sam wilted the white carnation in his buttonhole.

Some Wives Stayed Home

It was amusing to note that many first-nighters whom one usually sees at the theatre with their wives, "stagged" it Monday night at the Columbia. Apparently they thought "Any Night" was too much tinctured with riskiness to suit the taste of their better halves. Joe Redding was there without Mrs. Redding, and Major Cloman did not have his charming wife with him. There were many others. On the other hand, Mrs. George Newhall accompanied her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson were there; so were Mr. and Mrs. Joe Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pike, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Irving Wise and many others.

Divorce and Friendship

Not long ago I pointed out that divorce does not necessarily end friendly relations between man and wife; that personal animosity is considered bad taste; and that many of our prominent divorced couples get along much better as

acquaintances than they did as yoke mates. I instanced the kindly relations existing between the Parker Whitneys; I pointed out that not so long ago Theodore Kruttschnitt took his former wife to the theatre, properly chaperoned; that the Leonard Hammonds enjoy seeing each other once in a while; that Leon and Dolly Greenebaum danced together at the Cliff two nights before their suit was filed; that Selby and Marie Hanna were at the Ball of All Nations together, a week before their separation; and that Harry Hunt and Noble Eaton are on quite good terms with their former helpmates. Another instance of this charming absence of ill will has just come to my attention.

At a Dinner Party

On last Thursday evening Mrs. Jack Spreckels entertained in her charming Washington street "cliff dwelling" in honor of La Loie Fuller, the dancer of international renown. At Mrs. Spreckels' beautifully appointed dinner were gathered, among others, Mr. and Mrs. David Warfield, Mrs. Adolph Spreckels, Mrs. Vincent Whitney, Frank Unger and Arthur Putnam. The conversation was delightful, as it always is at the table of Mrs. Spreckels, and the guests were charmed not only with Miss Fuller but also with Mrs. Warfield who is rarely lured out to dinner parties. But for the purpose of our present subject the interesting thing about this dinner was that it was attended by Jack Spreckels. As everybody knows, the Jack Spreckels had been separated for some time. Having decided that their temperamental differences were a bar to their continued happiness together, they had made it known to their most intimate friends that the well-meant attempts to reconcile them were quite useless. So Mrs. Spreckels had commenced suit for divorce. Mrs. Spreckels knew that the matter would come up before Judge Graham on Saturday, but that did not deter her from inviting Jack to the dinner party. Nor did it deter Jack from attending and enjoying himself thoroughly. Two days after the dinner party the interlocutory decree was granted.

If Steam Yachts Could Talk

There is much virtue in this particular "if" according to an eastern bavarde who wishes the yacht Sultana owned by Mrs. E. H. Harriman might enjoy the privilege of speech so that it might unfold what happened on board the other day. It was after a polo match at Meadow Brook that Mrs. C. C. Rumsey mentioned to some of her friends that her mother's yacht was lying close by in the sound with steam up. So the party went aboard for a jaunt. There was a lively dinner at which the corks popped so merrily that Malcolm Stevenson had an idea. He organized the Poppy Club, and all the members of the party were initiated then and there. The motto of the impromptu club was that, like Caesar's wife, what its members did was above suspicion. Just what the members did the bavarde doesn't say. Perhaps she didn't know, and therefore wished that the steam yacht might

talk long enough to divulge. But I infer that everybody acted pretty giddily and that a great deal of wine was consumed. The yacht party lasted all night and the members of the Poppy Club looked very much the worse for wear when the Sultana steamed into Narragansett next day.

Margaret Surprised

Margaret Illington made New York first nighters gasp last week when she entered a theatre in company with Caryl Frohman. Caryl Frohman is the sister of Daniel Frohman, and Dan, as everybody remembers, was the first husband of Margaret Illington. It was a severe blow to Daniel Frohman when Margaret sued him for divorce and married Ed Bowes. But apparently the divorce did not affect the friendly relations between Margaret and her sister-in-law.

The Raas-Allen Wedding

Next week will be marked by two very beautiful village weddings. The first will take place in San Anselmo on Tuesday afternoon when Miss Joelle Raas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Raas, will be married to Frank Howard Allen Jr., only son of Mrs. Frank Howard Allen and the late F. H. Allen, the lumber man. The ceremony will take place on the lawn of the magnificent Raas home, and a large reception will follow. Miss Raas is a beautiful girl and an accomplished musician. Mrs. Allen and Miss Dorothy Allen who have been visiting in the East for the past ten months will return in time for the wedding. Miss Allen will be one of the bridesmaids. Howard Allen is a grandson of the late F. A. Bishop, associated with Leland Stanford in railroad building.

A Wedding at Belvedere

The second large wedding will be that of Miss Winifred Bridge, daughter of Mrs. Frederick W. Bridge of Belvedere, and Harry Beckwith Allen, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. David H. Allen of this city. The Bridge home is one of the most beautiful in Belvedere. The ceremony will be performed at high noon by Rev. Mr. Guthrie of this city, at an improvised altar arranged under a huge spreading oak tree. Six bride's maids will attend the bride: Miss Edith Allen, sister of the groom; Miss Elizabeth Bridge, sister of the bride, Misses Minnie and Edith Harmon, granddaughters of the late William Keith, Miss Marjorie Rey and Miss Lucy Bowker. Two will be attired in blue, two in green and two in yellow. Mrs. Wallace Wright, the matron of honor and cousin of the bride, will wear a two

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toned yellow gown. Lawrence Allen will attend his brother. The groom and his attendants will be attired in white flannels.

An Interesting Engagement

An interesting engagement of the week was that of Miss Reba Athey Stone, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Logan Stone of St. Louis, to Bode K. Smith of this city. Bode Smith is the son of the late Charles Smith, who for many years was cashier of an insurance company here. He was the eldest brother of Mrs. Edward Hopkins. Bode Smith is a cousin of those attractive Hopkins sisters, Mrs. A. Taylor, Mrs. Will Taylor, Mrs. F. McNear and Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin. He is the only son of Mrs. Carroll Cook. The wedding will take place in St. Louis on November 11. The young couple will reside in this city.

The Leiter Yacht

The Joe Leiters are about due here in their steam yacht, and of course society is on the tiptoe of expectation. Word has reached here of the many entertainments given the Leiters in Honolulu, and our set is not going to be second best in comparison with island hospitality. So the Leiters will have all their time taken up if they want to. Truth to tell, we haven't had any too much excitement of late—social excitement, I mean—and the coming of the Niagara will arouse us from our lethargy.

At Paso Robles

Among the guests at Paso Robles Hot Springs

are: Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Richards, Claremont; W. E. Woerner, Oakland; E. A. Margesen, Mrs. E. A. Margesen, J. A. Hicks, San Jose; Wm. H. Hansen and valet, Redwood City; A. W. Codd and wife, Mrs. and Miss Codd, Spokane; J. S. Diller, Washington, D. C.; S. J. Lank and wife, L. R. Hicks, Mrs. M. E. Flood, Miss G. Flood, Geo. H. Clark, Miss Alice Martin, Miss McDonald, Miss Gennocchio, M. E. Patton, Mrs. Vanderlyn Stow, Mrs. S. K. Lathrop, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McDonald, F. H. Webb, Harry M. Sherman, Dr. F. B. Sherman, Miss Lucia Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Avery, Geo. B. Braton, J. M. Patrick, Harrison Dibble, J. W. Edminson, Mrs. Alf Kelly, Miss Margaret Kelly, C. Stanley Kelly, W. Harold Kelly, San Francisco; Miss A. E. Quint, Camden, N. J.; H. G. Eddy, Sacramento; W. H. Tuttle, Reno; Curt Michaels, Berlin; A. T. Pittar, Australia; Edward Chambers, Robert Chambers, Walter Chambers, Chicago; J. W. Robertson and family, Livermore; Miss A. W. Dibble, Ross; Mrs. E. H. Hamlin, Miss R. M. Hamlin, Seattle.

An Aid to Tourists

The Bertha Ruffner Hotel and Information Bureau of the Hotel McAlpin, New York, has opened a branch office in the Hotel Stewart of this city. The traveling public and tourists will derive inestimable benefit from this centrally located Bureau where all kinds of information

connected with travel tours, shopping and sight-seeing can be obtained, where information based on personal investigations may be had about hotels everywhere and where reservations for steamers and trains may be made.

A New Grill

Mrs. Agnes Hunter of 1557 Sacramento street has leased the grill rooms of the Claridge Hotel in Taylor street near Bush where she will conduct a general grill and also a small dining room exclusively for men. Mrs. Hunter will be missed in the old neighborhood but the demand has outgrown her present location, hence the change. The same excellent cuisine will obtain. The hospitality and congenial spirits of Mrs. Hunter's table are well known and have been enjoyed for several years.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Mulcahy motored from their home at Atherton to Byron Hot Springs for the week-end, taking with them as their guests Dr. and Mrs. T. E. Bailly of San Francisco.

"How is your wife this morning, Uncle Henry?"

"Well, I dunno. She's failin' dretful slow. I do wish she'd git well, or somethin'."

"What's the matter? Been run over by a motor?"

"No. I tried to hang some pictures and stood some dictionaries on a table, and they slipped down under me."

"Words failed you, I suppose?"

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"Any Night" and Other Plays

By Edward F. O'Day

Is "Any Night" wicked? That may be questioned; but it is inartistic. Is "Any Night" a bad influence? That is hard to say; but it is a bad drama. Should "Any Night" be suppressed? That the moralist may decide; but it should be rewritten. "Any Night" was intended to be a tragedy; it is actually a melodrama. Its author felt the necessity of cutting his material to the latest style; in so doing he spoiled it. He is a victim of the fad for "plays with a punch." "Any Night" ends with a punch, but it's an unjustified punch, a foul blow. Father and daughter meet in a disreputable hotel. They confront each other, disgraced in each other's eyes. The hotel is burning, but there is a good chance for their lives. They go to death clasped in each other's arms. Why do they do this? Because they would be ruined in reputation if they allowed themselves to be rescued publicly from such a place? But that does not necessarily follow. Or because they wanted to atone, the daughter for her unchastity, the father for a drunken spree? Is suicide atonement? Do the mass of theatregoers so regard it? Is murder atonement? For wasn't the father murdering his daughter when he put his hand over her mouth and prevented her from calling for the help they both knew to be close by? The ending of "Any Night" does not satisfy the mind. It is melodrama for thrill's sake. There are other flaws in "Any Night." It introduces an extremely sentimental street walker, one of the lay figures of cheap fiction and melodrama. She has all the usual tear-compellers—consumption, an invalid mother, starving sisters. "I may be a street walker," she says indignantly, "but I am not a crook." Some audiences would applaud that. At the Columbia it caused a laugh. A serious play

must ring true, else it is inexcusable. "Any Night" is base metal. It is bad drama. It is insincere. Artistically it is not to be taken seriously. Of course a poor play may be well acted. "Any Night" is splendidly acted. It is as well acted as "Hari Kari" was acted, or "The Bride" or "Fear" or "The Fountain." Those who have seen all the Blinn plays produced so far may question this last statement. But if they examine their minds and memories they will discover that they enjoyed "Any Night" less than the other plays I have just mentioned, not because of inferior histrionism but because of inferior dramaturgy. A poor play may be acted as well as a good play, but it cannot give the same pleasure. The playwright handicapped the actors before he handed them his manuscript. I have heard people wonder why Holbrook Blinn elected to play the policeman in "Any Night." Blinn's choice of that part was a bit of sound dramatic criticism. The policeman is the truest character in the play. If the author had remained as true to his other characters as to this copper, "Any Night" would have been a great play. I can imagine many a Tammany man witnessing "Any Night" at the little Princess Theatre and wondering whether Blinn was ever a crooked policeman. Blinn handles himself, his lines and his night stick, all with equal conformity to type. Harry Mestayer plays the difficult part of the drunken father, and plays it admirably, adding another great characterization to a list of remarkable variety. It is as though someone had challenged Mestayer's versatility, and he had set out to give irrefutable proof of it in three weeks. Think of the list: the Japanese in "Hari Kari," the fearless man in "Fear," the "boob" husband in "The Bride," the actor in

"The Neglected Lady," the plutocrat in "War," Ib's father in "Ib and Little Christina," and finally this drunken father in "Any Night." The range of these parts can only be appreciated by those who saw them all. And there are more to come! Yes, Mestayer is master of many methods; we have yet to find the limits of his technique. The street walker is not a very hard part to play, for the effect sought is obvious, commonplace. Miss Avis Manor showed, however, that she could have succeeded had it been a better and more difficult role. The most touching play in the third week's bill is "Ib and Little Christina." It is fragrant, beautiful, true. It is a fantasy that illuminates life. It is a drama of the affections, and it brims with tears, for though joy alternates with sorrow and there is true happiness at the end, its action is informed with love, and there is no love without weeping. Miss Polini, Blinn and the rest played it exquisitely. There were many moist eyes in the audience when the last scene was over. "Phipps" is a little comedy by Stanley Houghton, not as felicitous as the same author's "Fancy Free," but full of witty lines admirably delivered by Blinn, Trevor and Miss Murdoch. Let us hold these little plays by Houghton in mind so that when we see "Hindle Wakes" (if we ever do), we may realize how much the drama lost by Houghton's untimely death. De Mille's "Food" is a frankly extravagant satire on the high cost of living. Miss Polini, Blinn and Edgard play it with just the melodramatic exuberance which it demands. It amply justifies itself by exciting a great deal of laughter. This third week's bill of the Princess Players would bring us close to satiety were it not that the appetite to which they appeal grows by what it feeds on.

Gossip of the Theatre

A Bizarre Young Woman

Aileen Stanley is described on the Orpheum program as "The Girl with the Personality." This probably means that she is unusual. She is the kind of young woman that only an Ibsen could imagine, and yet in these days of trouser effects and exotic love affairs she ought to be regarded rather as typical than bizarre. If an Eleanor Sears in society why not an Aileen Stanley on the stage? This young woman has an individuality which, to say the least, is arresting. By her individuality I mean that which she exhibits on the stage. She may be entirely different off the stage. In repose she has all the qualities of sweet femininity, but when she lets herself go for the purpose of entertainment she appears to be giving a clever imitation of the star comedian of a musical show. Pete Dailey before he took on flesh must have behaved before the footlights as Aileen Stanley behaves now. So Aileen Stanley is unusual. She is also gifted. There are more gifted performers at the Orpheum this week than I have seen in one bill in more than a month. There is a whole musical comedy company on the stage, headed by Charles Olcott, that abounds in fine musical numbers, and this week the Ferraris live up to the reputation that preceded them. Last week they were content to show us that they were exceptionally graceful in modern dances. This

week they reveal themselves at their best, making it evident that they are entitled to rank with the stars of their profession.

—T. F. B.

"Too Many Cooks"

Frank Craven wrote "Too Many Cooks" for the young man who made such a hit playing Jimmy Gilley in "Bought and Paid For." As that young man's name happened to be Frank Craven, it will be guessed that the author knew what the actor wanted and provided him with it. The guess is a good one. "Too Many Cooks" fits Frank Craven as his clothes fit him, and he's an admirable dresser. It is a pleasant comedy that makes you smile all the time and laugh a great deal. It is full of the homely philosophy expressed in humorous lines that one associates with the later plays of George Cohan. It is as clean as a whistle and as fresh as new paint. Its characters are human beings all of us know, and they act throughout as we have seen such people act. "Too Many Cooks," in other words, is true to the life of a typical American community. It could only have been written by a keen and kindly observer of the average American. No actor I know of could play its principal role better than Frank Craven plays it. It is a joy to watch Craven, let alone hear him. The cast

is a good one, Miss Georgie Olp, Miss Mary Blyth and Ray Gardon acquitting themselves especially well.

—E. F. O'D.

The People's Philharmonic

The People's Philharmonic will give its fourth symphony concert Thursday evening, September 3, at Pavilion Rink, Pierce and Sutter street, at 8:15 p. m. The vocal soloist will be Henry Perry, the local basso who has just returned from a year in London and Berlin. This will be his first public appearance since his arrival, and will be awaited with considerable interest. The London press was high in their praise of the California singer's voice and musicianship. The Observer said: "He revealed a discreet sense of interpretation and decided musical intelligence." The Standard: "His singing bears the stamp of individuality and culture and is commendably clear." The Telegraph: "A resonant and powerful voice." Morning Post: "His tone is excellent and out of the common." The Times: "He possesses much musical feeling and intelligence." For the Philharmonic Concert Mr. Perry will sing Henschel's "Young Dietrich" which he sang about six weeks ago with the Birmingham Symphony Orchestra. "Young Dietrich" is generally considered the magnum opus

of the great singer-composer-conductor. The complete program: Overture, Der Freischutz, C. M. Von Weber; Nocturne, F. Hummel; Kol Nidrei, Max Bruch; Symphony (unfinished), Schubert; Young Dietrich, Henschel, Henry Perry; Nut Cracker Suite, Tchaikowsky.

A Great Bill at Pantages

Three of the biggest features that the Pantages Theatre has booked in many months top the new bill opening on Sunday. "The Lion's Bride," a spectacular and genuinely sensational production wherein a full grown and ferocious lion is utilized; Carter, the "Man of Mystery," and the Original New Orleans Creole Band, are the trio of headliners which have been smashing box-office records for the past few months on the circuit. "The Lion's Bride" is a production taken from a legend of India dealing with the punishment meted to a beautiful native girl who refused to marry a Rajah. The potentate has the maiden cast into a den of lions. It is an act that carries a thrill from the rise of the curtain. Carter has a bouquet of mysteries running the gamut from whisking coins into space to grabbing rabbits and other trifles from the pockets of small boys. Ragtime melodies will make up the best part of the repertoire of the Creole Band. Bob Albright, undoubtedly one of the best liked singing entertainers in vaudeville, and known as the "Male Melba," returns for his fifth tour of the circuit in two years. "Those Were the Happy Days," one of the most delightful comedy skits and for many years a feature on the big circuits, will be offered by Eddie Howard and company. Nadjie, the athletic Vassar girl, makes her first tour of the coast with a daring and entertaining gymnastic novelty. Sunnen and Ross, known as the "boy Caruso and the dainty violiniste," in operatic melodies, will complete the bill.

Another Week of "Too Many Cooks"

At the Cort Theatre on Sunday begins the second and last week of the successful engagement of "Too Many Cooks." The Gilbert and

Sullivan Opera Company, with De Wolf Hopper at its head, will be at the Cort for two weeks, beginning Sunday night, September 6. During the first week "The Mikado" will be given on Sunday, Monday and Saturday nights and at the Labor Day and Saturday matinee. "Iolanthe" will be the bill on Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday nights and at the Wednesday matinee. "The Pirates of Penzance" will hold forth on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of the second week, with "Trial by Jury" and "Pinafore" filling the remainder of the engagement.

"Old Curiosity Shop" at Alcazar

On Monday night the management of the Alcazar will bring to a close the highly successful season of stock stars when they will present for one week only, and by special arrangements, America's fine character comedian, Max Figman, and his charming co-star, Miss Lolita Robertson, in a magnificent revival of Charles Dickens' masterpiece "The Old Curiosity Shop," with Figman playing his old role of jolly Dick Swiveller and Miss Robertson in the highly amusing part of the Marchioness, the character made famous on the English speaking stage by the never-to-be-forgotten Lotta. Local theatre-goers will recall the sensational success scored by the Alcazar players when, headed by Figman and Miss Robertson, they presented "The Curiosity Shop" for three weeks at the Alcazar in Sutter street. At the time, play and players were the talk of San Francisco. Its revival now will be greeted with breathless interest by all lovers of the theatre and of Dickens in particular. Besides Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness, the familiar characters of Grandfather Trent and Little Nell; Mr. Garland and Daniel Quilp; Sampson Brass and Kit Nubbles; Fred Trent and Codlin; Trotters and Sally Brass; and Mrs. Jarley and Mrs. Quilp will all pass before the audience in the stage version of this world-famous story. The old Curiosity Shop itself; Sampson Brass' law office; the interior of the old English wayside inn, "The Three Jolly Sandboys" and Dick Swiveller's lodgings will all be

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NADJE

The Vassar Athletic Girl at Pantages

on view once more in the four acts that occupy the unfolding of the plot. Figman has made a careful study of Dickens, and of "The Old Curiosity Shop" in particular, and no detail of character and production will be overlooked in this presentation. Burt Wesner will have his old role of Daniel Quilp, in which he is something of a sensation, and the balance of the Dickens characters will all be in the hands of the capable Alcazars players and several specially engaged people. On Monday night, September 7, the regular stock season will open at the Alcazar when the new Alcazar players will be introduced.

Local Writers at Orpheum

Frank McGinn, who scored a tremendous hit as "Officer 666" in the farce of that name, will head the program at the Orpheum next week, presenting "The Cop," a comedy written by Tom Barry. Lola Merrill and Frank Otto will appear in their dainty little playlet "Her Daddy's Friend." Waldemar Young and William Jacobs with the assistance of Ethyl McFarland will present their original travesty "When Caesar Ran a Paper." Mr. Jacobs will impersonate Julius Caesar, the editor; Mr. Young Marc Antony, the press agent; and Miss McFarland will exercise her terpsichorean ability as Cleopatra. Mr. Young has for a considerable period been the dramatic critic of the Chronicle and by his impartiality and thorough knowledge of matters theatrical has won for himself an enviable reputation. Mr. Jacobs is also widely known in newspaper circles and is recognized as an able, interesting and versatile writer. "When Caesar Ran a Paper" was written by them for a charitable entertainment where it met with such success that it was immediately booked for the Orpheum circuit where it has already been performed successfully in several of its important theatres. Walter De Leon and "Muggins" Davies, always welcome visitors, will present for their return engagement a novelty in the form of a burlesque moving picture drama. Miller and Lyles are a team of colored comedians who bring their lively act to a big finish with a burlesque boxing bout that is very funny. Next week will conclude the engagements of Aileen Stanley, the Hickey

Brothers and Charles Olcott, and Gus Edwards' Matinee Girls.

The Fourth Week of Blinn

Holbrook Blinn has reserved an especially strong program of one-act plays for the fourth and final week of his brilliantly successful season at the Columbia. The program will contain six one-act plays, three new offerings and three new revivals. The performance will open with the telephone fantasy called "At the Switchboard," a unique thing by Edgar Wallace. This will be followed by the delightful playlet "The Fountain," after which will come a new production, "The Hard Man," a dramatic episode of the Soudan War. Following this will be seen the very amusing "Food" of the present week's program and then Blinn will stage for the first time

here the terrifically sensational drama called "The Kiss in the Dark," which is accounted one of the most prominent of all the Blinn hits. The program will close with a revival of the delicious French comedy, "The Bride." Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday.

His Trouble

"You must find that impediment in your speech rather inconvenient at times, Mr. Briggs?"

"Oh, n-no; everybody has little his peculiarity. Stammering is mine? What is yours?"

"Well, really, I am not aware that I have any."

"D-do you stir y-your tea with your right hand?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"W-well that is y-your peculiarity; most people u-use a t-teaspoon."

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Excursion. |
| PALO ALTO | For Stanford University. | 1.05
1.30 | Sunday
2 days' | Excursion.
Excursion. |
| FARWELL | Camp life and picnicking in Niles Canyon. | 1.20
1.25 | Sunday
Friday to Tuesday. | Excursion.
Excursion. |
| LOS GATOS | In Mountain Surroundings. Trails and horse-back riding. | 1.65
2.00 | Sunday
Saturday to Monday. | Excursion.
Excursion. |
| SAN JOSE | For Lick Observatory, Alum Rock and Congress Springs. | 1.40
2.00 | Sunday
2 days' | Excursion.
Excursion. |
| CHITTENDEN | El Pajaro Springs. | 2.50
3.00 | Sunday
Saturday to Sunday. | Excursion.
Excursion. |
| SANTA CRUZ | Hotel, Casino, Surf Bathing, Fishing, Golf, Mountain Resorts. | 2.50
3.00
4.00 | Sunday
Saturday to Monday.
October 31st. | Excursion.
Excursion.
Excursion. |
| DEL MONTE and MONTEREY | Hotel, Gardens, Bathing, Golf, Tennis, 40-Mile Auto Scenic Boulevard. | 2.50
3.00
4.00 | Sunday
Saturday to Sunday.
Saturday to Monday. | Excursion.
Excursion.
Excursion. |
| CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA | Beaches, Camping, Fishing, Auto from Monterey, 25c Each Way. | 2.75
3.25
4.25 | Sunday
Saturday to Sunday.
Saturday to Monday. | Excursion.
Excursion.
Excursion. |
| PACIFIC GROVE | Delightful Family Resort. Sea Bathing and Fishing. | 2.75
3.25
4.25 | Sunday
Saturday to Sunday.
Saturday to Monday. | Excursion.
Excursion.
Excursion. |
| PASO ROBLES | Hotel, Baths, Hot Springs. | 8.30 | 30 days. | |
| NAPA | Soda Springs. | 2.00 | 5 days' | Excursion. |
| ST. HELENA | Howell Mountain Resorts. | 2.86 | 75 days' | Excursion. |
| CALISTOGA | Petrified Forest, also Lake County Springs and Resorts. | 3.25 | 75 days' | Excursion. |
| GILROY | Including Stage to Hot Springs. | 5.70 | 30 days. | |
| PARAISO | do | 6.35 | 30 days. | |
| AETNA | do | 7.00 | October 31st. | |
| SANTA ROSA | For Sonoma Co. Resorts. | 2.25 | Saturday to Monday. | |
| WALNUT CREEK | For Mount Diablo. | 2.25 | Friday to Tuesday. | |
| BYRON SPRINGS | Hotel, Hot Springs, Baths. | 2.50 | Saturday to Monday. | |
| ALTA TOWLE | Among the Pines of the High Sierras. | 6.60 | October 31st. | |
| CISCO | Rainbow and Brook Trout. | 7.80 | October 31st. | |
| LAKE TAHOE | Hotels, Cottages, Camping, Trout Fishing. Includes Steamer Trip Around Lake. | 10.65
15.30 | Friday to Monday.
October 31st. | |
| SIMS, CASTELLA CASTLE CRAG | Log Cottages and Tents Amid Pines and Crags. Trout Fishing in Upper Sacramento River. | 11.50
12.00
12.00 | October 31st.
October 31st.
October 31st. | |
| SHASTA SPRINGS SHASTA RETREAT | Hotel and Cottages. Auto to McCloud River. | 10.05
12.15 | Friday to Monday.
October 31st. | |
| SISSON | State Fish Hatchery. Trail and Guides for Mt. Shasta. | 10.45
12.70 | Friday to Monday.
October 31st. | |
| AGER | Auto to Klamath Hot Springs. Fishing in Klamath River. | 14.55 | October 31st. | |
| KLAMATH FALLS (Upper Klamath Lake) | Steamer to Lake Resorts. Lake and River Fishing. Auto to Crater Lake. | 17.90 | October 31st. | |
| YOSEMITE | Includes Auto Stage to and from Sentinel Hotel in Center of Park. | 22.35 | 3 Months. | |

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To be presented by Holbrook Blinn and the Princess Players during the fourth and last week of their engagement at the Columbia, which begins Monday night, August 31. The program contains six one act plays.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Fear of more liquidation of American securities than the New York stock market could absorb is given as the reason for keeping the New York Stock Exchange closed. Its doors have now been shut for a longer period than in 1873, the only other time it ever suspended business since it was organized. Trading through the clearing house of the exchange seems to have fallen off, but this plan proved serviceable in enabling commission houses to "ring out" a large number of speculative accounts. Trading for cash will be the next thing in order. If the lending of stocks for delivery was stopped and every sale was accompanied by instant physical delivery of the stock certificate or bond, or its deposit with an exchange official for transfer when only a fractional part of the number of shares mentioned was sold, and payment in cash or certified check was made at the same time, the flood of European liquidation, about which so much is said, could not swamp the trading floor without warning. It is here that prohibition of stock loans would count. Orders to sell transmitted by cable, could not be executed if substitute shares could not be borrowed. European holders would have to send over their stocks or bonds and take chances on what would happen during an interval of more than a week and that alone would check liquidation to such an extent that securities so consigned for sale would be absorbed without trouble. It would also result in foreign purchases of our municipal, State and Federal bonds, and it might furnish a good market for the Panama Canal bonds in the United States Treasury, the sale of which would avoid the necessity for imposing special war taxes on a nation at peace for more than a year to come. Banks that have large loans outstanding against stock exchange collateral were alarmed by the entrance of Japan into the war and did not care to risk the opening of the Stock Exchange. They are trying to reduce their loans by exacting high rates for call money and refusing fixed date loans on such security. Foreign exchange was easier and the international banking situation has improved.

Wheat—The volume of trade in wheat the past week was not large but price changes were fast and furious. The market at times was very strong and advances of from two to three cents were scored in record time only to be lost again in the same length of time. The final outcome, however, was in favor of the bulls as prices at the end of the week were near the highest figures scored on this advance since the first of August. The advance was brought about by the announcement that vessels are now being cleared rapidly from American ports and the outlet to Europe is said to be open and it's only a question of ships now to take away the grain.

If the war is prolonged European crops next year must of necessity be short and there is no probability of our raising such an enormous winter wheat crop next year as we did this, therefore everything seems to indicate ultimately higher prices for wheat. Our advance has been a little too rapid as compared with October wheat in Liverpool which is only about 15 cents a bushel higher than our September. This is not a shipping difference and indicates that England feels very comfortable in regard to future supplies. Owing to tight money conditions in Canada and the attractive price, the Canadian crop will undoubtedly move very freely to market right from the thrasher. For this reason we look for a good setback from the present price and believe that wheat should be bought on any fair sized break, but do not believe in buying on the present bulge.

Corn—Corn has followed wheat to some extent but toward the end of the week prices gave way on reports of general but light rains throughout the corn belt. Early in the week the market was flooded with poor crop reports due to the continued dry hot weather over the entire belt. However, the demand for corn on the declines is good and so long as foreign affairs continue unsettled, short sales of corn do not appear attractive.

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June 30th, 1914:

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| Assets | \$58,656,635.13 |
| Capital actually paid up in Cash | 1,000,000.00 |
| Reserve and Contingent Funds | 1,857,717.65 |
| Employees' Pension Fund | 177,868.71 |
| Number of Depositors | 66,367 |

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For the 6 months ending June 30, 1914, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared.

ORDER

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of FRANK SIMONART, Deceased.

Bernard T. Tennyson having filed herein a petition for an order and decree authorizing and requiring Maria Simonart, the executrix of the last will of Frank Simonart, deceased, to transfer and convey to him pursuant to the provisions of Sections 1597 to 1601 inclusive, of the Code of Civil Procedure that certain piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Greenwich Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Ten (110) Feet Westerly from the point formed by the intersection on the Southerly line of Greenwich Street with the Westerly line of Devisadero Street; and running thence Westerly along said line of Greenwich Street Forty (40) Feet; thence at a right angle Southerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) Feet and Six (6) Inches; thence at a right angle Easterly Forty (40) Feet; and thence at a right angle Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) Feet and Six (6) Inches to the point of beginning.

Being part of Western Addition Block No. 490.

It is hereby ordered that the 29th day of September, 1914, at the hour of ten o'clock in the morning, and the Court-room of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court be and the same are hereby appointed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition and that notice thereof be published once a week for four successive weeks before such hearing in the "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated August 19, 1914.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Petitioner,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

8-29-5

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A Sea Change

(Continued from Page 7.)

will have to be my wife. (Kissing her on the corner of her mouth.) And I've drunk that drop of water!

Lea (conquered)—Oh, heavens, I am utterly exhausted! Mother! It's serious this time! Monsieur! Raoul!

Gesier (delighted)—Raoul! Lean on me. I am strong enough. (He holds her half out of the water as he swims.)

Lea—Thanks, thanks.

Gesier—Not at all. Don't talk.

Lea (allowing herself to float out in the water)

—That's better. I can swim now.

Gesier—All right, but only with your legs. Keep your arms about my neck.

Lea—But that is—

Gesier—Do as I tell! Your arms about my— (she gives in and slips her arms about his neck, closing her eyes). I'm all right. With a comforter like that I could swim across the channel. (He kisses her arm.)

Lea—You are losing me.

Gesier—Me too; I am losing myself. But never mind. When I think that they thought they were going to do me up it makes me writhe like a sea serpent. We must let them think they have. We are getting in now. Tomorrow after breakfast I shall go and ask Madame de Toucy for your hand.

Lea—I shall refuse you. Do not tempt me.

Gesier—On the stroke of half-past ten.

They have got their footing now, Gesier still holding her hand. Then they separate. Lea comes out of the water first, Gesier behind her. Madame de Toucy, the maid and many others rush toward them.

The mother—Lea! My child! (To Gesier) Oh, monsieur!

Gesier—It was nothing, madame; just a little cramp.

Lea (presenting him to her mother)—Monsieur Gesier, my mother. But for him—

The mother (to Gesier)—How can I tell you, how can I express to you—

Gesier—Madame, I am only too happy—(he backs away and then runs. He seems to have wings. He thinks to himself, "At last I have found an honest little—").

Lea is now in her dressing-room with her mother, who is rubbing her down. Rose has gone before to prepare a warm drink at their lodgings.

The Mother (anxiously)—Well, did it come off all right?

Lea—No, mama. I told him everything—our debts, papa, the corraling, the cramp trick—everything! Oh, how it all disgusted me!

The Mother—You did that? Unhappy girl, you love him!

Lea—Probably!

The Mother—All is lost! But then, if you didn't have a cramp, what were you doing so close together out there? What in the world is the meaning of all this?

Lea—Rub, and don't try to understand. He is coming to-morrow at half-past ten. We must get away tomorrow morning before that time.

The Mother—Where to?

Lea—To Etretat—without leaving any address with anyone.

The Mother—Are you crazy? He is really hooked.

Lea—Precisely—and he has his auto, and he'll come after us.

The Mother—But how will he know where we are?

Lea—Through his chauffeur, who is pretty thick with Rose.

The Mother—Oho! I see! I begin to think you are a little stronger than I am.

Lea—Why, certainly, mama. Rub! You won't have to wear cleaned gloves much longer.

Who's Who Hereabouts

(Continued from Page 6.)

Thus, you see, it was no waste of space to introduce Mr. Phelan to the readers of Town Talk. They only knew him by sight and hearsay. Every man knows secrets about himself which no one else has surmised, and Mr. Phelan is inadvertently telling a few. This is the first time in his life that he has given us a peep at his inner mechanism. His passion for publicity withal, he has led a shut-up life, shunned personal confidences. No man has a greater power of reticence. A man of multitudinous acquaintances, he has no intimate friends—save perhaps the dear people, whom, as a consequence, he may be depended on to serve very well, since to no individual but himself has he incurred any obligations. His are the qualities that fit a man rather for acquaintances than for friends; qualities clogged with some alloy which tell on close intimacy. He has all those brilliant conversational powers that are inestimable in an acquaintance, but which have certain drawbacks in a friend. He has polish, grace of manner which are compatible with certain intellectual wants and defective sympathies which disqualify for friendship.

But let us return from this digression to the portrait of the folder. There is nothing worthy of mention in Mr. Phelan's whole career that is omitted from this campaign autobiography, and there is much therein that might mislead a little as to the service that he has rendered, but far be it from me to challenge a few claims among so many that are well founded. There is only one omission, and that is of value as a contributory detail, a sort of shadow, among the high lights of the portrait. The omission is that of the name of the person by whom Mr. Phelan was appointed head of the Relief Committee in 1906. Proudly he tells that he occupied that important position, and adds: "Appointed by the President custodian of the relief fund." Only a line, but how illuminative of character! Mr. Phelan was appointed head of the Relief Committee by Mayor Eugene Schmitz. Is he so unsure of himself as to deem it wise to conceal the fact that a little of the glory that has given a pale lustre to his name was bestowed by the unfortunate man who was given a dog's trial partly at Mr. Phelan's instigation?



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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 58,227; Dept. No. 2.

A. L. BLAKESLEE, Plaintiff, vs. VIOLET W. BLAKESLEE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to: Violet M. Blakeslee, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's adultery, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of July, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. A. BROWN, Attorney for Plaintiff. 8-8-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 57,695.

MARIA BASCOU BARLETTA, Plaintiff, vs. HENRY CALVET, et al., Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Henry Calvet, J. A. McDonald, John Titus James, Lubeck's Investment Company, a corporation, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 1st day of July, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.
JOSEPH A. BROWN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-11-10

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXIV. No. 1150

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 5, 1914

PRICE, 10 CENTS

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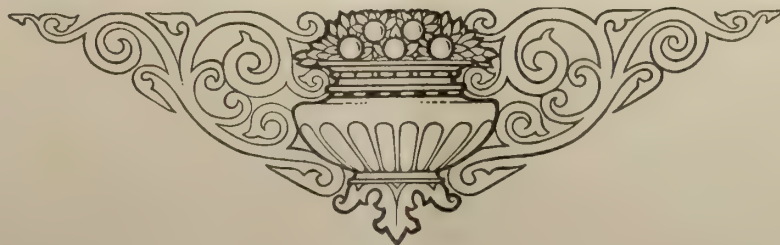
Hearst For Senator

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Who's Who?—The Greatest American Actor

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXIV.

San Francisco, September 5, 1914

No. 1150

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledge within four weeks are rejected.

War

How many of us have sufficient power of imagination to present to the mind an adequate picture of the calamity that has fallen on the peoples of Europe? When men speak of the horrors of war they commonly mean nothing more than those terrible scenes of carnage that are the immediate result of armed conflict. Their thoughts are of the battlefield, of wholesale slaughter, of the devastation and ruin wrought by marching and bombarding armies. But these are not all the horrors of war. Nor is the stupendous material damage done by war among its most deplorable evils. A nation in war is a nation in mourning. Not all the agony of war is where the battle rages. Consternation and misery are brought to millions. There is hunger far from the scenes of slaughter. Along with a deluge of blood comes a deluge of tears. Hearts are tortured and broken when bodies are pierced and mutilated. While fathers, brothers, sons and lovers are shedding their blood in this "passionless war," as it is called, innumerable homes are rendered desolate, families are shattered, and the tragedies of stifled hopes, ambitions and aspirations spread their gloom over a vast desert of souls that rings with the cry of bereaved women and starving infants. This is war, and it is also hell.

The European War

Newspaper experts tell us the great conflict in Europe is unique in the annals of war. In some respects it undoubtedly is. Never before were operations conducted on so gigantic a scale; never were such vast armies maneuvered on the battlefield. And as to the opposing combinations of nations and races no parallel is to be found in history. The fighting however is not unique, nor does it appear that the percentage of killed is as great as in battles of other days when the soft bullet was employed. Further, the fundamentals of the art of war have not

changed. To move swiftly, strike vigorously and secure all the fruits of victory is still the secret of successful war. The front adequately manned, adequate reserves in the rear, and a close combination of the three arms—cavalry, infantry and artillery—these are the principles of war today, and they were the principles of war long before Napoleon's time. The strategy of the German campaign is the strategy practiced by Napoleon. The plan was to bear down on the French and dispose of them by a quick stroke in overwhelming force before the Russians could mobilize. But the Belgians played havoc with this plan. In Belgium it took the Germans seventeen days to make fifteen miles. But all things considered the Germans made remarkable progress after reaching Brussels. The Belgians were not the only ones that disappointed the German General Staff. The Italians also contributed to the wrecking of the reckoning. Italy was not expected to remain neutral. When she declared her neutrality she released two French army corps that otherwise might have been held on the Alps frontier and one in Africa. These three corps put the French on an equality with the Germans in point of numbers on the Belgian frontier, and meanwhile England was able to land an army. Thus did events not calculated upon militate against the German plan of campaign. Whether it is too late for the Germans to smash the enemy in France in time to release a sufficient number of corps to get back to their eastern frontier remains to be seen. But if their plans fail they will not have their judgment to blame. The fortunes of war have been against them. The only great blunder thus far apparent is the blunder of the French who concentrated and assumed the aggressive in Alsace, not for any good that it might do them, but to gratify the national taste for theatrical display. The speech that General Joffre made when he reached Alsace indicated that he had a fine sense of the national temperament, but it remains for him to prove that he is a great commander.

The Situation Paralleled

It is thought remarkable that we should be able to get only vague glimpses of the European field of operations, and so few details of the doings of the belligerents. In this respect the conflict is not unique. The curiosity that is keeping us all on tiptoe these days much to the delight of the newsboys is no keener than was the same emotion when it was agitating Europe in the summer of 1862 after the defeat of the Federal troops in the fierce fighting on the Chickahominy. The vast territory controlled by the Confederacy was so completely cut off from the outer world that an atmosphere of mystery enveloped the armies of the South. The Southern States were

like a beleaguered fortress. Covering an area of 700,000 square miles, the lines of investment covered an area of 10,000 miles, and within the circle of Federal cannon and Federal cruisers only the imagination could penetrate. The news, like the news from Europe today, was generally belated, and had often been long discounted by more recent events. The demand for news in Europe was as urgent as the demand for news in this country today, but news emanated only from Northern sources, and like the news we are receiving from European capitals it was colored. Nothing was certain but that great names and great achievements were looming large through the darkness, and the same is certain now.

The Barbarities of Christian Belligerents

If the accusations that have been made in this war with respect to violations of the principles of civilized warfare are true there is still much to be done toward refining human nature out of barbarism. But doubtless there has been some exaggeration, and at any rate it is hardly just to hold a nation responsible for the barbarous acts of individuals. While it may be true that wells have been deliberately infected and meat poisoned, it is incredible that such things have been done with the knowledge of Government officials. The French Government has called attention to certain violations of the Hague conventions. It is charged that German troops bombarded an unfortified city and directed their aim on a hospital flying the Red Cross flag; also that a German dirigible dropped bombs at night into a city, killing women and children. Horrible if true, and not indignantly denied. It is not to be gainsaid that terrible cruelties are practiced when the passions are raging beneath the battle-flag, but neither is it to be doubted that the imagination is easily inflamed, or that enormities are imputed to the enemy of which he is innocent. However, it may be that the Germans have been playing the brutal game in accordance with the maxim which teaches that when the enemy's country is invaded it is advisable to do him all possible damage in the shortest possible time. This involves great destruction of life and property while it lasts, but a war prosecuted on this principle will of necessity be of short duration.

When Unclean Drama Lacks a Label

The importance of the subterfuge of morality in the theatre has been evidenced by recent experience. A little while ago when a fashionable preacher with a passion for the objective of what ferments within him was very busy agitating for the purification of the public morals, plays were presented here that soared to the loftiest altitudes of filthiness. Our most fashionable preacher extolled them in fine rhetoric. He suc-

ceeded in arousing public curiosity with the result that the theatres were packed by students of the turgid trade of harlotry. These plays purported to have been written to arouse the public conscience against the white slave traffic, that sporadic industry about which amateur sociologists and pulpit charlatans were making a big fuss some time ago. The spirit of the plays was uncleanness, their teaching the reverse of everything that is elevating and improving. Nothing nastier had been seen on the stage since the days of Wycherly. The vogue of these plays had one effect,—it persuaded playwrights that pudicity of speech and deed on the stage is no longer required; that is, provided the drama be labeled the medium of sociological ideas. The omission of this label is fatal, as we have learned from a play that was seen at the Columbia last week. This play let us in to the mysteries of the street-walker's profession. Like all the plays of similar genre it is bad dramaturgy, but it is not lacking in the obscenity that was so attractive to the people who took Dr. Aked's tip on the white slave dramas. Artistically it is superior to those plays, for it is at least tintured with humanity. In the white slave plays human nature was represented to be uglier than it is. They were dramas not of life but of the fictions of yellow journalism from which fashionable preachers take their sensational themes. The Columbia play gave us only the naked truth, but it was a failure, and it shocked many good people, the reason being the fatal omission of the essential label. If the press-agent had announced that this play was intended to show the folly of closing the redlight district and driving the prostitutes thence to ply their trade in the streets, then it would have been accepted as a propagandic drama, and nobody would have been shocked. On the contrary the brutalities of it would have been received with enthusiasm as signs of emphasis in the argument, for folks who are susceptible to shock are the very folk who like to vindicate the keenness of their perceptive faculty.

What Prohibition Will Do

The twenty-fourth annual report of the California Development Board contains much that is of interest to people who wish to be informed as to what prohibition would mean to California. It shows that the manufacture of California wines and brandies is steadily increasing. In 1913 California manufactured 25,000,000 gallons of dry wines, 17,307,600 gallons of sweet wines, 1,695,406 gallons of commercial brandy and 4,674,350 gallons of brandy for the fortification of sweet wines. "California wines," says the Development Board, "have a wide and improving market at home and abroad." In 1913 we shipped by rail 52,000 cases and 11,154,000 gallons, while the exports by sea amounted to 6,933 cases and 12,935,239 gallons, valued at \$4,605,724. To this should be added the brandy exported, which was 965 cases and 38,047 gallons valued at \$66,473. Twenty-four foreign countries received the wine. The output

of champagne, naturally fermented in bottles, for 1913 was 950,000 bottles or 52,000 cases. The Development Board makes it clear that it hopes the good work will go on, but Prohibitionists from Ohio, the State that wants to label its fake wines as pure wines, are out here trying to persuade us to abandon this industry and give Ohio a clear field. But that is not all; they would have us tear down the seventy-five breweries in California that represent an investment of \$50,000,000, and that employ four thousand men and pay out \$6,000,000 in wages. Incidentally they would put an end to hop-raising and put a boycott on our barley crop which sells for \$30,000,000 annually. And of course if we make our State dry some of our manufactures must be sacrificed, for our cooperage industry and our bottle makers depend on our brewers and viticulturists. On the whole prohibition is a mighty serious proposition to California, so serious that it seems like a huge ironical joke. But Prohibitionists are not humorists. They are the sourest, solemnest lot of fanatics the world has ever seen. They are men who have gone out of their way to be absurd by a romantic effort of philanthropy. All the affairs of State must wait while they agitate their hobby which stands first in the order of business, takes precedence in its own right of every other question. Everything else is a criminal digression. The Prohibitionist is the theoretical enthusiast whose mind is warped like the mind of any of the inmates of an asylum for the insane excepting those that have lucid intervals. He argues that all the miseries of mankind are traceable to alcoholic beverages. All the great bodies representative of the medical profession dissent from his views, but neither physiological congresses nor textbooks of medicine have any effect on his opinions which, he is convinced, are written in sunbeams. His quarrel is not only with drunkards, but also with moderate drinkers, and though he be shown that the record of prohibition is a record not merely of futility but of positive and colossal mischief, this victim of a protracted debauch of total abstinence is not to be cured of his species of madness. Of all the States that have prohibition there is but one that the Prohibitionist cites by way of proof that his cause is in the interest of humanity. That State is Kansas, about which there has been much controversy. Now the Federal Census Bureau presumably has reliable information on the subject, and according to its reports the prohibition States (not excepting Kansas) have more pauperism, more insanity and more crime on the average in proportion to the population than the "wet States." It is interesting and instructive to compare Kansas, the model "dry" State, with Nebraska, her nearest neighbor, with like natural conditions. The Federal Census Report on Insane and Feeble Minded in Institutions, 1910 (Bulletin 119), gives these figures for Kansas and Nebraska: Insane in hospitals January 1, 1910: Kansas, 2,912; Nebraska, 1,990; admitted in 1910, Kansas, 905; Nebraska, 411; insane with alcoholic psychosis admitted in 1910, Kansas, 70; Nebraska,

20; feeble minded in institutions January 1, 1910, Kansas, 420; Nebraska, 446; admitted in 1910, Kansas, 86; Nebraska, 23. Bulletin 121 of the Bureau of Census, Prisoners and Juvenile Delinquents 1910, gives these figures as enumerated January 1, 1910: Kansas, 1,971; Nebraska, 789; prisoners, Kansas, 1,537; Nebraska, 656; juvenile delinquents, Kansas, 434; Nebraska, 133; prisoners committed for grave homicide, Kansas, 100; Nebraska, 44; for major assault, Kansas, 77; Nebraska, 40; for minor assault, Kansas, 28; Nebraska, 4; for robbery, Kansas, 89; Nebraska, 29; for burglary, Kansas, 275; Nebraska, 130; for larceny, Kansas, 619; Nebraska, 163; for fraud, Kansas, 22; Nebraska, 10; for forgery, Kansas, 93; Nebraska, 41; for rape, Kansas, 86; Nebraska, 37; for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, Kansas, 29; Nebraska, 52; for violating liquor law, Kansas, 72; Nebraska, 2. Bulletin No. 120, Paupers in Almshouses, 1910, gives these figures: Paupers enumerated in almshouses on January 1, 1910: Kansas, 735; Nebraska, 551. So it appears that Kansas has not yet had a prelibation of the millenium. The truth about prohibition is that of its avowed objects not one has been accomplished anywhere at any time. Nowhere has it even abolished the liquor traffic, or prevented the consumption of liquor, or lessened the evil of intemperance. The best evidence of its failure is that seven of the eight States that adopted prohibition fifty years ago have abandoned it. The eighth State, Maine, has been torn with dissension on account of the constant repetition of the prohibition issue, and though many saloons have flourished openly in its populous centres, occasionally they are closed when the authorities have a spasm of virtue, and then the business of selling liquor is driven into private homes. In one year in Maine, seven hundred and seven persons were arrested for keeping saloons. In the same year three thousand six hundred and nine persons were arrested for intoxication. Among the persons arrested for selling liquor were many who sold it in their homes. In Maine there are eighteen express companies organized and run for the sole purpose of transporting and selling liquor. Considering the record of futility how are we to account for the persistence of the prohibition agitators who are now urging the people of this State to indulge in the luxury of an industrial cataclysm? Are they so crazy as they appear, or is it the enormous "sack" that keeps them going?

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Varied Types

CXCIII—MAX FIGMAN

By Edward F. O'Day

Why is it that there are not more red-haired actors? I wondered about it while I was chatting with Max Figman. Max Figman has an auburn poll. The only other actor I can think of who has this distinction is Nat Goodwin, and as Nat is losing his hair pretty fast it may be that the day will come when Max Figman will stand alone, the only brick-top on the American stage.

Come to think of it, there ought to be more red-heads on the stage. From times immemorial it has been claimed that a strawberry thatch was the symbol of greatness. Ruddy-roofed men adorn every other profession. Why not the stage? Here is a capillary mystery, a puzzle in pigment. I submit it respectfully to the scientists, and on behalf of the noble army of scarlet sconces I salute red-haired Max Figman.

When Max Figman's parents discovered that he had red hair they determined to make an artist of him. There are many temperaments, as there are many tempers among red-haired people, and not least prominent is the artistic temperament. As red hair and artistic talent were more or less hereditary in the Figman family, it was decided that Max should become a painter. He was educated with that end in view.

But red-haired people are notoriously stubborn. 'Tis one of their multitudinous good qualities. Max Figman vowed by the ruby dome of him that he'd one day go on the stage. The paint that interested him was not oil or aquarelle but greasepaint. So while he carried on his art studies, he set his mind upon the theatre. He had a good voice, and determined to become an opera singer. To obtain the dramatic experience necessary for that career he joined an amateur theatrical club called the Drawing Room, a very exclusive club in Philadelphia which numbered Drews and Davenports among its members. An accident destroyed Figman's singing voice over night, but the adaptability which marks red-haired people immediately manifested itself. If Figman couldn't be a singer he'd be an actor. His chance came quickly.

"Augustin Daly saw me act at the Drawing Room," says Figman, "and offered me a position in his company. I took it. That was twenty-two years ago, when John Drew and Ada Rehan were the leading members of the stock company at the Daly Theatre.

"Daly was a very peculiar man, extremely cold and hard to get along with. But he was a wonderful stage manager, and the players who learned their art in his company will never cease being grateful to him. There is no man like Daly in the theatre of today. The result is quite evident, it seems to me, in the inferior quality of the acting. I remember that once I rehearsed an entrance fifty-two times by actual count before Daly was satisfied with the way I did it.

"Later on, when I had left Daly and was under Charles Frohman's management, I had the ill fortune to offend Daly mortally. We were doing a play called 'Poet and Puppets' in which Henry Miller played Oscar Wilde and had the fairies summon all the great playwrights past and present so that they might aid him in a play he was writing. I appeared as Augustin Daly. His peculiarities were so pronounced that almost no burlesque was needed. Among other things Daly wore a tall hat of peculiar shape. It was the only hat of its kind worn in New York. You may remember seeing it in pictures of Daly. The only block for this head gear was at Dunlap's, and I induced a friend to steal it for me so that I might duplicate Daly's hat. There was a great shout when I made my appearance, and a well known professional man stood up in the audience and cried:

"Where did you get that hat?"

"That was the origin of a catch phrase that retained its popularity for a very long time.

"A few days later I met Daly on the street, and he cut me. He never spoke to me again, never forgave me. I wrote to him and tried to explain that there had been no malicious intention in my imitation, that I had been assigned to that part and was in duty bound to do it as well as I could. He never answered my letter."

I asked Figman whether he ever regretted going on the stage, whether he ever yearned for the life of a portrait painter.

"I cannot say that I have ever regretted going on the stage," he replied, "but I have often wondered whether I should have been as prominent as a portrait painter as I have been as an actor."

"Have you kept up your painting, as Joseph Jefferson did?" I asked.

"No, I have not," answered Figman. "You see, I have always been a very busy man. I have had few vacations. This year, for instance, instead of taking a vacation I have been acting for the movies. Jefferson only played a limited season, and he was a rich man. He had plenty of leisure for painting."

Max Figman is an elder brother of Oscar Figman. It is not Max's fault that Oscar is on the stage.

"I did all I could to keep Oscar from becoming an actor," he says. "I pointed out to him the hard knocks he would have to expect, the period of suffering he would be sure to pass through. But he wouldn't listen to me.

"Yes, I had many a hard knock before I got along. Everybody goes through that. I suppose it is good for us. You cannot depict suffering unless you have suffered. No matter what anybody may say, you cannot depict an emotion of any sort unless you have experienced it. That is why there are no young Juliets.

"On account of the probation of hardship I know to be in store for them I nearly always try to dissuade young people from adopting the stage as their profession. The exceptions I make are in the case of those who show unmistakable talent. I shouldn't like to say just how few those are."

I asked Figman what sort of play he enjoyed playing the most.

"Well," he said, "I was with Mrs. Fiske for eight years, and during that time I played a good deal of Ibsen. Mrs. Fiske thinks that I am the

best Ibsen actor on the American stage. But the vogue of Ibsen is past. He left his impress on the American stage, though. It is visible in an improved, a revolutionized technique, and in the serious subjects handled by our present-day playwrights. However, life itself is so serious and the need of diversion so great that I have come to prefer comedy, not light comedy necessarily, but comedy. I should like to revive the comedies of Sheridan and Goldsmith, and I should like very much to play Moliere. Those old comedies are vital; they should not be forgotten or neglected."

There is a tradition that Shakespeare was red-haired, and I for one am not unwilling to believe it. Doubtless some other great playwrights were similarly distinguished. Max Figman is of the list, for Max Figman is a playwright as well as a player. He wrote the version of "The Old Curiosity Shop" which he is presenting at the Alcazar this week. In collaboration with a newspaperman named Talbot the color of whose hair I have not ascertained, he wrote "The Truth Wagon" which was successful in New York last season and which Figman may revive this coming season.

"It is a happy combination," he says, "that of an actor and a writer in the composition of a play. The actor has the technique and the experience; the writer has the fluency in expressing things; both have ideas. In the case of Belasco and De Mille we all know how successful such collaboration has been. I think that we shall see more examples of it from now on."

It will be observed from what I have quoted that Max Figman has a quality of seriousness offstage. It is a quality which is very often to be found in red-haired people. To say that they are thoughtful, grave, lofty-minded is to give them only their due. I ought to know, for I am rather inclined to be red-haired myself.



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Perspective Impressions

The one thing certain about the next Pope is that he won't be an American.

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Given a list of the College of Cardinals, anybody can guess the name of the next Pope, and one guess is quite as good as another.

Do the people choose judges on account of their ability to try cases, or their ability to make friends?

If you weren't satisfied with the election returns console yourself with the reflection that the government has been brought back to the dear people.

Nearly every man you meet has a suggestion that would solve all the problems confronting the commanders of the allied forces.

Analysis of election returns usually reveal what the analyzer wants to find.

In order to realize how vague words may be, just talk about the war with a woman.

According to the Rev. D. M. Gandier without prohibition Democracy cannot succeed. Goosey, goosey, gandier!

Roosevelt's congratulations to Heney read like an obituary panegyric and may safely be taken as prophetic.

We are reminded that the difference between civilized people and barbarians is the difference between polished steel and the raw article.

As bromide is produced nowhere but in Michigan and Germany the war has sent the price of the soporific soaring. But they should worry—the folks of whom bromide is a by-product.

By the way, what became of the slit skirt?

It is estimated that the primary campaign cost one nominee \$150,000; another, \$100,000. So you see under the New Freedom the poor man has a hellof a chance to reach high office if the "Interests" are not behind him.

Why a war measure to raise revenue? In these hard times with prices soaring, instead of increasing the burdens of the people it would be well to meet the emergency by sidetracking the pork barrel and cutting down the cost of government.

The American Society for Thrift is going to solve the paramount problem by establishing a bureau that will put the ultimate consumer in direct touch with the farmers. A case of down with the middleman! Our guess is that the American Society for Thrift is made up of college professors, so sophomoric is its political economy.

Who's Who Hereabouts

XXVI—HARRY MESTAYER

Heine used to say that nothing was more foolish than the query, Which poet is greater than the other? According to Heine's philosophy flame is flame and its weight is not to be determined in pounds and ounces. While it is to be inferred that to attempt to weigh genius in a grocer's scales is to betray the Philistine mind, nevertheless, fitting men into niches is a pleasant pastime requiring as it does a certain amount of intellectual exercise. And so I have come to consider Harry Mestayer of the Princess Players at the Columbia. Like David Warfield, Holbrook Blinn, Edwin Stevens and not a few other practitioners of the mummer's craft who have soared within striking distance of the central blue of the theatrical firmament, Harry Mestayer was blessed at his birth with the privilege of calling himself a native son. That is, he was born hereabouts, and was warmed by the California sun that matures good thing early. And so although Mestayer is young enough to be Edwin Stevens' son he is already entitled to a niche in the temple of Thespis with a tag on him indicating that he has attained high rank in the realm of esthetic endeavor.

Every little while somebody propounds and answers the question, Who is our leading actor? but nobody has yet publicly nominated Harry Mestayer. Now it has occurred to some folks of critical turn that a pretty good case might be made out for this young stock actor. Perhaps this is because they are at present under the spell of him. They have just seen him in divers roles, and they have marveled at the versatility of him. He has certainly a very wide range of characterization, but the same may be true of almost any efficient stock actor. Between Mestayer and the ordinary stock actor, however, there is a marked difference. The ordinary stock actor is content to represent the externals of a part, to isolate and emphasize a trait or two with a view to achieving vividness of portrayal. Mestayer eats his way into the heart of a character, and becomes diabolically intimate with the spirit of it.

At the Columbia he has given us some of the rarest bits of acting in the entire range of the drama as comprehended in the Princess Theatre repertoire. But not necessarily does this prove him to be the greatest American actor. Presumably the greatest artist is he who is greatest in the highest reaches of his art, and it doesn't matter if he lacks facility in the minor details. Almost any highbrow critic will tell you that. As a consequence comes the question, What are the highest reaches of the actor's art? Presumably they are to be found in Shakespeare, and therefore it would seem to go without question that Mr. Sothern stands tiptoe on the proud eminence. Sothern is a master of our emotions, and there are few to dispute the pedestal with him: only such men as Otis Skinner and Robert Mantell. David Warfield has his admirers, who contend that he is the greatest living American actor, and certainly within the narrow bounds of his meagre gallery of portraits he is without flaw. But David has yet to tackle the immortal bard. Not so Mestayer. This young actor has played Romeo, and has therefore depicted some of the tragic passions, which are of the highest reaches of his art. He has also played the doomed Son in Ghosts, which is a mighty tragic part itself. The fact is that Mestayer has tackled all reaches of his art, from the highest to the lowest. He has given the impress of truth to ideal conceptions, and he has made plausible the veriest puppets. A character actor, a leading juvenile, the Mephistophelian Jap in Hari-Kari, the vapid husband of the adventurous wife, the senile father in "Any Night,"—there is not an emotion he has not expressed, and in almost every one of his roles he leaves a peculiar and permanent impression that haunts one for days.

It would seem to me that to be a really great actor a man must have something more than technique, something more than edged and finished execution; that to lift the gift of expression into the highest realm of esthetic endeavor he must have imagination and he must have the

intelligence to catch, analyze and imprison the author's conception. These intellectual qualities Mestayer has exhibited in his very human and illuminating performances. He may not have exhibited them in the highest degree, but he is a young man in the middle thirties, young enough to wait patiently for the recognition that he deserves. Far from his zenith, he has exuberant vitality, he has enthusiasm, and his command of his art is constantly growing. With years that art will deepen in truth and power. Of this I am certain for Harry Mestayer is not of the hot-house variety of actor. He came into the world with an actor's temperament inherited from a long line of stage folk. If there is anything in eugenics Harry Mestayer is the greatest actor in the world. He must have effused the atmosphere of the theatre in his cradle. He is of the Mestayer family that made much of the theatrical history in the early days of San Francisco. His father Charley Mestayer was a member of the famous old California stock company that numbered McCullough and Booth and C. B. Bishop among its members. William Mestayer was his uncle. I have a keen recollection of one of the Mestayers playing the ferocious brother of The Two Orphans with Kate Claxton at the old Baldwin, and of another (it may have been the same one) playing a comedy role in a piece called "The Tourists." Those performances took place about the time that Harry Mestayer was born. Of this same family was Emily Mestayer, great aunt of the young man at the Columbia. Ned and Charles Thorne were cousins of the family. The Mestayers were originally of France, where they played as mountebanks a century or so before Marie Antoinette had the trouble over the necklace. So the probability is that the tricks of the stage were to Mestayer a matter of instinct before he elaborated the art that is compounded of many simple details.

—Theodore Bonnet.

In Calais Harbor During Mobilization

By Arnold Bennett

When, on Sunday last at noon, we threw a rope to a loafer on the outer quay of the smack-basin in Calais harbor, the loafer, as soon as he had made it fast and assured us that we were in a good position and received a franc, climbed down the iron rungs of the ladder in the wall, so as to be closer to us, and said:

"That is going badly, the war."

Prone by nature and training to reject all rumors of a startling kind, I replied that I hoped that "that" would arrange itself.

"Nevertheless," said he, shrugging his shoulders, "the general mobilization has begun."

This was real news to me. I had had none since the early editions of Saturday afternoon. I had waited all Saturday in Dover harbor, which was full of men-of-war, for some sort of reasonable weather to allow me to move on towards Cowes, whither I was bound. And it had been a gloomy day, in spite of the sunshine and in spite of the bright crowds and the band on the esplanade. It seemed to be monstrous, then, that the glory of Cowes Regatta should be even impaired by fears of war. (That the Regatta might be wiped entirely off the calendar did not occur to me, because it was unthinkable.) Soldiers and sailors had a peculiar air of importance and busy-ness. A group of officers and men maneuvering the immense iron booms for closing the eastern entrance to the harbor might have been a hierarchy rearranging the swing of the solar universe. Another group of officers went out of the harbor on a harbor-tug, and cruised to and fro—and me after them in a dinghy!—and returned with great mystery, and what they were doing on a harbor-tug none could say. A royal train came on to the pier, and debarked mysterious personages. Whom? I guessed that the train bore the Empress Dowager of Russia, and I was right; but at the time one was more inclined to believe in the despatch of another peace envoy. One instinctively related every phenomenon observed to the theory of the chances of war. If one saw a soldier with a girl, one said: "There can't be any real fear of war, or he wouldn't be gallivanting with that girl." And instantly afterwards one said: "War is a certainty—he's taking leave of her." This absurd irrationality colored the whole of one's secret mental life. A harbor clock striking at night had the very ring of destiny, and as for a tramp steamer suddenly blowing off steam—its effect on the nerves was appalling. So that, although convinced that there would be no general European war, I was determined on Saturday at midnight that wherever I spent Sunday, I would not spend it in Dover Harbor.

In response to the perhaps justifiable curiosity of the harbor-official on watch as to my destination, I stated as we passed out on Sunday morning that I did not know my destination. My hope was to reach towards the French coast and then beat up towards Dungeness; failing that, to make Boulogne; failing Boulogne, Calais. My skipper had hesitations about entering any foreign country, but I reassured him. . . .

The sequel was Calais, and in a gale of wind! We could not possibly have made Boulogne. And then, after the risk of being smashed against one of the piers on entering, to be told that the general mobilization had begun! Moreover, the high wind was carrying the dust and litter from all the streets of Calais and depositing it on my decks. And straw hats, pursued by men, were traveling at terrific speed along the quays. I

thought: "I may be weather-bound here for a week." Two years ago I had been weather-bound at Boulogne for a week in the height of summer. The fact is, the Channel is no place for yachting.

Then the health officers came aboard, climbing gingerly down the ladder. One was about forty-five and the other about thirty, and both were serious, respectable, urbane men. I invited them into the saloon to transact business. With all their calm they were much more exciting than the shore-loafer. In the space of about a minute they had told me that a German paper factory in the town had closed down and its manager fled; that no newspaper whatever were to be had in Calais; that the French packets were to be at once suppressed; that there was a train service only to Paris—and that very restricted; that all foreign money had ceased to circulate except English; that English and French torpedo-boats had performed evolutions in company outside the harbor; that mines were to be laid; that fishing was almost stopped; that pilotage was stopped; that the customs officers had gone; that the German and Russian armies were in contact; and that a ship entering Calais harbor on the previous day had been commandeered ("confisque," they said) by the Government.

I said I hoped they would not commandeer me. The older one replied:

"Oh, no! You are too small. You are useless."

Then he most amiably took half-a-crown instead of three francs for dues, no doubt in order to prove that English money still circulated.

We began to talk about the causes of the war. These two excellent and sensible men seemed to symbolize the absolute innocence of France in the affair. They had no desire nor enthusiasm for a war. They were whole-hearted in their condemnation of German diplomacy (so much so it would have been useless for me to state my views), but they were by no means whole-hearted in their condemnation of the German character. Indeed, they at once put a limit to a rather hasty generalization of mine framed to soothe them. When I said that the British fleet would certainly be placed at the disposal of France (I was not at all certain of it, but one talks at random and sentimentally in these international conversations), they were obviously reassured; but when I softly predicted success for France, the elder one only said gravely: "I hope you may be

right." Nobody could have been less Chauvinistic than these two.

In the afternoon, friendship having been established, they came to see me again, and to assure me that their receipt for dues gave me the right to depart whenever I chose. However, I relied less on their receipt than on the blue ensign of the British Naval Reserve, which I was entitled to fly, and which I kept flying all night, monstrously contrary to the etiquette of yachts.

After lunch I went ashore and walked about in the wind and the dust. Fragments of the "Marseillaise" came down on the wind. Baggage carts abounded; also motor-cars. I read the proclamations on the walls. The mobilization order, with its colored flags, was fairly comprehensive; it included all liable men not already with the colors. There was further a patriotic outburst by the Mayor of Calais, neatly turned in its grandiloquence; and, more disturbing, an announcement to foreigners ordering them to go instantly and report themselves to the Mayor, and from him obtain permission either to clear out or to remain. Personally, I ignored this, relying on my blue ensign. Finally, there was an instruction to horse-owners to bring all liable horses to the centre of the town on Monday morning.

Save for a few uncomfortable submarines, the harbor and basins were quite quiet. I was getting too close to the submarines when a sentry politely asked me to remove myself. I did so, and went to the station. At the station there was everything except trains and newspapers. The two middle-aged dames at the bookstall told me with firmness and pride that newspapers existed not for the present in Calais. Many soldiers were preparing to entrain; scarcely a woman could be seen.

I went thence to the enormous beach where the Casino and the cabins are, and the distressing monument to the victims of the "Pluaise." Two operatic performances were billed for that day at the Casino, but I could see no sign of them. Nearly all the scores of cabins were locked up; all the bathing vans were deserted. People wandered vaguely along the planks at the top of the beach—here and there an elegant, too elegant, woman. The high wind swept violently across the huge expanse of dry sand, carrying sand along in interminable undulating lines that looked like yellow vapor. A very curious spectacle! A priest came down in charge of a school of boys. They

(Continued on Page 19.)

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The War

Reflections and Comments Inspired by News and Hints from the Vast Field of Operations

By Robert McTavish

Two Mysteries

The meagre despatches from Europe pique curiosity. What is the story about the disgrace of a French officer? What about the army corps that failed for some mysterious reason of which we are vouchsafed but the vaguest hints? There is evidently much "digging" to be done by newspaper correspondents when the veil is lifted. The newspapermen in Europe now will have matter to write about the rest of their lives. And what a demand there will be for stories of war episodes. The history now in the making is solid gold for men who can pick it up at first hand, and convert it into copy for the press. The demand for it will not cease inside a quarter of a century.

The Balance of Power

Whatever may have been the immediate cause of the European war the principle in which it is motivated is the principle of the balance of power. This principle is thought to be of modern origin, but as a matter of fact it has been the incentive to human slaughter through the ages. According to Xenophon in his Institution of Cyrus the combination of the Asiatic powers arose from jealousy of the increasing strength of the Medes and Persians. In all the politics of Greece the balance of power was the question uppermost in men's minds. Thucydides tells us that the league which led to the Peloponnesian war was entirely owing to the principle that is now saturating Europe with blood. After the decline of Athens when the Thebans and Spartans disputed for sovereignty the Athenians always cast their lot with the weaker side. On the first rise of the Macedonian power Demosthenes saw the danger and sounded the alarm throughout all Greece. Polybius, speaking of the action of Iliero, King of Syracuse, deserting his ally Rome to assist the Carthaginians says: "He esteemed it requisite in order to retain his dominions in Sicily that Carthage should be safe lest by its fall the remaining power should be able without contest or opposition to execute every purpose and undertaking. And here he acted with great wisdom and prudence: for that is never on any account to be overlooked; nor ought such a force ever to be thrown into one land as to incapacitate

the neighboring States from defending their rights against it." Here is the principle enunciated in clear terms.

The French Birth Rate

Whatever the outcome of the European war the slaughter will greatly diminish the population, present and prospective, of the contending nations. France, however, will stand in sad prominence by reason of her well known steadily diminishing birth rate in the prospect of replenishing her defensive forces. Sad as has been the decrease in the past, it is far worse in the last three years. With the exception of 1911 the birth rate of 1913 was the lowest ever recorded in any country. The unfortunate result becomes painfully evident in a comparison of the ratio of living infants, who in 1913 numbered 188 in each ten thousand of inhabitants, while in 1906 the number was 205. The vital statistics of all countries show a diminishing birth rate, but the decrease in France is notable because the excess of births over deaths is from seven to ten times smaller than in other countries. This ratio is 105 in Austria, 127 in Germany and 158 in Holland, while in France the excess was only 15 in 1912 and 10 in 1913. There were in France 10,000 fewer marriages in 1913 than during the preceding year, and the divorces have doubled in thirteen years.

Major Seaman's Protest

Major Louis Livingston Seaman has butted into the limelight. Major Seaman is an authority on contagious diseases who first attained prominence on his return from his soldiering sojourn in Puerto Rico by attacking the Quartermaster's Department and causing an investigation that came to naught after he had modified his charges. He is now in Antwerp whence he cabled this despatch the other day:

I am with the dead and the wounded of the Zeppelin slaughter. The Germans attacked the sleeping city like a hyena in the night, murdering helpless women and children. In the name of civilization let America protest. This war is only assassination. I appeal especially to the peace society.

The Heart-Firing Address

Like Kaiser Wilhelm General Joffre, Commander-in-Chief of the French army, has the Napoleonic passion for inspiring rhetoric. Here is the flamboyant proclamation that he issued before the army found Alsace too hot to hold:

Children of Alsace: After 44 years of sorrowful waiting French soldiers once more tread the soil of your noble country. They are the pioneers in the great work of revenge. For them what emotion and what pride! To achieve this work they have made the sacrifice of their lives. The French nation unanimously urges them on, and on the folds of their flags are inscribed the magic words "Rights and Liberty." Long live Alsace. Long live France.

With Both Sides

While the newspapers of London are informing their readers that the sympathy of America is overwhelmingly with England and her allies, the newspapers of Berlin have been expressing their gratitude to us for our friendship. And under headlines "America Our Best Friend," "America

Our Only Friend," "America Protecting Our People in France, Russia and England," the newspapers of Berlin have been telling the public not to jeopardize America's friendship and sympathy for Germany in the Fatherland's struggle against unprecedented odds. The public is advised and urged to show the greatest courtesy and the utmost attention and consideration to all Americans and to assume an attitude of chivalry toward the British.

The Thunderer Thunders

In the London Times of August 14 I find some interesting comments on Germany's violation of Belgian neutrality, and on the German Chancellor's justification of it on the principles that the end justifies the means and that "Necessity knows no law." The German Chancellor's speech, says the Times, "is destined to be memorable in the annals of civilization." Further: "The doctrine he enunciated is traditional in Berlin." It was the doctrine of Bismarck but "he applied it with an intimate knowledge of the factors with which he had to deal." As applied in this instance, according to the Times' view, it was sheer stupidity. "In this instance," says the Thunderer, "the statesmen of Germany ignored elementary truths felt by the man in the street in each of the countries to which they relate. Yet it was upon them and other notions equally flimsy that the 'small change of Bismarck' in the Wilhelmstrasse and at Potsdam sought to base a scheme that should rival his. It was easy to be as unmoral; it was harder to be unmoral with like profit. The man of 'blood and iron' doubtless held Herr Von Bethmann Hollweg's doctrines. He would never have flung them in the face of the world on the eve of a European war. He would not have under-estimated the Slav sentiment of Russia, the anti-Austrian sentiment of Italy, the strength and resolution of French patriotism, the devotion of the Belgians to their free country, or even the strength of their fortresses. He would not have committed the fatuous error—worthy of the besotted diplomacy of the East—of begging England to stand aside while he trampled upon Belgium and invaded France.

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Poems About San Francisco

CLXI—THE SPIRIT OF '49

By the Benztown Bard

(The Benztown Bard is an eastern newspaper poet who writes better verses than one might expect, considering his rather ridiculous appellation. The following is taken from the files of Current Literature where it appeared in July, 1906, about the time a number of singers were chanting the dole of this city.)

Gray-bearded, rugged, lithe and long,
He stood and gazed upon the spot
Where, proud and beautiful and strong,
A city was that now is not.
Tears, manly tears, coursed down his face:
The thing that was to him was dear,
For he had seen it in its grace—
This California pioneer!

"O city of my sunset seas,"
He murmured, as a voice that dreams.
"Farewell her golden argosies,
Her voyagers of the old triremes;
Far out beyond her ocean gate
I see miraged the things that were,
The human tide that followed fate
Unto the naked birth of her.

"The long processions o'er the hills,
The crackling whips above the steers,
The lumbering wagons memory fills
With souls who entertained no fears;
The picks on shoulder in that train
That sought a new world in the old,
And left the harvest fields of grain
To till these western hills of gold.

"Her first rude huts, I see them rise,
Her later avalanche of life,
Building beneath these matchless skies—
To love as one could love a wife—
A city with the spirit fine
That follows rugged manhood's sway;
A portion of the new world's spine,
A measure of the far Cathay.

"A little of Parisian verve,
A spice of warm Castilian things,
A rugged share of homespun nerve
That gives and takes and lifts and flings;
A savor of freebooter law,
An oath, a blow, a bullet's leap,
Or, less of tragic, on the jaw
A fistful of uncourted sleep.

"But out of it, and through and through,
Mixing the rugged with the fine,
She grew—oh, how my city grew!—
Into conglomerates divine;
Into a hairy-breasted Gath,
A red-blood, tawny-bosomed town.
Good God, what reason for this wrath,
That tossed her, sundered, shook her down!

"Down, yet not down, for she shall wake,
Her spirit sends its roots far back
Into the hearts that for her sake
Will bend with courage to the rack.
Her children are the children yet
Of those who left the plains behind,
Who conquered mountains, all they met,
And whistled hardship to the wind.

"Their spirit is the spirit true
That out of all this wailing waste
Will build the framework and the flue,
A finer city, firmer based.
Take courage, brothers of my race;
Hail, stricken daughter, splendid mart,
These tears that trickle down my face
Are for the comfort of thy heart!"

Gray bearded, like a shape he passed,
A halo of his hope arose,
And where the golden waters glassed
The city's desolate repose
A bow of brilliant promise streamed
O'er that dark ruin, burned and sear,
In whose aurelian colors gleamed
The vision of the Pioneer.

The Spectator

The Primary Law

San Francisco has been so politics-ridden for years that our voters have almost come to regard the multiplication of elections as a matter of course. And so, while you hear on all sides adverse criticism of the direct primary law which has just been operated, there is not evident here the same strong sentiment against it which is to be found in smaller communities. The sentiment exists, but is not being voiced so loudly. Fresno county has discovered that on primary day only forty or fifty per cent of its registered vote was recorded. Naturally Fresno county wants to know why the people are not more profoundly interested, now that the government has been brought back to them. Only forty per cent of the registered voters of San Bernardino county took enough interest to vote for gubernatorial candidates. So San Bernardino is also somewhat out of conceit with this boasted direct primary. The fact seems to be that the voters are disgusted with the multiplicity of nobodies brought out as candidates under this law. In Los Angeles county there were seventy candidates for the superior bench alone. We all know how many men there were on the local tickets whom nobody had ever heard of before. Doubtless if the women had not gone to the polls in large numbers—and in their case one of the impelling causes was the novelty of the experience—the vote would have been strangely small. You may provide the dear people with elaborate election machinery, but inducing them to operate it is a horse of another color.

New York's Experience

New York hasn't had as much experience as California with direct primaries, but already New

York politicians are waking up to its defects. It is agreed by the leaders of all parties in the Empire State that their primary law will one day be amended so as to provide for conventions at which the various organizations may designate candidates, these candidates to go before primary voters as the choice of their respective parties and to ask for support from party men as against independent candidates not backed by organizations nor approved at party conventions. The Progressive party in New York actually held such a convention and picked out a full primary ticket, and while the Progressives are being denounced by the Republicans and Democrats for this violation of the spirit of the direct primary, everybody realizes that the denunciation is merely a political move and that the Republicans and Democrats will eventually do as the Progressives have done. There is scarcely a man of importance in the political organizations of New York who does not believe in the principle of designation of candidates by party organization and recommendation of these candidates to the primary voters. And it is felt that until the primary law is amended so as to establish this principle, it will never reach a stage of efficiency and practicality. The fights we have seen for control of county committees and the struggles to obtain the indorsements of these bodies indicate that our politicians realize the necessity in this regard almost as keenly as the New Yorkers do.

A Natural Grievance

The men who sit up o' nights are having a great deal to say these days about the contest between Jimmy Coffroth and Frank Daroux for control of the local Republican county committee. That was a struggle which interested a

number of our politicians much more than the gubernatorial or senatorial fight. Incidentally, it developed a good deal of bitterness between men who once were pals. There are, for instance, Eddie Graney, Daroux' first lieutenant in the contest, and Harry Lorentzen, widely known up and down the town as "The Banjo-Eyed Kid," who was electioneering in the Coffroth interest. Graney heard that "The Kid" had been saying unkind things about him, and when he met "The Kid" on Powell street he showed his resentment by knocking him down. To those who witnessed the encounter "The Kid" expressed his grievance.

"What do you think of that?" he exclaimed as he brushed the dust from his clothes. "Think of Graney hitting me, the best friend he has in the world!"

McNab Has His Punch

Gavin McNab took a hand in the primary campaign, but not until the closing weeks. Of late his interest in politics has been somewhat desultory. His attitude toward the sweating factions has been that of the looker-on in Vienna. But toward the close of the campaign, learning that Harry Flannery and Tim Treacy were working like beavers to build a wall around the Democratic County Committee, he felt that it behooved him to nip their little game in the bud. Looking the field over he found that the new bosses of the Iroquois Club had quite a push following, and were confident of victory, having organized every district in the city. But he was not at all dismayed. He rounded up a few of his old lieutenants and proceeded to outmaneuver the enemy. On election day he beat Tim Treacy in his own district with Louis Mooser,

the man whom Henry Flannery assaulted at a meeting of the State Central Committee. Throughout the city he routed the Flannery-Treacy combination horse, foot and dragoon. The McNab has not lost his cunning.

Hearst for Senator

Mr. Hearst says he will not run for the Senatorship unless he is needed, and as was to be suspected when he thus uttered himself the apparent need of him was being skilfully contrived. According to reports from New York Tammany is thinking seriously of running our foremost Native Son for the Senate. "Nobody," says the New York Sun, "professes to know that Mr. Murphy and the Tammany insiders and their allies have already picked Mr. Hearst, but speculation has reached that well defined and significant stage wherein it is proper for politicians to corner newspaper men and assure them that 'there seems to be a good deal of talk of Hearst among the voters all around the State.' And of course the Hearst sentiment is spontaneous. Mr. Hearst had no hand in the inspiring of it. Fearing that his glaring fitness might suggest itself to people all over New York, and that they might begin clamoring for him, he crossed the continent and danced his head off at the Cliff House by way of establishing an alibi.

Heroes All!

Who are the heroes of San Francisco? Who constitute our chivalry? What are the names of our great captains? our martial chevaliers without fear and without reproach? our Rolands? our Astolphos? our Amades de Gaul? Who are they that would deal mighty strokes for our safety, and e'en immolate themselves for the common good? our willing warriors and our cheerful martyrs? I don't know. You don't know. But there is one man who knows, and his name is Donn Byrne, poet and spinner of yarns. Donn Byrne knows who are the potential heroes of San Francisco, and he's not afraid to name them in print. He does this in a war story contributed to the latest issue of the Smart Set. "Through Hell to Peace" it is called, and in it Byrne imagines the horror of a general European attack upon these United States. While the combined fleets of Europe are steaming toward our shores, the great men of our country, of all classes, gather in the office of John D. Rockefeller to devise a plan of defense. And a most ingenious plan it is—for fiction. The whole Standard Oil fleet of steamers is to go out loaded with gasoline, benzine and other combustible oils and allow itself to be captured by the enemy. Then at a signal the cargoes are to be set on fire, and the navies of Europe with all their fighting men are to become a holocaust.

San Francisco's Bravest

Volunteers are needed, men willing to die the death of flames for the safety of their country.

At the first call these heroes come pouring in from all parts of the country, our most gallant sons, the flowers of a thousand flocks. San Francisco of course is represented, well represented in this volunteer army of sacrificial victims. It is here that Donn Byrne performs a service for San Francisco. He tells us who are our most admirable men of mettle, our King Arthurs, our Hannibals, our Scipios, our Caesars, our Charles Martels, our Lion-Hearts. The list is short, but bristles with bravery. It is short indeed, and sorrow must be the portion of those excluded from its golden roll. But let me withhold the names no longer. According to Donn Byrne the heroes who came from San Francisco were "Tobin, Scott, Pike, Harris and Martin." A quintet of Coriolani, eager for the preservation of the republic! Five Reguli, ready to be boiled in Standard Oil for the consuming of the foe! Byrne does not give their full names. Let me supply the Christian names by which the five will be canonized. They are Cyril Tobin, the Charlemagne of the polo field; Harry Scott, the Philip Sidney of Powell street; Roy Pike, the Kosciuszko of the Holluschickie Club; Larry Harris, the Fabius of the Family Club and victor in many a tented deal; and Peter Martin in whose person history repeats itself, for is he not, like another mighty warrior, the son of a Queen Eleanor? Gentlemen all, chapeaux bas! glory to our five lords of war!

"Any Night's" Lack of Appeal

San Francisco's theatregoing people did not take to "Any Night." This little melodrama of the bagnio which made so great a sensation in New York, was in no sense a success here. People stayed away from it in large numbers. They wrote letters to the management of the Columbia complaining about it, protesting against it. "Any Night" is the single failure of the Holbrook Blinn engagement at the Columbia. Although it kept the Princess Theatre in New York filled every night for a whole year—that was the length of its run in New York—"Any Night" could not interest San Francisco for a week. San Francisco censored it, censored it without the interposition of the Board of Censors which attended the opening performance but refrained from action. It is obvious now that no official or semi-official action was necessary. Our playgoers are competent to censor a play of which they disapprove.

A Valuable Lesson

It is only ordinary justice to point out that Holbrook Blinn does not approve of "Any Night." He protested against its production in New York, but was compelled to give way when his managers, Brady and Comstock (not Anthony, of course), insisted that it must go into the bill. So into the bill it went, and an extraordinary success seemed to show that the managers knew better than the actor what the public wanted. But Blinn did not therefore cease

thinking that its production was a mistake. Harry Mestayer has always taken the same stand about it. After its success in New York it was inevitable that it should be given in San Francisco. Gottlob and Marx of the Columbia were quite within their rights in including it in the Blinn repertoire. The event showed that San Francisco did not want it. The attendance at the Columbia which had been splendid, fell off after the first production of "Any Night" and continued to be poor all week. The falling off

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probably meant a difference of \$5,000 in the receipts of the Blinn season. The Columbia management were acting in good faith with their patrons; they know now that they made a mistake, and it was a costly one. But students of the drama hereabouts have made a valuable discovery. They have found out that while San Francisco will hail a delicious double entendre like "En Deshabille" and take an exquisite riskiness like "The Bride" in the spirit in which it is offered, it won't enthuse over a melodrama staged in a Raines Law Hotel. The data for predetermining what the public wants are exceedingly meager; the failure of "Any Night" is a valuable help for the solution of the most difficult problem the theatre offers.

Only Men Fainted

Maurice Level's shocker "The Kiss in the Dark" which we have seen this week at the Columbia, ran for six weeks at the Princess Theatre in New York. Invariably it aroused the audience to an extraordinary pitch of emotional excitement. It was an ordinary thing for two or three persons to faint during the performance. Indeed, this became such a matter of course that the Princess box office resembled an emergency hospital and the ushers waxed expert in the administration of first aid to the unconscious. During the six weeks that "The Kiss in the Dark" continued on the Princess boards there were a round hundred cases of fainting. And the curious point is that not a woman was in the list. Those who fainted at the horror of the play were all men!

For the Psychologists

These facts I learned from an actor who was in New York at the time. He called attention to the matter in the presence of several San Franciscans and one New Yorker. The group immediately set about canvassing the cause of the phenomenon. Why should men succumb to the excitement of the play, and not women. "The female of the species is more deadly than the male" was the Kiplingesque explanation of-

fered by one in the group. Another pointed out that despite their more delicate organization, women can always stand pain, mental or physical, better than men; so why should they not offer stouter resistance to the shock of "The Kiss in the Dark?" The New Yorker smiled rather cynically, and said he had a different explanation. The typical New Yorker, like the typical Parisian, he expounded, has had such an affair as the Man in the play. Perhaps he has broken off the liaison; perhaps he is planning to break it off. He tells himself that what the Girl in the play did to the Man may happen to him. Is it any wonder that he faints at the thought of that terrible vitriol-throwing? The New Yorker may be too cynical. But surely this is a problem worthy the consideration of the psychologist.

The Cost of Water

"I see that you San Franciscans are taking a good deal of interest in the eleventh-hour trouble we are having with Owens River water," said a Los Angeles man the other day.

I replied that we were indeed interested in the revelations concerning the pollution of the sources of supply, since our own water problem was in many respects similar.

"Well," continued the man from Los Angeles, "your officials would do well to study the cost of our water system. Our first bond issue was for twenty-three millions, and so far we have spent forty-one millions in all. Now it is estimated that to get rid of all polluting influences and insure purity we shall have to acquire reservoir sites and prior claims in side streams which will cost us twenty-five millions more."

I couldn't help thinking of the way our wiseacres of officialdom sneered when that great engineer Herman Schussler declared that Hetch Hetchy would cost at least sixty millions.

Grant Carpenter's Play

San Franciscans will have a taste next week of the dramaturgic quality of Grant Carpenter, a well known local writer who stirred eastern dramatic and literary circles last winter with a Chinese one-act play of unusual excellence. "The Dragon's Claw" was the hit at Philadelphia's Little Theatre last season, and when published in the Smart Set, won for its author many encomiums from the judicious few who have cultivated a taste for the modern printed drama. This tragedy of Chinatown is to be given at the Alcazar next week, and the occasion is quite as important as the first production of Powers' "The First Born" at the old Alcazar. Carpenter knows Chinatown better than Powers or Fernald knew it, and the success of "The Dragon's Claw" (which may be confidently predicted) will doubtless induce some enterprising manager to arrange with Carpenter for the presentation of a four-act play of Chinatown and our Bohemia which is bound to make a deep impression on theatregoers and to arouse the interest of all who study the relations of the East and West. An unusual tribute not appreciated by the author, has been paid to "The Dragon's Claw." An eastern actor was so taken with it that he appropriated it to his own use without so much as "by your leave," and has achieved a great success on the road. Carpenter is taking steps to punish him.

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As the Chancellor in "Iolanthe" at the Cort Theatre.

Jordan Heard From

At last we have authentic news about that tireless agitator for universal peace, Dr. David Starr Jordan. Dr. Jordan was crying "peace, peace!" up and down Europe when mobilization began, the fire-eating sovereigns paying absolutely no attention to his exhortations. He is now in London where, we learn, "he is greatly distressed over the terrible backset that civilization will get." We learn further that the president emeritus has fixed responsibility for the war. "He declares," we are told, "that the robber baron spirit among Austria's and Germany's aristocracy is responsible for the war." This of course settles the matter, not only for the men of today but also for the historians of tomorrow. Provided, that is, that Dr. Jordan doesn't recant. It is only a short time since Andrew Carnegie said much the same thing, but Andy took it all back almost as soon as he had said it. As Dr. Jordan is a great retractor, he too may find occasion to correct his statement later. The relations between Dr. Jordan and Carnegie are rather close, and Dr. Jordan will come to this country in time for the November meeting of the Carnegie Peace Foundation. Just what that meeting will accomplish is difficult to guess. Perhaps it will end the war by passing resolutions.

Our Own History

There are many signs of an awakening of curiosity about California history. It is evident that we have reached that stage of development that allows leisure for study of the past. While we are going forward we are looking backward. A great many of us have only learned recently that California has a history worth knowing, and it is perhaps no exaggeration to say that the great mass of people have yet to realize as much. But a beginning is being made, and the day will come when Californians will be as familiar with their own early history as they are with the early story of the New England States. A book which is bound to stimulate interest in California history is "California Romantic and Resourceful" from the pen of John F. Davis of this city. Judge Davis wrote this book for the praiseworthy purpose of inducing Californians to acquaint themselves with the beginnings of their State. He is thoroughly conversant with California history, and is eager to see the knowledge of it widely diffused. This beautiful book from the shop of A. M. Robertson is a plea, an eloquent plea, a plea which, I hope, will be generally heeded.

The Romantic Past

In order to impress his readers with the beauty of California history, Judge Davis devotes himself to the consideration of three aspects of our early history: the missions with their peaceable civilization, the strenuous conditions that issued in the adoption of our mining law, and California's unique method of getting into the Union. How much do you know about these things? Ask yourself the question, and blush at the answer which honesty of mind forces from you! Yet volumes have been written about these things, and there is still rich material for other volumes. In connection with the beautiful mission life Judge Davis lays special stress upon the love story of Concepcion de Arguello and the Russian Count Rezanov. And of this sweet story he very truly says: "When we think of the love stories that have survived the ages, Alexander and Thais, Pericles and Aspasia, Antony and Cleopatra, and all the rest of them—some of them narratives unfit to handle with tongs—shall we let this local story die? Shall not America furnish a newer and purer standard? If to such a standard Massachusetts is to contribute the Courtship of Miles Standish,

may not California contribute the Courtship of Rezanov?"

An Immortal Love Story

It is easy to see that this immortal love story has taken a firm hold on the imagination of Judge Davis. He includes in this volume the beautiful poem in which Bret Harte told the tale, and he reproduces photographs of Concepcion's father's home in the Presidio, her tombstone in the nun's cemetery at Benicia and the record of her baptism. If Judge Davis persuades his readers to delve deeper into this lovers' tragedy, if he causes them, for instance, to read Gertrude Atherton's splendid story of "Rezanov" (which, by the way, is out of print and difficult to get), his work will have been very well worth while. We owe Judge Davis a debt of gratitude for this finely written and inspiring book.

"Chimes of Mission Bells"

Another book which illustrates the growing interest in our history is "Chimes of Mission Bells" written by Maria Antonia Field of Monterey. This is another beautiful book; it is published by the Philopolis Press of this city. Miss Field describes her work as a work of love, and that is literally true, as all the proceeds from its sale are to be devoted to the more complete restoration of Carmel Mission, Father Junipero Serra's burial place. Miss Field has a previous work to her credit, a little book of poems; and the same qualities that gave that work its appeal are to be found in this short history of the mis-

sion days. Miss Field is sympathetic, tender and pious; there is a glow on all her pages. With a proper pride she points out the part which her own ancestors had in the stirring days of Spanish rule in California, for Miss Field comes of a distinguished family. Miss Field's enthusiasm, like the enthusiasm of Judge Davis, is catching, and these two books should have a good influence.

A Great Belgian

The war in Europe has already made one hero. I refer to General Leman, the brave soldier who directed the heroic resistance of Liege to the German forces. The stopping of the German onrush at Liege had consequences that we cannot appreciate fully at this time; but it is not too much to say that had it not been for General Leman the Kaiser's troops might be in Paris by now. We all read two weeks ago of the daring cavalry raid into Liege made by the Uhlans for the purpose of capturing General Leman and the Belgian general staff. But it has only just been discovered that the raid was brought about by a clever ruse of General Leman's. The Uhlans rode into a trap, and not one of them escaped with his life. Another ruse of his was also successful. He prepared a field with mines to the north of the city, and then sent a small detachment of Belgians to the north of the field. The Germans fell into the trap, and attempted to cut off the small force. The current was switched on and the entire German force destroyed! An unsuccessful attempt was made to kill Leman in the midst of the siege.



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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Gadski's Experience

The many friends of Madame Gadski in this city—and she has many intimate friends among our society people as well as thousands of admirers among our music lovers—will be interested in learning of her experience on the breaking out of hostilities in Europe. With her husband Madame Gadski was at Essen, the headquarters of the great Krupp establishment. Madame Gadski's husband is Lieutenant Hans Tauscher who is also well known in San Francisco. Lieutenant Tauscher is the American representative of the Krupp company, as well as an importer of German manufactures of a scientific nature. Lieutenant Tauscher managed to reach New York the other day, and told of his and his wife's experience. He learned of the declaration of war from Herr Krupp with whom he was dining. "I had to leave immediately for Berlin, accompanied by my wife and daughter and my chauffeur, Scherer, who looks like an Italian," said Lieutenant Tauscher. "We were stopped seventy times. The fact that my wife and daughter are in the habit of making conversational use of English phrases owing to their long residence here, her Russian sounding name and the number of our handbags made us objects of suspicion."

The Gadski's Bath

"We spent a night at Paderborn. In the morning my wife got up to take a bath and had to pass out of her bedroom. Just as she did so a lieutenant, who was accompanied by a private, laid his hand upon her shoulder and said, 'In the name of the law I arrest you.' Madame Gadski said, 'Am I allowed to take my bath?' The lieutenant thought deeply a while and said, 'Yes; but a soldier must accompany you.' "What, sir!" exclaimed Madame Gadski. "Heilige Elizabeth! What do you mean?" "Oh, I beg pardon," said the lieutenant flushing. "I only meant that he is to stand outside." "I should hope so," rejoined Madame Gadski. Off she went down the corridor, her bathrobe trailing majestically behind her, and the guard after her. And there he stood solemnly while she performed her ablutions."

A Warrior's Ruse

"I was arrested also. The lieutenant was profuse in apologies. 'If you can in any way establish your identity,' said he, 'I shall release you. You say you are a soldier. If so, you may know some of the military authorities here.' 'Who are they?' I asked. He gave me a list. It turned out that the commanding officer was General Von Wittig, whom I had known when we were both subalterns in the garrison at Mainz."

"The lieutenant went downstairs to the telephone and after a while returned looking very

grave and stern. 'The general,' said he, 'told me by all means to hold you, and he would investigate the matter himself.'

"The hotel was full of officers and soldiers, and the rumor ran about that a most important arrest had been made. After a while, we were sent for, the general having in the meantime arrived. The general came up; warmly shook hands with us, and expressed his delight at seeing us again."

"But," I gasped, 'why did you keep us under arrest?'

"My dear Hans," replied he, 'I wanted to be sure of seeing you both and getting you to take luncheon with us.'

Sorrowing Week-ends

The week-end is an institution here. There are certain men and women who seem merely to exist during the strenuous part of the week, but come to life for house parties at its close. Week-ending is amusing and—a money saver. A number of the habitual week-enders were plunged into sorrow by the partial destruction of the Fred Sharon place at Menlo Park. That fire burned up some of their most cherished hopes. For the Sharons intended to do a great deal of week-end entertaining this season. No week-end invitations are more eagerly looked for than theirs. But the week-ends at Menlo must be indefinitely postponed. It's a terrible blow.

Mrs. Norris' Visit

Mrs. Charles Norris, Kathleen Thompson that was, will arrive in this city for a visit with her family next week. Mrs. Norris was a society reporter chronicling the comings and goings of fashionables when she was last in San Francisco. She returns to us, one whom society delights to honor. Her comings and goings are now deemed worthy of notice in society columns. This is due to two causes; first, to her marriage to Charles Norris, the brother of Frank Norris the novelist; second, to her great success as a writer of short stories. "Mother" made her famous, both as a short story and later when expanded into a novelette. It was a best seller. Then came "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne," another success. And "Saturday's Child" which has just finished serial publication, has seemingly been read by every girl you meet. It has a San Francisco atmosphere which adds to its interest. Mrs. Norris will be widely entertained, for she has many friends here and her great personal charm will win her many more.

Birdie's Daughter

When Birdie Vanderbilt was out here some time

ago everybody remarked the growing beauty of her elder daughter. At the Fairmont, at Burlingame and at Del Monte the sweet grace of the girl was the subject of general comment. Now this young lady has received praise in New York, and as we are far from being indifferent to New York's opinion, we will be pleased to hear that what we noted has also been noticed there. According to one bavarde, this Vanderbilt belle "promises to eclipse her mother in beauty; tall and slender, with rich coloring and brown eyes and hair, she is exceedingly attractive and seemingly quite simple and unspoiled." In other words, she is as sweet as her charming mother Birdie Fair Vanderbilt was at her age.

An Engagement Surprise

Pretty little Miss Dorothy Allen never looked more attractive than she did as she attended as bride's maid on Tuesday at her brother's wedding. Scarcely had congratulations and ecstatic praise of the beautiful bride Miss Joelle Raas subsided when the guests were surprised to receive the announcement of Miss Dorothy's engagement to Mr. William Furman Hutchinson of New York. Miss Allen is the only daughter of Mrs. Frank Howard Allen, formerly Miss Susie Bishop. She made her debut last year, and is just out of her teens. A few weeks after her debut Miss Allen went east with the idea of perfecting her voice which critics praise highly; but Cupid stepped in and has changed all her plans. Mr. Hutchinson is several years Miss Allen's senior. He is a successful insurance broker. His old home was in Florida, but he has resided in the metropolis for the past fifteen years. After the wedding the couple will reside in the east.

Jennie Was Horrified

There's no doubt of it, Jennie Crocker Whitman was quite horrified by "The Kiss in the Dark." I know this because I watched her Monday night. She was in a box with Walter Martin and other friends, and she was quite transfixed by the playlet. She was indeed a picture of terror as she sat with hands clasped, lips slightly parted and eyes fastened on the stage. She was entranced, hypnotized by the thing. But when the spell was over and she noticed that her companions had been studying her terror, she laughed merrily and was herself again. The East has not spoiled Jennie. She is the same sweet young woman she always was, not a bit of a poseur and far from blase.

Where Hearst Went

I told last week about William Randolph Hearst, his wife and three other ladies leaving the Cort at the end of the first act of "Too Many

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Cooks." I hazarded the guess that a lively rag-time piece played by the orchestra intrigued his feet and sent him and his party to the Cliff House for a dance. But I was wrong. I have since learned that Mr. Hearst was not pleased with "Too Many Cooks." His taste in things dramatic is exceedingly critical, and he found fault with the show, on just what grounds I do not pretend to know. At any rate he escorted his party from the Cort to the Orpheum where they spent an hour and a half in the top box, apparently enjoying themselves quite wholeheartedly.

At Paso Robles

Recent guests at Paso Robles Hot Springs include: Dr. J. W. Robertson and family, Livermore; Miss A. Dibble, Ross; Miss H. Dibble, Mrs. John E. Beach, Santa Barbara; J. W. Edmonson, Mrs. Alf R. Kelly, Miss Margaret Kelly, C. Stanley Kelly, W. Harold Kelly, C. H. Johnson and wife, Mrs. W. H. Avery, F. C. Johnson, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Wm. Cooper, Mrs. Fraser, Dr. and Mrs. John Gallagher, Dr. John Gallagher, San Francisco; Mrs. E. K. Hamlin, Miss R. M. Hamlin, Seattle; Miss G. Brennan, Portland; Mrs. R. J. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Cadwalader, Burlingame; Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Miller, Nevada; W. F. Heilbrow, Honolulu; Louisa Kirby, Nettie R. Hughes, J. Rosenstein, Robt. Grabbe, Oakland; Miss Louisa Barker, Miss Mary B. Farley, Redlands.

Miss Giles' Classes

Miss Giles is preparing to begin again her classes in English literature, the week of Sep-

tember 19. These classes are as follows: Wednesday evenings at 8 o'clock, Shakespeare: a critical study of his plays in the order of their period; one evening a month being given to modern drama. This class is limited in number. Thursday mornings at 11 (probably) a class for reading and discussion of present day books and topics of interest. The first book taken will be "Pan Germanism" by Prof. R. G. Ustree, a book which has excited deep interest in Boston and New York. This class is limited also. Friday evenings: readings from great books, old and new, a class in general literature, including the study of plays and operas. Miss Giles solicits the co-operation of parents having children in the public schools in her afternoon hour for help with daily difficulties. This hour is given to helping children who do not need regular coaching, with the little difficulties with things not understood in the day's work. It is open to all students from primary to college preparatory students. For other lessons see the advertisement in the educational column of this issue of Town Talk. Address or telephone Miss E. L. Giles, 30 Craig Court Apts., 2186 California street at Buchanan. West 2892.

Georges Mascal at Tait's

Mr. Georges Mascal, recently here en tour with Tetrassini, returns to San Francisco to fill a brief engagement at the popular Tait-Zinkand Cafe, 168 O'Farrell street. Lovers of good music who were fortunate enough to hear Mr. Mascal sing during the recent opera season will certainly not miss the opportunity of hearing this talented artist sing again. Mr. Mascal possesses a wonderfully clear and strong voice of truly marvelous range and is undoubtedly one of the greatest baritone singers on the operatic stage today. His return here at this time is a decided triumph for the management of "Tait's." During Mr. Mascal's engagement at the Tait-Zinkand Cafe he will be heard daily in his greatest recent successes during lunch, dinner and after-theatre hours—12.30 to 1.30; 6.30 to 8; and 11 to 12.

A Rare Chance

Having tried successfully various highly-recommended recipes for dislodging passengers from coveted seats, the woman who swung from a strap in front of the sandy man tried talking at him to her husband. As a peroration to her harangue, she said, impressively:

"If you, James, should ever be bad-mannered enough to sit down while there was a woman in the car left standing, I would never speak to you again as long as I live."

The sandy man looked up then.

"Lucky fellow," he said. "Not many of us can purchase peace at that price."

The Banquet

The great man's tongue spake golden words
Of wisdom treating;
To celebrate, we use our own
For dainty eating.

The great man's hand held sword or pen,
Emancipating;
We grasp a knife and fork in ours
For celebrating.

The great man's feet trod thorny paths,
A leader able;
To celebrate, we stretch our own
Beneath a table.

We listen to his praises sung,
The viands sample,
And think that we can emulate
His stern example.

A visitor to the suburbs said to his host during the afternoon:

"By the way, your front gate needs repairing. It was all I could do to get it open. You ought to have it greased or trimmed or something."

"Oh, no," replied the owner. "Oh, no, that's all right."

"Why is it?" asked the visitor.

"Because," was the reply, "every time anyone comes through the gate they pump two buckets of water into the tank on the roof."

Mrs. Newriche—I believe our next door neighbors on the right are as poor as church mice, Hiram.

Mr. Newriche—What makes you think so?

Mrs. Newriche—Why, they can't afford one of them mechanical piano-players; the daughter is taking lessons by hand!

Have you ever noticed that the people who are stuck up seldom stick to each other?

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"The Kiss In The Dark"

By Edward F. O'Day

So much had been said about the supreme horror of "The Kiss in the Dark" that I braced myself for resistance to a great shock when the curtain went up to reveal that sick room in Paris. I was willing to be moved, but not to be moved utterly out of myself. A more inclining attitude of mind, it seemed to me, would be consciously to cultivate morbidity, and that is bad. Well, I was profoundly moved. All that Columbia audience was profoundly moved. "The Kiss in the Dark" is terrible, sensationally terrible. But I found myself less affected by it than I had been by "The Black Mask." Now why was this? "The Kiss in the Dark" had been announced as a more potent shocker than "The Black Mask." Those who had seen it in New York had returned to San Francisco to tell us of its emotional ravages. They had expatiated much more feelingly on its awfulness than on the awfulness of "The Black Mask." I might almost say that I was disappointed of the expected thrill. But that would be going too far. It was only by comparison with "The Black Mask" that "The Kiss in the Dark" could be said to fail. What is the reason? It seems to me that the latter play works less havoc with the imagination than the former. More is given to the eye. There is less call upon the mind. "The Black Mask" took us into a mean kitchen half-shroud-

ed in gloom. The central character struck immediate terror because his awful disfigurement was completely hidden from us. The imagination is liveliest when it is least hampered by visible objects; that is why children shrink from the imaginary terrors of the dark, why the most stolid of us is not without a creepy feeling in the lonely depth of a wood by midnight. The eye cannot pierce that black mask, so the imagination sets to work to conjure the awful thing that lies behind it. And the stronger the imagination the greater the horror. Again, when the drama drew to an end, when the man in the mask groped his way with bloody hands to the upper chamber where his wife was waiting for her lover, when we heard that shriek of fear, the sheer inability of the mind to construct a clear picture of the scene quick enough to satisfy our curiosity sent the imagination into a sudden ferment of horrible images that left us quite exhausted as the curtain fell. There are scenes in fiction that affect us so, and they were constructed in just the fashion of this scene in "The Black Mask." There are several in Poe, there is one in "Monte Cristo," there is another in "Great Expectations," there is one in Smollet's little read "Sir Lancelot Greaves." "The Kiss in the Dark" is played in a well lighted room. The initial horror of that terrible bandaged figure in the chair with its back to the

audience is lessened as the action proceeds. There is throughout so much for the eye that the imagination is not sent racing up and down the corridors of the unknown. The ending is truly horrible, but not so horrible as the ending of the other drama because it is involved in a turmoil of rapid action accompanied by words and screams. Turning from the plays themselves to the acting of them, one cannot be preferred to the other. If it would be difficult to think of another actor who could extract more horror from "The Black Mask" than Holbrook Blinn extracted, it would be equally difficult to think of another actor capable of equalling Harry Mestayer in "The Kiss in the Dark." With his back turned and only a small part of his side face visible, Mestayer holds the audience enthralled through many minutes, a triumph of artistry—one might better say, perhaps, of virtuosity. Miss Murdoch's too was a splendid performance, rising to an emotional height few actresses are equal too, and never once losing grip on the audience. It is a fine bill these Princess Players are giving us this week. The other new plays are the amusing trifle "At the Switchboard" and the thriller "The Hard Man." Together with these are "The Fountain," "The Bride" and "Food."

Gossip of the Theatre

Caesar Comes and Conquers

The important question, Will they make good? (meaning Waldemar Young and William Jacobs) was answered at the Orpheum last Sunday. The audience laughed a positive, unequivocal affirmative. Nor was it wholly the laugh of friends down in front. Much of the laughter came down from the ceiling. Young and Jacobs need be in no hurry about getting back to the type-writer in the Chronicle office. The newspaper that Caesar ran will keep them busy on the vaudeville circuit. It is good fooling, this skit that Young and Jacobs wrote. It reminds one of the old-time minstrel after-pieces, as they were called, in which the comic was capped by the grotesque. They were travesties on anything and everything, and mirth-provoking in the sheer extravagance of them. Bernard Shaw was proud of his achievement when he brought the first of the Caesars abreast of the latest results of historical research, but Young and Jacobs have out-Shawed the great Socialist, bringing the conqueror of Gaul down to the minute, and making him talk like a crap-shooter with a slight touch of the archaic in his dialect. They have imagined Cleopatra as a danseuse and Mark Antony as her press-agent "working" Caesar for space in his daily paper. Having imagined these things the rest was easy. And the result is a comic dish that puts fat on the ribs of anyone who is capable of relaxation from solemnity. The play is actor-proof, but nevertheless neither Jacobs nor Young loaf on the job. Young, by the way, is as funny as his skit. He is Jack Falstaff in Roman dress, only he is more nimble despite his by no means too solid flesh. While Caesar was running his newspaper gales of laughter swept the house. I have only one suggestion to make—that Cleopatra be less reticent. Edith McFar-

land has grace and charm, and if she has the temperament to bring Cleopatra abreast of the times there is nothing to stop her. The inevitable "play with the punch" is at the Orpheum this week. It is called "The Cop." It is hardly less extravagant than Young's skit, but it is so well done by Francis McGinn that it takes the audience off its feet. Walter De Leon and Muggins Davies have returned to O'Farrell street, and they justify their return with a clever travesty on the "movies." A taking pair on this week's bill are Lola Merrill and Frank Otto.

—T. F. B.

A Spectacular Act at Pantages

The big hit of this week's bill at Pantages is a very spectacular act called "The Lion's Bride." It is presented by the well known magician Charles Carter, and is full of thrills. A ferocious lion, a cruel Indian prince and a captive maiden who repulses the prince's advances are the central figures in an absorbing story which reaches its climax when the maiden is thrown to the lion. But heaven interposes with a stroke of lightning which saves the pure maid. This is an act which only a magician could stage, and Carter has brought out in it every possibility of surprise. It is superbly mounted. Carter also appears in a separate number made up of exceptional conjuring tricks. The tricks are unhackneyed, and Carter has a pleasing personality and an amusing line of talk. One of the big ovations this week is accorded popular Bob Albright known as "the male Melba" on account of the amazing range of his voice. He sings several numbers including a new song "California and You" which seems destined to great popularity. Everybody knows Eddie Howard, and everybody gives him a great reception when he appears in his laughable skit

"Those Were the Happy Days." Nadjé, the Vassar Girl, an athletic beauty, Ross and Seunnen in song and violin selections and the original New Orleans Creole Orchestra are the other features of a good bill which ends with a comedy film.

—E. F. O'D.

Two New Plays at Alcazar

Beginning with the Labor Day matinee, Monday, and including a special holiday on Wednesday, Admission Day, besides the regular matinees on Thursday, Saturday and Sunday, a great double bill will be offered at the Alcazar. This bill will consist of the first production on any stage of a new and very funny three-act farce entitled "The Bigamists." Here is a play with a new idea and so refreshing as to make it a delight. The story would be spoiled for the audience if related in this column, but suffice it to state that the plot teems with rapid-fire hilarity. Preceding "The Bigamist" will come an absolute novelty. This will be the first production in this city of a one-act Chinese drama, a thriller of the very first water, written by Grant Carpenter, a well known attorney and former newspaperman of this city. Mr. Carpenter's little play is a tragic dramatization of a short story of his that appeared in the Sunset Magazine. In play form it was recently published in the Smart Set Magazine, and it caused a genuine sensation and thrill on the occasion of its first production on the stage at the famous Little Theatre in Philadelphia. Here is a play that is an absolute novelty and it will be splendidly acted by a capable cast of Alcazar players.

De Wolf Hopper at Cort

What should prove to be not only the most important but the most interesting attraction offered

in honor of the season's opening, and season to the company management of Dr. W. F. Hopper and the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company which will begin Sunday night, September 6, at the Fort Theatre. William F. Brady, the producer, promises the greatest opera season ever and expects that he will present a number of noted artists, including the celebrated soprano and prima donna, that is every way up to the Gilbert and Sullivan tradition. The true lover of these operas will find the most precious presentations in these operas. In addition to Mr. Hopper, the cast includes: Lucille Blum, Gladys Caldwell, Joyce Henson, Annie Fountain, Maude Morrison, Una Rogers, Arthur Aldridge, Robert Wainman, Arthur Cunningham, John Willard, Herbert Crisp, Henry Smith and others. The repertoire for the first week is as follows: Sunday, Monday and Tuesday nights and Labor Day and Saturday matinees, "The Mikado;" Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights and Wednesday matinee, "Iolanthe;" neither of these operas will be repeated during the second and final week of the engagement, which begins Sunday, September 13. The first half of the latter week will be devoted to "The Pirates of Penzance," and from Thursday night on a double bill will be given, consisting of "Trial by Jury" and "Pinafore." This system of reviving the works of Gilbert and Sullivan began three years ago when "The Mikado" was restored. The great success attained by the comic opera was so pronounced that its producer was encouraged to further endeavor, so that now the repertoire of the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company, in addition to "The Pirates of Penzance," "Pinafore," "Iolanthe" and "Trial by Jury." The average theatregoer of today may not be quite as familiar with these charming operas as those of the last generation, but by most people they are still a fixed quantity in musical culture and to the majority they are fraught with tender memories. It may, however, be said, for the benefit of those who expect only to find amusement in much of the so-called musical comedy of the period, that in these charming operas, there is in almost perfect adherence of libretto, few comparisons can be compared with those thirty-year-old favorites.

A Cow Girl at Pantages

The West admires pluck, daring and nerve, and Lucille Mulhall, champion horsewoman of America who is the big feature on the cracking good bill announced at Pantages, combines all of the qualities of the ideal cowboy of the ranges. Miss Mulhall won her spurs at the Winnipeg stampede last year in competition with a dozen noted horsewomen and steer ropers. The act which Miss Mulhall has arranged for vaudeville is filled with dash, novelty and excitement. There are eight cowboys and four cowgirls, with Miss Mulhall and a thirty-minute miniature stampede is presented by the troupe of cow rustlers together with roping, steer throwing and expert lariat tossing, finishing with Miss Mulhall "bulling" a big, long horned genuine Texas steer. "The Tinkling Tale of a Toy Shop" is the catchy act of the "Dolly Doll" which embraces eight dancing dances. A wild capering jack-in-the-box is the comedian of the cast, while the pretty girls enact characters from Mother Goose rhymes. Pat Green who makes sparkling repartee with a green suit does "The Flooding of Dan McGraw" a bit better than the average vaudevillian. The Reid sisters are acrobatic dancers. Dave Vanfield opens the bill with clever tossing of cumbersome objects. The Ross and Cabell, entertainers de luxe, and the Musical Brothers, balance the show. An extra offering on the Pantages bill is the daily show slide service which is shown at every performance. This theatre has the exclusive privi-

lege for this city from the Underwood photo company.

Testimonial for Treasurer David

The opening performance of the farewell week of the Holbrook Blinn season at the Columbia on Monday night will be in the form of a testimonial benefit presented by Charles David, treasurer of the theatre. It is expected that the house will be filled to its utmost capacity, as Mr. David's popularity with the theatregoing public of this city is very great.

Last Week of Blinn

The Holbrook Blinn season at the Columbia for four weeks past has been a brilliant success, and the sixth and final week commencing Monday night promises to see the players patronized by immense audiences at every performance of the "Request Program." Hundreds of letters asking for the presentation of this or that success of the Blinn repertoire have been received at the box office of the theatre and a careful selection has led the management to make up the program as follows: "Hani Kani," the startling story of the white woman and the Japanese diplomatic attache; the Frenchy "En Deshabille;" the terrific and overpowering playlet in two parts, "Fear," and the first production on any stage of a new piece entitled "Little Face." This play deals with primitive life and from all accounts makes a unique stage production. In "Little Face" and the other plays on the program, the various members of the company will have ample



ARNOLD DALY

Who will present George Bernard Shaw's comedietta "How He Look to Her Husband" next week at the Orpheum.

opportunity for excellent work during the farewell week of the season. Holbrook & Blinn, Emilie Polini, Jean Murdoch, Lewis Edgard, Vaughn Trevor, Harry Mestayer, Charles Mather and the other players have become established favorites with theatregoers of this city. Matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday.

Arnold Daly at the Orpheum

The Orpheum offers for next week a program of exceptional merit, interest and variety. Arnold Daly, the famous American actor who for several years past has successfully starred in the plays of George Bernard Shaw, is making his first tour over the Orpheum circuit and will make his vaudeville debut in this city this Sunday matinee. Mr. Daly will appear in the comedietta "How He Look to Her Husband" which was especially written for him by Mr. Shaw. He brings with him his own company which includes Doris Mitchell, an actress of exceptional merit. The Chas. McGoods Company, three in number, will present a novel act which begins with some astounding billiard shots and terminates with a series of wonderful and novel athletic acts. "Sayings and Songs" is the title Henry Hines and George Fox give to their act. These clever young men are the authors of most of the songs they sing, and one of them excels as a ragtime pianist. George Jones and Harry Sylvester will exhibit their ability and versatility in a comedy skit by Leo Carillo entitled "The Two Drummers." Frank Wilson appropriately styles himself "The Cycling Genius." Byrd Crowell, the gifted and handsome young soprano, will display her beautiful and highly cultured voice in high class songs. Next week will be the last of Lola Merrill and Frank Otto; Waldemar Young and William Jacobs assisted by Ethyl McFarland in "When Caesar Ran a Paper," and Francis McGinn and Co. in "The Cop."

"Greatest Show on Earth" Coming

Peanuts and pink lemonade will soon be ripe and the odor of new-mown sawdust will permeate the air. The Barnum & Bailey circus, gayest, gladdest, grandest galaxy in all the wide, wonderful world, will encamp at Twelfth and Market streets on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, September 5, 6 and 7. This city may then again blink at the fascinating splendors of a three mile long street parade, revel in the surpassing delights of a colossal new spectacle and tremble for the safety of gracefully daring performers in three rings, four stages and a wilderness of aerial apparatus. The time honored custom has been to distinguish each successive year's circus as "bigger and better than ever before." The phrase has become so true, however, that Barnum & Bailey hesitate to repeat it, despite their conviction that it adequately describes this season's entertainment. The familiar catch line, "The Greatest Show on Earth," they give assurance, will be lived up to far and away more generously than in any of the long years the canvas colossus has appeared in this city. Monotony, routine and repetition have been so completely eliminated that old timers will rub their eyes in astonishment. There's material enough to make a score of the circuses of even recent years in this modern wonderland. Proving most overwhelmingly its continued tented supremacy, Barnum & Bailey contend, is "The Wizard Prince of Arabia," a romantic Oriental panoramic pageant whose magnitude and beauty have no like or equal in all the vast and varied history of spectacular presentations. Its stupendous scenic and property investiture, stage pictures, music, songs and great choruses are the proudest achievements in the Barnum & Bailey career. The prettiest, daintiest array of femininity ever assembled is disclosed, and the terpsichorean revels of the ballet belles

provide a lingeringly glorious iridescent eye-feast. More than one thousand persons participate in the pantomime, and of elephants, camels and horses there are legion. Its tent-wide tableaux recite the romance of Prince Abdallah of Arabia and Princess Ahloo Ssaran, fair and favorite daughter of King Babar, feudatory ruler in India who exercises the power of life and death in his domain. Dauntlessly the royal youth and his entourage, with floating banners, shining helmets, fluttering pennons, tossing plumes and prancing steeds, cross through Persia and Eastward in quest of glory and adventure. Cupid becomes his postillion once he enters Babar's kingdom. The stern old ruler has a fixed disinclination to forfeit his daughter, however, and death is the penalty awaiting the wooer who fails his notion of a son-in-law's requirements. Prince Abdallah and his five Magic Men speedily accomplish the royal defeat and a great connubial ceremonial ensues. The ending of the spectacle is but the beginning of the circus' arenic performance, which is abridged in no particular and enlists the daring and graceful services of an army of internationally famous celebrities. Foreign newcomers predominate, for Americans will not hazard life and limb in exploits undertaken by the men and women who find the routine struggle for existence too sharp abroad. Trained animals are in great variety and numbers. Baboons wearing boiled shirts and store clothes ride bicycles. Horses, ponies, geese, dogs, cats, sheep, goats, zebras, roosters, donkeys and kangaroos afford brain specialists food for reflection. More than two score disciples of Grimaldi furnish ceaselessly convulsing nonsense during the three-hour whirl of kaleidoscopic activity. The menagerie is the most complete traveling zoo in the world. The freaks have returned to the Barnum & Bailey tents after an absence of several years and are exhibited this season in vast exposition. Interest

in the curious creatures who seem to be the products of nature's most whimsical moods has proved intense everywhere, advance agents relate.

An Improved Service

The Oakland, Antioch and Eastern Railway now has six trains which are making direct connection from and to points on the Northern Electric Railway and Sacramento and Woodland Railroad via Sacramento. This improved service with those electric lines will no doubt be appreciated by the traveling public as it will enable the passenger to make direct connections from and to Marysville, Yuba City, East Gridley, East Biggs, Oroville, Chico, Colusa, Live Oak and Woodland. A fast schedule between these points and Oakland, Berkeley and San Francisco has been arranged for the new time table. Observation cars which are carried on the "Comet" leaving San Francisco 9 a. m., Oakland 9:30 a. m. and on the "Meteor" leaving San Francisco 4:40 p. m., Oakland 5:09 p. m. and returning leaving Sacramento on the "Comet" at 9 a. m. and leaving Sacramento on the "Comet" at 2:55 p. m., are becoming more popular every day as they enable patrons fully to appreciate the scenic beauties enroute.

More Dances at Tavern

Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. These are the three evenings on which the informal dances are held at Techau Tavern. It has been necessary to add this third evening because of the great popularity of these dances. It has also been necessary to extend the time, and from now on dancing will begin at 9 o'clock instead of 10:30 as heretofore. On each evening three of the ladies present will receive costly articles of art. These gifts were purchased by the management from S. & G. Cump Company and are beautiful and expensive art objects.



PEOPLES PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA ASSOCIATION

Organized to establish a permanent orchestra to give symphony concerts of greatest excellence at minimum prices. Membership including admission to concerts from 25 cents to \$1 for each concert. Information and tickets at 816 Hotel St. Francis.

5TH SYMPHONY CONCERT OCTOBER 8th

COLUMBIA THEATRE

The Leading Playhouse—Geary and Mason Sts.
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BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, SEPTEMBER 7th
FIFTH AND FAREWELL WEEK

HOLBROOK BLINN

And His PRINCESS PLAYERS

PROGRAM OF FOUR COMPLETE ONE ACT PLAYS
PRESENTED AT EVERY PERFORMANCE

First Time on Any Stage of the Unique Playlet

"LITTLE FACE"

A Story of Primitive Lift

Revivals by Request of

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Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

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Last Time Saturday Night—"Too Many Cooks"

STARTING SUNDAY NIGHT, SEPTEMBER 6th

2 Weeks—Regular Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

Special Holiday Matinee Labor Day

Mr. William A. Brady Announces

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and the

GILBERT & SULLIVAN OPERA CO.

In Revivals of the Greatest Light Operas Ever Written

FIRST WEEK—Sun., Mon., Sat. Nights, Labor Day Mat. and Sat. Mat., "THE MIKADO"; Tues., Wed., Thurs. and Fri. Nights and Wed. Mat., "IOLANTHE."

SECOND WEEK—Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed. Nights and Wed. Mat., "PIRATES OF PENZANCE"; Thurs., Fri., and Sat. Nights and Sat. Mat., (Double Bill) "TRIAL BY JURY" and "PINAFORE."

Nights, Sat. Mat. and Labor Day Mat., 50c to \$2
Wednesday Matinee "Pop." Prices

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Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
SUPERB VAUDEVILLE

ARNOLD DALY assisted by Doris Mitchell and Company in GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S COMEDY "HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND"; CHAS. McGOODS COMPANY, Pastime in a Billiard Parlor; HARRY HINES & GEORGE FOX, Sayings and Songs; GEORGE JONES & HARRY SYLVESTER, "The Two Drummers"; FRANK WILSON, the Cycling Genius; BYRD CROWELL, Soprano Soloist; LOLA MERRILL & FRANK OTTO; WALDEMAR YOUNG & WILLIAM JACOBS assisted by Ethyl McFarland in "When Caesar Ran a Paper"; Last Week FRANCIS McGINN in "The Cop."

Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, \$1.00.
Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

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A GREAT DOUBLE BILL!

The Funniest Farce Ever Written

"THE BIGAMISTS"

Preceded by Grant Carpenter's One Act Chinese Play

"THE DRAGON'S CLAWS"

Popular Prices!

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A Good Orchestra Seat at Night for 50c

Monday, Sept. 14th; Opening of New Alcazar Players

PANTAGES VAUDEVILLE

MARKET STREET OPPOSITE MASON
"STAMPEDE WEEK"

LUCILLE MULHALL and HER COWBOYS AND COWGIRLS, one of the greatest vaudeville novelties on the stage. Genuine bucking bronchos and Texas long horned steers roped and "buled" at every performance; "DOLLY'S DOLLS," the tugging tale of a "Toy Shop," with 8 dashing darsies. PARIS GREEN, a monologist with green ideas. REID SISTERS, acrobatic dancers; L.E. ROY & CAHILL, entertainers de luxe; DAVE VAN-FIELD, novelty eccentric juggler; WAR SLIDES FROM THE FRONT.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The news of the financial situation has been against the bulls and the tendency to speculative movement has been against the bears. The lack of exchange continues the most adverse feature of the situation as it holds exports in check and submits our travelers in Europe to greater or less inconvenience. The increase in the volume of exports of wheat is forcing the situation but better exchange facilities are in force the movement will not assume the proportions necessary to bring material relief in the matter of our indebtedness to London. It is obvious that no move will be made to reopen the Stock Exchange in a manner that will permit of further European selling until our exports of merchandise have reached such proportions that the situation will be such that ever selling took place. The domestic selling that may come into the market is another source of danger which the banks have to consider, and provide for before permitting the exchange to reopen. The banks have been able to accomplish what they have through the use of paper money, but clearly it would not be advisable to finance a speculative movement on the basis of paper money, for it would open the future to an expansion which could but produce all kinds of trouble. The banks are not going to let the situation that we shall expand too much in the use of paper money, as it is, but so far the banks have restricted the use of such facilities to necessities and they will undoubtedly continue to do so.

Wheat—The wheat market was very active last week with the May option selling up to \$1.25. There was no mistaking the fact that about 90% of the trade, represented by the big commission houses and conservative leaders, wished to see the market settle down to a more normal basis. It was this feeling which caused a small advance in the week. The market did not break further was due to the discovery that the country was not taking profits nor weakening at all in its bullish position. The result was that with the local offerings taken off the market there was nothing to do but switch back quickly to the bull side. The bull factors are not numerous but they are of an influential character. The government, the banks and neglects to sell on the swells. The administration at Washington told the farmers to hold their wheat several weeks ago. The logic of the situation is that they are not only holding their own wheat on the farms but are in the big public market buying the futures. The millers have been big buyers, trying to get hold of enough wheat to fill the flour sales made when the first war scare came on. Big exporting houses have been active buyers because they sold more wheat

to the East than the country supplied. Broomhall gave out a bullish statement on wheat saying that English wheat buyers are not counting much on Canada because of the small surplus this year. Back of all other influences is the bullish war sentiment, present press advices indicating more strongly each day that the European conflict is to last for months and that short crops abroad next year must be taken into account.

Corn—There was a strong and higher market for corn early in the week in sympathy with the strength in wheat and the buying by outsiders, but the market weakened later and then wheat turned lower. The advance brought about realizing sales and the cash market that has been very strong of late showed signs of weakness due to the big run of corn to market. Crop reports are conflicting, but it is generally conceded that the crop will be a moderate one at best and reserves of old corn are extremely small. Would sell on the rallies.

"Wadley must be in good deal better financial circumstances than formerly."

"Why so?"

"He's so much slower paying his bills than he used to be."

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June 30th, 1914.

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| Assets | \$56,556,555.00 |
| Capital actually paid up in Cash | 1,000,000.00 |
| Reserve and Contingent Funds | 1,817,717.55 |
| Employees' Pension Fund | 177,666.70 |
| Number of Depositors | 96,367 |

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 5 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays, 10 o'clock a. m. to 4 o'clock p. m. and Sundays, exchange hours 9 o'clock a. m. to 5 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

For the information of depositors, the following is a list of the names of the directors of the Society for the year 1914.

ORDER

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of FRANK SIMONART, deceased.

Whereas, I, Thomas F. Graham, having been appointed executor of the last will and testament of the said deceased, do hereby certify that the same has been duly proved and admitted to probate by the said Superior Court, and that I am duly qualified to administer the same.

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Green

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In Calais During Mobilization

(Continued from Page 7.)

took off their shoes and stocking, and against each shoe the wind immediately raised a hillock of sand. The priest took off his shoes and stockings, and tucked up his skirts. As he entered the water he carefully washed his feet; it was a wise action.

Then I went into the town, dominated by the jangle of car bells. Calais is a picturesque city; it is the southernmost outpost of Flemish architecture on that coast; the people, too, are a little Flemish. The cafes were not full—about half full; here and there a waiter was serving in military uniform. The populace was interested and talkative, but neither gay nor gloomy. On the faces of only two women did I see an expression of positive sorrow. The cafes chantants were functioning.

Towards nightfall the wind and the dust dropped. The town grew noisier. The "Mars-eillaise" was multiplied in the air. My skipper and cook went ashore and returned with the news that in the town they had received an ovation as British tars.

The next morning it rained heavily. We crept out to sea at 4:30, with vitality at its lowest ebb. Apparently, no one had noticed us, but at the mouth of the harbor two submarines were uncomfortably in waiting, as though for ourselves. "What a fool I was to come here!" I thought. "They may refuse to let us go." But they didn't. We exchanged salutes, and I was free. Wind and tides favoring, we made a magnificent passage to Brightlingsea in exactly ten hours. Once, near the Edinborough Lightship, we were hailed by a British torpedo boat, who demanded the yacht's name. Because he couldn't hear our reply, he bore right down on us. We held a white life-belt with the yacht's name therein in black, and the torpedo boat, sheering off, gave an august consent to our continuance. The whole coast was patrolled. Brightlingsea was precisely as gay as it always is on every August Bank Holiday. Not a sign of war. But we had not dropped anchor ten minute before my cook, who belongs to the Naval Reserve, received official notice that he was "wanted." Such organization struck me as being rather good.

"What pay do you get?" I asked the cook.

"Well, sir," he said, "I don't exactly know. We get a guinea a week drill money, but we shan't get so much now we're called up."

"Then what about your wife and family?"

"I don't know, sir."

He was moved. Much as I admired the organization of the State, I was confirmed in my ancient conviction that the War Office has still something to learn as an employer.

—London Nation.

In the Near Future

"And now, Henry," said Mrs. Weakersex as she rose from the breakfast table and lighted a cigar, "don't neglect anything while I am at the

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"OVERLAND LIMITED"
EXTRA FARE \$10
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"PACIFIC LIMITED"
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ROCK BALLAST HEAVY STEEL RAILS

Protected by Automatic Electric Block Signals

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

THE EXPOSITION LINE—1915—FIRST IN SAFETY

office. When the milkwoman comes get a double quantity, and see that she gives you full measure.

"Then ask the mailwoman about those letters that were to be sent here instead of the office, and when the plumberess comes to fix the bath tub get her to attend to the faucet at the kitchen sink.

"I think in all probability the painteress who is going to varnish the hall stairs will be here today, and I am sure the woman who installed the furnace will be here this morning to open it up for the winter.

"Then I wish you would call up some brick-layeress, my dear, and get an estimate on a little strip of three foot wall to run from the stable to the garage; and while you are about it see if you can't get a competent woman to clean out the cistern and put in the coal, won't you?

"I'm going to change stable girls too, but I shan't bother you about that today. I want to keep my mind clear of all worries, for those Wall Street operatoresses are getting too keen for any use. They keep me guessing all the time. When I'm a bulless I see where I should have been a bearess, and vice versa.

"But I'll beat 'em yet. Just watch me. I haven't been going to a nerve doctoress for a year for nothing.

"And now, whatever you do, keep a sharp eye open for pedleresses and trampesses. Don't let them in the house. And as for Ella, the chauffereess, if I hear of your making eyes at her again I'll discharge her tomorrow.

"And finally, if any such thing as a man should come about turn him over to the policewoman immediately!"

Cautious, at morn, he lies about the pool,
His rod and line a-swish;
Boldly, at eve, astride a tavern stool,
He lies about his fish!

SUMMONS
In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 58,227; Dept. No. 2.
A. L. BLAKESLEE, Plaintiff, vs. VIOLET W. BLAKESLEE, Defendant.
Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.
The people of the State of California send greeting to: Violet M. Blakeslee, Defendant.
YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.
The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's adultery, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.
And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.
GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of July, A. D. 1914.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.
JOS. A. BROWN, Attorney for Plaintiff. 8-8-10

SUMMONS
In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 57,695.
MARIA BASCOU BARLETTA, Plaintiff, vs. HENRY CALVET, et al., Defendants.
Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.
The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Henry Calvet, J. A. McDonald, John Titus James, Lubeck's Investment Company, a corporation, Defendants.
YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.
And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.
GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 1st day of July, A. D. 1914.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.
JOSEPH A. BROWN, Attorney for Plaintiff, Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-11-10

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SAN FRANCISCO

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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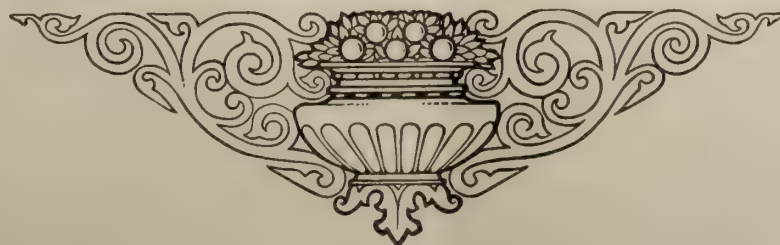
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

the Hearst Peace Dove

William Randolph Hearst, the great American apostle of peace! Was there ever more bewildering "lightning change" artist in any stage? Yesterday the great War Lord of his country, minatorially shrieking at comminations at the President for watching and waiting instead of marching in Mexico, now a holy calm possesses his soul and Peace is its evening star. The fire Prometheus flashing in the common ways of men, flaming up under the stress of a vast upheaval in the conflict of life and death, and splashing with crimson the roof of the world, has given him pause and inspired him with a becoming reticence toward good old Admiral Grapejuice of the Battleship Piffle and his emaciated Dove of Peace. No thought now in the Hearst mind of the argument that we built the naval and therefore to hell with our treaty with England also. Force is fine in sunny weather, but war is murder, it hurts business, deranges civilization, and Mr. Hearst abominates it as unchristian, and longs for lovely concord. So let's round up all susceptible sapheads—politicians and ergymen—under the egis of the Hearst papers and have them take into their hands a task that might otherwise be gracefully performed by the President of our country without a bit of credit to the romping nameleon of yellow journalism. In these arduous times it is not advisable to villify the President, but at least he may be outmaneuvered, and Bryan may be forestalled, and the man who won for us the tremendous glory of licking poor old Spain may qualify for the Nobel prize with the help of Jimmy Rolph and Dr. Aked.

Look On That Picture, Then—

But hold! We are wrong. Momentarily we had lost sight of the fact that Mr. Hearst is as uncertain as the glory of an April day; that he is "everything by starts and nothing long." Since the foregoing paragraph was written the accomplished acro-

bat has turned another handspring. It appears now that though he is for peace in Europe, he is for war in his own country. He has not forgotten the canal, and he would like to see us violate a treaty, and he regards the time as propitious for making demands on England. All these things he makes clear in an editorial out of his own seething brain. "The United States," he says, "is neutral in this war and must for every reason remain neutral," but what about the alliance between England and Japan? Let us think about this, Mr. Hearst advises. By thinking about it we may get alarmed, and conclude that neutrality is all bosh. Thinking about it, we should remember that "whichever nation wins in this European conflict it will immediately sally forth to secure the commercial, financial and territorial supremacy of the world," and "immediately it will come into contact and competition with a rich and resourceful rival, the United States of America." Fine sentiments these to inspire the speakers and auditors at the Public Peace Meeting at the Hearst Theatre Sunday afternoon. Perhaps our enfant terrible is thinking of converting the meeting into a War Congress. Or maybe he is merely bloviating as publisher of Das Morgen Journal of New York.

The Czar and the Kaiser

Some persons are inclined to scoff at the Czar of Russia on account of his religious zeal, which they take as a sign of a primitive superstitiousness. According to their view his appeal in behalf of Russian arms is an invocation to a tribal God. These folks are of the "smart" variety of individuals who flatter themselves that they have been emancipated from a blind faith in an indiscriminating Providence. Their contempt for the Czar is perhaps in a measure due to the assumption that he is an unscratched Tartar, and in a measure to the prevalent notion that Russia as a whole is divided into two principal classes: the one consisting of a sottish, downtrodden people; the other of a corrupt, viciously cruel officialdom. Russia is the most widely misunderstood of all nations. For fifty years Russia has been producing great literature, great art, great genius, and the people as a whole are far from being barbarians. Now if a deep religious feeling is a sign to primitive superstition it is to be found in the cultured Kaiser as well as in the less virile Czar. The Kaiser is the one ruler in Europe who has the courage to assume the mantle of a Hebrew prophet and assert that the key to his interpretation of events is an actual pre-ordaining and intervening personal Providence. In all the German Emperor's speeches the religious element is present. Is it a sign of a superstitious obsession? Not more so than in the case of

the beloved Lincoln whose speeches and letters abound in expressions of his faith in Providence, and who often was "driven to his knees," as he expressed it, to pray for the preservation of the Union. Nor is the Kaiser's religious feeling peculiar in a country devoted to philosophy and science. There is a simplicity of religious belief in Germany which is rather that of the pre-scientific seventeenth than the scientific twentieth century. It is a belief that has been manifest ever since Prussia came to the front. The grandfather of the present Emperor, Bismarck, Moltke, Von Roon—all were men whose belief in a Providence shaping the destinies of individuals and of nations was as strong as Napoleon's faith in his star; all were believers in the divine right of sovereignty which Emperor William is sure that he embodies. Of course the Czar of Russia has the same faith. In him religion and patriotism are so blended as to be indistinguishable. If he is to be scoffed at for his faith, then Lincoln ought to have been scoffed at too, and Washington and Stonewall Jackson who was at once the most uniformly successful General and the most deeply religious man that ever figured in the public eye of this country.

Impolitic Germany

Christian civilization is full of contradictions, which are never so glaring as in the midst of war. When nations are at war then we may easily understand what was meant by the philosopher who said that the history of man is mainly zoological. When nations are at war the organs that are thought to be in the service of the intellect reveal themselves as the agents of passion obeying the laws of animality. Thus far in the present war these ugly truths have been exemplified chiefly by the Germans, but this may be due wholly to the fact that almost from the start they have been keenly sensible of the tremendous odds against them and of the appalling nature of the struggle in which they are engaged. A cultured people are the Germans, second to none in the fundamentals of a high civilization. If not the gentlest of people, in peace they are humane, they are poetic and they have the spirit of devotion to the refining arts, but after all it is only in the souls of the few of any nation that justice and goodness and charity permanently reside; on the many the divine aureole plays with a feeble and fugitive light. The Germans though singularly successful in arms, causing all the world to wonder at their achievements, have had the misfortune to alienate the sympathies of the world by their impolitic ruthlessness. Whilst it was bad enough for them to violate the neutrality of Belgium, much might have been pleaded in extenuation, but the destruction of Louvain is an outrage hard to reconcile with the general

character of Teutonic civilization. It reminds one of the vandalism of the days when Genghis Khan came down from the high tablelands of Asia to overthrow the most solid empires of the ancient world. It has been explained that Louvain was destroyed as a measure of vengeance for the belligerent acts of some of its citizens, but according to the rules of war embodied in The Hague convention signed by Germany no penalty shall be inflicted upon the population of a city on account of the acts of its citizens. Besides, the question may be asked now that the Germans have presumed to hold the whole country responsible for the acts of individuals, What right had Germany in Louvain? Germany had guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium, and the treaty by which Germany was bound required also that Belgium should refuse free passage over her territory to the troops of one belligerent moving to attack the troops of another. So when Germany asked Belgium for free passage she asked for a privilege that Belgium was bound to deny, and she herself was in a measure responsible for the guarantee Belgium had given. In the circumstances, having broken the treaty, she might at least have refrained from taking vengeance on the people for resenting the invasion. Germany has sinned grievously against civilization, and superhuman must her deeds be to avoid the penalty. Now it is in no censorious spirit that we utter these views; nor is it with a smug assumption that the civilization of Germany is in anywise inferior to our own. It is hardly fair to indict a people for the temporary madness gendered in the midst of war. The Germans are today the victims of their own military system, and for that system all Europe is responsible. Eager for supremacy, the Germans brought the military system to the highest state of efficiency, and if they appear to have rebrutalized war it is because they yielded to the inevitable.

Dr. Jordan's Faith

Great is David Starr Jordan's faith in humanity. So the Bulletin tells us. And from the same source we learn that his stature is heroic when he is placed alongside the little men who laughed at him when the nations of Europe began bathing themselves in blood. If nothing but faith in humanity enables a man to add an inch or two to his stature, Dr. Jordan has grown no taller since the firing of the first gun. On the contrary he may have diminished an inch or two in height, if not in his own conceit. For Dr. Jordan has suffered his faith to ooze out through some chink in his massive frame. Before the war Dr. Jordan's faith in humanity, and incidentally in Carnegie, was adamant. He thought it possible for mankind to make war impossible. Like the true dogmatist, he so affirmed in no equivocal terms. That was why little men like ourselves laughed at him. We saw in Dr. Jordan the embodiment of old illusions fretting and strutting their hour on the stage, and without intending any offense we snickered after the manner of the incorrigible unit of the

profanum vulgus. Our scepticism is intact. Dr. Jordan's faith is no more. Noble palaces are crumbling, the mills of man are mute, the ships of Tarshish have sailed away, the curtain is torn aside, the veil is lifted, and Dr. Jordan looks out on the tumult of men and sees that having swallowed the formulas of arbitration he is full of the east wind. Why not laugh at him? Moliere laughed at the popularizer of flubdub before Jordan was born. If we were trenchant of all shams and sophistries we should do more than laugh at the eminent scholar, for there is something in his canting idealism that cries to heaven as an offense. It isn't to heap scorn on progress to laugh at a man who masquerades as a philosopher cackling about perpetual peace, with no outlook on human affairs that serves to inspire perplexed minds. Idealists have done a lot of good in the world, but not by preaching the coming of a fairy godmother who is to abolish the evils of life. They had a sense of larger issues beyond in a world alien to the common interests of men. They saw life in its grim and ugly nakedness, and they were sensible of the persistent muddle of things, and they could view all without a grimace or a gibe, and without loss of faith in the ultimate destiny of mankind. Theirs was not a faith in humanity. They realized as did Coleridge that in man there is much beast and some devil, as well as some angel and some divinity, and that the beast and devil are never to be wholly destroyed. Theirs was a faith that spiritualizes man, and lifts him among the stars. It was not to be shaken by the episodes of earth as in the case of Dr. Jordan who now utters himself thus: "Treaties are of no avail. There is no mechanism that can be depended upon; the only power is the moral and spiritual education of the people." Now you see Dr. Jordan's faith is not such a wonderful thing after all. He used to believe in the efficacy of treaties, but no longer. To believe in treaties is to have faith in human nature; not to believe in treaties is to regard man's honor as a delusion and a snare. All that the disenchanted Jordan looks forward to now is the revival after the war of the "ideals which are common to all, true to all, and good to all." He means of course the ideals financed by Mr. Carnegie. From idealism to reality is a far cry, and so we have concluded that the great prophet has come back to earth for a brief space.

Back to the Convention

How quickly we weary of our political toys! From many sections of the country comes the news that the direct primary is in disfavor. Nowhere has this catholicon borne out the guarantees of the apostles of the new market democracy. Almost everywhere it has had the effect of lowering the average of intelligence and character in public office. If the bosses of old, under the convention system, disappointed us with second-rate men, the sovereign mob has made matters worse by going a grade or too lower. Designed to bring the government back to the people, the New Freedom has more

than surfeited the people with politics, and while raising the high cost of government it has made public office accessible to the riff-raff of every large city. What the general tendency of the direct primary is may be judged from the popularity of some of the candidates for judicial office. But perhaps we should not worry. The indications are that the old convention system will be revived. Colonel Roosevelt, sincerest of all the vociferous champions of the direct primary, and bitterest of all the foes of the boss system, has pointed the way of reaction. In New York the other day Colonel Roosevelt held a Progressive pre-primary, and nominated a State ticket. Of course the Colonel has not lost faith in the dear people, but he would lighten the task of discrimination by means of a little personal guidance. There is a time to be progressive and a time to be reactionary, and the Colonel has his eye on the clock, and the Colonel's precedents are always safe and sane to follow. Other bosses will perceive presently that the direct primary is not a bar to the old convention system, and in time the primary will serve only to enable the people to ratify the things done with or without the aid of a steam roller.

Time for Retrogression

In time most of the great reforms of latter day statesmanship will fall into innocuous desuetude. All we need is a little experience of direct government to improve our opinion of the handiwork of the Founders. Even now we are having an experience the effect of which will be perceptible at the next session of the Legislature. By the time the next crop of statesmen is transported to Sacramento public sentiment against revolutionary innovation will have so obviously crystallized that law-makers may have the courage to propose that the ship of State be brought back to her old moorings. The people show signs of realizing the great danger of encouraging the star-eyed goddness of reform to run amuck and of preparing themselves against being carried off their feet when all the demagogues are frothing at the mouth from rage against widespread iniquity, and all the dreamers are having visions and receiving inspirations. This is a lesson we have learned since, as a result of our being absurdly sympathetic toward quacks and charlatans, all the manufacturing, industrial and agricultural interests of the State are in a panic at the prospect of a cataclysm threatened by the universal eight-hour law and prohibition agitators. These agitators have already done a great deal of harm. Nervous people fearing that the fanatics might have their preposterous whims gratified by a State that has proved itself susceptible to brain-storms, have prepared for the worst, and as a consequence hard times have been made harder by a precautionary conservatism not wholly psychological. So it would seem to be about time for a little reaction from hysteria and for an amendment or two calculated to hobble the mischievous proclivities of our self-constituted redeemers.

Varied Types

CXCIV—JAMES A. EMERY

By Edward F. O'Day

"Jim" Emery is one of the San Francisco boys who went east to conquer success. He was not an outstanding figure among us when he decided to make a change of base; today he is chief counsel for the National Association of Manufacturers, the largest trade organization in the world. The men who went to St. Ignatius College with him knew "Jim" Emery as a brilliant scholar who usually found the grind of study too oppressive for his volatile spirits. He worked as those volatile spirits moved him, and there were rather long stretches when they moved him not at all. There came a day when he wearied entirely of scholastic pursuits, when he resolved to take a liberal course more consonant with his inclinations.

"I took this course at the Mechanics Library," says Emery, "and my routine was magnificently simple. I read all morning and played checkers with the regulars all afternoon. I forbore taking my family into my confidence about this educational experiment, and the result was that my mother was considerably surprised, not to say shocked to learn from dear old Father Chiappa at the end of the school term that I had not been a registered student of St. Ignatius for ten months."

Realizing the necessity of taking life more seriously "Jim" Emery divided his attention for some time thereafter between a course at the Hastings College of Law and an active participation in Phelan politics. He was rewarded with the secretaryship of the Board of Health, and his friends began to shake their heads and regret that talents like his should be thrown away on a clerical position. When Phelan went out of office Emery went out with him. Soon he berthed himself in the Citizens Alliance which was not in those days the conservative organization it developed into later on. Again his old friends shook their heads and heaved the windy sigh of regret and disappointment. But when they learned that "Jim" had quit the Citizens Alliance to connect himself with the National Association of Manufacturers, Emery's friends began to see that his career was being shaped according to its particular talents and aptitudes. His New York success soon made it plain that Emery had found himself, and he has never lost himself since. He stands out today as an authority not only on the legal but also on the general aspects of economic and industrial problems.

The National Association of Manufacturers for which Emery is general counsel is, as I have said, the largest trade organization in the world. It has four thousand members, representative of the middle class of American manufacturers. That is to say, there are no small employers of labor in it and no large combinations like Standard Oil or the Steel Trust. Its humbler members employ at least four or five hundred men; its most important members as many as twenty or twenty-five thousand. In the aggregate the members of the National Association of Manufacturers pay wages to about two and one-half million workers in every sort of American manufacture. It has twenty-two hundred correspondents all over the world who keep American manufacturers posted on every opportunity for business. These correspondents do better work along this line than our American consuls and consular agents, for they are paid commissions

and are therefore alive to every chance of extending American trade. Besides, they telegraph to the manufacturers whenever they see an opening for American goods, while the members of our consular service write letters which only reach the manufacturers when they are published in the consular bulletins. The Association publishes a periodical called "American Industries" which contains matter of general as well as of technical interest. There is an edition written in Spanish which has a circulation of about fifty thousand copies in South America. Besides all this the Association has a bureau for translating correspondence for its members, and it handles all the details of foreign business, such as preparing shipments, the payment of tariffs, etc., for those who desire such service.

All this I learned from James A. Emery during one of his flying visits to his old home. I learned it with some surprise, for I had thought, in common perhaps with most outsiders, that the National Association of Manufacturers confined itself to an educational campaign against the ill-advised aggressions of organized labor.

"That is only part of our labors," said Emery, "although quite an important part. We are protestants against the abuses of organized labor. It is not our endeavor to deny or criticize the right of labor to organize, but to point out that the rule of conduct regulating organization applies equally to all combinations. The present tendency of law is to emphasize, even to exaggerate the abuses in industrial combination, while at the same time closing the eye to the evils of labor combinations in every sphere.

"The labor organizations possess not only great economic power, but also strong political influence. Indeed it is quite natural that they should exert a powerful influence upon public men, for public men are always swayed by those they hear from the most. Besides, public sentiment is tolerant toward the organization of toilers, never accusatory. This well meant sympathy apparently approves the use of weapons by labor combinations which would never be countenanced in any other combinations. It is this sentiment which permits the emotions to explain what the reason rejects, the crime of the McNamaras for instance. We were told that the crime of the McNamaras was the protest of the submerged toilers; yet the organization for which the McNamaras acted was absolutely dominant in the structural industry. It had that industry at its mercy.

"Seven years ago the employers in that industry enforced the open shop with the result that its workingmen, already enjoying the eight hour day with the usual overtime, saw their pay increased eleven and one-half per cent. The general increase in the building trades during the same time has been ten per cent. There has also been an increase in the efficiency of the workmen, and a decrease of from twenty to thirty-five per cent in the cost of production. This despite the fact that the employers had to pay the cost of a war that included one hundred dynamitings and necessitated the maintenance of armed guards.

"Our idea is to restore industrial equilibrium whose balance has been lost through the deluded sympathy of the people. We take the position that no power should be allowed to en-

large without a corresponding enlargement of responsibilities. It is an educational work. We seek to show the evils of the McNamara system; to impress on people that the same principle animates the slugging of a workman in a back alley or the setting of a time-clock bomb. It is a fight for the recognition of the same principles in industrial life as in other walks.

"Our efforts have been vindicated by the outcome of litigation carried to the highest courts. But when those courts approved our stand with relation to sympathetic strikes and boycotts, the leaders of organized labor bent their efforts toward changing the rule of law. The Clayton Bill is the last expression of this attempt. It is an attempt to make the boycott valid in interstate commerce after the Supreme Court had applied the Sherman Law to it; also to declare that certain acts that accompany labor disputes shall not be enjoined by the federal courts. This bill which is now in congressional conference represents the ultimate development of labor influence in the United States, and it is the first attempt ever made in this country to destroy the equality of all before the law. In its present form I do not think that it will accomplish its purpose; but if it does, the courts ought to and probably will declare it invalid.

"Our association has fought this Clayton Bill. I argued against it before the law committees of Congress. We have other activities. The regulation of combinations is a matter always before us. Men always talk of these combinations in terms of gigantic combinations on one hand and the individual workman on the other, which is of course unfair. To point to a few great corporations with absentee heads does not meet the issue, for it must be remembered that the average employer in America pays wages to less than ten men. What of the position he is in when he comes in contact with a building trades council with national affiliations?

"Our position is that monopoly unregulated by the State is indefensible, no matter what its form. There is everywhere a tendency to regulate the organization of employers, and to let the workers organize as they please. Why not one rule for all? Labor and capital are like the two blades of the scissors. They often move in opposite directions, but one is useless without the other. Would to God that they would cut up the demagogues who come between them!

"We are not unreasonable. The open shop principle we advocate has been vindicated to an extraordinary degree by the success of Henry Ford who pays the highest wages in the automobile industry. The great mass of American industries, of the industries of the world in fact,

(Continued on Page 18.)

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Perspective Impressions

There will be a lot of little Benedicts christened this year.

Hearst's policy seems to be: peace in Europe, but war at home.

Does anybody care to hear a jobchaser yawping these days?

Wonder how business is on the Chautauqua circuit?

It was a German who said, "Peace is rarely denied to the peaceful." His name was Schiller.

If we had to fight we should like the battlefield to be somewhere around Rheims in the champagne country, for fighting is dry work.

Has anybody heard from Huerta lately?

The press humorists are grateful to the war correspondents for discovering the River Bug and the town of Ham.

How inspiring to learn that Mayor Rolph admits that General Sherman was right in affirming the affinity between war and hell.

"My heart beats for organized labor," said Mayor Rolph on Labor Day. With pleasurable anticipation, Jim, or with anxiety?

A war tax in time of peace may be imperative, but it isn't conclusive of expert financiering. The question that must be answered is, By what policy was it made imperative?

The "hollowest of all fallacies," says Dr. Aked, "is that the way to preserve peace is to prepare for war." To be sure. It was George Washington who said that, but compared with Aked what a shabby statesman was George.

What is the significance of the detonating silence of the Hon. Rudolph Spreckels, the great State redeemer who dedicated his heart, his fortune and his tongue some time ago to the perpetual purification of politics? Tell us, Rudie, Whom shall we vote for?

"California," said Governor Johnson to the Labor Day throng, "in its government and its laws has approached a true democracy and the brotherhood of man." Clearly we live in Utopia, and the millennium is at hand.

Who's Who Hereabouts

XXVII—GRANT CARPENTER

In a city that has a large club frankly calling itself Bohemian it would be natural for one to expect to find a goodly number of Bohemians. I mean Bohemians in the larger sense, Bohemians of the Bohemia that in Paris means something real and definite. As a matter of fact Bohemians are very rare hereabouts. The Bohemian of clubdom is an impostor. The Bohemian according to the abstract idea is a man devoted to literature or art and sternly opposed to the conventionalities of the world. The real Bohemian is something more. He is absorbed in his artistic pursuit, and instinctively he contemns all the vulgar means of attaining either fame or monetary reward. If there is a touch of the ideal in him he will even scorn success; that is, success in the worldly sense, which touches nothing that it does not vulgarize. In the philosophy of the ideal Bohemian success is its own reward, and all other rewards are but vulgarities. Something of the truth of this is to be found in the case of the successful Bohemian who has been taken into a club to help along the atmosphere. Courtied by successful plumbers and commission merchants he sheds his Bohemianism and becomes a snob. The popular conception of a Bohemian is a reckless, rude person possessed of some flashes of intellect, but more profligate than brilliant. This type is to be met with in clubdom reveling in the patronage of the prosperous who regard him as a genius because he has some facility in writing or in daubing.

In all this large city boasting a Bohemian club there is but one Bohemian that I know of, and his name is Grant Carpenter. He is a Bohemian in the true and best sense. A literary man, he is devoted to literature, and he employs no vulgar means to win recognition or worldly reward. Carpenter is not an ideal Bohemian. He is simply a writer of the true Bohemian temperament. He does not scorn respectability, nor is he indifferent to worldly prosperity, but he is wholly satisfied with the society of men of his own craft, and their appreciation is more grateful to him than public applause. Not that he despises public applause. He was given a lot of public applause at the Alcazar last Monday afternoon, and he showed no signs of quitting his seat. Apparently he liked the applause as much as the

people liked his play of which they were giving their hearty approval. The play is "The Dragon's Claws." It is a one-act play, a tragedy of old Chinatown. This is a field that Carpenter has made his own. Other writers have given us stories and plays of Chinatown. They have given us principally "local color," catalogues of items, the habitation without the soul. In other words, they have pictured life in Chinatown as they fancied it to be. Carpenter gives us that life as it really is, not as it appears in the dissolving dreams of the imagination. This he is able to do having studied life in Chinatown. Years ago, as a police reporter, he had opportunities for study from the outside. Later, as a lawyer, with Chinese for his clients, he had opportunities for study in the very heart of Chinatown. He was taken into the homes of Chinese merchants and into the councils of highbinders, and he observed the relations of men and women in their social life as well as in their general milieu. So when he began writing short stories of Chinatown for the magazines, it was as one deeply versed in the strange and romantic phenomena of a terra incognita. And about that time he settled down to a true Bohemian existence, resolved to devote himself exclusively to literary work. Joining the writers' colony on Russian Hill, he established himself in a little bungalow with his typewriter for a companion (his typewriting machine is what I mean), and there he has been transporting models from Chinatown to pages of fiction—short stories and plays.

It requires no little courage in a man who has not won recognition in the literary world to take up literature as a profession and abandon all other sources of livelihood. This is precisely what Carpenter has done. An experienced and able journalist, he could make a living any day following that profession; a lawyer far above the average in ability he has made that profession yield a good income, but he liked to write, and knowing he possessed the creative faculty he determined to exercise it. In time he broke into the magazines, and sold some short stories. It happens, however, that dramas are what he would prefer to turn out and he has written several. But writing a drama is one thing, inducing a manager to take a chance with it is quite another and more difficult matter. Carpenter has had the

usual experience of the unknown dramatist. He wrote a four-act Chinese play depicting the futile love of a Chinese girl for a young white man, an artist. This Chinese girl has been educated in a university, has associated with young Caucasians and acquired the tastes and habits of her companions, but she lives in Chinatown, and her father is the typical Chinese who would sell her into slavery. The play teaches the folly of encouraging in the children of Chinatown aspirations they never can gratify. In the reading this play has many a thrill, and it has some excellent characterizations, but it has yet to be produced. Perhaps, thought Carpenter, it may be easier to get a one-act play on the stage. So he wrote a few. The one now running at the Alcazar was the first to see the footlights. It was produced in Philadelphia some months ago, and it received high praise from the critics, but the sincerest tribute it has received was paid by an actor who went on the road with it forgetting to make arrangements with the author—so there is to be trouble.

"It never rains but what it pours," holds true in Carpenter's case. While "The Dragon's Claws" was in rehearsal in this city another Carpenter play was in rehearsal in New York, where it is now running at the Victoria Theatre. It is called "True to Nature." Katherine Osterman is playing it. Perhaps after awhile, when managers have ocular proof of the fact that Carpenter is really a playwright they will not shy at the four-act drama. It is thus that playwrights must ingratiate themselves with the so-called "producing managers" of New York. For the New York "producing manager" is just a little duller than the producing managers of France, where Charpentier peddled his opera "Louise" for ten years before he could get it accepted.

Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" was in a pigeon-hole in New York two years, and might have been there yet had not a London manager had the courage to put it on. So perhaps Grant Carpenter has no complaint to make. If a Maeterlinck play was kept in a pigeon-hole on account of its oddity it is not singular that the exotic dramas of the Bohemian of Russian Hill should be held up.

—Theodore Bonnet.

How It Looks to Germany

By Henry W. Nevison

Veteran British War Correspondent

In the final sentences of his speech in the Reichstag on August 4th, when he demanded a war-credit of £265,000,000, the German Chancellor said: "I repeat the Kaiser's words: 'Germany enters into the conflict with a clean conscience.' We are fighting for the fruit of all our labor in peace time, for the inheritance of a great past, and for our future. The solemn hour that puts our people to the proof has struck. Our army is ranged on the field, our fleet is ready for war. Behind them stands the whole German people." "The whole German people," he repeated, with a gesture indicating especially the Social Democrats.

There was hardly a debate. Beyond Dr. Kaempf, the President of the Reichstag, only one member made a speech. He was Herr Haase, the Socialist leader. Speaking for the whole of his party, he said, in brief:

"We stand at the hour of destiny. Up to the last we have struggled for the maintenance of peace, especially for the sake of our brothers in France. (Socialist applause.) Now we stand before the iron fact of war. We are threatened by the horrors of invasion. We have no longer to decide on peace or war, but for the defense of our own country. Our people and our future liberties are all at stake. They would be lost under a victory of the Russian despotism, which is stained with the blood of the noblest personalities among its own people. (Tempestuous applause.) To avert this peril, we must maintain the civilization and independence of our own country. Therefore, we Socialists repeat what we have always asserted: in the crisis of danger we will not leave our nation in the lurch. (Immense applause.)"

But I see that Herr Haase added:

"The Imperialist policy is the cause of the entire world being in arms, and of the peoples deluging Europe with their blood."

As a whole the German race feels that for them it is a fight for existence and for civilization. They did not desire war, and certainly they did not expect it. The whole population that can afford holidays was out holiday-making. The vast mountains of lost luggage heaped up in all stations and some of the public squares, are evidence of the fact; for under the rush of returning holiday-makers, even German organization broke down. They knew that diplomatic mistakes might have been made. They knew that little Serbia meant nothing to them, one way or other. She certainly was not worth the bones of one Pomeranian grenadier. They knew the awful loss that must befall nearly every family in such a war as this, when it is estimated that 9,000,000 men between twenty and fifty will be called up for service of one kind or another. Family love is as strong among them as among others, and they are a careful, thrifty people, following a well-ordered daily life with almost excessive regularity. Yet, with hardly an exception, the whole country would repeat the words of the Chancellor. To them the long-dreaded hour had struck. They would not leave their country in the lurch.

For two generations they have been brought up to expect this terrible hour. Their statesmen have constantly reminded them of it. Their education has been largely directed to preparing for it. The disasters of Jena and Napoleon's domin-

ation are impressed on them from childhood. So is the glory of the "War of Liberation," a century ago, and the splendor of 1870. Speaking in the Reichstag on January 11th, 1887, Bismarck dwelt on the possibility of this future war:

"Over against us," he said, "we should find those same Frenchmen under whose oppression we suffered from 1807 to 1813, and who drained the blood out of us—bled us like calves. Saigner a blanc, as the French say. If you read the accounts of the old people of that time, if, like me in my childhood, you had heard from the lips of the peasants and country people the stories of their sufferings, I think you would shrink even more than I from the remotest possibility of their repetition. . . . If we attacked France again and were convinced that nothing else would secure us tranquility, even for a time, if we entered Paris again as victors, we should take care to render France incapable of attacking us for thirty years. On our side, as on theirs, the object would be the same: each would put out all his strength to saigner a blanc—to bleed to the white."

Or take a speech of Bismarck's successor. Speaking in the Reichstag on November 23rd, 1892, Caprivi said:

"The days are past when, to the thunder of the guns at Jena, German professors and German poets could sit at home and go on with their verse-making. Now our heart would break. Our science and art would be involved in the overthrow. We must recognize clearly that we have before us a fight for existence, for existence material, political and mental. It is our duty to do our utmost to survive in that conflict. Each nation takes its place in the economy of the world. The gap left by Germany could be filled by no other. Our first duty is to preserve our existence. Only so can a nation be an instrument of God. And we must preserve the memory of the thousands who have shed their blood for our country. Shall it one day be said, 'They gave their life: you would not even give cash?'"

For a century, or at least fifty years, the manhood and womanhood of Germany have been accustomed to such words. They have heard the great songs of the "War of Liberation" from the cradle. All know the meaning of "Lutzw's Ride" and "The Old Field Marshal." All can sing the national airs of "Die Wacht am Rhein" and "Deutschland, Deutschland, über Alles," as musicians would have them sung. They have impressed upon them from childhood the text of Scharnhorst's army reform, "All the inhabitants of a country are its born defenders." By nature an orderly and patient people, very submissive to authority, they have accepted the army discipline as a national necessity, and it has become part of themselves. They are not bellicose, but the military spirit has certainly been encouraged by their admired Kaiser's phrases about "the mailed fist" and "the shining armor," or by Bismarck's phrases about "Blood and iron" and "Words are not soldiers; speeches are not battalions." It has been further encouraged by historians of the Treitschke school, and by the romantic thinkers, like the Kaiser himself, who brood over the glories of Charlemagne and the adventures of medieval knighthood. Nietzsche, with his German superman and his contempt for the gentler qualities of self-denial, usually called

Christian, has had his effect—a pernicious effect.

So it is a rough school under which the German is brought up, and there is no denying its oppressive and brutalizing side. Strong and conspicuous individuality is likely to be destroyed under it, and genius seldom emerges. But to understand the German nature we must recognize the long pressure of fear which is now being realized. Germans fear for their lives, for their rapidly increasing prosperity, for their learning, their schools, their way of life—everything that they call their culture or civilization. In the Socialist leader's speech, there was a friendly reference to "our brothers in France." The mention of Russian despotism was received with tumultuous applause. That distinction is significant. In all this terrible crisis, almost the only ray of light is the disappearance of the German people's old enmity to the French. What hatred exists is directed entirely against Russia. There is no national feeling against France. That is a signal for future hope.

When I was coming down from the Transvaal to the Natal frontier a few days before the Boer war, General Joubert said to me at parting, "The heart of my soul is bloody with sorrow." I write as an Englishman who thinks that if we had stood by and watched Belgium violated and France bled to the white without one effort in their defense we should never have been able to look the world in the face again. But when I think of Germany and all she has been to us, I say with Joubert, "The heart of my soul is bloody with sorrow." Goethe was often reproached for not having written war-songs against the French a century ago; but he once replied:

"In my poetry I have never shammed (nie affectirt). How could I have written songs of hate without hatred? I did not hate the French, though I thanked God when we got rid of them. How could I, to whom civilization and barbarism are the only distinctions of importance, hate a nation which is one of the most civilized on earth, and to whom I owe so great a part of my own culture?"

The words came to my mind the other day as the train slowly dragged us through Germany after our escape from Berlin. From the carriage I could see the pleasant German villages and the old German towns, where I had so often been happy with country-people and students in years when I thought the German mind held the secret of the universe. I was wrong; but I do not regret the time I spent among Germans in the search. There they were still—the well-built houses with high roofs, the well-cultivated fields, the woods and low hills, murmuring of fairyland.

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Sidelights On The War

By Robert McTavish

The Unpardonable Crime

How the German authorities are going to palliate the crime against civilization—the destruction of Louvain—all the world is wondering. No explanation yet given commands serious attention. Doubtless there has been some exaggeration as to the atrocities committed in Louvain, such as the burning alive of old and young in the streets of the city, but as to the cause of the main count in the indictment—the destruction of great monuments of architecture—there is no question. The press of Holland has been filled with shocking details of the crime and has caused a reaction of sentiment in that country against Germany. Here is a specimen of Dutch comment, taken from the *Telegraf*:

"Neutral or not a protest must be made to the civilized people against the destruction of high culture by the German soldiers. Even if it is true that shots were fired at the German troops by inhabitants of the town the devastation of the oldest and noblest university town is a revelation of barbarity, for through this destruction not only were the inhabitants and the defending Belgians punished, but injury was inflicted on the whole of civilized humanity. It is a wound that can never be healed."

Submarine Mines

American refugees on nearly every ship that has come into New York in the past two weeks have told stories of the vessels threading their way through mine fields in the Channel, in the Antwerp harbor—where a Norwegian merchantman was sunk by a mine some ten days ago—at Southampton, and elsewhere. It is apparent that the English coasts are well defended in this respect; the coasts of other nations, relying less on the protection of their navies, are probably even better guarded, especially the German shores in the neighborhood of their naval bases, at Kiel and Wilhelmshaven. The British navy has announced that its mine-sweepers have now virtually cleared the northern lanes, at least of the North Sea, of these drifting terrors—not, however, before one German destroyer had come to her end by contact with a German mine. It remains to be seen whether the losses on either side from these weapons will prove to be as great as in the Russo-Japanese war. During the siege of Port Arthur hundreds of the Russian mines were driven by wind and tide far out over the sea. Native crews of merchant ships were panic-stricken, and quit their vessels in fright. One boat cruising in the Japan Sea sighted several mines in one week, bearing witness to the formidable danger to navigation. The Japanese navy prudently moved its operations further from Port Arthur, where the mines were thickest, considering the peril too great to risk; and Japanese commanders formally charged Russia with adopting the policy of setting mines adrift. The charge was denied, but it was abundantly proved that for weeks and months afterward the great spiked Russian cases of explosives were met with. Now mines, with paint untarnished, were picked up thirty and forty miles off the coast, and it was pointed out that at least these could not have broken from their moorings owing to the breaking of chains rusted by long immersion. Whatever the truth may be of these charges, the estimate has been made that from twenty to thirty merchantmen were sunk altogether by mines in the Japanese Sea.

A Great French Statesman

Theophile Delcasse, who became Minister of Foreign Affairs in the French Cabinet organized when the war broke out, is the most remarkable man in French politics today. Certainly no other Frenchman has played a greater part in the moulding of France's destiny in the last twenty-five years. To him is largely due the establishment of the Entente with England and the riveting of the ties that unite France with Russia; to him is attributed the regeneration of the French navy; it was he who reorganized the French colonial system and pushed France's interests in Africa, in face of Germany's opposition. It was Delcasse who kept awake the French hatred of Germany, and by treaties and alliances strengthened the republic's position in Europe.

They Cut Out His Tongue

Most of the stories of German atrocities that are circulated nowadays are in all probability fabrications designed to prejudice public opinion. In the Franco-Prussian war the soldiers of Germany were distinguished for their humanity, and it is incredible that they should have been transformed into savages of late. In the despatches the other day it was reported that while retreating from one battlefield the British saw their wounded being cared for by the enemy, from which it is to be inferred that the Germans are behaving as of old. But of course the war is not without its atrocities, and as there is a very strict censorship it is natural that there should be exaggeration when printed stories are of the vagrant variety. But here is a story that comes from Troyes, Department of the Aube, that was published in a paper of that town called "*Le Petit Troyes*." The paper tells of the death, in a hospital of Troyes, of a Lieutenant of the 135th German Infantry, the last of his regiment. This regiment had suffered severe losses and was ordered to surrender. When the French soldiers approached to disarm the Germans the latter separated to let through their ranks machine guns which had been hidden behind, and which poured a murderous fire into the ranks of the advancing Frenchmen. Exasperated by this treachery, says the paper, the French troops charged furiously with fixed bayonets and exterminated the German soldiers, with the exception of this lieutenant, who survived a few days with jaw fractured and his tongue cut off.

Field Marshal Kitchener

The "Man of Iron." That exactly sums up the character of Lord Kitchener, the man who retrieved England's blunder in South Africa. When Kitchener was first sent to Egypt he distinguished himself as a spy among the Arabs. Disguised as an Arab after acquiring a knowledge of Arabic, he often lived among the sons of the desert. So clever was he at disguising himself that even his own comrades did not know him. One day when he was chief of the Secret Service two Arab spies were caught. They feigned deafness, and Kitchener could get nothing from them. They were detained in a tent. In half an hour another spy was caught and bundled into the tent with the other two. They were left for an hour talking briskly all the time, and then the door was thrown open and the third spy demanded to be taken to headquarters. It was Kitchener himself, who had, of course, found out all he wanted to know. For two years

Kitchener practically lived among the Arabs, carrying his life in his hands, never knowing when he might be brought face to face with a violent death, and all the while communicating to the heads of the Egyptian Intelligence Department information of the utmost importance. His capacity for work is amazing, and he has no patience with a man less energetic than himself. It was characteristic of him that his first question when he entered the War Office as Secretary for War was: "Is there a bed in the building?" "No, sir," replied an official. "Then get one," said Lord Kitchener. Then the official knew that day and night would find Lord Kitchener at his post. During the South African war he seldom had more than three or four hours' sleep a day, rising regularly at 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning and working hard until night. Officers knew that Kitchener always meant business. He had no use for regimental ornaments; practical soldiers were what he wanted. One officer in command of a column had not been heard of for some days. Telegrams were sent in all directions to find him bearing two questions: "What are you doing? Have you taken any Boers, and how many?" His grim, laconic humor was well illustrated by his reply on one occasion to the War Office authorities who were pressing a certain weapon upon him. "Keep the gun," he wired. "I can throw stones myself."

A Lack of Veterans

The present war in Europe is in one respect a striking testimonial to the prevalence of peace—that is, in the lack of veteran leaders in most of the armies. In only two of the armies—and they are not the greatest—are there commanders who have hitherto had experience as important officers in various wars. Those are the French and Serbian armies. All the rest are commanded by men whose military experience has been in time of peace, or who have served merely in small wars or in very minor capacities in great wars. The Serbian army is commanded by officers who had valuable experience in the two recent Balkan wars, in the ill-conceived Bulgarian war of 1885, and even in the war of 1876. To their veteranship may largely be attributed the resolute and effective resistance which the small Serbian army presented to the heavy initial attacks of the Austrians. The French army no

(Continued on Page 18.)

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SAN FRANCISCO

Poems About San Francisco

CLXII—THE HOPE OF SAN FRANCISCO

By Charles S. Ross

(This modest bit of verse by one whose name is not well known among our singers, was published in the Overland Monthly for June-July, 1906.)

Tho' to the stroke of fate I bow,
And woe my young heart fills,
The diadem is on my brow—
My dais still the hills.

Ye winds that 'round my smoldering slopes
And ruined temples rave,
Know this—the anchor of my hopes—
I mothered but the brave!

Tell all the world my sons are true;
Within my gates they lie,
A scanty shred to shelter them
Beneath the starry sky.

Such hearts shall keep my flag unfurled,
Shall guard my high estate,
And press the commerce of the world
To thread my Golden Gate.

The noble ships that fare afar,
My rovers of the sea,
With leaping prow and bending spar
Will still come home to me.

The house-flags of full many a line
Shall star my bay—their boast
Be that this title still is mine,
The Mistress of the Coast!

The Spectator

Our Fair and Liquor

The chemically pure of Los Angeles who have taken it upon themselves to make California a dry State, are indulging just now in a bit of campaigning which should interest all loyal San Franciscans. They are circulating throughout the city of Los Angeles, its suburbs and the neighboring beach towns prohibition dodgers containing an argument which we have every reason to resent. It is stated in these dodgers that five thousand girls were ruined in St. Louis during the exposition. This lie has been nailed before, but it reappears as part of an anti-liquor argument of the most mischievous sort. The dodger pretends to explain why five thousand girls were ruined in St. Louis during the world's fair, and the explanation is quite simple. They were ruined because there was no prohibition of the sale of liquor in St. Louis during the exposition. Those who read the dodger are asked to apply the argument to San Francisco. What happened in St. Louis will happen in San Francisco, the prohibitionists argue, unless San Francisco is made dry before the fair starts.

Hurting the Fair

The campaign to make this State dry has been waged so unscrupulously that it is not surprising to find the puritans of Los Angeles indulging in this sort of campaigning. But resentment in this case is not confined to those who believe in temperance and reject prohibition, who refuse to take a hand in the ruin of one of California's greatest industries and who object to the pseudo-moralists who would like to do our legislating for us. San Francisco, wet and dry, should resent this argument because it is calculated to do great hurt to the enterprise that is dearest to us all, our World's Fair. It is easy to conceive the effect which such an argument will have on a great many simple-minded, credulous people. If five thousand girls were ruined at St. Louis during the fair, ruined as girls are always ruined in the minds of the ignorant, by liquor-drinking men, then expositions must bring a terrible amount of wickedness to the cities in which they are held. And if San Francisco continues wet, then of course San Francisco will be a hell hole of iniquity next year. So Francisco will be an excellent city to keep away from in 1915. It is

thus that many will reason, provided a mental process based on such flimsy foundations may be called reasoning. What do the people of San Francisco think about the puritans of Los Angeles who are striking at them in this insidious manner?

Aked on Christianity

Dr. Aked returned from a protracted vacation just in time to add his voice to the superserviceable chorus that is singing Hearst's peace song. Dr. Aked delivered himself sermonically, and was reported next day in the Examiner. But the Examiner did not print all that Dr. Aked said. One statement of the utmost importance was omitted, perhaps because the Examiner men feared that it might arouse antagonism and defeat their boss' heroic effort to end the war in Europe. Dr. Aked declared that the war showed how signally Christianity had failed in Europe. "For all the effect His teaching has had upon the warring nations," said Dr. Aked, "it is as though Jesus Christ had never been born."

It is a broad statement, warranted to give even the most enthusiastic admirer of Dr. Aked a moment's pause. Nineteen hundred years of Christianity may not have eradicated the fighting instinct from humanity, but have not other benefits accrued, and did not Europe share in them? A champion of the rights of women like Dr. Aked, might have remembered before making that sweeping indictment of the religion founded by Christ that Christianity has been the great force for the elevation of woman, in Europe as elsewhere. Another consideration: Dr. Aked is of European birth. Had there been no Christianity Dr. Aked would never have emerged from the strident obscurity of the auction block to the noisy prominence of a Christian pulpit.

Sterling's Farm Play

The members of the Family are just returning from their annual outing on the Family Farm near Woodside. The feature of their week of celebration was a little grove play called "The Flight" written for the club by George Sterling just before he hied him East. It was beautifully produced under the wizard direction of Frank Mathieu and very capably acted by a cast which included Winfield Blake, Charles Trowbridge,

Fay Beal, Fred Thompson and others. So enthusiastic were the clubmen over this little drama that they immediately wired to Sterling at Sag Harbor, Long Island, informing him in all sincerity that it was the most beautiful play that had ever been given in all the club's history. That indeed was the general verdict. It was not necessary to send a wire to Cass Downing, the composer of the music, for he directed the orchestra and was showered with congratulations on the complete success of his efforts. In book and music this year's Farm Play sets a standard which future Family artists will find it difficult to equal.

Pan and the Satyrs

Sterling's play is a delightful poem of the woods with Pan as the central figure. There is a faun in the forest, a grandson of Pan, whose mother was a nymph but whose father was human. He feels the attraction of the unknown city life far away and longs to leave the uncongenial haunts of the goat-feet. His opportunity comes when his father appears in the woods, understands his yearning and offers to take him to civilization. But Pan will not have it so. The man tricks Pan by giving him wine, and the orgy which follows when Pan and the satyrs drink heavily of the unaccustomed liquor makes the most effective scene of the play. When the denizens of the forest are overcome by their potations the man leads his son from the forest to the far-off city. There are three songs in the play, all of them in Sterling's happiest vein. I will quote from one sung by a satyr at the opening of the piece, omitting a stanza in which Sterling indulged a rather perfervid vein:

Oh! once a lovely nymph I spied
Where forest shades were spread;
Me too she saw, and loudly cried;
I followed as she fled.

* * * *

But next when in the grove we met,
I felt another mood;
Ah! maids remember, men forget!
I fled—and she pursued!

Hopper's Latest

De Wolf Hopper has been making those irresistible speeches of his at the Cort this week

Monday night he gave the audience a humorous appreciation of the various characters in "The Mikado," dwelling specially on Pooh-Bah. In so doing he established a new standard of meanness.

"There's the meanest man I ever saw," said Hopper. "Why, he'd steal a dead fly from a blind spider!"

They Turned Down Joe Knowles

Joe Knowles may have conquered nature (though there are many who are sceptical on the point), but he could not conquer the school children of San Francisco. They wouldn't stand for Joe. They treated him with as little respect as their elders in some parts of the world have treated Dr. Cook. One day last week the Examiner invited the school children of the city to the Cort Theatre to see and hear Joe. On such occasions the school teachers are wont to tell the more delicately nurtured children that they will not be interested and may just as well stay home. In consequence such affairs are attended by the rougher element, principally boys from the outlying districts where the amenities of life are imperfectly cultivated. There was such an audience at the Cort when Joe Knowles placed himself on exhibition. The school children listened in respectful silence when the professors spoke; they accorded Mayor Rolph a similar courtesy. But when Joe appeared in his nature garb a roar went up from all over the theatre. It was a roar of derision. Joe tried to calm the tempest, but there was nothing doing. It continued without interruption until Joe realized that there was no intention on the part of his audience to allow him to talk. When that was borne in on his mind Joe quit. The afternoon was a failure. As one observer put it:

"Mayor Rolph stood for Joe, but the kids were more discriminating."

Tom Dozier's Speech

Budding orators who would avoid the pitfalls of oratory may find them all in a "polished gem of eloquence" scintillant with blinding platitudes and resounding with rounded periods. This gem is said to have been unpacked at Denver by that graceful speaker Mr. Thomas Dozier when called upon to nominate Ray Benjamin for Grand Exalted Ruler of the Elks. As a matter of fact Dozier is not guilty. His speech at Denver was a little masterpiece of eloquence. There were no platitudes in it at all. But when Dozier returned to San Francisco a friend showed him a printed excerpt from his speech that filled him with indignation. Apparently it was a newspaper clipping. He recognized a few paragraphs as his own, but there were some that he had never seen before. Here they are:

"Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I could well wish that some brother gifted with gleaming eloquence were to tell you of the youth and manhood of this young giant.

"Brother Benjamin comes of that stock of

hardy pioneers—Argonauts who not only sailed the seas, but also toiled with pick and shovel, with windlass and bucket, to wrest the golden guerdon from the very bowels of the earth. These men and the noble pioneer women who were their mates, bred a race of heroes—strong, valiant, yet withal gentle as the balmy breezes that flutter the golden poppies of our hillsides, the glorious copas d'oro that hold in their brimming chalices the mystic wine of Californian fellowship and hospitality.

"Brother Benjamin first saw the light of day in Vallejo. Born upon this favored shore, he was by birth a loyal Californian, but more than that, his father served the National government at the great Navy Yard, and the child's first conscious glances fell upon Old Glory waving from the lofty staff on Mare Island, and kissed by the free zephyrs of the land of sunshine, fruit and flowers.

"The boy's manhood has fulfilled the promise of that birth of noble augury. At the bar, on the hustings, before the altar of our fellowship, and in the genial association of comrades, his eloquent voice has won golden opinions. His character and his urbanity have alike endeared him to all of the people of his State, from Siskiyou to San Diego, from the Sierras to the sea, and his name is as familiar at every Californian hearthstone as the lisping syllables of love.

"If he shall become our Grand Exalted Ruler—and I believe he will—he will bring to his high office consecration, character, nobility of purpose, indefatigable energy and high patriotism, which unites with fervid love of his native State profound devotion to the Union—that sort of patriotism which recognizes in the confederation of our States 'liberty and union now and forever, one and inseparable.'"

Traced to Melvin

At first Tom Dozier was eager to learn what paper had done him this cruel injustice. He has found out that he was hoaxed. It was not a newspaper clipping that he saw, but a cleverly contrived imitation. Now he would like to find the author of the rhetorical flubdub. He has been trying to trace it to Justice Melvin of the Supreme Court, but that distinguished jurist disappeared the other day, just about the time that Attorney Dozier was getting ready to serve him with a writ to show cause, a search warrant and an injunction. Justice Melvin is now on his way East.

A Tribute to Bill

They buried old Bill Michelson the other day, old Bill Michelson of the St. Francis Carriage Company, the best known and best liked carriage man in the town. They had amputated Bill's leg, and blood poisoning carried him off. It was a horse-drawn cortege. Bill's funeral was, for old Bill would turn in his coffin if they affronted his horseman's soul with a motor burial.

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Poor Bill! He never quite forgave the bustling enterprise that supplanted the carriage with the taxicab, and yet, irony of events! W. Elgin Travis, our taxicab king, was a pall bearer at his funeral. So was Jim Woods of the St. Francis, at Bill's dying request. It was one of the largest funerals we've had in many a day, and Eagles' Hall was packed for the last services. All the old hackmen still living attended, some of them coming from the Alms House where they are ending their days in dreams of the good old times when everybody rode behind a pair of horses. Old Dimmig who is making the jarvy's last stand at Powell and Eddy was there with a tear in his eye, and Dan McCarthy, his white hat strangely missing. At the last moment before the funeral left the hall "Boot-Nose" came in, "Boot-Nose" the hackman who is rusticated at the Alms House. He was in holiday clothes of carefully brushed black, and his hat was old but a beaver. He creaked across the floor and stood at Bill Michelson's coffin, regarding him solemnly. He creaked to the other side of the coffin and continued his contemplation. Then he creaked to where Tom Keating, assistant manager of the St. Francis, was standing, and his husky cabman's voice broke the silence of the chamber: "The old son of a gun," he said to Keating with a note of sadness, "I never seen him look better in his life!"

A Feat of Endurance

Michael Williams, one of the Examiner's star men, launched the Hearst peace campaign last Sunday. He wrote an impassioned article that began with a sentence of unusual length; in fact a much longer sentence than copy readers usually stand for. But of course no copy reader is allowed to "cut" Mike Williams' stuff. Sunday night Joe Northrup of the Associated Press entered the Examiner local room on business. He accosted Watt Brown, one of the Examiner's editors.

"What is the name of that great Hawaiian swimmer?" asked Northrup.

"I know whom you mean," answered Brown, "but I can't pronounce his name. He's the Duke something or other."

"That's the fellow," said Northrup. "He wrote that peace story on the front page this morning, didn't he?"

"Of course he didn't," exclaimed Brown. "It was written and signed by Mike Williams. What makes you think the swimmer wrote it?"

"Well," answered Northrup, "I read that first sentence, and I thought he was the only man in the world who could hold his breath that long."

War Extras

I asked Editor Coblentz of the Call how many additional papers were being sold on account of the war, and his reply surprised me. He said that the Call was selling from twelve to fourteen thousand extra papers every day in San Francisco, and about four thousand extra papers in Oakland. He informed me also that the highest street sale since the war started was on a certain day when fifty-eight thousand papers were disposed of. He pointed out to me that these figures represented the actual demand of the city for war news. The Call is not trying to force its sales by issuing extras, and this for an excellent reason. It is estimated that the Call can publish a nine-and-one-half page paper at a



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profit; a larger paper than that means a loss, owing to the high cost of white paper. So the Call management would be foolish to force the sale of extras, since the loss is increased with every increase in sales. The same thing applies to the Bulletin.

Walter Anthony, Connoisseur

For a short time before he took Waldemar Young's place as dramatic critic of the Chronicle, Walter Anthony did the Sunday art notes for the paper, Miss Winchell, the Chronicle's regular art critic, being away. There are a number of things about which Anthony knows more than the average newspaperman. One of them is music; another is the drama. But he does not pretend to be a connoisseur of art. One day on his usual rounds of the galleries, studios and art shops in search of news Anthony entered a certain Sutter street dealer's and asked if there was anything new. The dealer pointed out the only new canvas in the shop, a landscape by a local painter. Anthony didn't pay much attention to it because his eye was caught by the picture of a little girl hanging just below.

"I don't think much of the landscape," he vouchsafed, "but that's a pretty thing," and he pointed to the child.

"Yes," said the dealer suavely, "but if you study this landscape I think you will agree—"

"It doesn't appeal to me, but this does," said Anthony, still gazing at the little girl. "Is it the work of a local painter?"

The art dealer looked at the critic.

"Are you joking me?" he said.

"I'm quite serious," said Anthony; and it was quite evident that he was. "Tell me the name of the man who did that. I should like to give him a boost."

"That," said the art dealer, "that is not a painting but the reproduction of a painting. The original is called 'The Age of Innocence,' and was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds."

Hector's Fate

Hector McKenzie is the western representative of Francis Draz and Co., the American agents for Pommery; and perhaps there isn't a better known or better liked wine agent in the United States. Handsome, tall and powerful looking,

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McKenzie is in reality far from being robust, and it was for the good of his health that his firm sent him west. The other day he went to the public stenographer in the Hotel St. Francis where he puts up, and started to dictate a letter: "Francis Draz and Co., 27 Hudson Street, New York—"

The stenographer looked up from her pad.

"I used to work for that firm," she said.

"Is that so?" said McKenzie. "Did you like them?"

"Oh, they were very nice people to work for," answered the stenographer.

"Whom did you know there?" inquired McKenzie.

"Well," answered the stenographer, "I knew Mr. Bob Vernon. He is a very nice man."

"Did you know a fellow named McKenzie?" asked Hector.

"I heard of him," answered the girl, "but he wasn't in New York at that time."

"What became of him?" asked Hector.

"Why, they sent him west to die," replied the stenographer.

St. Malachy's Prophecies

Once more we are hearing a great deal about the papal prophecy of St. Malachy. St. Malachy was an Irish saint of the twelfth century, the Archbishop of Armagh and the friend of St. Bernard. He is credited with a prophetic list of titles mystically descriptive of one hundred and twelve pontiffs. This list, we are told, was the result of a vision St. Malachy enjoyed during a visit to Rome. He is supposed to have given it to Pope Innocent II who put it by with such ingenious care that it wasn't found again for four hundred years. In 1590 Arnold de Wyon published the list, giving its history. In this list Pope Pius IX appeared as "Crux de Cruce," ("Cross from a Cross"), which is considered wonderfully close, since the House of Savoy whose emblem is the cross, sent him into exile and seized his temporal possessions. Pope Leo XIII was described as "Lumen in Coelo," ("Light

in the Sky"), which is not so satisfactory, being vague and a bit too generally applicable to any Pope. The late pontiff appears as "Ignis Ardens" ("Burning Fire"), a designation equally unsatisfactory. The present Pope is described as "Religio Depopulata" ("Religion Laid Waste"). This of course is disconcerting. However St. Malachy (or should we say Arnold de Wyon?) didn't hit it every time, so perhaps religion is not to be laid waste in the immediate future. It is unnecessary to remark that the prophecy has no more standing than Mother Shipton's. But it serves as a basis for amusing speculation whenever a Pope dies.

Dancing at Fred Solari's

Fred Solari's Grill at the corner of Mason and Geary streets, next to the Columbia Theatre, is called our restaurant de luxe, and with justice, for it is a most beautiful place artistically appointed. Distinctive cuisine, polite service—these are Fred Solari's boasts. And there is splendid entertainment. Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday night, in the main dining room, a place of beauty and refinement, there is dancing under the supervision of a competent danseuse, and there is singing by high class artists between dances. Dancers of discrimination are flocking there on account of the nice people they are sure to mingle with; also on account of the new hardwood dancing floor which is the delight of terpsichorean experts. Another feature that appeals to dancers is the perfect ventilation which keeps the room deliciously cool all the time. It is small wonder that Fred Solari is receiving record crowds these days.

Hotel Green to Open

Hotel Green, the mammoth winter resort at Pasadena, will be opened for the reception of guests the first week in November, and will remain open the entire year of 1915 under one of the largest corps of managers and attaches it has ever had. This information has just been received from Mr. David B. Plumer, one of the

famous hotelmen of the country, and general manager of the Hotel Green for the past five years.

Informal Dances at Techau Tavern

On each dancing night at Techau Tavern three of the ladies present are made the recipients of beautiful and attractive ornaments selected by the management from the collection of S. & G. Gump & Co. These informal dances which are probably the most popular public dances in the city, are held three evenings a week, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and attract to the Tavern the elite of the dancing public. Dancing commences each evening at 9:30 o'clock and as these dances are purely informal, it is unnecessary to reserve tables in advance.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Saturday's Child

I called on Saturday's Child at the Hotel St. Francis Monday. Instead of meeting Saturday's Child I met Mother. And I found that the charming, the clever, the brilliantly successful, the courted woman who once was Saturday's Child and now is Mother despises the petty meanness, the hollow pretense, the artificial standards and the almost incredible snobbery that masquerade hereabouts as society quite as much as the Rich Mrs. Burgoyne did. When last I saw Mrs. Charles Norris she was Kathleen Thompson, society editor of the Examiner. She was then Saturday's Child, not because she has once made herself the heroine of her book of that name, but because, like that heroine, she worked for a living. That was about five years ago. Saturday's Child doesn't have to work for living now. Her stories are best-sellers. They have made her famous and independent. Besides, she has a husband to look after her, Frank Norris' brother Charles. She returns for her first visit to her native city as Mother, not because she particularly resembles the fine woman that inimitable story of hers, but because there is a youngster for her to mother, her boy Frank, named after his immortal uncle. It must be a sweet home-coming for Kathleen.

Mrs. Norris on Society

We sat in the mezzanine lounge of the St. Francis, and while handsome little Frank amused himself in fifty surprising and harmlessly adventurous ways, every now and then stopping to show his large, mischievous brown eyes to his mother's and to ask for a kiss, we talked of—society! For Mrs. Norris, like Mrs. Atherton and Geraldine Bonner, has had her fling at San Francisco society. She has been severe on certain phases of it in her latest book "Saturday's Child." She painted its silly airs, its frivolities, its dissipations. She wrote as one who knew, and not splenetically, like one who had been disappointed in her social ambitions, but with that air of truth and good humor that belong to one who observes keenly though detachedly. I wanted to hear more on the subject from the former society editor, and I found her quite willing to express herself. Her remarks form the most scathing arraignment of our society that I have ever heard.

Retentive Mushrooms

"Speaking generally and omitting some few really fine families," said Mrs. Norris, "San Francisco society is two generations old. You can-

not go further back than that, or if you can, you dare not. There were precious few who came here in the early days with any money. If they had had money, most of the pioneers would never have come. They all began humbly, as miners or tradesmen or cattle dealers or laborers. A lucky strike, a turn of the stock market made them rich, enabled them to lay the foundation on which their families built their social pretensions. That they should have made the best of their opportunities is to their credit, but that their children should base claims of superiority to other people on the mere accident of wealth is perfectly absurd. Where all are mushrooms it is quite ridiculous for a few to insist that the rest are toad stools. And that is the case in San Francisco. I entered San Francisco society by the back door. That is to say, I came to know it through my work as a society editor. My knowledge of its antecedents is also back-door knowledge. My grandmother kept the most popular boarding house in San Francisco. It is not the most genteel occupation in the world, but it happened to be an excellent place for research work in the beginnings of San Francisco society. It enabled me to reflect, for instance, that when Mrs. Doe turned up her nose at Mrs. Roe, it was merely the daughter of a successful grocer turning up her nose at the daughter of a less successful butcher. Both are very respectable businesses. Why should wealth reaped from one enable its possessor to snub the lesser affluence that resulted from the other?"

Family Versus Wealth

"I know charming girls in San Francisco," continued Mrs. Norris, "who belong to one of the oldest, the best, the most distinguished families of Baltimore. One branch of the family still possesses an estate that was given to it centuries ago by royal grant. No American family could be better. But these girls are not in San Francisco society. Why? Because they work for a living. You see, a girl cannot be a stenographer in San Francisco, even if she is a very expert stenographer, and maintain a position in society. Rich girls with nothing on their minds but their hair look down on her. On the other hand, all things are possible with money. With ten thousand dollars you can do a great deal in a year in San Francisco. You may not break into society, but you can make quite an impression. I know a girl here who is an accomplished decorator. She was once called upon to decorate the home of her mother's former maid. The former maid had penetrated society by the aid

of money. I know a girl in the East who has a position in society, though she is quite poor. Some time ago she went to a party in a gown given to her by a rich woman. Everybody knew of it, but nobody took exception to it. I know a San Francisco girl who refused such a gift because if she had accepted it, the news would have been buzzed all over town and she would have been needlessly humiliated. You see, the standards are different. You are measured here by what you have; the best society in New York, Boston and Philadelphia measures you by what you are."

The Senseless Struggle

"Perhaps it is the Irish in me that makes me lack deference for what others regard as the sacred institution of society," Mrs. Norris went on with a smile. "There is a society woman here who told me of what she had done after the earthquake. 'I felt,' she said, 'that the very foundation of good society was threatened, and that sacrifices must be made to save it. So I spoke to some of my friends, and during all that terrible time we met several times a week to play cards.' She told me that with tears in her eyes. She felt that she was a heroine. Such standards are almost inconceivable, but you get used to them when you meet society people. One night while I was on the Examiner I went into a restaurant for dinner. I met there a man I knew, the husband of a foolish woman with two daughters she was trying to force into society. I asked him if his family was out of town. But there was another explanation for his dining downtown. His daughters had invited two society boys to dinner at home, and his wife did not consider him presentable enough! Another case occurred during the Kirmess. A clever woman who afterwards went on the stage as a dancer took part in the affair. She was invited to dinner by some of the society girls who participated, and quite innocently brought her husband with her. They told her that they hadn't expected this. In that case the husband made a row. I published the incident in the Examiner. The other society editors wouldn't touch it. They had too much reverence for society. Indeed, there was one society editor who wouldn't describe the gowns at balls. Society people were sacred to her, and she was afraid she might offend them."

In the Dressing Room

"We society editors used to go to the dressing room during the Gaeties, the Greenways and other balls. That is where you see human nature. I remember one sweet little girl at a Greenway. She came into the dressing room with her mother and she cried as though her heart would break. 'Oh, mama!' she said, 'they don't want me! they don't want me!' 'Never mind, my child,' said the mother, 'you must console yourself with the thought that you received a

....Olga....

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card, even if they won't dance with you.' Can you imagine such mothers? There was one girl who always told everybody at the beginning of a ball that she was really too ill to dance. She knew she wouldn't be asked. She didn't belong, as the phrase goes. And there were some who always found excellent reasons for going to Coronado or Del Monte or Santa Barbara just before the cards were issued. They knew they wouldn't receive cards, and they couldn't bear to stay in town and have people whisper that they were out of it. 'They want my brother, but not me,' a girl told me once, speaking of a set that invited her and then snubbed her."

A Fatal Mistake

"I know a girl whose mother toiled like a galley slave, pinching and scraping and scheming for years to get her into society. Finally she succeeded. Her card for the Gaieties came! It cost twenty dollars, and laying his hands on the money was no small problem for the poor father. But he managed to dig up the money. Then came the tragedy. Ten dollars more was needed to pay for the admission of the chaperone. The father absolutely could not afford the money, and the girl did not go. Does it seem credible that such people should strive to go where they are not wanted and where they will not be happy? It is unbelievable, but society here is so founded on falsities that the unbelievable becomes almost commonplace. Once a woman spoke to me of her daughter. The mother was a very ambitious climber. She told me that her daughter was young and innocent, and that in her inexperience she had just made a fatal mistake. I was aghast. Was it possible that this mother was going to make a confidant of a newspaper woman on such a subject. The words seemed to admit of but one construction. She went on to explain. They had been at Del Monte. Mr. Greenway was there, and one night he had asked her daughter to dance with him. The daughter had promised the dance to an unimportant young man and so told Mr. Greenway. He did not ask her again. That was the fatal mistake! She would never be invited to the Greenways! I am not criticizing Mr. Greenway. I never knew a man more considerate of newspaper women. I like him. I am sure that he never thought twice about what that mother regarded as an irreparable blunder. But what shall we say of such mothers?"

Dances and Dances

"I don't believe that more than ten per cent of those who attend enjoy the big dances. There

are cliques, and they are so catty toward one another. The men go for the supper, and drive the girls to despair by not dancing. How different it all is from the unpretentious dances where friends gather for a good time, and all the boys dance with all the girls! Personally, the best fun I ever had was at a dance in Marysville. I'd rather go to a dance south of Market where all are neighbors and equal and there is no sham and no heart burnings than to a Greenway. The girls may not be exquisitely gowned nor the boys in correct evening attire, but they go home tired and radiantly happy, and think and talk about their good time for weeks afterwards."

Seeking Publicity

"A society editor has every opportunity to penetrate the sham of it all," Mrs. Norris went on. "So many women send society items to the papers, and then pretend to be angry at finding their names in print. I have in mind the case of such a woman who sent me the list of guests she had invited to a luncheon. I published it. A day or so later I met her at the Fairmont. She was with an old friend of my mother. 'I am angry with you,' she said, and told me why. She loathed publicity, it seemed! My mother's friend upbraided me too, saying that I should have known that Mrs. Soandso hated that sort of thing. They almost convinced me that I had done a mean thing. But I had enough pride to go to great pains to dig up Mrs. Soandso's letter and send it to my mother's friend. It opened her eyes. When I started newspaper work many society women kindly told me about the people who should never be mentioned in my column. 'Don't mention her,' they would say; 'she is quite impossible. One cannot afford to be seen with her.' Afford! You can afford to be seen with your cook if you like her company."

As to Drinking

"I saw a lot of drinking during my newspaper work. There was always a great deal of punch drunk at teas. And there was one prominent woman who was nearly always 'edged' as they say. The incident in 'Saturday's Child' of the girls ordering Martini cocktails in tea-cups I saw myself. 'Two in a cup,' they said, and the waiter understood. It was at one of the big hotels. What a condition of family life where not only the men but the mother and the girls of the family have this habit of regular cocktail drinking!"

Here and Elsewhere

"I know little of New York society, but at its best it cannot be like San Francisco society. It is founded on family, not on money, and its leaders have been leaders for centuries. There are families in New York which have had the same box at the opera for a hundred years. Meeting some of these people I have found a dignity, a reticence, a disregard of mere worldly considerations that are in marked contrast to what you find here. For one thing, divorce is so easy here that society lacks stability. The leaders of five years ago are not the leaders today. Real society after all must rest on the family group, but here the family group is broken so often by divorce. In the East the families are large, they have many branches; so an isolated divorce does not affect them. There is a sound reason for the maintenance of certain social distinctions in an old community where certain families fix standards and uphold ideals. It is a measure of self-defense against vulgarity and the ostentation of sudden riches. But there is no such reason here. Why should anybody

be in San Francisco society? There is a great deal more fun to be found outside it! Limit your circle here and you limit your enjoyment."

"If I Had a Daughter"

"Please the Lord, I shall bring up my boy to think as I do on this subject," said Mrs. Norris, kissing her boy. 'I have no girl. I had twins, but they were very delicate and their struggle for life was very short. But if I had a daughter I should certainly not bring her up for a career in society. There was a time in my life when it looked as though I should enter society, but circumstances prevented and now that I look back, I certainly do not regret. Rather than a social career I should prefer that my daughter took a position in the Emporium, in the book department or at the lace counter or anywhere else that she might meet real people, not imitations. 'Send me a manicurist,' a San Francisco woman I know telephoned, 'preferably one who won't talk.' She was afraid to have her precious privacy intruded on! Mrs. Norris laughed. She has an infectious laugh, and little Frank laughed with her. It was easy to see that she was the society he cared most about."

Naval Attache at Paris

Major Henry L. Roosevelt, of the United States Marine Corps, has been detailed as Naval Attache to the American Embassy at Paris. Major Roosevelt was for several years in the Philippine service, and on his return to San Francisco a few months ago was summoned to Washington for duty at Vera Cruz. Later he accompanied the cruiser Tennessee as a member of the relief expedition to assist Americans in Europe, and on his arrival there he received his present assignment. Major Roosevelt is a son-in-law of Judge William W. Morrow of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals.

An Aid to Tourists

It is a pleasure to announce to the traveling public that the Bertha Ruffner Hotel and Information Bureau of the Hotel McAlpin, New York, has opened a branch office in the Hotel Stewart of this city. The inestimable benefit which the traveling public and tourists derive from this widely known and highly regarded bureau will soon be well known to those who take advantage of its presence in this city. Centrally located as it is, it is prepared to furnish all kinds of information connected with travel tours, shopping and sightseeing trips. Those who desire information regarding hotels, no matter where situated, will be accommodated with facts based upon the most careful personal investigation. There are also the best of facilities for making reservations on steamers and trains.

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Gossip of the Theatre

The Dragon's Claws

Grant Carpenter's Chinatown play, *The Dragon's Claws*, is the tragedy of the unimpassioned. It moves along without any perceptible strife of mind, with no outward manifestation of emotion, but all the while you are sensible of the mental pain racking one of the figures before your eyes. The dramatist plays on your feelings through your imagination. He suggestionizes you with but a few concrete details, paying tribute to your intelligence after putting you in the right mood, by letting you divine the trend of things. This is tragedy as it should be. The final catastrophe, as the technicians call it, is the work of a Chinatown gun man, a creature somewhat new to the stage. No storm of passionrages in him; no jealousy, no ambition, no vengeance or hatred. He kills as a matter of course to vindicate the honor of the family. He is obedient to the will of his uncle. You have no interest in him. You have but little interest in the man he murders. All your interest is concentrated in the little Chinese wife who croons a plaintive folk song to her husband while both listen for the fatal shot outside the door, where the gun man lurks in the darkness to put an end to the life of the lover who has been doomed to his doom. This is indeed unimpassioned tragedy, but there is more of a thrill in it than in a blood-boltered play of clotted horrors. Mr. Carpenter has handled his theme with fine skill, extracting for us the very essence of Chinese character. The romance of Chinatown he has touched with a clairvoyant intelligence, and he has produced all the desired effect with the simplest means. The tone of the play is tragic from the very beginning. It is the kind of tragedy in which there is uniformity of gloom, and never which there broods a mournful, almost dull monotony. It suggests the breathless waiting for a doom that was a characteristic of ancient tragedy, yet there is no elaboration of details to attain vividness. Even the dialogue is terse and direct, and it has a bit of rhythm here and there that gives it a tragic drift. The play is well presented at the Alcazar. Especially effective are Burt Wesner and Edmond Lowe. In the part of the young wife does not fit Evelyn Booth like a glove, the reason why becomes apparent in the farce that follows where she reveals herself as a sweet and vivacious ingenue. Tragedy is foreign to her gay and girlish temperament. As to the externals of production there is nothing lacking. Stage Manager Butler is a man of imagination, and he has given us an excellent picture of the inside of four walls in Chinatown.

—Theodore Bonnet.

Shaw at the Orpheum

At the Orpheum this week George Bernard Shaw may be found repeating himself. His one-act play *How He Lied to Her Husband* was evidently inspired by his three-act play *Candida*. Shaw was doing a lot of thinking about *Candida* when he wrote *How He Lied to Her Husband*. He was thinking aloud about it, and he made his characters talk about it, even criticize it and boost it. All of which is characteristic. Shaw thinks there is nothing so funny as his affectation of self-sufficiency and self-concentration. It is a string on which he has played with marked success, but fortunately he has other strings. He plays on some of them in his one-act comedy, a veritable shower of brilliant conceits. From this little play one inhales the very

spirit of Shaw's wit. It is redolent of his cynicism, yet on close inspection you will find that there is hardly the exaggeration of caricature in it. The shallow-pated wife who lives to be adored by her husband's friends and who is intoxicated by the effusions of a young poet who sings her charms—she is not a *rara avis*. It is usually the woman of this type who has a dull, prosaic husband eager to shine by reflection. These are the folk that compose the Shaw triangle, and all of them are admirably personated at the Orpheum by Arnold Daly, Ray Brown and Doris Mitchell.

—Theodore Bonnet.

"The Mikado" Superbly Sung

We never tire of "The Mikado." Its appeal to music lovers is perennial. It is a classic which our children and our children's children will probably love as much as we do. We can only regret that our children's children will not be privileged to see De Wolf Hopper in the role of Ko-Ko, the Lord High Executioner of Titipu. It is Hopper's most congenial, his greatest part. He is as near perfection in it as any musical comedian can ever hope to be in any part. This whole production of "The Mikado" is given on a high plane. Arthur Aldridge uses his splendid voice to the best advantage as Nanki-Poo; Herbert Waterous is a perfectly satisfactory Pooh-Bah; John Willard is a Pish-Tush of spirited acting and beautiful voice; and Arthur Cunningham makes us proud of him once more in the role of the Mikado. The three little maids were never more dainty, more cunning and more irresistible than Gladys Caldwell, Anabel Jourdan and Maude Mordaunt make them. And the Katisha of Jayne Herbert is all that a Katisha should be. The chorus is one of the largest in many days, and all its men and women can sing. Needless to say, its girls are all a delight to the eye. "The Mikado" started the De Wolf Hopper engagement at the Cort under the happiest auspices.

—E. F. O'D.

Last Nights of Blinn Season

The Holbrook Blinn season at the Columbia comes to a close after this Saturday night's presentation of the program of four one-act plays commanding attention this week. Blinn and his players are to go to Los Angeles for a week's stay and will then return direct to the Princess Theatre, New York, where they will open the new season. The presentation this week of a new one-act play called "Little Face" has attracted special attention to the closing nights of the season. The piece which is set in primitive man's time is to be recorded as a success. On the same program is offered the terrific tragedy "Hari-Kari;" the Frenchy farce "En Deshabille" and the dramatic episode of British-Indian life "Fear." All the plays are superbly acted by Blinn, Emelie Polini, Harry Mestayer, Jean Murdoch, Vaughan Trevor and the other splendid actors of the company. There is a matinee this Saturday.

The Symphony Concerts

The Board of Governors of the Musical Association of San Francisco have announced plans for the fourth season of symphony concerts by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Following established custom, the subscription series of symphony concerts will be given at the Cort Theatre, and on the following Friday afternoons: October 23, November 6, November 20,

December 4, December 11, January 8, January 22, February 5, February 19, March 5. The orchestra will again be conducted by Henry Hadley, and as heretofore will be composed of some of the foremost players of their respective instruments. While the majority of the men have been under Mr. Hadley's baton for three years, the orchestra will be strengthened by the addition of a new First Harpist, First Oboe, First and Second Bassoons, First French Horn, and a few changes in the First and Second Violin and Contra Bass sections. It is expected that the orchestra will establish itself on a very high plane during the coming season. Sunday afternoon audiences eager for good music will have their wishes gratified on several occasions. It is expected that Tina Lerner, pianist, and Willy Burmester, violinist, will assist at two of the Sunday afternoon concerts. The list of soloists will include the names of vocalists and instrumentalists of world-wide eminence and many nationalities. Arrangements are practically completed for the appearance of Tina Lerner, the beautiful and talented Russian pianist; Willy Burmester, described as Germany's greatest violinist, who will make his appearance in San Francisco and play the wonderful Paganini Concerto No. 1; and Jacques Thibaud, the French violinist, a player of elegance, grace and one of the foremost of the young violinists. In addition to these, Manager Frank W. Healy is negotiating for the services of other artists of equal prominence. The sale of season tickets for guarantors of the orchestra will open at the offices of the manager next Tuesday, September 15; for regular subscribers, Monday, September 21; for new subscribers, Monday, September 28. The sale of season tickets will close Saturday, October 17. All subscribers of last year have the privilege of retaining the same seats held last year, but seats must be purchased promptly after opening of season ticket sales. There will be no increase in prices of season tickets, but the Musical Association reserves the right to increase the prices of tickets for single concerts on special occasions. A campaign will be pursued by the Association toward increasing the number of season ticket subscribers. Last season the orchestra played to capacity houses, but this was due to the sale of single tickets and music lovers, tardy at the box office, found it impossible to secure choice seats. For the coming season the Musical Association wishes to impress upon patrons the advisability of securing season tickets. With the large influx caused by the European disturbance, California promises to have the most successful music season in its history.

The New Alcazar Players

On Monday the regular stock company of the Alcazar will begin, introducing the new Alcazar players. For the opening play Belasco and Meyer have secured "The Common Law," a splendid dramatization of Robert W. Chambers' celebrated novel of the same name which caused such a wide sensation on the occasion of its first appearance as a serial in one of the prominent Eastern magazines and later when it was put on the market in book form. The play follows the story of the book in every detail and is a splendid picture of studio and social life in New York. "The Common Law" has been the dramatic sensation of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and other large cities of the East, and will prove specially adapted for the introduction of the new Alcazar players. Heading the list are Ralph Kellard and Alice Fleming, the leading

man and leading lady respectively. Mr. Kellard is one of the best leading men on the stage today, extremely good looking and destined to become a great matinee idol in this city. He has played under the direction of David Belasco and with David Warfield in "The Music Master," and was the leading man in that charming idyl "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." He has played in a number of other New York successes and has been the leading man with several of the best stock companies in the East. Alice Fleming has played a varied repertoire of parts. She is a particularly beautiful and clever young actress with a talent for dramatic and comedy acting that has placed her in the front rank of leading women on the American stage today. Her gowns will prove a revelation and a treat to the feminine contingent of the Alcazar audience. Miss Frances Yonge will be the new grand dame. She is an excellent actress and has a stunning wardrobe of ravishing gowns. Dainty little Evelyn Booth will be the new ingenue, and Charles Hammond, a splendid actor, comes as second man. Popular Burt Wesner, Edmond Lowe, Richard Vivian, Frank Wyman, John Livingston, David W. Butler, S. A. Burton, Louise Brownell and Dorcas Matthews will remain with the Alcazar players, and Fred J. Butler will again direct the stage, thus making the strongest stock company in America today.

Seminary Maids at Pantages

Samuel Bearwitz, well known in Eastern musical comedy circles, is sending to the Pantages the first of a series of tabloid comedies which

he will present over the circuit. Stanley's Seminary Girls, with ten rollicking college girls, is the production which will head the new bill of eight acts which opens at the local Pantages on Sunday. Ruth Hoyt, a bewitching young vocalist, and Vincent Dusey, a droll comedian, have the principal roles in "College Capers." Several exclusive song numbers for the act by Will Harris, the famous song writer, are presented. Harry Antrim and Betsy Vale in a dainty conceit which they term "Filings of Fun" is the laughing hit of the show. Antrim does a number of clever impersonations and whistling selections. Miss Vale is a fetching comedienne with a wardrobe of stunning frocks. "A Leap Year Leap" is a breezy comedy playlet with Willard Hutchinson, the legitimate comedy star, and a capable company. James Brockman who achieved a big hit on his last tour of the circuit, is back again with his strains from light opera. Brockman writes and sings his own ballads. The Four Solis brothers are masters of the Mexican marimbaphone. Ford and Lairs in a comedy skit entitled "A Study in Black and White," and Gloriana, a comely and shapely maiden in acrobatics, will round out the show. One of the entertaining features will be the newest war slides direct from the seat of war.

Hopper's Second Week

De Wolf Hopper and the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company at the Cort have registered an-

other triumph. The success of this organization at the Cort two seasons ago has been repeated. "The Mikado" will be given for the last time tonight, bringing the first week of the engagement to a close. The second and final week will start tomorrow night with a performance of "The Pirates of Penzance," one of the happiest of the Gilbert and Sullivan masterpieces. Hopper will be seen in the excruciatingly funny role of the sergeant of police. "The Pirates of Penzance" will be repeated on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights and at the Wednesday matinee. Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights and Saturday matinee will be devoted to the ever-popular "Pinafore" in which Hopper himself shines to particular advantage as Dick Deadeye. In addition to Hopper, the casts will include Idelle Patterson, Gladys Caldwell, Jayne Herbert, Anabel Jourdan, Maude Mordaunt, Una Brooks, Arthur Aldridge, Herbert Cripps, Henry Smith and the other principals of this distinguished organization. The productions will in every way be up to the standard set by producer William A. Brady in the operas already presented. Gabrielle D'Annunzio's stupendous spectacle "Cabiria" comes to the Cort for a single week, beginning Sunday, September 20.

At the Orpheum

The Orpheum announces for next week a new and splendid bill which includes seven new



HANS KRONOLD

The international 'cellist next week at the Orpheum



DE WOLF HOPPER and JAYNE HERBERT

In a scene from "Pinafore" at the Cort Theatre.

acts. Jesse L. Lasky's "The Beauties," a miniature musical comedy will be one of the headline attractions. It is among the greatest hits of the present vaudeville season and possesses a witty libretto by William Le Baron and sparkling music, the composition of Robert Hood Bowers. Beautiful girls, beautifully costumed and clever comedians compose the cast of the production which is embellished by elaborate and picturesque scenery. Musical circles will immediately realize the importance of the engagement of Hans Kronold who shares the headline honors. He is an international 'cellist, recognized by critics as a master of his instrument. His success on the concert platform has been tremendous and it was with great diffidence he accepted an engagement in vaudeville fearing that there was a possibility of his art being too fine and subtle. His appearance at the Palace Theatre, New York, demonstrated the error of his idea, for he was received with immense enthusiasm and created quite a furore. Alexander and Scott, a blackface team, sing coon songs and dance in a clever and diverting manner. "Chuck Riesner and Henrietta Gores will appear in a humorous skit entitled "It's Only a Show" by Riesner who in the role of an amateur actor recounts his amusing experience. Joseph Cole and Gertrude Denahy who hail from this city have just returned from a triumphant tour of the East where they divided honors with the Castles and other famous ballroom dancers. They will present their latest terpsichorean creations. Rita Boland and Lou Holtz will contribute a melange of song, dance and story in a bright and pleasing manner. Next week will be the last of Arnold Daly who will present for the first time here the one act play "Ask No Questions" by the celebrated Viennese author Arthur Schnitzler. It is one of the Famous Anatol Series. The only other holdover will be Harry Hines and George Fox in their diverting songs and sayings.



RALPH KELLARD
Leading man at the Alcazar Theatre.

To My Best Friend

I love the wet-lipped wind that stirs the hedge,
And kisses the bent flowers that drooped for rain,
That stirs the poppy on the sun-burnt ledge,
And like a swan dies singing, without pain.
The golden bees go buzzing down to stain
The lily's frills, and the blue harebell rings,
And the sweet blackbird in the rainbow sings,

Deep in the meadows I would sing a song,
The shallow brook my tuning-fork, the birds
My masters, and the boughs they hop along
Shall mark my time, but there shall be no words
For lurking echo's mock, an angel herds
Words that I may not know, within, for you;
Words for the faithful meet, the good and true.

—F. E. Ledwidge.

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Automobile tires that will blow a horn just before they come to an upturned tack or a broken bottle.

Rocking chairs that will flash a light just before you fall over them in the dark.

Garden hose that will shut itself off just before it bursts under you.

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Magnetized latch keys that will always find the lock.

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Bridge whist hands that will play themselves so that you cannot possibly lose.

Player pianos belonging to neighbors that will muffle themselves when they become objectionable.

A self-returning umbrella that cannot be lost or stolen.

A maid was once a clinging vine,
So spineless and inert;
But now she stands erect and fine,
And wears a clinging skirt.

He took his car apart, did Ben,
And thought he was in clover;
But when he put them back again
He had ten parts left over.

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Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

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5TH SYMPHONY CONCERT OCTOBER 8th

Sidelights On The War

(Continued from Page 8.)

longer contains veterans of the Terrible Year, and the wars of the republic since that time have been minor affairs, with Moors, Malagasies and Anamese as opponents. There is not a man who has seen service comparable with that which is now being performed, or who has had experience of special value in such a war as this. There is good reason for expecting fine things of General Joffre and his comrades, but they have yet their spurs to win in a great war. Even more than that may be said of the German army. Its last real war was that of 1870-71, and Moltke, "Unser Fritz," the Red Prince, Steinmetz, Manteuffel, Goeben and all the rest are gone. There are a few, like the ill-fated Von Emmich, victim of Liege, who served as subalterns in that war, but not one remains who had important rank. Since that war the German army has had nobody to fight but Hottentots, and its training, supposedly the most thorough in the world, has been exclusively in time of peace. Austria-Hungary is still more lacking in war experience. Her last war of any kind was the disastrous clash with Prussia in 1866—forty-eight years ago. Experience in that would not be of any great value if any of her officers had it, but they have not even so much as that. Russia has had more experience. Besides her Turkish war in 1877 and her Central Asia campaigns she had only a few years ago the colossal struggle with Japan. We should therefore expect her to have many officers of considerable experience. It does not appear, however, that any man of eminence in those former wars is now coming into high command. We do not hear of Kuropatkin, or Linevich or any of those who fought fate in Manchuria. Obviously, therefore, there is opportunity for many new names to leap into fame in this war, and it may be that more than one nation will have to experiment with commanders at great cost before the real leaders are found.

The War Minister's Blunder

Slowly the truth is coming out of France, and it bears out the conjectures expressed in Town Talk some weeks ago. The explanation of the retreat of the allied armies through France is to be found in the initial blunder of the French War Minister who has been banished from the scene. It was he that sent two-thirds of the French army far off to the Alsace-Lorraine frontier. During the first fifteen days of the war, which may be described as the Belgian phase, the German armies covered by the fighting from Liege to Brussels, concentrated in unprecedented masses in all of east and southeast Belgium. At the moment when they saw the French wholly committed to their counter-offensive and the greater part of the French army actually engaged between Metz and Muelhausen they suddenly set their vast army in motion toward Namur and Brussels. Three days sufficed to sweep the feeble Belgian force from their front and crush it back into Antwerp. Two days more and their

march west and then south had brought perhaps 900,000 Germans in front of the allied army, numbering at most less than 500,000, perhaps not more than 400,000, and placed south of Namur, roughly speaking, on a line between the Meuse to the Scheldt, with Charleroi as its centre. At the precise moment when the German "drive" began, it was Sunday, August 23, the great mass of the German army was less than 150 miles from Paris. The bulk of the French army was from 250 to 300 miles away, fighting desperately and making little real headway. Plainly, if the small northern army were really crushed or out-flanked, enveloped and captured, the French armies' successes eastward in the Vosges, if there were any, would amount to nothing, and the safety of the armies which had won them would soon be gravely imperilled.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 5.)

are operated under the open shop. Our institutions are open shop institutions. Our open door policy in China and in Europe is an expression of our demand that all shall have an equal opportunity. Our association is always prepared to deal with labor organizations, but not exclusively.

"There are disheartening circumstances. Every officer of the iron-workers' organization convicted at Indianapolis was re-elected. Three of the chief officers convicted were delegates to the last convention of the American Federation of Labor at Seattle. It is disheartening that there should only be lip condemnation of violence among labor leaders. Is there a single instance where the perpetrator of violence was fined or expelled from his union?

"Nevertheless we are optimistic. We have faith in the workers, though we distrust many of their leaders. It is the salvation of American industry that many of the intelligent radicals among workingmen are not sincere, while many of the sincere radicals are not intelligent.

"You in San Francisco should be in sympathy with our efforts. San Francisco has suffered from the aggressions of organized labor. I know of many industrial concerns that have refrained from locating here on that account. There are not many who are prepared to do what the open shop Western Pipe and Steel Company did at Richmond,—build a plant worth a couple of hundred thousand dollars and surround it with a barbed wire fence. San Francisco has every advantage. The workingman can work twelve months a year. He has fruits and vegetables on his table all the year round that only the rich in the East can afford at certain seasons. You have cheap fuel and transportation and the finest harbor in the world. Why doesn't capital come here? Why does it go to Los Angeles? Why are your industries retrograding? Why has the Union Iron Works become virtually a repair shop?"

I made no reply to James A. Emery. But I thought of what Mayor Rolph said in his Labor Day speech:

"Look upon our city today, one of the proudest in the world. Who has contributed more to the upbuilding of it than the hosts of labor?"

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD AILMENT QUICKLY DISAPPEARS BEFORE AKOZ

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"My wife has suffered for twelve years from rheumatism in the back, shoulder and side. The pains at times were excruciating. Kidney trouble, with its pain and distressing symptoms, during this period added to her suffering. The pains my wife had at times were so severe that she could not get out of bed in the morning. After trying many other remedies she decided to give Akoz a trial. She used Akoz compound and Akoz plasters, besides drinking the water. In two weeks she noted an improvement in her condition, the pain beginning to leave. Before two months of the treatment all the pains had left, her kidneys had become normal and she felt better than she had for years, satisfied that she was completely relieved of the ailments that had caused her years of suffering."

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SUMMONSIn the Superior Court of the State of California, in and
for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 58,227;
Dept. No. 2.A. L. BLAKESLEE, Plaintiff, vs. VIOLET W.
BLAKESLEE, Defendant.Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of
California in and for the City and County of San Fran-
cisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County
Clerk of said City and County.The people of the State of California send greeting to:
Violet M. Blakeslee, Defendant.YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an
action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff
in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and
for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer
the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of
the day of service) after the service on you of this sum-
mons, if served within this City and County; or if served
elsewhere within thirty days.The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and
decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony
now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground
of defendant's adultery, also for general relief, as will more
fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special refer-
ence is hereby made.And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and
answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judg-
ment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Com-
plaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court
for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior
Court of the State of California, in and for the City and
County of San Francisco, this 29th day of July, A. D. 1914.
(Seal)H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.JOS. A. BROWN,
Attorney for Plaintiff. 8-8-10**ORDER**In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and
for the City and County of San Francisco.In the Matter of the Estate of FRANK SIMONART,
Deceased.Bernard T. Tennyson having filed herein a petition for
an order and decree authorizing and requiring Maria
Simonart, the executrix of the last will of Frank Simonart,
deceased, to transfer and convey to him pursuant to the
provisions of Sections 1597 to 1601 inclusive, of the Code
of Civil Procedure that certain piece or parcel of land,
situate, lying and being in the City and County of San
Francisco, State of California, and described as follows,
to-wit:Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Green-
wich Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Ten (110)
Feet Westerly from the point formed by the intersection
on the Southerly line of Greenwich Street with the West-
erly line of Devisadero Street; and running thence West-
erly along said line of Greenwich Street Forty (40) Feet;
thence at a right angle Southerly One Hundred and Thirty-
seven (137) Feet and Six (6) Inches; thence at a right
angle Easterly Forty (40) Feet; and thence at a right
angle Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) Feet
and Six (6) Inches to the point of beginning.

Being part of Western Addition Block No. 490.

It is hereby ordered that the 29th day of September,
1914, at the hour of ten o'clock in the morning, and the
Court-room of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court
be and the same are hereby appointed as the time and
place for the hearing of said petition and that notice there-
of be published once a week for four successive weeks be-
fore such hearing in the "Town Talk," a newspaper pub-
lished in the City and County of San Francisco, State of
California.

Dated September 1, 1914.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Petitioner,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

8-29-5

CERTIFICATE OF PARTNERSHIPWe, the undersigned, ELMIRE RUFFIEUX and JULES
ALBRECHT, do hereby certify:That we are partners transacting business in the City
and County of San Francisco, State of California, under
the firm name and style of "L. RUFFIEUX," and that
the names in full of all the members of said partnership
and their places of residence are as follows, namely:ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, residing at Hotel Manx, North-
west corner of Powell and O'Farrell Streets, in the City
and County of San Francisco, State of California, and
JULES ALBRECHT, residing at No. 764 Seventeenth
Avenue, in said City and County of San Francisco; and
that we carry on and conduct a French confectionery
and patisserie business at premises No. 211 Powell Street,
in said City and County of San Francisco, which is the
principal place of business of such partnership; and we
certify and declare that no other person is interested there-
in, and that we are the sole owners of said business.IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our
hands at the City and County of San Francisco, State of
California, on this 1st day of September, in the year A. D.
nineteen hundred and fourteen (1914).ELMIRE RUFFIEUX,
JULES ALBRECHT.

Witness:

A. COMTE, JR.,

Attorney-at-Law.

No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.On this 1st day of September, in the year One Thousand
Nine Hundred and Fourteen, before me, Flora Hall, a
Notary Public in and for said City and County of San
Francisco, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn,
personally appeared, ELMIRE RUFFIEUX and JULES
ALBRECHT, known to me to be the persons described in
and whose names are subscribed to the within instrument
and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand
and affixed my Official Seal, at my office in the City
and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this
Certificate first above written.

(Notarial Seal)

FLORA HALL,

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San
Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 2, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.

By H. I. Porter, Deputy Clerk.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney-at-Law.

No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

9-12-5

SUMMONSIn the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for
the City and County of San Francisco—No. 57,695.MARIA BASCOU BARLETTA, Plaintiff, vs. HENRY
CALVET, et al., Defendants.Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of
California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk
of said City and County.The People of the State of California Send Greeting to:
Henry Calvet, J. A. McDonald, John Titus James, Lubeck's
Investment Company, a corporation, Defendants.YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer
the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against
you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and
for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days
after the service on you of this summons—if served within
this City and County; or within thirty days if served else-
where.And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and
answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judg-
ment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint
as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the
relief demanded in the complaint.GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court
at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California,
this 1st day of July, A. D. 1914.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH A. BROWN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

7-11-10



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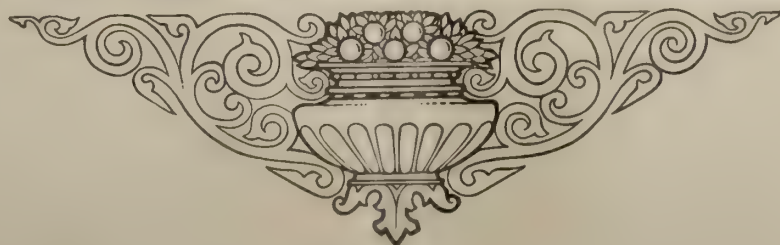
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SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 19, 1914

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXIV.

San Francisco, September 19, 1914

No. 1152

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

War Prophets

Nowadays the literary men of England are looking into the seeds of time and practicing the fine art of vaticination. If their cocksureness in prophecy is evidence of divine ordination then the world is mistaken in regarding the war as a terrible calamity. On the contrary it should be hailed as the benign expedient by which Providence is to usher in the millenium. For according to the prophets the war is going to put an end to much evil. Francis Grierson tells us it will make society less frivolous and more sober, and liberate literature in England from paradox and cynicism, which means of course that Shaw and Chesterton are to become as solemn as Grierson. Socialist writers with the gift of prophecy predict the perfection of the universal copartnership at the close of the war. The literary coterie to whom democracy is the realization of the only ideals worth striving for assure us that the war will deal a death blow to autocracy, from which we must conclude that the two hostile nations—Russia and Germany—are to suffer the same fate. The broadest of all the prospects viewed by the prophets is that of H. G. Wells, who boasts that he is "English cum Irish" and therefore not vulgarly patriotic like some chauvinistic Britishers whom he knows. Nevertheless after the manner of some Britishers we all know he assumes that this big war is personally conducted by the statesmen of London. Whatever is to be done, according to his notion, is to be done by "us English." And there is to be a lot done: "Into this war we have gone with clean hands—to end the reign of brutal and artful internationalism for ever." Also: "We mean to conquer," and the war "is not going to end in diplomacy; it is going to end diplomacy." It is going to make universal the American practice of conducting all negotiations above board with the cards on the table. It is going to make abhorrent sudden attacks without a declaration of war, vast schemes for spy

systems, breaches of neutrality, national treacheries and a world organization of supersneaks. Then why deplore the war? Isn't it the best thing that ever happened?

After the War

It may seem presumptuous on the part of a mere commentator, who has not the gift of prophecy, to throw a jangling note of discord into the sweet symphony of universal regeneration which distinguished writers are cheerfully composing on their tinkling typewriters, but we feel constrained to observe that the terms of peace do not always promise well; nor is it always easy for the victors to agree on the division of the spoils. There is a wisdom in peace-making to be shown in the peace itself. There is a peace that is a mere truce between wars, like the peace between England and the Bourbons in the eighteenth century. No peace can be stable where one side feels that its successful rival has degraded its honor as a nation by the nature of the terms it has exacted, unless the defeated nation be completely annihilated as a Power to be reckoned with. The wise peace is that which faithfully registers the exact degree of success attained by the victorious party up to the time of its conclusion while measuring the resisting force still existing on the defeated side. A peace of this kind may be concluded in Europe, but the difficulty to be encountered is that of satisfying at once England, France and Russia. England's great object in this war, according to somewhat smug British assertion, is to crush the militarism of the Prussianized German Empire that has been slowly strangling civilization, but to be consistent England must show some concern about the militarism of its most powerful ally. And British statesmen are not at all insensible of danger from that quarter. Already they are discussing the prospect of cataclysmic change. While the French, they observe, want nothing more than Alsace-Lorraine, the Russians, they know, are looking forward to a Great Poland and a Great Serbia—Pan-Slavism that may be worse than Pan-Teutonism. It is recognized that the Italians and the Roumanians must be paid for their neutrality with the Trentino and Transylvania, sinking Austria to the rank of a Balkan State. So while the Peace Prophets are rejoicing the men who keep their eyes on the Balance of Power are worrying. Some of them are of the opinion that if a real Concert is to emerge from this war there must be a minimum of territorial change and the German Powers must be neither isolated nor dismembered.

Saint and Heroine

"The Wonder of the Ages!" This is what Mark Twain called Joan of Arc. The great humorist was never so serious, so

deeply sentimental, so profoundly reverential as when writing of the Maid of France. The history of her career, which is an official record, being the written testimony taken at her two trials—the one for condemnation and the other for rehabilitation, affected Mark Twain as it affected Thomas De Quincy and Andrew Lang; that is, it fascinated and perplexed him. Like Lang he perceived that Joan's achievements, especially the marvels that marked her career, are inexplicable on any hypothesis postulated of human agency, but he had not the courage to suggest that possibly she was precisely what she herself believed, though he had no more doubt than Lang had of her sincerity. So he called her the "Wonder of the Ages," and declared her to be "easily and by far the most extraordinary person the human race has ever produced." All of which we were reminded of the other day on reading in the New York Sun a special cable despatch from Paris dated September 7. It was on that day four hundred and eighty-five years ago that Joan of Arc took off her silver armor and hung it up in the Cathedral of St. Denis. In that old church, which is now sadly in need of repairs, the four hundred and eighty-fifth anniversary of Joan of Arc's devotions was celebrated. It was packed with people, and hundreds who could not gain admission joined from the outside in the singing. How those French people love Joan—when they are in trouble! They were in serious trouble that day. How serious it was may be judged from this excerpt from the Sun's "War News in Brief" printed in the same paper that told of the celebration in the old cathedral: "The Germans are attacking in five columns. The battle will decide to an extent whether the German forces are to be driven back or whether Paris is to be besieged." While this battle was in progress the people in the church of St. Denis were praying for the intercession of Joan of Arc, and it was agreed according to Father Marquard, the pastor, that if the Germans did not assault Paris a basilica to Joan of Arc would be raised in the church on the very spot where she prayed the day she hung up her armor. Well, the Germans did not touch Paris, and all the world wondered, but it is a sceptical world, intolerant of mysticism and what it regards as flummery, and the world would scorn to go so far as to agree with Mark Twain that Joan of Arc must be regarded as the Wonder of the Ages. But who shall say that it does no good to revive a little of religious feeling in France? Perhaps as a result of what happened on the day after that anniversary celebration the people of France may feel not only a thrill of religious enthusiasm but also a quickening of the sense of gratitude. A basilica will be a very inadequate testimonial to the girl without blemish who "broke the back of the Hun-

dred Years' War," as Mark Twain puts it, and started the series of events that ended an alien dominion which had ridden France intermittently for three hundred years. It is a big debt of gratitude that France owes the sweet Maid of Domremy, but to the crimson shame of France be it said that the French people have not even kept faith with her. When she put the crown on her King's head amid loud public rejoicings she was asked to name her reward. She asked for nothing for herself, but begged that the taxes of her native village be remitted forever. The request was granted, and for three hundred and sixty years the people of Domremy were free from taxation. Then was the promise broken, and it has remained a broken promise ever since. Will a basilica suffice to redeem it?

A Rejected Editor

As to the primary campaign in this State it is not to be seriously contended that it was utterly futile. If it brought discomfiture to many worthy citizens it was at least instructive; it enabled us all to take the measure of the humdrum editor of the Fresno Republican, and it supplied data for future reference touching the weight and importance of this militant reformer who has aggrandized himself far from home by means of the prestige of a journal that he inherited. As the editor of that paper the Hon. Chester A. Rowell has been taken seriously among the elect of Bull Moosia. He was consulted in the East about men in California, and when not consulted he volunteered indictments and judgments. He uttered himself as a Californian of high standing, and not even the cunning Roosevelt suspected him of being little more than a peanut politician. Now as a result of the primary campaign Editor Rowell, carried away by his ambition, emerged from the splendid isolation of the sharpshooter's cover, and went about filling the State with the odor of his sanctity causing nostrils everywhere to rebel. His friends said he would run like a jackass rabbit, but it is clear they were wrong. They might have come nearer the mark had they omitted the rabbit. Editor Rowell didn't get votes enough to elect him poundkeeper of a dogless community. At the hands of Mr. Heney he fared even worse than when he was beaten by an undertaker for the mayoralty of Fresno. This is the third job Mr. Rowell has chased, and he has yet to know how it feels to be a winner. By this time running for a job must impress him as being somewhat in the nature of rainbow-chasing. Maybe he will curb his inordinate ambition for awhile, for doubtless it is dawning on his perceptive faculty that as a consistent loser he is exuviating the prestige bequeathed by his universally esteemed uncle. It has gone so far that the wallop administered by Mr. Heney must have apprized Governor Johnson of the fact that the Fresno reformer is hardly indispensable to the success of the machine. However, with his reserve and surplus of improved wisdom, his command of all the resources

of the copybook he may still be able to create a demand for himself as a deliverer of baccalaureate sermons and an expounder of the moral uplift.

The Lay Anthony

Just as a simple chop looms as a gorgeous banquet on the eyes of a half-starved convalescent, so a moderately well-written work of fiction quickens the imagination and rouses the enthusiasm of a reader whose meanderings through contemporary literature have been like the wanderings of a weary traveler across many miles of arid desert. Hence the impression made by "The Lay Anthony" on Mitchell Kennerley, the New York publisher, who tells us it has "in some measure the great qualities of 'Richard Feverel.'" The book must have made a great sensation in Mr. Kennerley's publishing house. One reader reported that it was "a great book; a beautiful book; noble, thrilling." It kept him awake all night, kept him tingling, incapacitated him for work. A second reader pronounced it "a truly remarkable book," too good to sell. Joseph Hergesheimer, the author of "The Lay Anthony," must have been thrilled with delight by the reception he received, and he was not undeserving, for at least he has written a virile work, and virility is not a characteristic of the fiction of the day. He has given us an exciting story, in the sense that he keeps us in suspense. He has also given us a big theme, and the principal fault to be found with him is that he did not avail himself of its potentialities. His story is the old immortal story of the estrangement of loving Youth and Beauty, but it is not the estrangement that intensifies the joy of happy fruition, for it is a case of virtue not merely unrewarded but cheated. The author has given us a character as clearly defined and as life-like as Schnitzler's Bertha Garlan, but like Sir Charles Grandison, who might have been his prototype since he is incapable of at least one of the immoralities, he is interesting only because of his environment. He is not a true Anthony, for in him the amorous instinct is well in hand. He is indifferent to inducements. At the opening of the story he has just awakened to the sex appeal, and at once falls in love. Separated from his betrothed he rises above temptation, remains true to the darling of his heart, and presently, just as the prospect of a reunion dawns, he learns that the object of his pure affection is dead. It is a sweet and touching story that breathes the freshness of youth, and that has the merit of originality. The author has conceived no impossible young man. True he is the philosophic ideal of the short-hair female of the species who tells us from her celibate pulpit that the standards by which women are tested should be applied to men, but this ideal is not so uncommon in the flesh as the world thinks. There are lay Anthonys just like the hero of the story, who, in spite of his chastity and his other virtues is interesting, but chiefly on account of the women with whom he is contrasted. It is too bad the author failed to imagine more of them.

Perhaps he is young, and has not had much experience of life; though he has certainly exercised his psychic faculties and got behind the appearance of things. He has given us a book which has a distinct quality of its own, but we did not find in it anything to remind us of the great qualities of Richard Feverel. If there is any resemblance between the workmanship of Hergesheimer and of Meredith it is a resemblance of defects. Meredith had the bad habit of treating mere episodes as solemnly as main incidents, and there is evidence of this tendency in Hergesheimer.

Kind Hearts Less Than Coronets

Doubtless there is a great deal of exaggeration and invention in the stories that come from the war zone, but there are some things we read that give a very vivid impression of the brutalizing effect of war on the feelings of men. For example, an order issued by the military commander at Elberfeld and printed in the Neue Hamburger Zeitung of August 17th and apparently approved by that enlightened journal. The order directed that all commanders of railway stations take the severest measures against German women and girls "who behave unworthily" and "sully the national honor" during the passage of prisoners of war through the stations. The Neue Zeitung explains that similar acts of unworthiness were committed by German women and girls at Stuttgart where "on the arrival of the first French prisoners scenes occurred that aroused the greatest indignation." What were these scenes by which the national honor was sullied? "A part of the public," it is explained, "especially ladies, pushed forward toward the prisoners and gave them gifts and flowers." It is clear that compassion is a virtue in German women not to be extinguished by war. But what shall we say of the German officer who would order the arrest of women for giving rein to a sweet and tender feeling? Doubtless some of those women who gave flowers to French prisoners were thinking of husbands, sons or brothers who, for all they knew, were languishing in prisons across the border. It is to be hoped that the military commander at Elberfeld may be reported at headquarters. We feel sure that the Kaiser would like to know the officer who thinks the honor of Germany can be sullied by an act of kindness to a foe in manacles.

A Fake Special Despatch

The prohibition agitators are conducting a subtle campaign in this State. Not all of their methods of influencing sentiment are obvious to the general public. They are not depending wholly on fabricated statistics or on downright misrepresentation as to the effect of prohibition in certain States. Nor is all their "advertising" matter in the newspapers in the usual form. Occasionally they obtain space in the news columns to suggestionize readers by means of sham news, as one may learn from the Bulletin of September 10th.

In the "city edition" of that date there appeared an article purporting to be a despatch from London. It was over a column in length, and had two headlines, thus: "Barleycorn Is Losing Caste on Continent;" "Decided Reaction Against the Drink Habit Shown by Legislation." Fancy, a special cablegram a column long, on a sociologic topic in the Bulletin! And in wartime too! Or any other time for that matter. Such preposterous extravagance on the part of Mr. Crothers would lead to a council of alienists; for the darling proprietor of the Bulletin is no spendthrift. Never in all his life has he paid special cable tolls for the benefit of his readers. A stickler for "live news" is Mr. Crothers, and surely he wouldn't buy canned news of so little interest to the general reader as to be sent to the melting pot after the "city edition" went to press. By printing it in one edition he answered the purpose of the prohibition publicity bureau, whence the article emanated. The publicity bureau bought extra copies of the paper to distribute broadcast with a view to giving the impression that prohibition is so absorbing a topic over all Europe, even when the nations are bathed in blood, that newspaper correspondents rush to the cable office to give the news to an anxious world. It does not matter that the article is compacted of untruths. The average reader has not sufficient intelligence to discover that fact. The article will make a great hit in Pacific Grove or wherever the feeble mind is given to inordinate religious enthusiasm. But let us analyze the article just for the fun of the intellectual exercise, and see how far intellectual dishonesty will go in the interest of the "holy cause." In the opening paragraph we are told that almost every

nation of Europe is engaged in a continuous campaign against the "drink business." To be against the "drink business," of course, is to be for prohibition. This assertion is far from supported by anything that follows. As one reads along it appears that it is not the nations of Europe that are discussing this subject, but small bodies of men and women here and there who are organized like our own Prohibitionists under imposing titles. They meet and call themselves "congresses." Also it appears that what they are crusading for is not prohibition, but temperance, which is far from being the object of the men who are demanding the destruction of the principal industries of California. Prohibitionists are not at all in sympathy with temperance movements. There is as much difference between Prohibitionists and the advocates of temperance as there is between the I. W. W. and the representatives of organized labor. Prohibitionists insist that even moderate drinking should be prohibited. They protest against the drinking even of beer and wine, which are recognized by all temperance advocates as beverages that are conducive to the diminution of drunkenness. And yet, notwithstanding the object of the prohibition propaganda we find Prohibitionists shrewdly confounding themselves with temperance apostles, and cunningly misrepresenting the objects of the preachers of temperance. In this very fake despatch they represent the German Emperor as a prohibitionist, though everybody knows that beer is served to the men of his warships at their meals. Occasionally the author of the article nods, as for example, when he confesses inadvertently that the agitation in Germany is not for prohibition, not even for a reduction of the

number of liquor licenses, but as he says "to compel municipalities to refuse licenses in all cases in which the need for them is not clearly established and to all persons who cannot demonstrate their respectability." Now consider what this means. Obviously it means that even the agitators of Germany recognize a certain "need." In one paragraph of the fake despatch we are told that "absolute suppression is demanded in Germany. From the next paragraph we learn that a "need" for a liquor license may be "clearly established;" also that men who sell liquor in Germany may "demonstrate their respectability." According to our Prohibitionists all men in the liquor business are scoundrels. Clearly enough the "dry" publicity bureau is in need of reorganization; also of a good liar. Yet it must be confessed that the bureau does not lack the courage of its moral obliquity; for in this same fake despatch we are told that the Lords of England have been shorn of their power partly because of their refusal to take an attitude of hostility to John Barleycorn. No sign of timidity in that whopper. But it is hardly to be reconciled with the opening paragraph of the fake despatch wherein we are told that the nations of Europe are legislating against the "drink business." All that the House of Lords was asked to do was to favor local option, and the Lords wouldn't even do that. Can anybody conceive of their being asked by any statesman in all Great Britain to vote for prohibition? In Great Britain as elsewhere in Europe men of so low an order of intelligence as the fanatics who would inflict on a nation the curse of prohibition with all the incidental evils that are known in Maine and other States are kept where they belong.

The Dead Volunteer

(From the London Spectator)

Here lies a clerk who half his life had spent
Toiling at ledgers in a city gray,
Thinking that so his days would drift away
With no lance broken in life's tournament:
But ever 'twixt the books and his bright eyes
The gleaming eagles of the legions came,
And horsemen charging under phantom skies
Went thundering past beneath the oriflamme.

And now those waiting dreams are satisfied,
For in the end he heard the bugle call,
And to his country then he gave his all
When in the first high hour of life he died.
And falling thus, he wants no recompense
Who found his battle in the last resort;
Nor needs he any hearse to bear him hence
Who goes to join the men of Agincourt.

Perspective Impressions

We have been trying for two weeks to figure out what Przemysl sounds like.

"Rolph to lead war upon war," says the Examiner. All hail, Generalissimo Jim!

Here's the month more than half over, yet we haven't heard a single "September Morn" joke.

Better the destruction of a whole army corps than the death of a Kreisler.

"We are beginning to understand," says the Rev. Joseph Sibley, a local pastor, "that the boys are the stuff of which men are made." But the noise of the tremendous discovery is suspiciously like unto the noise of a platitude splintering its way into solid ivory.

The burning question is: Who will reach Berlin first, the Kaiser or the Czar?

Some of those Galician cities are more easily captured than pronounced.

The French are displaying an accurate marksmanship which seems to prove that not many duellists enlisted.

It is not every woman that can forgive herself the indiscretion of falling in love with a poor man.

To watch girls in bathing suits diving into a tank is to indulge a prurient curiosity, according to the Rev. Langford of Sacramento. The gentleman will bear watching.

According to a despatch from New York Miss Mary L. Jobe, explorer and instructor, has discovered a mountain in the wilds of British Columbia 11,000 feet high. Perhaps it's the River of Doubt petrified with indignation.

"Called to arms by the manifesto of William Randolph Hearst, expressed by his now historical editorial—" etc., etc. The Examiner should remember that the humble man as well as the peace-maker is mentioned in the Beatitudes.

What's Hearst's idea? Is he after the Nobel peace prize?

It is not hard to sympathize with the Germans. Think how you would feel if you got that close to Paris and had to turn back.

[illegible]

7. I would have expected to have 104,000
 copies of the 2nd ed. since the 1st printing
 was 100,000.

2. The Financial Statement

Who's Who Hereabouts

XXVIII—JOHN B. CURTIN

The circumstance that it is the general opinion that the contest for the office of Governor of this State is between Hiram Johnson and Captain Fredericks reminds me of a fable that was written in the days when Croesus was King of Lydia and Amasis was Pharaoh of Egypt. It is the fable of the lion and the bear who fought for the carcase of a fawn. They fought so hard that they wore themselves out, and as they lay panting on the ground, almost dead, too weak to touch the prize that was stretched between them, a fox happening by, and seeing their helpless condition carried off the object of their strife. "Poor creatures that we are," they cried, "who have been injuring one another merely to give a sly rogue a dinner."

Which may be precisely what will happen when our two Republican candidates get through exchanging tributes in this campaign. For of course this is not to be an unusual campaign. We may confidently look forward to a swapping of sprightly personalities by the man who was once a Republican and the man who still is. And though the fox may not be given a thought, he may be coming all the while. The fox in this instance is John Barry Curtin, candidate of the Democracy.

Not well known hereabouts is John Barry Curtin. During the recent primary campaign his name was seldom mentioned in San Francisco. Thousands of our citizens didn't know he was running. Folks who take a casual interest in politics knew that Fred Hall was striving for the Democratic nomination, and occasionally they were reminded that Sydney Van Wyck was inviting the lightning with all his soul and tongue, but Curtin, "Constitutional John"—he was as remote from the thoughts of men as the crack of doom. The impact of Curtin on the senses of men in this large city was as sudden as a bomb from the blue in the streets of Paris. Where did he come from? Who is he? These

queries were to be heard in the haunts of men; which proves that there is a limit to the stretching quality of a State legislator's fame. For John Barry Curtin is a statesman of several sessions. And he made some noise in his time at Sacramento, as may be inferred from that fact that he is known as "Constitutional John." Whether or not this nickname should be regarded as an asset at this time I am not prepared to say. The implication of it is that Mr. Curtin is a hidebound stickler for that much repudiated instrument and laughingstock of college dons and other progressives, the Constitution. To be concerned about the Constitution, according to the philosophy of the New Freedom is to have a superstitious reverence for an outworn creed. To be reluctant to legislate contrary to the Constitution, or to dissent from the divine Colonel's view that the Constitution should be made susceptible of amendment early and often, is to argue a conservative temperament and an attachment to a principle as much out of date as the first hobble skirt. So John Barry Curtin may be out of harmony with the time. But you never can tell. The Constitution superstition may come back. A campaign like the present with its bumper crop of vital questions may hasten the return of the superstition.

But meanwhile let us return to John Barry Curtin. Whatever may be the extent of his conservatism, he is a good campaigner. If he didn't go about beating a tom-tom in the primary campaign, he won nevertheless. The fact is that John Barry Curtin is an habitual winner. Three months after his admission to the bar he was elected District Attorney of Tuolumne county, and he has served four successive terms as Senator from that county. He is our veteran statesman. It is to be presumed that he knows the game of politics. I am inclined to think he will show some "class" in this campaign. This inclination is due chiefly to the shrewdness

he has shown in picking a press agent. He has picked one who has traced a resemblance between his boss and Abraham Lincoln, the favorite prototype of American politics. Now the press agent has become a mighty important factor in California politics since the government was brought back to the people. He is half the battle, and it is clear that Senator Curtin has the instinct essential to profitable publicity. He starts off with a well defined resemblance to "Old Abe," and a bill of particulars to anticipate challenge. Abe was raised in the backwoods. So was John. Abe had only one book—the Bible—which he read in every leisure moment. John had only one law-book—Blackstone's Commentaries—which he read from "kiver to kiver and back to kiver." Abe used to split logs for a living. So did John. Also John led the pastoral life. He herded his father's cattle, and when the cattle grazed, John read Blackstone. John was even more versatile than Abe, for he handled the reins over a 12-horse freight team on a mountain road with no companion but Blackstone. So John, like Abe, is a fine specimen of self-education. The press agent makes out a clean case, proves his thesis to the hilt. But the press agent has an abundance of good material from which to draw inspiration, for the Democratic standard-bearer is very much of a man. He is not merely a politician. He is a successful business man. Though not yet fifty years of age, and the architect of his own fortune, the former log-splitter is today the owner of the largest cattle ranch in Tuolumne county. He is also the owner of several mines. He has had some experience as a banker, and he has played an important part in the upbuilding of the town of Sonora. As a member of the Legislature he fathered much legislation of a creditable character, and he was never to be swept off his feet by a wave of hysteria. He was safe and sane, and there are no black marks in his record.

Sidelights On The War

By Robert McTavish

Gay Paris in Darkness

A correspondent writing from Paris shortly after the war broke out says it is as sombre as a New England village on a wet Sunday. He thus describes the city: The military Governor of Paris has ordered "lights out" at 8 o'clock, when all cafes and bars must close their doors; restaurants, by a special permission, are allowed to remain open until 9 o'clock; all the theatres are closed; the few lines still running on the two underground railways are closed at 7 o'clock, and at 9 o'clock the boulevards are deserted and silent. Almost every house and shop has the French, British, Belgian and Russian flags out as if it were a fete day. Owing to the disgraceful scenes of pillage and wanton destruction that have occurred nearly every shop has a placard, "Cette maison est francaise," and in a few instances "Cette maison est anglaise." If the proprietors have foreign sounding names they put on their doors by way of protection their certificates of birth to prove their French nationality. Nearly all the business houses are closed owing to the principals and personnel having joined the colors. All sorts and conditions of men have answered the call of duty to defend their country. The military authorities report

that so far there has not been a single defaulter. In numerous instances the heads of large business firms are serving under the orders of their employees and masters under their valets de chambres. Society is doing just as the people. In many families of the noblesse all the male members have joined their regiments as privates or non-coms. Comte Amedee d'Harcourt, retired cavalry colonel, and his six sons, all well known men in society, have left for the frontier.

A Striking Contrast

Everybody is contrasting the efficiency of the French preparations today with the disorder of 1870. It is impossible to exaggerate the disorganization of forty-four years ago. Men living in the east of France had to cross to the west and get their arms and uniform, and then recross to the east to join their regiments. The despatches from commanding officers were all in the same strain. "We need everything," wrote General de Failly. "We are in want of everything," telegraphed Bazaine. And Marshal Leboeuf who, when Minister of War, had declared that everything was ready, even to the last button on the last gaiter, had to telegraph ten days afterwards that his troops could not advance because they

lacked bread. But the most astounding message was General Michel's telegram, on July 21st: "Have arrived at Belfort. Cannot find my brigade; cannot find the General of the Division. What shall I do? Do not know where my regiments are." Perhaps the only parallel approaching this in history is the case of the famous Spanish explorer, Admiral Ulloa, who went to sea with sealed orders, and, after cruising for some months, returned to port, having completely forgotten to open the envelope that contained his orders.

A United France

"In war," wrote Napoleon, "the moral is to the physical as three to one." To many of those who have not studied warfare this insistence on the moral factor may seem excessive, if not, indeed, a mere idealist aspiration. But a glance at some of the text-books on strategy will convince them of the preponderating importance which military opinion assigns to the moral element. And by this these writers mean, not only the confidence of soldiers in their own fighting capacity, and trust in their leaders, but a conviction of the justice of their cause, and the

(Continued on Page 18.)

A Symposium of War Poets

YE PEACEMAKERS, FIGHT!

By Robert Bridges, Poet Laureate

Thou careless, awake!
Thou peacemaker, fight!
Stand England for honor
And God guard the right.

Thy mirth lay aside,
Thy cavil and play,
The foe is upon thee
And grave is the day.

The monarch Ambition
Has harnessed his slaves,
But the folk of the ocean
Are free as the waves.

For Peace, thou art armed,
Thy freedom to hold,
Thy courage as iron,
Thy good faith as gold.

Through fire, air, and water
Thy trial must be,
But they that love life best
Die gladly for thee.

The love of their mothers
Is strong to command,
The fame of their fathers
Is might to their hand.

Much suffering shall cleanse thee,
But thou through the flood
Shalt win to salvation,
To beauty through blood.

Up, careless. Awake!
Ye peacemakers, fight!
England stands for honor.
God defend the right.

LIEGE

By William Watson

Betwixt foe and France was she—
France the immortal, France the free—
The foe like one vast living sea
Drew nigh.

He dreamed that none his tide would stay,
But when he bade her to make way,
She through her cannon answered, "Nay,
Not I."

No tremor and no fear she showed—
She held the pass, she barred the road,
While death's unsleeping feet bestrode
The ground.

So long as deeds of noblest worth
Are sung mid joy and tears and mirth,
Her glory shall to the ends of earth
Resound.

Watched by a world that yearned to aid,
Lonely she stood but undismayed,
Resplendent was the part she played
And pure.

Praised be her heroes, proud her sons;
She threw her souls into the guns.
Her name shall with the loveliest ones
Endure.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

By Henry Newbolt

When moonlight flecks the cruiser's decks
And engines rumble slow,
When Drake's own star is bright above
And Time has gone below,
They may hear who list the far-off sound
Of a long-dead never-dead mirth,
In the mid watch still they may hear who will
The song of the Larboard Berth.

In a dandy frigate or a well-found brig,
In a sloop or a seventy-four,
In a great First-rate with an Admiral's flag,
And a hundred guns or more,
In a fair light air, in a dead foul wind,
At midnight or midday,
Till the good ship sink her mids shall drink
To the King and the King's Highway!

The mids they hear—no fear, no fear!
They know their own ship's ghost:
Their young blood beats to the same old song
And roars to the same old toast.
So long as the sea-wind blows unbound
And the sea-wave breaks in spray,
For the Island's sons the word still runs
"The King, and the King's Highway!"

WILHELM II., PRINCE OF PEACE

By George Sylvester Viereck

O Prince of Peace, O Lord of War,
Unsheathe thy blade without a stain,
Thy holy wrath shall scatter far
The bloodhounds from thy country's fane.

Into thy hand the sword is forced,
By traitor friend and traitor foe,
On foot, on sea, and winged and horsed,
The Prince of Darkness strikes his blow.

Crush thou the Cossack arms that reach
To plunge the world into the night.
Save Goethe's vision, Luther's speech,
Thou art the Keeper of the Light!

When darkness was on all the lands,
Who kept God's faith with courage grim?
Shall He uphold that country's hands,
Or tear its members, limb from limb?

God called the Teuton to be free,
Free from Great Britain's golden thrall,
From guillotine and anarchy,
From pogroms red and whips that fall.

May thy victorious armies rout
The savage tribes against thee hurled,
The Czar whose scepter is the knout,
And France, the wanton of the world!

But thy great task will not be done
Until thou vanquish utterly
The Norman brother of the Hun,
England, the Serpent of the Sea.

The flame of war her tradesmen fanned
Shall yet consume her, fleet and field;
The star of Frederick guide thy hand,
The God of Bismarck be thy shield!

Against the fell Barbarian horde
Thy people stand, a living wall;
Now fight for God's peace with thy sword,
For if thou fail, a world shall fall!

OMENS OF HEAVEN AND EARTH

By Madison Cawein

Above the world a glare
Of sunset—guns and spears;
An army no one hears
Of mist and air:
Long lines of bronze and gold,
Huge helmets, each a cloud;
And then a fortress old
There in the night that phantoms seem to crowd.

A face of flame; a hand
Of crimson alchemy
Is waved, and solemnly
At its command
Opens a fiery well,
A burning hole,
From which a stream of Hell,
A river of blood, in frenzy seems to roll.

And then, upon a throne,
Like some vast precipice
Above that River of Dis,
Behold a King, alone!
Around him shapes of blood
Pressing: each one the peer
Of those who in the wood
Of Dante's Hell froze up the heart with fear.

Then shapes, that breast to breast
Gallop to face a foe;
And through the crimson glow
The imperial crest
Of Him whose banner flies
Above a world that burns;
A raven in the skies,
And as it flies into a Death's Head turns

The wild trees writhe and twist,
Their gaunt limbs wrung with fear;
And then into my ear
A word seems hissed,
A message, filled with dread,
A dark, foreboding word,
"Behold! We are dead,
Who here on earth lived only by the sword!"

THE MAN WHO MOULDS THE CANNON AND THE MAN WHO BUILDS THE SHIP

Said the man who moulds the cannon to the man
who builds the ship:

"I am giving you a cargo for a strange and fearful trip.

And if you float or if you sink out yonder in the sea

I'll keep on moulding cannon; and it's all the same to me."

Said the man who builds the ship unto the cannon
moulder grim:

"I'll take your cannon for a sail where lads all smart and trim

Will aim and fire so true. And if your cannon shattered be,

I'll keep on with my building; and it's all the same to me.

"For every gun that cracks we'll mould a bigger,
stouter gun.

For every ship that sinks we'll put afloat a better one.

The lads that come and go—the women weep to lose them thus!

But we make our ships and cannon, and it's all the same to us."

Poems About San Francisco

CLXIII—FOG O' FRISCO

By M. Elizabeth Burns Howell

(This is quite an unusual poem. It celebrates our fog at greater length than any other singer has celebrated it, and with an enthusiasm only equalled by Alexander McAdie in his prose poem on the same subject. It was published in the Overland Monthly of August, 1903.)

I dreamed a dream of Frisco town:
A tropic sun was beating down,
And every leaf burnt sere and brown
Where once was green.

The dust lay deep upon the street;
Hot stones did scorch wayfaring feet,
And sky and pavement seemed to meet
In one white glare.

There was no wind, there was no sea,
No cooling rain on land or lea;
And friendly fog had ceased to be—
O torrid town!

I heard the sound of children cry;
Dogs lolled dry tongues from throats as dry;
And limp-winged birds refused to fly—
Fierce Fire was King!

Where had been joy and song and praise,
The crowd went mad with curse and craze,
And when I thought of other days,
I cried aloud!

Fog o' Frisco, rolling down,
Come and cover up the town!
Cover up the dirt and sin,—
Damp the dust, and drown the din!

Fog o' Frisco, sweet as rain,
Come and cure this fever pain:
Pain of struggle, pain of strife,
Pain of death and pain of life!

Fog o' Frisco, robe of gray,
Come and veil the garish day!
Veil the gaudy, tinsil toys;
Quell the clamor, lull the noise.

Fog o' Frisco, mantle sweet,
Come and cover up the street;
Hide where wanton Pleasure stalks—
Wanton winks and wanton walks.

Fog o' Frisco, blessed boon,
Come and quench this blaze of noon!
Break the brazen, burnished glare,
Fan the fainting, famished air!

Fog o' Frisco, call the curse.
Thou art healing, like a nurse;
Come with cooling finger-tips—
Touch our thirsting, parching lips!

Fog o' Frisco, breathing balm,
Come and bring us rest and calm;
Rest from angry, aching heart;
Rest from troubling tears that start!

Fog o' Frisco, comrade kind,
Come again with Western wind:
Blow upon our burning brows—
Cool sea-waves on pushing prows.

I dreamed again: The sea returned
And blazing sun no longer burned.
Came wind, came fog for which men yearned,
And all was glad.

My dreaming done, I waked from sleep,
The vision pondered long and deep,
Nor scarce could know to smile or weep,
At all it meant.

But when I ventured forth again,
And met with fog and mist and rain,
I thought upon my dream of pain,
And blessed the day.

Fog o' Frisco, faithful friend,
Keep a-coming till the end;
Then when shines new Eden day,
Thou dost need no longer stay.

Fog o' Frisco, soft as night,
Soothe and rest us till the light
Pure with peace and love shall dawn,
All our sin and sighing gone!

The Spectator

Examiner Retrenchment

I am told that an order has come from the head office of the Hearst publications in New York to the Hearst editors and managers in San Francisco directing them to cut seventy-five thousand dollars out of the annual expenses of the Examiner. If I am correctly informed we may look to see a great many journalistic heads drop into the basket, for by nothing short of wholesale guillotining could such unusual retrenchment be accomplished. Examiner men always look for a shake-up after one of the boss' periodical visits to San Francisco, but this order is beyond their uneasiest dreams. There are two ways of accounting for such an order. It may be due to the general financial stringency. War news is the staple of popular newspaper consumption these days, and war news is the most expensive kind of news to gather. If we were enjoying high prosperity instead of the reverse Hearst could stand this extraordinary expense; but at a time like this it is natural that he should retrench by dispensing with high-priced men whose services are for the time being unnecessary. There is another explanation. Hearst is planning a campaign for the United States senatorship in New York. Such a campaign will be very costly. It may be that all his papers have been called upon to supply the war chest by cutting down their running expenses. That, I believe, is the way he has financed political campaigns in the past. The Examiner would be assessed more heavily than most of Hearst's other papers because the Examiner is one of his most productive properties.

Champagne and the War

"For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the deaths of kings!" National woe, the ruin of cities and the death of kings and kings' ambitions are among the horrors of war, but happily a neutral nation may regard them philosophically from afar. But there are other horrors of war from which even a neutral nation may not hope to escape. One of these lowers threateningly over San Francisco. It reared its dread form of woe about the time warring soldiers began trampling the vineyards of Champagne, and Rheims was taken and retaken by Germans or by French. I refer of course to the rapid dwindling of San Francisco's supply of champagne.

A Strange Condition

My attention was directed to this important aspect of General Sherman's hell when I met a wine agent—an erstwhile wine agent, I should say—a man usually bright and smiling, but now plunged into gloom.

"I'm out of a job," he told me.

"Did the company fire you?" I asked, perhaps too brutally.

"Well, they didn't touch my salary," he said.

"Then you resigned?"

"Yes," he said, "when they sent me word that my expense account had been lopped off."

The former wine agent went on to explain to me that no wine agent can afford to work for a salary alone. He must also receive a big expense account, or he will be ruined. He told me that a wine agent's expense account is about

three times the size of his salary, and that he is expected to spend every cent of it boosting the wine he represents. Many people, he said, imagine there must be fabulous profits in the wine business, since the companies can afford to give their agents such large expense accounts; but they overlook the fact that the champagne importers do very little advertising compared with other big concerns. The wine agent is hired to do for wine what advertising does for other products. It's a strange condition.

Decreased Sales

Part of this conversation took place in front of a certain hotel bar, one of the most thriving in the city. The mixologist was quite an attentive listener. The wine agent went on to state that there may come a champagne famine in San Francisco if the war lasts much longer. He said that the stocks are always lowest in summer, since change of temperature hurts champagne, and most of it is moved west during the colder months. He said that despite the diminution in the supply those hotel, cafe and restaurant men who added fifty cents or a dollar to the usual price of a quart of champagne were making a mistake. He thought the additional sum would irritate habitual wine drinkers and cause them to "lay off the grape," as he put it. At this the bar tender took a hand in the conversation.

"If I'm not mistaken, this war started at the end of July, didn't it?"

The wine agent nodded.

"Well," said the mixologist, "I don't think the

war has much to do with the poor business in champagne."

"Why don't you?" queried the wine agent.

"Because we have only sold five quarts of champagne over this bar in the past four months, and you know just about how much we sell in ordinary times."

"You bet I do," gasped the champagne impresario.

"It isn't war, it's financial depression that's hurting the wine trade," concluded the mixologist. "So I guess we won't have to worry about getting a new supply of champagne for some little time to come."

Senator Grant's Argument

State Senator Grant in his argument against the proposal to recall him for trying to impose prohibition on the Exposition poses as a fearless statesman whom wicked folk wish to punish for introducing the Red Light Abatement bill. That bill he defends on the ground that wherever it has been enacted "open white-slave markets" have been destroyed. This argument is in the nature of an anachronism. The white slave bogie which was invented by hysterical reformers to justify their brain-storms has been laid to rest. The burning question of white slavery is now a burnt-out question like many other burning questions once fanned by sensational preachers and their feminine dupes. Few burning questions survive the legislation they beget. The Mann White Slave act extinguished the burning question of white slavery. As soon as it was passed it was found that there were no white slave markets to prosecute; and the act merely served the purpose of blackmailers, which is the only purpose to be served by Senator Grant's bill. Now Senator Grant may have been guilty of nothing more than an error of judgment at Sacramento. That is not a serious offense. But what about this argument which is to be printed on the ballot? It would seem to warrant something more than the inference that Senator Grant is confirmed in his stupidity. He says that white slave markets have been destroyed in certain cities. Where were those white slave markets? And if there is a white slave market to be destroyed in this city where is it? I am sure that Chief White would like to know. He doesn't need the Red Light Abatement bill to aid him in abolishing a white slave market. And what about Mayor Rolph the kill-joy? It would seem that according to the argument to be printed on an official ballot Mayor Rolph is tolerating white-slave markets in San Francisco. Let us forgive Senator Grant for making an ass of himself in Sacramento, and let his constituents attend to him for apparently taking it for granted that they haven't sense enough to get in out of the rain.

A Specimen Brick

These reformers! The more one sees of them the stronger becomes the conviction that the in-

spiration of their zeal comes from beneath rather than from above. Take for instance, D. M. Gandier, chief of the Prohibition agitators, a clergyman, an agitator whose cloth entitles him to a certain amount of respect, and consider how far he is from being hampered by a love of the truth. The other day this reverend gentleman was preaching prohibition in Santa Ana, Orange county, and he told his audience that in San Francisco there are 4213 saloons and 1292 blind pigs. This was by way of answer to the anti-prohibition assertion that prohibition breeds blind pigs. Now what are the facts? As to blind pigs I am not well informed, but as to saloons accurate information is available for the Rev. Gandier and all of us. On June 30th there were 2058 persons lawfully engaged in selling liquor in this city. These represent not only saloons, but restaurants, combination saloons and restaurants, boarding houses with bars, hotels, ferry boats, public halls, and places where liquor is sold in unbroken packages. So Agitator Gandier apparently is guilty of something like exaggeration with respect to the number of saloons in San Francisco. What about the number of blind pigs? Presumably blind pigs are tolerated by the police. And presumably there is graft in everything that the police tolerate. There ought to be at least \$5 a month for somebody in every blind pig that is snorting hereabouts—more than \$6,000 a month if we accept the Rev. Gandier's figures. Who gets the money? Is Mayor Rolph a grafter? Perish the thought. But Mayor Rolph is worse than a grafter if he permits a noxious agitator to go through this State lying about him, the administration and the city.

Chief White Interviewed

The Santa Ana newspaper that printed the Rev. Gandier's speech described him as a man "six foot tall and every inch dry." That isn't the impressionistic view taken of him by Chief of Police White. When told of that Santa Ana speech, the Chief remarked that Mr. Gandier aberrated from the truth the full length of his tongue. "Blind pigs are not impossible," he said, "but at this moment there is not a blind pig in San Francisco." The truth about the blind pig is that its deadliest foe is the saloon-keeper. The licensed saloon-keeper is not likely to sit idly by while somebody in his neighborhood is competing with him without a license. It is when the saloon is put out of business that the blind pig flourishes.

The Gallery and Daly

The Orpheum gallery hasn't taken kindly to the art of Arnold Daly. And naturally enough, Daly doesn't like the Orpheum gallery. He speaks contemptuously of the "gallery roughs," which is a hard phrase and a dangerous one for any actor to use. The Orpheum gallery began to manifest its disapproval of Daly the first day he appeared in San Francisco. On Sunday night during the performance of "How He Lied to Her

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Opposite Orpheum

Husband," Daly was subjected to a series of dramatic criticisms by the gallery which left him furious. In the little Shavian play the wife (Doris Mitchell) says to the lover (Arnold Daly) in a moment of intense irritation:

"I wish you were a thousand miles from here." When that line was spoken Sunday night there came, loud and clear, from a gallery listener:

"I wish he was two thousand miles from here." The gallery opinion crystallized in that sentiment, and it was followed by derisive hoots and howls.

The Town's Neutrality

Where are the sympathies of San Francisco in the European war? With the Allies, one would say offhand. Despite our very large German population one hears on all sides condemnation of the military ambitions of the Kaiser. And yet I wonder if we have any very pronounced sympathies one way or another? Isn't our attitude close to that of Mercutio: A plague on both your houses? I wondered about it as I sat in the Orpheum and enjoyed Jesse Lasky's tabloid musical comedy "The Beauties." In this piece there are pretty girls representing most of the nations of Europe. When the beauty representing Austria appeared there was no applause from the Orpheumites. When the representative of Germany made her entrance there was a handclap or so. The English beauty was quite well received; the French beauty almost tumultuously. But it was the American girl who got the sort of reception the Orpheumites give when they are really enthusiastic. All this may have been without significance. The applause may have been for the personal loveliness of the young women, not for the nations they represented. Just the same it struck me that San Francisco as it expressed itself through the Orpheum audience was preserving a very fair semblance of neutrality.

His Brother Killed

Count Albert Montgelas has received a cable from Baron von der Tann, the Bavarian Minister

in Rome who is a close friend of the Montgelas family, informing him that his older brother Francis had been killed in the war. Count Francis Montgelas was an officer in the Bavarian reserves. Count Albert has made many friends since he came here, and they are all deeply grieved over the bereavement. As there are four more Montgelas brothers at the front the full horror of the war is being borne in upon the mind of Count Albert.

Their Class C Building

There has been a great deal of unfavorable comment made by the denizens of Montgomery street anent the building which Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt Jr. and Mrs. Herman Oelrichs are erecting on the old Fair lot, Montgomery street between Bush and Pine. This is a Class C building; that is to say, it has a steel frame, brick walls and wooden floor joists. It stands next to the Class A Mills Building, one of the most beautiful office buildings in the world; and is in the same block with the Standard Oil's magnificent Class A skyscraper and the fine new Sub-treasury. In such company the Class C structure of the two daughters of James G. Fair is not calculated to make an impression. Why couldn't Birdie and Tessie do better by Montgomery street? Such is the question that is being asked in the neighborhood, and there is no answer.

Joe's Fee

Bohemian clubmen who read the New York papers were greatly impressed the other day by a news item which recorded that Joe Redding's claim against the estate of Mrs. Yerkes for legal services had been compromised for \$35,000. The Bohemians had almost forgotten that Joe was an attorney for the big Yerkes estate, but on having their memories thus refreshed they hastened to congratulate Joe who expressed his appreciation of their friendliness in an appropriately hospitable manner. When one Bohemian said: "For Heaven's sake, Joe, what was the original fee if the compromise was so large?" the literary lawyer only smiled.

The Press Club Election

Has Literature triumphed over Journalism in the Press Club? That seems to be the question of the moment in reportorial circles. For the Press Club has just held its annual election, and the authors have defeated the reporters. It was the hottest election held by the club in many years, and developed some bitterness, as Press Club elections when contested have an unfortunate way of doing. For the presidency Peter B. Kyne, author, defeated Tom Bellew, newspaperman, by a close vote of sixty-nine to sixty-six. For secretary Clyde Westover, author, defeated Will Taffinder, editor, also by a close vote. The fact that these two successful candidates were authors played quite an important part in the fight. There was a great deal of circularizing on both sides, and in all the circulars sent out to members by the clubmen who backed the ticket headed by Kyne and Westover

the fact that these two men had books to their credit was abundantly emphasized. Kyne was credited with the authorship of "The Three Godfathers," "The Hat Ranch," another novel "not yet completed" and any number of short stories. Westover was presented as the author of "The Dragon's Daughter" and "The Scuttlers." Whether or not the dignity that attaches to authorship as opposed to mere ephemeral newspaper writing turned the scale is something of a moot question. It certainly looks that way. On the other hand Louis Stellman who ran for librarian on the Kyne ticket with a couple of books to his credit, was defeated by Arthur Knapp, the librarian of the Chronicle who has never had his name on a title page. Just the same it looks as though the Press clubmen are exalting the horn of authorship and lowering the glory of the knights of the pad and pencil.

Squelching a Talker

Colonel Dennis M. Duffy, the president of the Board of Prison Directors, came down from Sacramento on an overland train the other day. Going into the smoking car he found that a very loquacious man was monopolizing the conversation. The talker was airing his views on the war, and to hear him expounding you would naturally infer that he knew more about the territory where the fighting was going on than the generals themselves. He was a sort of war gazetteer and Baedeker rolled into one, for he professed to know intimately every town and fortress where the hostile forces had clashed. After he had bored everybody for some time a traveler who had said nothing got up and left the car. Presently he returned. The loquacious one still held the floor. When the monologist paused for breath the man who had been silent spoke:

"I just went out to wash my hands," he said, "and I want to go on record with the statement that they have better wash basins on the Southern Pacific than on the trains between Bordeaux and Paris."

There was a general guffaw, and the bore had no more to say.

Hail, Caesar!

Caesar Ronchi, better known simply as Caesar, was in the St. Francis baths a few nights ago. Caesar thinks that everybody in town knows him. Perhaps there was a time not so long ago when nearly everybody did, for in the height of the dancing craze everybody ragged, and what more popular place for ragging was there than Caesar's below-stairs resort at Kearny and Co-




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lumbus avenue. There were a number of others in the St. Francis baths with Caesar, and in the goodness of his hospitable heart Caesar invited everybody to have a drink with him. All save one gave their orders to the attendant.

"You will drink with me?" asked Caesar of the man who held back.

"I do not drink with men I do not know," was the cold reply.

"But you must know me," was the unperturbed reply. "Everybody knows me. I am Caesar."

The recalcitrant shook his head and walked away. Later he confided to the masseur:

"The fellow must be crazy. He thinks he's a man that has been dead for two thousand years!"

A State Theatre?

It has always been the dream of Harry Mestayer of the Holbrook Blinn company to establish an endowed theatre in San Francisco. A San Franciscan by birth, Mestayer believes that there is sufficient interest in the drama here to justify the maintenance of a little theatre devoted to the production of the best plays of Europe and America by the best company procurable. Mestayer's idea is to have this theatre endowed by the State of California as the Theatre Francaise is endowed by the government of France, and to have it supported by about a thousand regular subscribers. During his recent stay in San Francisco two millionaires who knew of his ambition offered him financial backing for the project. It appealed to them from a business as well as an artistic viewpoint. But Mestayer had promised Holbrook Blinn that he would not leave the Princess company until the end of the coming season at least. He made this promise when Winthrop Ames, the manager of the Little Theatre, offered him a flattering advance in salary, and Blinn promptly met the offer in order to retain his services. Nevertheless, Mestayer has not dismissed his dream; and when he returns to San Francisco next summer he will probably set about making the dream come true.

A Story on the Plaza

Lewis Edgard of the Holbrook Blinn company is an English actor exceedingly proud of his nationality. The other men of the company are very fond of him, but they cannot resist the temptation to tell him stories at the expense of his countrymen. These stories Edgard laughs at most good-naturedly, for he has a keen sense of humor. Just before the Princess company left this city for Los Angeles Edgard got back at the Americans. He told Holbrook Blinn, Harry

Mestayer and Vaughan Trevor that two Englishmen went to New York and put up at the Plaza. The garish grandeur of the Plaza, its gorgeousness of gilded columns and mirrors greatly amused them. When they were dressing in the morning one of the Englishmen couldn't find his shoes.

"What can have become of my boots?" he said to his friend.

"Didn't you put them outside your door to be polished?" asked the other.

"Most assuredly I did not," replied the searcher.

"Why not?" asked the other. "One always does that, y'know."

"I was afraid that if I put them out they would be gilded," was the response.

Two Distinctions

The following letter has been received from the secretary of Mr. Phelan:

San Francisco, Cal.
Sept. 12th, 1914.

To the Editor, Town Talk, Dear Sir: My attention has just been called to your article on James D. Phelan in a recent number of the Town Talk, in which you state, among other things, that Mr. Phelan was appointed Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Relief and Red Cross Funds in 1906 by Mayor Schmitz, and that therefore the reference in his published record, "that he was appointed by the President as custodian for the funds" is incorrect, and by implication you make it appear that Mr. Phelan was not giving credit where credit was due. I beg to state that you are in error.

Mr. Phelan was appointed by Mayor Schmitz a member of the committee of fifty after the disaster, and at the first meeting of the Committee of Fifty, at the Hall of Justice, on Kearny street, Wednesday, April 18th, he was elected by the committee as Chairman of the Finance Committee, with power to appoint the other members of it, which he did and began the collection of a fund in San Francisco, exceeding \$400,000.00.

When, however, the money began to flow in from all over the country, President Roosevelt issued a special message, requesting that the money be sent not to the Red Cross at Washington, as he had previously proclaimed, but to "James D. Phelan, Chairman of the Finance Committee, San Francisco." (See Municipal Reports of San Francisco, 1906-07, Page 755, for the action of the Citizens' Committee above referred to.)

Yours very truly,
—Geo. F. Welch.

The Industrial Fair

A working replica of the Panama Canal which will show all the apparatus of the famous "big ditch" and which will be large enough to permit boats to go through the locks, is being constructed for a special exhibit to be displayed at the Industrial Fair. It is the biggest amusement device that has been constructed on the Pacific Coast and will not be finished before the opening of the Industrial Fair, which has been set for October 17 at the Coliseum. Prof. Edward Scott who was in the canal zone during the entire period of its construction will lecture on the vicissitudes of the big water-way. Hundreds of novel and amusing exhibits are being built for the Industrial Fair by a score of artists engaged specially to make the attractions unique and far ahead of any like presentations. A concert band comprising the highest class vocal and instrumental soloists will discourse numbers at both the afternoon and night performances. A spirited contest is being waged in every section of the city for the selection of the queen. The Industrial Fair has not been held since 1911 and

will not be given again in San Francisco until 1917. General Manager Frank Rittigstein is kept busy allotting exhibition and concession space.

Dancing Improvements at Tavern

Notwithstanding the fact that the glazed floor in the pergola at Techau Tavern was admirably adapted for dancing purposes, the management which is always active in keeping everything about the Tavern up to the very last minute, has laid a fine polished, maple floor which makes dancing a delight. The Tavern, always well ventilated, has been fitted up with a series of electric fans in the ceiling of the pergola which renders the ventilation absolutely perfect. Dances are held every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening and three valuable gifts are each evening presented to three ladies who are present at the dance. These gifts are selected from the art collection of the S. & G. Gump Co., the well known art dealers of 246 Post street.

Mrs. Sububs—Out of work, are you? Then you're just in time. I've a cord of wood to be cut up and I was just going to send for a man to do it.

Tramp—That so, mum? Where does he live? I'll go and get him.

CITATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, City and County of San Francisco—Dept. No. 9 Probate.
In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN FANNING, Deceased.

The people of the State of California to: Mary Bridget Fanning, Johanna Fanning, Christina Corcoran Meyers, John Fanning, John Ryan, M. G. Conlin, Rev. Terrence Caraher (for St. Francis Roman Catholic Church), Sisters of the Presentation, Margaret Kirwan, Eugene F. Conlin, Mary Gleeson, Joseph Fanning, Joseph Ryan, Rev. Terrence Caraher, St. Francis Roman Catholic Church, Ella Fleischmann, Peter Fanning, Minnie Fanning, Mary Maitland, James Ryan, Sisters of the Holy Family.

YOU ARE HEREBY cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department No. 9, Probate, thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the 21st day of December, A. D. 1914, at 10 o'clock, A. M. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the probate of the will of the above named deceased, should not be revoked in conformity with the petition for the revocation of the will of the above named deceased and filed in this Court on the 5th day of September, 1914.

BY ORDER of the Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, this 5th day of September, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH A. BROWN,
FRANK J. EGAN,
Attorneys for Contestant,
Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-19-10



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| 1:40P | Concord and Way Stations. |
| 3:00P | Sacramento, Pittsburg, Bay Point. |
| 4:00P | Bay Point and Way Stations. |
| 4:40P | Sacramento, Marysville, Colusa, Oroville and Chico. Pittsburg only stop. Carries free observation car. |
| 5:15P | Concord and Way (except Sundays). |
| 6:00P | Pittsburg and Way Stations. |
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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Presidio Folks in Berlin

Major E. K. Johnstone, U. S. A., and Mrs. Johnstone, who have been in Europe for more than a year were in Carlsbad when the war broke out, and they are now in Berlin whence they have been writing to their friends in this city. Like many other Americans in Germany they report that they have received many courtesies at the hands of the Germans, but according to Major Johnstone, some Americans have not been so fortunate. He says that the quest of spies was an exciting pursuit for a time in Berlin, and some Americans arrested as suspects had narrow escapes from the fury of the mob. Any German citizen, it appears, has the right to challenge anyone he suspects, and for a time there was great excitement in Berlin when a small boy discovered a Russian spy in the uniform of a Prussian officer. After that German officers were kept busy for awhile on the Unter den Linden showing their papers to ragamuffins who had lots of fun hunting for spies.

The Plight of a Princess

Major Johnstone says that among the Russian women in Berlin who will be detained there till the end of the war is an old Princess whom he has met, the daughter of a Russian Field Marshal. Her father was one of Bismarck's intimate friends, and she herself has been received en famille by the Kaiserin. Every day she has to report with her maid at police headquarters. Major Johnstone also tells of an English newspaperman by the name of Molloy with whom he struck up an acquaintance in Berlin. He had to report every day to the police. One day he was told to go to the central office for a new card. "He became alarmed," says the Major, "and asked me to go with him. I did so, but was not allowed in. As we parted he said he would meet me at the hotel in an hour or so. Twenty-four hours have passed, and I have heard nothing from him. His arrest is probably the result of an episode of the other night in a beer hall. A German called King George a vile name, and Molloy immediately applied an insulting epithet to the Kaiser." Among other things which Major Johnstone has written about is the kindness to American women in Berlin of Mrs. Gerard, wife of the American Ambassador. To every American woman who is without funds she makes an allowance of three marks a day out of her private purse. Mrs. Gerard is the daughter of the late Marcus Daly.

Their Views Differ

Mrs. Marshall Darrach and Mrs. Kathleen Norris, who were contemporary society editors

respectively on the Chronicle and Examiner, are comparing notes on San Francisco society after five years' separation. Though they studied the same clientele at the same time their opinions of the local smart set differ slightly. Since Mrs. Darrach's arrival from New York a few months ago she has finished a society novel now in the hands of the publishers which she has called "Bucking the Smart Set" and in which she gives San Francisco society milder treatment than it has had from any fiction writer heretofore including her friend Mrs. Norris. Mrs. Darrach came into the newspaper world from rather a gay society circle. She was an intimate friend of the Tafts when Mr. Taft was Governor of the Philippines and she was a great favorite of the set that was making social history in Manila when Mrs. Taft was mistress of the Malacanang Palace. So she was equipped with an expert knowledge of the game from the inside, and as she was able to view it impartially from the outside as a newspaper woman, she has evolved a scheme of philosophy concerning the local smart set that is as entertaining as is the stinging satire of her brilliant friend and contemporary Kathleen Norris. The heroine of Mrs. Darrach's story is a clever society editor who "bucks the smart set" for the advantage of a young woman whom it has cruelly snubbed, and the power of the press to regulate the arrogance, the snobbery which has so riled Mrs. Norris in "Saturday's Child," is admirably shown.

The Debutantes

This is the time of year when we begin to think and talk about the debutantes. The debutantes are exceedingly important, for are not the tender buds of today the seasoned society hostesses of tomorrow? Yes indeed, the society of tomorrow rests in the dainty pink palms of the girls who will soon be making their first fluttery bows. Who are these girls? Well, there are twelve of them on the list now, with more to come. Here are a dozen charmers who will be added to the roster of formal society this winter:

| | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| Gertrude Hopkins | Helen Keeney |
| Leslie Miller | Marian L. Mailliard |
| Emily Tubbs | Marie Winslow |
| Arabella Schwerin | Lucile Johns |
| Marie L. Harrington | Genevieve Bothin |
| Alice Starr Keeler | Enid Foster |

An Interesting Array

Is it not an interesting list? I have not arranged it with any idea of indicating the comparative importance of the girls, but quite haphazardly. Indeed, to me all debutantes are equally important. It is only by their bearing after they have been received into the ranks of society that they should be graded. Gertrude Hopkins is the daughter of Mrs. Lillian Sutton Hopkins. A beautiful, vivacious girl, she rejoices in some of the most important cousins in the social register. Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mrs. Fred McNear, Mrs. Gus Taylor, Mrs. Cheever Cowdin—they are all her cousins. Emily Tubbs is the daughter of the Will Tubbses, and a cousin of Elizabeth Oyster, a bud of last season. Marie Louise Harrington is of a Colusa family that will spend the winter in town. She has relatives here of great prestige. Helen Keeney is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Keeney. Add to this that her sister is Mrs. Talbot Walker. That indicates her importance. Marie Winslow is the daughter of Mrs. Hamilton Wallace, a niece of Mrs. Rob-

ert Oxnard and Harry Stetson. Genevieve Bothin is the daughter of Mrs. Leigh Sypher. Her grandfather is a Whittier. Leslie Miller is a daughter of the C. O. G. Millers; her sister is Mrs. Bernard Ford. Arabella Schwerin is the daughter of the Rennie Schwerins, so she belongs in society's innermost circle. Alice Keeler is of the San Raafel family. Marian Mailliard's family is important not only socially but numerically. Lucile Johns is the daughter of the Vandyke Johns. Enid Foster is of the Ross Valley family. Surely this is an impressive array of buds to begin the season with.

Society and Its Dogs

For several years that coterie we know as "high society" has not taken a keen interest in the dog shows, either here or in San Mateo. High society likes to preserve class distinctions, and doesn't care to have its prize dogs in the same show with the prize dogs of those who do not belong to high society. But now high society is going in for dog fancying again. There is to be a dog show soon at the San Mateo Country Club, and high society will allow only its own set and those its own set approves to enter animals. Mrs. Malcolm Whitman will show her kennel darlings; so will Mrs. D. J. Murphy Alice Hager, Harry Hastings, Tom Driscoll and others who are proud of their pedigreed bow-wows. It's to be the most recherche kennel show held for several years.

Amateurs and the Movies

Many of the charming women of the bay section are finding a new outlet for their histrionic talent in the movies. The operation of companies hereabouts has excited much interest and many society folk have found novelty and amusement in appearing in mob scenes before the camera. The more ambitious ones who aspire to become movie stars, are taking up the photodramatic art in a more serious way. The unusual qualifications required in this new profession have resulted in a demand for academies of special training in the

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silent drama. Such an institution is now being conducted at 580 Eddy street, where a film producing director and his assistants are accomplishing good results in the development of local talent. The enthusiasm evidenced at the Photoplay Academy bids fair to make it one of the largest institutions in the west.

Ten Drama Readings

Readers and students of the modern drama will be interested in Mr. Leo Cooper's announcement of a course of ten readings of great modern plays by English, American, French, Spanish, Norwegian, Russian, Italian, Hindu, German and Japanese dramatists. Rev. Charles Aked; Prof. Wm. D. Armes, president of the Drama League; Alfred Roncovieri, superintendent of the San Francisco public schools; Prof. H. E. Cory, English department, U. C.; Dr. Arthur Ryder, professor of Sanscrit languages, U. C.; and Rabbi Martin Meyer, Temple Emanuel, are among the patrons of the course which is to be given in the Paul Elder Gallery, 239 Grant avenue, each Thursday forenoon, beginning September 24. Tickets for the entire course are three dollars.

A Beringer Pupil

Mrs. Lois Patterson Wessinsoh, a former pupil of Mme. Joseph Beringer, and member of the Beringer Musical Club, who has been studying for the last two years in Florence, made her debut there under the name Louise Patterson, singing the part of Leonora in the opera "La Favorita." Press comments speak in the highest terms of her work, and a great future is predicted for her.

At Paso Robles

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A Benefit Dansant

The dancing season will be inaugurated next Saturday afternoon, September 26, in the spacious court of the Palace Hotel, when the Vocational Training School will be benefited by a Tea Dansant to be held between the hours of four and seven. The patronesses announce as a special feature the appearance of Mlle. Le Gai, the danseuse who had a class of fourteen hundred young women during the summer session of the University of California. The French dancer will be assisted by Quentin Tod of London, and they will show dances for which they created a vogue in New York during their roof garden appearances. The Vocational Training School has been of peculiar interest to many prominent women during the last few years and its growth has been fostered with the idea of preparing young girls to be capable wage earners. The common excuse of employers for small pay is the lack of efficiency among applicants for work, and the school is remedying this by preparing young girls for compatible vocations and turning out efficient employees. Tables for the dansant are rapidly being engaged at the Palace Hotel and a very large attendance is expected.

A Move for the City Beautiful

"It's just like Tait's" is what most of the passersby on O'Farrell street are saying in tones of civic pride. These refer to the decorative structure which has been erected in front of the well known cafe to protect pedestrians from any dangers incidental to the extensive work of improvement which the building is undergoing. Unlike the usual rough pine eyesores that uglify the streets of the business district in these days of growth and extension, Tait's in characteristic fashion is treating the grateful public to "something different." An impromptu porte-cochere is what it really is. It's painted a soft green to harmonize with the potted plants on the side-

walk. Artistic, simple lamp shades, in cream and gold, just like the ones inside, depend from it at frequent intervals. Lattice-work protects the eyes of beholders from the view of the heavy protective flooring above. The casual passerby would not realize that the whole was not a permanent thing of beauty. But the hordes of Tait's patrons noticed it at once. To a man and woman they agree that the era of the City Beautiful would be brought nearer by many strides were all builders and improvers as punctilious about details of beauty and taste as is John Tait.

The People's Philharmonic

The next concert of the People's Philharmonic will take place on Thursday, the first of October, instead of on Thursday, the eighth as heretofore announced. In the future these concerts will be given on the first Thursday of the month. The change has been made in the interest of music lovers, so that these concerts may not conflict with other concerts which the public will be eager to patronize.

Mule in the barnyard,

Lazy and sleek;

Boy with a pin on the end of a stick

Creeps up behind him, quiet as a mouse—

Crepe on the door of the little boy's house.

"What do you know of the defendant, Mr. Thompson?" asked the counsel of a witness. "Do you consider him a good musician?" "On that point I wish to be particular," responded Thompson. "I don't wish to insinuate that Mr. Jones is not a good musician. Not at all. But I could not help observing that after he commenced playing on the piano, a sawfiler who lives next door, left home, and has never since been heard of."

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The New Alcazar Stock

By Theodore Bonnet

Again Alcazareans have some new acquaintances to make. Monday night at the little stock theatre the curtain was rung up on the fall season of 1914, and the faithful were there in their most critical mood to judge for themselves the quality of the new company. Long years ago, somewhere near a quarter of a century, the Alcazar set a pretty high stock company standard, and though it has not always kept up to the mark it has never fallen far below. How the present company compares with its predecessors no fallible critic sensible of the dangers that lurk in premature judgment would dare to assert. Suffice it that the verdict of the first-night audience was expressed in terms of warm approval; and this notwithstanding that the company was put to a severe test; that is to say, it was called upon to breathe the breath of life into a chocolate-eclair drama. The play is a dramatization of Robert Chambers' novel "The Common Law." This play is decidedly worth seeing if you are at all curious as to the quality of fiction that appeals to popular taste nowadays, for Robert Chambers has a firm grip on the expansive ear of the masses. There never was a best-seller that sold better than "The Common Law." Now if one may infer from the play the character and quality of the novel, the spirit of the Golden Age of fiddle faddle fiction has returned to the glimpses of the moon. They are wrong who tell us that life has grown complex, and that the Summer School has educated the female of the species up to an appreciation of the unprecedented

intricacy of our moods and sensations, making her infinitely more reflective. The female of the species has been emancipated, but for her life is as simple as in the days when the Duchess was making heroes and heroines who never dreamt of strong action or large deep-cut passion. The heroine of the Chambers novel is that perennial young lady in humble circumstances who falls in love with a rich young man far above her social station, and refuses for some absurd reason to marry him though dying to do so. This young lady always disappears, always leaves her lover mystified and alone, and always meets him after a long chase in humble quarters. I first met her in the pages of May Agnes Fleming, again a little later in a novel by Mrs. Southworth. On the stage for many years she was confined to old-fashioned melodrama, but a few seasons ago she bobbed up at the Columbia in "A Grain of Dust," and a little later at the Cort in "Bought and Paid For," though in that play she married the man before disappearing and renouncing (temporarily) wealth for poverty. The staleness of this type is not to be objected to, but it would require a greater genius than Chambers to make her glow with the radiant heat of life and delight. In his play she is of interest mainly for the light that she throws on the simplicity of public taste. By no means inconsiderable then is the achievement of Alice Fleming, the new leading lady of the Alcazar stock who invests this ethereal character with a quality of naturalness that gives one a robust faith in the reality of it.

Miss Fleming lives the part with the full vehemence of life. She is an actress of airy grace, but without any of the exaggerations of animal spirits, and she has a fine flexible voice that lends itself to all the fluctuations of meaning. Ralph Kellard, the new leading man, has a very exacting part that calls principally for repression, but he succeeds in being quiet without being insignificant, in restraining his power without loss of individuality. One of the youngest of leading men is Ralph Kellard, one who will doubtless win favor at the Alcazar. Among the other new members of the company are Frances Younge, who plays the mother Mrs. Neville, and plays it well, and C. Norman Hammond, a gentleman cut out for heavy villains. He is the real melodramatic type, an actor who could realize to perfection that consummate rascal Spider of The Lights of London. As Jose Querida he is the incarnation of heartless ease with all the manners significant of villainy and the audacity of deceit. How the gallery will hate him before the season is over! The hatred of the gallery for Hammond will be as deep as its affection for that versatile character team Louise Brownell and Burt Wesner and for the little comedian Richard Vivian, and the talented juvenile Edmond Lowe, all of whom are of the new Alcazar stock under the direction of the veteran Fred Butler who, this week, puts before us an artist's studio, so elaborate and minute of detail that it might have come from Broadway even with that unfinished frieze of nude ladies that makes the audience stare.

Gossip of the Theatre

Arnold's Anatol

The deliciousness of the "Anatol" episodes of Arthur Schnitzler is said to have tickled the jaded palate of New York. New York saw Jack Barrymore in three of them, did it not? We are permitted to see Arnold Daly in one only, and that not the best one. Let us therefore reserve judgment concerning the entertainment to be derived from "Anatol." There was precious little entertainment in "Ask No Questions" as given us by Daly. But of course Daly is not an actor of the Jack Barrymore quality. In Daly's hands "Ask No Questions" becomes flat, stale, unprofitable. There is no give in Daly, no elasticity. Comedy stiffens into serious business beneath his touch. I wonder if Daly has ever laughed in his life? I doubt it. Daly takes everything, including himself, with profound gravity. A man who does so cannot make others laugh—on the stage at least. So we sat through "Ask No Questions" to find with disappointment that it put no query to our risibles. It left us quite cold. Indeed it did more—it chilled us. Daly seemed to hang a heavy weight upon the sprightly lines, to bind them to earth when they would have soared. It must be chronicled that Arnold Daly made no hit with theatregoers this week. And he didn't seem to make a hit with his brother performers. Several of them took occasion to "kid" him in the course of their acts, and there was just the suggestion of malice in the way they did it. The audience enjoyed that hugely. It is not necessarily an indictment of the Orpheum audience to say that it enjoyed Jesse Lasky more than Arthur Schnitzler. Jesse Lasky's miniature musical comedy "The Beau-

ties" was presented by a cast of more than ordinary worth. The beauties are really beautiful, and the comedians are really funny. William McCarthy and Armand Cortes are so funny that they could easily amuse for a whole evening instead of for the twenty minutes allowed them in the Orpheum bill. I'd much rather see these Lasky comedians than Arnold Daly. There are some very good teams in the bill. Alexander and Scott are exceptionally good, and it is a real surprise at the end of the act to find that one of them is a female impersonator, not a woman. "Chuck" Riesner and Henrietta Gores make another very amusing team. Harry Hines and George Fox introduce a prize song called "San Francisco, 1915." It won't impair the popularity of "I Love You, California" and "San Francisco and You."

—Edward F. O'Day.

A Classy Team at Pantages

Harry Antrim and Betsy Vale are not billed as headliners at Pantages this week, but that doesn't bother them in the least. They are young people full of good spirits, and they communicate their gayety to the audience. They sing and dance and fool like a couple of kids let out of school, or so it seems at first blush. As a matter of fact kids let out of school can't be expected to show the cleverness of Antrim and Vale. But they do their stunt so naturally that it all seems spontaneous, and that is the secret of success among vaudevillains of their type. Antrim and Vale needn't worry about their billing; they will probably be headliners one of these days. A tabloid musical comedy called "The Seminary Girls"

is the piece de resistance at Pantages this week. It is full of pretty girls in fetching clothes of fashionable scantiness, and it is well mounted. There are four Mexicans who make a hit with their marimbaphone, and there is a good team, Ford and Laird, who furnish "a study in black and tan." The other acts are up to the Pantages standard.

—E. F. O'D.

"Cabiria" at Cort

"Cabiria," the wonderful photo-spectacle, comes to the Cort for an engagement of a single week commencing Sunday night, with matinees daily. It is doubtful if any attraction has appeared in San Francisco in a very long time that has created wider interest and caused more discussion than this "historical vision of the third century before Christ," as it has been called by its author, the gifted Italian poet and dramatist, Gabrielle d'Annunzio. Just now, when the greatest armies in the world's history are engaged in a mighty clash, "Cabiria" is of especial interest, and students of ancient history regard the work highly. The producers of "Cabiria" referred to reliable historical records for their facts. There is no anachronism in the picture. Every detail is faultless. For scenic splendor nothing approaching the score or more incidents shown in this work have ever been projected upon a screen. The eruption of Mount Aetna, Hannibal and his great army crossing the Alps, the destruction of the Roman fleet, the burning of the camp of Syphax, the caravan crossing the desert by moonlight, the siege of Cirta and the scenes in the fearsome temple of Moloch, are realistic almost beyond be-

lief. The fine symphony orchestra and chorus of mixed voices add greatly to the enjoyment of the entertainment in rendering music that has been expressly composed for this remarkable film-spectacle. Matinees are to be given every day at 2:20 o'clock, and a popular scale of prices will obtain. "A Pair of Sixes" follows.

"Trial by Jury" at Greek Theatre

A signal honor has been conferred on De Wolf Hopper and the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company by the Musical and Dramatic Committee of the University of California, of which Prof. William Dallam Armes is chairman through an invitation to present "Trial by Jury" at the Greek Theatre. This little seen Gilbert and Sullivan masterpiece will be given on Friday afternoon, September 25, at 3 o'clock. "Trial by Jury" will be preceded by a concert of gems from the repertoire of the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company, consisting of solos, duets and ensemble numbers, contributed by Hopper and the following distinguished members of the organization: Idelle Patterson, Gladys Caldwell, Jayne Herbert, Anabel Jourdan, Maude Mordaunt, Una Brooks, Arthur Aldridge, Herbert Waterous, Arthur Cunningham, John Willard, Herbert Cripps, Henry Smith and C. W. Phillips. There will be an orchestra of forty pieces. The affair promises to be one of the most important in the history of the Greek Theatre. "Trial by Jury" has not been presented professionally in this country in something like thirty years, probably because it in itself is not long enough for a complete entertainment. It is one of the most delightful of the Gilbert and Sullivan works. The music is wholly beautiful while the book discloses Gilbert at his

wittiest. The operetta will not be given elsewhere in this vicinity. Tickets are for sale at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s, San Francisco and Oakland; the Associated Students' Store, Tupper and Reed's, Glossner, Morse and Geary's, the Sign of the Bear, and Sadler's, Berkeley. Popular prices will obtain.

The Symphony Concerts

Seats are on sale at the offices of Frank W. Healy, manager, for the subscription series of ten symphony concerts of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, to take place at the Cort Theatre at three o'clock on the following Friday afternoons: October 23, November 6, November 20, December 4, December 11, January 8, January 22, February 5, February 19, March 5. Henry Hadley who returns to San Francisco today, will find an orchestra of well equipped and experienced musicians ready to respond to his baton, and a list of splendid artists to assist as soloists at the concerts. Some of the original list of famous old-world violinists, singers and pianists, selected for soloists, are fighting or marching, and others, male and female, while accorded every courtesy, will not be allowed to leave their countries until the war is over. However, there will be no famine as any number of artists compelled to cancel European concert tours, are rushing to America. The soloists for the first half of the approaching season: Marcella Craft, a California girl and the sensation of many operatic seasons at Kiel, Mayence, Munich and Berlin, who sang for the Kaiserin at the Berlin Palace and was further honored by being selected by Richard Strauss to sing the title role in

his "Salome" at the gala performance at the Berlin Opera; and Tina Lerner, the beautiful and talented Russian pianist, are safe in America. Miss Craft will return to the Munich Opera after the war is over, but Miss Lerner will in future make her home in America and visit Europe only as a touring concert artist. The program to be given at the first concert of the orchestra, subject to slight change, follows: Weber, Overture "Euryanthe;" Kalinnikow, Symphony No. 1, G minor (first performance in San Francisco); Brahms, variations on a theme by Haydn, Opus 56-A; Goldmark, Overture "Sakuntala," Opus 13.

A Dainty Quaker at Orpheum

The Orpheum bill next week will be headed by the delightful little comedienne Hermine Shone who will present "The Last of the Quakers," a comedy in one act by Edgar Allan Woolf. It is a combination of modernism and Quakerism. Miss Shone as Pamela Roythorne is particularly happy and is credited with making the most emphatic hit of her career. She is supported by an admirable little company. The Six American Dancers, a sextette of stylish steppers, consisting of Estelle Lovenberg, Adelaide Lovenberg, Evelyn Ramsay, William Purcella, Charles Connor and Thomas Neary, will appear in an entirely new act which includes a beautiful series of dances, conceived and produced by Mr. Lovenberg. One of the chief features will be "Six Periods of American History," each being represented by a different style of dance and an appropriate costume. They are: "Indian," "First White Man," "Dutch," "English," "1850" and "1914." Other dances in this novelty are "The



SOPHANISBA

In "Cabiria," the great d'Annunzio photo-spectacle, at the Cort this week



ALICE FLEMING

Now appearing at the Alcazar Theatre.

Demure Mademoiselle," "The Graceful Grissettes," "The Dancing Hussars" and "The Little Wooden Soldiers." Ismed, a famous Turkish pianist who comes direct from Constantinople, is a positive sensation not only as a musician but as a showman. Maurice Burkhart and Elmore White style themselves "Home Hitters in the Singing League." Binns and Bert, two young Englishmen who have made the world laugh, call themselves "Wrinkle Erasers." They present a gymnastic performance in a humorous manner with unconventional makeups. With this program Hans Kronold, the famous 'cellist; Alexander and Scott; and Jesse Lasky's "The Beauties" will close their engagements.

"Maggie Pepper" at Alcazar

"Maggie Pepper," Rose Stahl's famous successor to "The Chorus Lady," will be the offering at the Alcazar next week, beginning Monday night, with all the Alcazar's new players, headed by Ralph Kellard and Alice Fleming in the cast. The new players are now firmly established in the hearts of local theatregoers who are looking forward to a long season of continued success at the pretty playhouse in O'Farrell street. "Maggie Pepper" easily ranks as one of the most important productions of the year—not only because of the wonderful popularity it enjoyed at Miss Stahl's hands, but because the new Alcazar players promise to give it a production that will be worthy of its famous predecessor. Alice Fleming will have a great opportunity in Rose Stahl's former role of Maggie Pepper and Ralph

Kellard will be equally well cast as Joe Holbrook.

Rollicking Comedy at Pantages

Menlo Moore's musical "tab" which he terms "a host of happy incidents of co-education days," otherwise a rollicking comedy with a sextette of singing and dancing maidens, is the feature on the new bill which opens at Pantages on Sunday. As in all vaudeville tabloids the plot is skimmed through with a bang and in the "Fair Co-Eds," Moore has written thirty minutes of fast fun with a sprinkling of clean and nifty dances set back of elaborate scenery. Bert Perry who was the first actor to play "fat men" parts in the "movies," has the principal comedy role of the piece. Clara Beyers, a well known stock actress, will make her vaudeville debut supported by Clarence Arper and little Bonita Semmens. Miss Beyers will present "Self Defense," a genuine dramatic thriller with an unexpected climax. Schiller's stringed quintet is a classy musical offering with Helenka Schiller carrying the honors of the act. The girls play popular and classical selections on the 'cello, violin and piano. Kitner, Haynes and Montgomery are a singing trio with a comedy act called "Swells at Sea" which is one big laugh. Billy Chase and Charlotte Latour have a breezy talking and singing act. Fancy and funny tumbling with daring somersaults will be shown by Heras and Preston. Frank and Lillian Burbank call their specialty "Five feet of music and six feet of music." The war slide service and comedy motion pictures will complete the bill.



HERMINE SHONE

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Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, \$1.00.
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NEXT—Coming Sunday, September 27—"A PAIR OF SIXES"

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Heavy exports of grain and provisions caused a break in sterling exchange that had much to do with the willingness of the banks to finance the New York city revenue warrants, \$82,000,000 of which fall due in London and Paris within the next five months. Exports are likely to run so far ahead of imports that the banks may be able to avoid shipping any gold to London or Ottawa after October 1 next, though they may have to part with some before the end of this month. It is not unlikely that sterling exchange rates will fall below the nominal par of exchange if our export trade in grain, provisions, steel products and arms and ammunition to Europe keeps up for two months longer. This would clear away one of the difficulties in the way of reopening the Stock Exchange. Bankers have been afraid that foreign liquidation would drain this country of gold quite as much as they have feared impairment of the book value of the Stock Exchange collateral they hold as security for loans. If we can pay for securities with grain and other exports the interchange will be to our advantage in the end because it will reduce our liabilities abroad. London bankers have shown courage and resourcefulness in discounting bills and the Bank of England has been able to build up its gold reserve to the highest point it has touched at corresponding dates in recent years. British bankers and business men have made a remarkable record in the face of the greatest war in all history. The official announcement that a great New York bank will open branches at Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Ayres at once had a good effect on sentiment because it proved that something tangible was being done to secure the vast trade with that continent formerly enjoyed by Europe and disorganized by the war. Ships are being registered under the American flag and the whole machinery of this trade should be working smoothly by the time the next grain crops are harvested in Argentina.

Wheat—Bullish sentiment in wheat continued early in the week and the highest prices of the crop were made with the May option at 132. Around this price a good many of the more successful traders who had large paper profits were inclined to accept them and it was this selling that took the edge off the market. There was also some peace talk later in the week which did not help the long side any and a good reaction was in order with prices at the close of the week nearly 15 cents from the top. The farmer too has shown a disposition to let loose some of his wheat, and receipts the past week have been very large. This, however, has been offset to some extent by the large export clearance which made the accumulations at primary markets show only a normal increase. The demand from millers has been very good and the mills have been doing an enormous business both for export and

domestic consumption. Prices for flour showed further advance early in the week but with the decline in wheat prices will no doubt shade off some. There is really no change in the situation and as long as the war continues prices will be very erratic and any news favorable to the Allies will have a bearish effect on prices as a good many in the trade are now looking for cessation of hostilities in the near future. Should the Germans win a pronounced victory over the Allies prices would have a sharp recovery as this would mean the prolongation of the war. In the meantime wheat around 125 for the May option discounts a good deal and while we are not bearish on the market we believe caution should be used in getting long of the market on rallies.

Corn—The corn market was influenced more or less by the action in wheat and oats. Prices were advanced dangerously near the 80 cent level for the new crop figures while the bull excitement was on in wheat and later declined when the edge came off the wheat market. The Government figures were construed as a little bearish compared with some of the private estimates showing a crop of about one hundred million bushels more than a prominent crop expert's figures. Then too the weather has been all that could be desired. General rains throughout the belt while not being of material benefit to corn, helped the forage crop and pastures are now said to be in excellent condition. Cold weather has not as yet hurt the crop and every day without frost is bringing the crop nearer maturity. Receipts of old corn have been liberal and for the week stocks show quite an accumulation. Eastern demand has fallen off again and the demand for cash corn has not been equal to the supply. Corn is usually a sale at this season of the year but with war overshadowing everything else it is hard to form an accurate opinion. We believe, however, the short side is the safest as the price is high and it won't be long before new corn will have its effect on the market.

Sidelights On The War

(Continued from Page 7.)

feeling that they have the whole strength of the nation behind them. An article by M. Gustave Herve in "La Guerre Sociale," shows how strongly this moral tide is flowing in France. Even in the war "pour la defense de la patrie" in 1792, he claims, there was not the same spirit as there is today. Then there were La Vendee, the cures, and the Royalists. Now Royalists, Bonapartists, Nationalists, Radicals, Socialists, and Anarchists are all moved by the same feeling, and it is impossible, M. Herve says, to realize the thoroughness of the national reconciliation in face of the enemy.

Conciliating the Poles

Judging by foreign newspapers, the Russian proclamation of autonomy for the Poles was not an original Russian idea at all, but merely or chiefly the sequel of a series of diplomatic efforts to quiet the Poles and to keep Polish soldiers in the ranks of their respective armies. Germany and Austria began, and then Russia came in. It is also said that Germany allowed the Polish Pretender, domiciled in Switzerland, a free passage to Cracow.

Famine With the Allies

In war the irresistible foe is Famine. The allies had Famine on their side and the Germans were repulsed and driven back. This, in brief, is the story of the campaign in France, as we shall learn when the war is over. To rapidity of movement the Germans sacrificed everything. Of course they assumed that the march through Belgium would be uninterrupted, and doubtless they had supplies enough to carry them to Paris in a given time, but the delay of seventeen days and the subsequent difficulty of keeping open their line of communications were factors that had been omitted from their calculations. A mighty big problem is that of feeding an army of more than a million men in a hostile country. The food supply of the Germans was deficient even during the attack on the Liege forts. This perhaps was not due so much to lack of food as to defectiveness in the method of distribution. And in all probability the retreat of the allies was part of the strategy of this war; for the farther the Germans were drawn from their base the more complex became the food problem. The plan of campaign was not new. It was the plan pursued by General Grant in his "On to Richmond" movement, which was a series of movements to the left flank accompanied by a series of savage frontal attacks, the object being to get between Lee and Richmond.

England's Big Feat

The most remarkable achievement of this war was the transportation of the British forces to France. The blockade of the German fleet was no doubt strict, but evasion of a blockade is easier now than it has ever been in the past. A fleet of transports is the most vulnerable thing in the world. It is not necessary to fight a great battle to cause enormous loss of life on the transports. Apparently no attack on the transports was attempted—a fact that may be put down to lack of enterprise on the part of the enemy, or to remarkable vigilance and efficiency of the British fleet, or perhaps to a combination of these causes.

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HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, S. W. Corner
HAIGHT and BELVEDERE

June 30th, 1914:

| | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------|
| Assets | \$58,656,635.13 |
| Capital actually paid up in Cash | 1,000,000.00 |
| Reserve and Contingent Funds | 1,857,717.65 |
| Employees' Pension Fund | 177,868.71 |
| Number of Depositors | 66,367 |

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 6 p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

For the 6 months ending June 30, 1914, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent per annum was declared.



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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and
for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 58,227;
Dept. No. 2.

A. L. BLAKESLEE, Plaintiff, vs. VIOLET W.
BLAKESLEE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of
California in and for the City and County of San Fran-
cisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County
Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to:
Violet M. Blakeslee, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an
action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff
in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and
for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer
the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of
the day of service) after the service on you of this sum-
mons, if served within this City and County; or if served
elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and
decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony
now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground
of defendant's adultery, also for general relief, as will more
fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special refer-
ence is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and
answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judg-
ment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Com-
plaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court
for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior
Court of the State of California, in and for the City and
County of San Francisco, this 29th day of July, A. D. 1914.
(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. A. BROWN,
Attorney for Plaintiff. 8-8-10

ORDER

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and
for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of FRANK SIMONART,
Deceased.

Bernard T. Tennyson having filed herein a petition for
an order and decree authorizing and requiring Maria
Simonart, the executrix of the last will of Frank Simonart,
deceased, to transfer and convey to him pursuant to the
provisions of Sections 1597 to 1601 inclusive, of the Code
of Civil Procedure that certain piece or parcel of land,
situate, lying and being in the City and County of San
Francisco, State of California, and described as follows,
to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Green-
wich Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Ten (110)
Feet Westerly from the point formed by the intersection
on the Southerly line of Greenwich Street with the West-
erly line of Devisadero Street; and running thence West-
erly along said line of Greenwich Street Forty (40) Feet;
thence at a right angle Southerly One Hundred and Thirty-
seven (137) Feet and Six (6) Inches; thence at a right
angle Easterly Forty (40) Feet; and thence at a right
angle Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) Feet
and Six (6) Inches to the point of beginning.

Being part of Western Addition Block No. 490.

It is hereby ordered that the 29th day of September,
1914, at the hour of ten o'clock in the morning, and the
Court-room of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court
be and the same are hereby appointed as the time and
place for the hearing of said petition and that notice there-
of be published once a week for four successive weeks be-
fore such hearing in the "Town Talk," a newspaper pub-
lished in the City and County of San Francisco, State of
California.

Dated September 1, 1914.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Petitioner,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

8-29-5

She—Herbert, I can't find my bathing-dress
anywhere!

He—See if you've got it on.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN JOSEPH BAILLE (also called Jean
Joseph Baille), Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of
the last will and testament of JOHN JOSEPH BAILLE
(also called Jean Joseph Baille), deceased, to the creditors
of and all persons having claims against the said deceased,
to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4)
months after the first publication of this notice to the said
Executrix, at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333
Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco,
State of California, which said office the undersigned
selects as her place of business in all matters connected
with said estate of JOHN JOSEPH BAILLE (also called
Jean Joseph Baille), deceased.

MARIE LOUISE BAILLE,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of JOHN
JOSEPH BAILLE (also called Jean Joseph Baille),
Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 19, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-19-5

CERTIFICATE OF PARTNERSHIP

We, the undersigned, ELMIRE RUFFIEUX and JULES
ALBRECHT, do hereby certify:

That we are partners transacting business in the City
and County of San Francisco, State of California, under
the firm name and style of "L. RUFFIEUX," and that
the names in full of all the members of said partnership
and their places of residence are as follows, namely:

ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, residing at Hotel Manx, North-
west corner of Powell and O'Farrell Streets, in the City
and County of San Francisco, State of California, and
JULES ALBRECHT, residing at No. 764 Seventeenth
Avenue, in said City and County of San Francisco; and
that we carry on and conduct a French confectionery
and patisserie business at premises No. 211 Powell Street,
in said City and County of San Francisco, which is the
principal place of business of such partnership; and we
certify and declare that no other person is interested there-
in, and that we are the sole owners of said business.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our
hands at the City and County of San Francisco, State of
California, on this 1st day of September, in the year A. D.
nineteen hundred and fourteen (1914).

ELMIRE RUFFIEUX,
JULES ALBRECHT.

Witness:

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney-at-Law.

No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 1st day of September, in the year One Thousand
Nine Hundred and Fourteen, before me, Flora Hall, a
Notary Public in and for said City and County of San
Francisco, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn,
personally appeared, ELMIRE RUFFIEUX and JULES
ALBRECHT, known to me to be the persons described in
and whose names are subscribed to the within instrument
and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand
and affixed my Official Seal, at my office in the City
and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this
Certificate first above written.

(Notarial Seal) FLORA HALL,

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San
Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 2, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.

By H. I. Porter, Deputy Clerk.
A. COMTE, JR., Attorney-at-Law,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

9-12-5

The Crocker National Bank of San Francisco

Condition at Close of Business Sept. 12, 1914

RESOURCES

| | |
|---|-----------------|
| Loans and Discounts..... | \$15,341,490.29 |
| U. S. Bonds..... | 2,030,000.00 |
| Other Bonds and Securities..... | 1,314,588.59 |
| Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit..... | 495,182.63 |
| Cash and Sight Exchange..... | 7,519,721.80 |

\$26,700,983.31

LIABILITIES

| | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Capital..... | \$ 2,000,000.00 |
| Surplus and Undivided Profits..... | 3,299,452.43 |
| Circulation..... | 1,980,000.00 |
| Letters of Credit..... | 530,002.27 |
| Deposits..... | 18,891,528.61 |

\$26,700,983.31

OFFICERS

| | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| Wm. H. Crocker..... | President |
| Chas. E. Green..... | Vice-President |
| Jas. J. Fagan..... | Vice-President |
| W. Gregg Jr..... | Cashier |
| J. B. McCargar..... | Assistant Cashier |
| G. W. Ebner..... | Assistant Cashier |
| W. R. Berry..... | Assistant Cashier |
| B. D. Dean..... | Assistant Cashier |
| J. M. Masten..... | Assistant Cashier |
| John Clausen..... | Manager Foreign Dept. |

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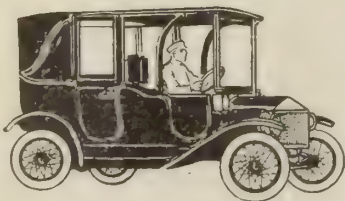
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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXIV. No. 1153

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 26, 1914

PRICE, 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXIV.

San Francisco, September 26, 1914

No. 1153

Published Weekly by
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88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, \$4.00; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

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The trade supplied direct by us.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.

New York Representative, Frederic M. Krugler, 37-39 East Twenty-eighth street.

Los Angeles Representative, W. R. Baranger, 432 South Main street.

We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledge within four weeks are rejected.

The Pompous Prophet

When men in high place are given to prophecy it is not unreasonable for men beneath to feel disquieted; for it is a sign that mediocrity and incompetence are on top. Crass is the mind that predicts with confidence about events of epochal magnitude, after the manner, for example, of our Secretary of State as he sits up aloft surveying the battlefields of Europe. The habit of pompous prophecy is the offspring of that inveterate dogmatism which old platitudinous Samuel Smiles characterized as "puppyism grown up." What a large book it would take to record all the prophecies of public men in the last five years that have not come true! Our vision is wholly a matter of temperament, and to distinguish what is coming to an end is hardly less difficult than to discern what is beginning. It is on this account that the prophets are either optimists or pessimists.

The Benign Effects of War

War, as we have suggested more than once, is not an unmixed evil. Behold some of the effects in this country of the war in Europe! See how it has transformed the militant journalist the Hon. William Randolph Hearst! Consider the comparative harmlessness of all the pestiferous limelight lovers who overflow with cant from one year to another. They are canting of course as usual, but not of the domestic reforms with which it is their pleasure to torment us. They are not agitating for new schemes of legislation or for sociological experiments. They are canting about peace with all the fervor of their flexible, susceptible souls, and nobody cares. What does it matter that the chancelleries of Europe are too busy to take a day off and give ear to the great chorus personally conducted by the cooing dove of yellow journalism! Let us give praise for the diversion. It is temporary relief from botheration. They are letting us alone. The war with all its atrocities has had a soothing effect on our nerves. It has silenced the Colonel. In-

deed it has given every demagogue the impulse to sheath his tongue. Even our President has been chastened. "We must all stand as one," he wrote the other day to President Frank Trumbull of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, "to see justice done and all fair assistance rendered and rendered ungrudgingly." He wasn't referring to Belgium. He was referring to the railroads, the bad railroads against which all good and pure politicians were hurling anathema a short time ago. "You ask me," he wrote, "to call the attention of the country to the imperative need that railway credit be sustained, and the railroads helped in every possible way, whether by private co-operative method, or by the action whenever feasible, of government agencies; and I am glad to do so, because I think the need very real." Let us not inquire as to how this need became very real, or as to the agencies that created the need. It is enough for us to know that our worthy President in these parlous times has become sensible of the need. They may quarrel in Europe, but here there is to be peace—even for the hitherto legitimate objects of all the deadly fulminations, and dum-dum diatribes of our darling statesmen.

The Gentle Hearst

It follows as the night the day that the lover of peace is a hater of strife. He is not given to resentment or revenge. He goes about scattering the seeds of courtesy and kindness and exhaling the sweet breath of reconciliation. So mark the benign influence of war on Mr. Hearst. It has brought him to his senses. The horrid spectacle of war has tamed the spirit of him. The ante-bellum Hearst seems remote and fantastic, the child of an alien time infinitely far away, almost like the tenuous phantom of a Greek hero. Grim-visaged Hearst has smoothed his wrinkled front, and now instead of dashing off philippics to fright the souls of his adversaries, with holy abstinence he subdues the ugly passions of his heart and cries "Peace" to all the world. No more heating for his foes the editorial furnace wherein he often singed himself. He has a tear for pity, a heart overflowing with compassion, and even Elihu Root may be taken to the Hearst bosom and embraced as a brother.

Who Is to Blame?

Apparently the predominant opinion in this country respecting the war is that it was either precipitated by Germany or Germany could have prevented it. On these points enlightened opinion in Europe is pretty sharply divided. Even in England, where some writers of international prominence are inveighing against Emperor William with all the bitterness of their souls, and accusing him with vehement positive-

ness of having deliberately set the machinery of war in motion, there are many sober minds among the leaders of public thought who are inclined to bring responsibility home to their own country. In *The Nation* of London have appeared the views of several prominent and patriotic Britishers who hold that no nation save innocent Belgium can come forward with clean hands and say "I have done no wrong." According to some of the writers Russia provoked the war by scheming, with Serbia as her tool, for the disruption of Austria, and, in the end extinguished the last hope of peace by a menacing mobilization which the Cabinet of Great Britain did nothing to check. One writer goes so far as to assert that it is by no means clear that Russia was not a party to the detestable Serb propaganda which culminated in the murder of the Austrian heir-apparent. Russia is the culprit in the opinion of many English writers, and they are saying that before Sir Edward Grey can be acquitted it must be shown that the Foreign Office brought pressure on Russia to stop mobilization, which was the direct cause of the war. Years ago, it is said, Sir Edward Grey, had he cared for securing conditions of peace ought to have defined Great Britain's relations to the Franco-Russian alliance. As it was, his lack of foresight bound Great Britain up in that alliance, although he confessed on August 3rd that its terms had not even been communicated to him. So it would appear that it is to be no easy job for the historian to apportion the blame for the war with scientific accuracy. Meanwhile it will do no good to challenge dogmatically the sincerity of the Kaiser. Whatever may be thought of his violation of Belgian neutrality it is by no means incredible that the Peace Lord, as the Kaiser has long been dubbed by the impatient militarists of Germany, had no appetite for the war.

The Measure of Joffre

Is General Joffre to be ranked among the supreme masters of the art of war? Some critics are inclined to think so, but they have scant material on which to base their judgment. These critics assume that the battle of the Marne in which 1,600,000 of the allies faced 900,000 Germans was the result of his deliberate and magnificent planning. We are told that the masterly retreat of the allies from the borders of Belgium to the gates of Paris was in pursuance of the French commander's planning. The supposition is that he calmly permitted the Germans to inundate provinces and ravage cities until by the very prodigiousness of their labors, their privations and losses in the series of battles they fought, they came to the Marne weary and spent, their food supply reduced, their ammunition wagons outdistanced, and all in accordance with

Joffre's designs that he might strike back with the full force of superior numbers fighting near their base of supplies. In other words, it is the theory of the critics that while German strategy was comprehended in the single determination to strike one terrific, crushing blow, it was the purpose of General Joffre to delay that blow until it should be weakened by depletions necessitated by Russian advance. It is too early to learn the whole truth of this campaign, but it is hardly to be gainsaid that General Joffre outmaneuvered General Von Kluck near Paris. The German found himself in an embarrassing situation from which he extricated himself with great difficulty, losing in his flight his supply train and thousands of men who became prisoners of war, but whether he was led into a trap and retreated because he found himself suddenly confronted by a large army of fresh troops from Paris, is a question on which there will doubtless be much controversy. The retreat of the Germans has been described as a rout, but it was probably no more of a rout than the retreat of the allies from the Belgium frontier. If there had been general demoralization it is unlikely that the Germans would have been able to intrench themselves so strongly for the second big battle where they held the French in check for many days.

A Railroad in the Park

Now that the Sunset and Richmond districts are to be connected by a street railroad through Golden Gate Park the least to be hoped is that the zealous authorities have no intention of perpetrating a vandalism. We have a large park, but we can ill afford to spare any more of the wooded spaces and groves of foliage that refresh the senses by isolating them from all reminders of urban imprisonment. The street car is an ugly symbol of our drudgery, and if it is to go through the park let it be hidden from sight. An underground railroad is the only kind that should be tolerated in Golden Gate Park. Even now one cannot walk far in this big park without being confronted by something that draws one like a magnet from pleasurable truancy back to the hard grind of the routine of life. It has become more of a circus and a show-place than a park. Why should not at least one section of it be devoted to winding paths and glimpses of the sky? It ought to be possible in so large a park to wander through groupings of foliage and colors, grass lawns and thickets, where views might be seized upon with delight and with no fear of being confronted by a monstrous statue or an old shed. As it is, no long stretch of winding path is consecrated to the inspiring things of nature. The absurd notion that a park is the proper place for a statue has too long obtained not only in this city but elsewhere. In a park no work of art however beautiful, is more agreeable than the space it occupies.

Shakespeare Through Green Goggles

Every great work of literature has many aspects, and is susceptible of many inter-

pretations. According to Anatole France a book is less precious for what it contains than for what he who reads it puts into it. In other words, the test of a book is its suggestiveness. The more diverse things a book suggests the better it is. The Bible, Shakespeare, Ibsen,—consider the controversies they have provoked. Even the devil, as we know, may quote Scripture to support his strongest arguments. And Shakespeare! How the critics have differed as to his philosophy! Of this we have been reminded by the editor of Harper's, who has discovered that Shakespeare was a skeptic and a pessimist. Because the great dramatist put the language of skepticism and despair into the mouths of some of his characters that they might give forceful expression of their moods, the editor of Harper's concludes that the sentiments they uttered were the sentiments of the poet himself. The learned gentleman has fallen into the very common error of confounding the creator with his creatures. It is the error that caused Fielding to be suspected of the vices of Tom Jones. The editor of Harper's appears to be unaware that a work of art may be impersonal, and that an author may have none of the attributes of his characters. But how strange that a person who thinks that the driver of fat cattle must himself be fat, should be sure that the poet who asked:

"Shall we serve Heaven

With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves?"

was a skeptic. There is much reverence for persons and things holy in Shakespeare and there has been much guessing as to his religion. Carlyle records his deliberate opinion that the poet was a product of Catholicism, and brackets him with Dante. Surely the man who created Falstaff and who reveled in fairy legends and was one of the frequenters of the jolly Mermaid was not a pessimist. If we have learned anything of him from his plays it is that he had a rounded experience of the good things of this life. His very name, says Emerson, is suggestive of joy and emancipation to the heart of man.

The Natural Trend of Things

"It is sometimes hard to believe," says the Bulletin, "that the nation that built the Panama Canal is the same nation that uses its appropriations for public works primarily as a means of buying votes for Congressmen." Not sometimes, but always, it is hard to believe that this nation is ever tolerant of abuses of any sort. It is hard to believe anything absurd of ourselves, so incessantly are we advised of our greatness, our superiority, and our extraordinary abilities. We are the most enlightened people on earth. So the newspapers are always telling us. Nowhere, at no time was there ever a people so well qualified for self-government as the people of the United States. So well informed are the masses that they need no guardians. It is sufficient for them to go to school for a few years and then heed their wise editors for the rest of their lives. Perhaps there is no better

way of gauging the intelligence of the masses than by sizing up the newspapers that are read by the masses, for the press aims to be popular, and to be popular it must get itself on a level with the populace. So whatever may be inferred from the building of the canal the fact remains that the people have the kind of newspapers they deserve, and certainly it is not hard to believe that people deserving such newspapers elect men to Congress year after year whose appeal to their constituents is based mainly on evidence of the success of their efforts in reducing the contents of the pork barrel. The portent of the American newspaper was discussed by that sane, unimpassioned critic Matthew Arnold on his visit to this country in the eighties of the last century. He pointed out the crass vulgarity and insincerity of our journalism, and he asked what hope there was for a people subject to so villainous an influence. It was shortly after the Arnold visit that Mr. Hearst began transfiguring the American newspaper, making it in his own image, as it were, by accentuating all the miserable characteristics that made it repellant in the eyes of the great London critic. Hence, the tone of public life, which is of course no better than the tone of public sentiment that reflects the tone of public prints. If our newspapers have not reconciled the people to the quality of public service they are getting, at least they made possible the state of affairs by which public office became accessible chiefly to the shameless demagogue whose mental processes and moral principles are on a par with those of the average mob-coddling editor.



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Varied Types

CXCVI—MICHAEL JOSEPH CONBOY

By Edward F. O'Day

"Sure, it's almost a joke to call it a penitentiary."

Thus Michael Joseph Conboy, roaring one of his hearty, healthy laughs. He was referring to the "college," the "hotel" which the State of California maintains at San Quentin and from which our former police captain has just emerged after twenty-eight months of sequestration.

"I feel twenty years younger than when I went over," he says, and certainly, with his clean skin and his clear eye, he looks it.

"There's a Mexican in the college from down south," continued Michael Joseph, "and some time ago he wrote a letter to one of his friends. What do you suppose the peon advised? That all his friends steal horses or wagons and have themselves sent to San Quentin! He wrote that he had never lived so well in his life. If the letter hadn't been held up, the hotel would have entertained a lot more Mexican guests.

"The peon was right. A lot of the fellows over there never got such splendid treatment outside. Three meals a day in a beautiful dining room and all they want to eat. Warm, clean clothing that goes to the patching room as soon as it is torn or worn. A light, airy hospital with every attention when they are taken sick. Doctors from the city to straighten their eyes if they are cross-eyed; denists to fix their teeth. A hot salt water shower once a week, or oftener if they want it. Why some of them even take cold baths! They think it's good for their insides. And a beautiful flower garden to walk in, with an orchestra of sixty-two pieces wafting sweet music on the air, playing every kind of music in the world from stacks of sheet music sent over by the best music houses in San Francisco and Los Angeles. You know there are lots of fine musicians over there. Why, sometimes the music stores lend them more pianos than they can use.

"And the education they get! Regular classes, some conducted by schoolmasters who are doing a jolt and others by professors from the University of California. Classes in farming and dairying and cattle breeding and hog raising and all kinds of agriculture. Classes in mathematics and book keeping. And would you believe it, classes in elocution and the parts of speech! There's a professor from Berkeley named Harvey who gives those classes. You and I know how to express ourselves on any subject, but I'm blest if we could tell what he's driving at when he gets started. It would make you laugh till your sides ached listening to him.

"I had twenty-eight months of it, and it was one round of study for me. I tell you, to a man who combines wit and humor there was many a funny thing said and done. Can you imagine a

porch-climber or a stick-up man singing hymns to the Lord with such a sweet voice that butter wouldn't melt in his mouth?"

Michael Joseph laughed again at the memory of it.

"And the talks they have! On all sorts of subjects, especially the news of the day. They are as well informed as you are about what is taking place. Of course it's against the rules to give an inmate a California paper, but visitors smuggle them in under their clothes all the time, and they are passed from hand to hand till everybody is posted on what's going on. Breaking the rules, you know, is one of the favorite diversions over there. Most of the guards are interested only in pay day, and they don't interfere unless they have to. You ought to see how closely the inmates follow criminal trials. And you ought to hear the way they argue the merits of their favorite lawyers. Who are the favorite criminal lawyers? Well, ——— comes first; then ———; and then ——— and ———. (I omit the names Michael Joseph mentioned for fear of antagonizing all the other criminal lawyers in San Francisco.)

"And the books they read! Why, the library has books by every wild goose of an author in the world. All you have to do is to ask for them, and they are brought to you. Some like Tom Paine and Ingersoll and Elbert Hubbard; and some like 'Sherlock Holmes' and that sort. I read a great deal myself, just to kill time. What you read over there doesn't stick in your mind, for you're too distracted by your troubles to remember. So I couldn't tell you for the life of me just what I read.

"Of course there are moments of discouragement, 'boiling up,' the boys call it. You'll see an inmate walking up and down the yard as fast as his legs can carry him, and talking to nobody, not even to himself. 'Are you boiling up, Jim?' they'll ask him. But Jim won't answer. The darkness is on his mind. And after a while you'll see him laughing and talking as gaily as the rest of them.

"Would you believe it? There are class distinctions over there at the college. The heavy men are the aristocrats. They are the stick-up men, the men who did a job with a gat or a dennis, meaning a blackjack or a gun. And the sky-workers, meaning the lads who break into a house with a rope tied to the chimney and make their getaway with a bag full of spaghetti, which is miscellaneous loot. Or the boys who blew a safe over the back yard into a neighbor's garden. Or the boys who shot bank cashiers. The more bank cashiers you shot the more they respect you over there. But the lad who got away with a hoop or a spark or a block, meaning a ring or a diamond or a watch, looks down on the doormat thief or the fellow who stole a milk bottle or robbed a widow woman. The paperhanger, meaning the boy who forged or raised a check—'overdrew his account' is the way he likes to put it himself—he's a classy fellow too. And the gonuph, the boy who laid out the job for the other fellow to pull off, is highly esteemed too. Such as these won't associate with the niggers and the Mexican peons. The only way a peon can break into their society is to play a good game of baseball; then they let him play on the team. But the niggers they won't have at all. So it became necessary to put the niggers at a separate table. When that was done the coons

went on a hunger strike, but you can imagine how long that lasted. It would make you laugh to see the way those hunger-strikers quit one after another and made a break for the dining room where they gathered the food in with both hands. The nigger isn't born that can stand hunger.

"The clergymen who come over are highly respected. The Sunday services are very well attended. And it isn't a question of the weather either. The men go on a sunny Sunday just as well as on a rainy Sunday. I was curious about that, and I watched till I satisfied myself that they were sincere about it. But when a man's been in over twelve years he doesn't go to church any more; he doesn't pray. He loses his faith in the Supreme Being and in everything else. He doesn't believe anybody can help him.

"I made it a point to be a good mixer, and I suppose I got to know four thousand of them in the time I spent there. And I want to tell you that there is very little human nature that is really bad. I didn't meet one who had a bad heart. They were always quick to do a kindness, even for a stranger. You ought to see the chances they take to smuggle a dainty out of the bake house or the kitchen to some poor fellow who is sick. And the good advice the older fellows give the youngsters. Telling them to obey the rules and keep out of mischief.

"They're weak, most of them, that's all. They go out intending to be straight, and they find nobody willing to give them a helping hand. They get discouraged when they can't find work. They have no place to sleep, nothing to eat. They steal, and they go back. 'I tried my best,' they tell you, 'but I never had a chance.'

"Why couldn't some of our rich men form a standing committee to help the poor fellows when they come out? To find employment for them? Why doesn't a man like Andy Carnegie do something for released prisoners instead of building those libraries he's so fond of? If he'd start a few manufacturing concerns in the big cities where these men could get good wages, he'd be doing a good work.

"It was an unfortunate accident which sent many of these men across. In the heat of passion they did something they were sorry for as soon as it was done. And how they suffer for it! I tell you, it's the living that suffer. Don't I know? I that shot to defend my life, as was shown in five trials? But that's all over now. I haven't an animosity in the world. The past is behind me, and just as soon as the war situation clears up I'm going to Ireland with my daughter, to show her the place where her old father was born. In the meanwhile I'm giving the best regards of Ruef and George Collins to those that ask kindly for them. They requested me to do it, and it keeps me busy, for they have lots of friends."

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Cui Bono?

By Count Albrecht von Montgelas, L. L. D.

Every student of law knows that in a complicated criminal case, if the perpetrator of the crime is unknown, the prosecutor begins his search for the culprit in accordance with the old saying of Roman law "Cui bono?"—to whose advantage has the crime been committed? This will nearly always give a clew. Therefore, instead of believing the outbursts of some newspaper editors and magazine scribes who up to a month ago knew as much about European politics and international relationships as a European editor would be apt to know about the Japanese problem in California, let us use common sense and try to find out who is guilty of the enormous crime against human progress which we are now witnessing.

Cui Bono? Of all the nations involved which are the ones that expect something from a victory of their arms, which are the ones that have everything to lose and nothing to gain? There is first Austria-Hungary. The problem of that empire is too complicated to be discussed in a few words. A very excellent article appeared in one of the latest copies of the Outlook from the pen of the Austrian-Hungarian Ambassador in Washington. The American people at large, unfamiliar with the history of that empire which in 1806 evolved out of the oldest empire since the days of Charlemagne, cannot possibly understand the mission which that country has to fulfill in the life of the Old World. Maybe some day when the dreams of certain men in American public life have come true, and the whole of Mexico shall be annexed to these United States, and the people of these States will have on their hands the task of civilizing the Latin-American races and a stronger Columbia or Brazil will openly make it their foreign policy to "liberate" her Latin brethren, maybe then the people of this country will realize what Austrian statesmen have had to put up with in the last decades. For Austria-Hungary this war is a fight for the very existence of the empire, a purely defensive war.

The same, of course, applies to the unfortunate Belgian people. Their war also is a war of defense. It is true, however, that they knew it would come some day. The fortifications on the German frontier, the reorganization of the Belgian army in the last years show that official Belgium knew that it would have to join in a continental war and the presence of French officers in Brussels and Liege show that they were prepared to cast their lot with France. That was natural in face of the fact that the state of Belgium is indirectly a product of the July revolution of 1830 in Paris! Sentiments are often stronger than reasons. We may all deplore Belgium's lot, but it is of her own choosing.

Then there is France. Cui bono? Ever since 1871 that country has had but one idea, that is to recover Elsass—Lothringen, stolen from the German Empire in time of peace by Louis XIV, the "Rex Christianissimus," while Germans and Austrians were defending Christian Europe against the Turks. France's costly and unnatural alliance to Russia had admittedly no other object than the hope of revenge. She thinks that with the help of Russia and England her hour has come. Again we must ask—cui bono?

"His Majesty's Government feels bound to take all steps in his power to uphold the neutrality of Belgium." To all lovers of genuine sentiment and abhorers of theatrical pose it must be a matter of great regret that the passing of the

Belgian frontier by German troops gave the English Government the welcome pretext to enter the war in the guise of a champion of human rights and of the sacredness of treaties and neutrality laws. Necessity knows no law. "Right or wrong, my country," has been a British slogan for centuries. When England captured and destroyed the Danish fleet in 1807, in the midst of peace, when she crushed a liberty-loving people in South Africa, when she, only recently, in the Turkish-Italian war prevented Turkey from sending troops to Tripoli through Egypt, although Egypt according to a treaty signed by England is still under the sovereignty of the Sultan and pledged to come to his support with her armies, where then were the champions of treaty rights in England? Everybody in Germany and England who knows anything at all about the international situation knows that England, that is official England, was going to fight at the moment she would have chosen to be of the best advantage to her. Sir Grey's announcement after the declaration of war between Germany and France that his government would not permit the German fleet to blockade the French west coast, was certainly not the act of a neutral nation. And now again in England's case we ask—cui bono? Great Britain has looked with envy upon Germany ever since that country, after her union was accomplished in 1871, started on an unheard-of triumphal march to the head of the leading nations in world's commerce and influence. England's policy has always been to rule the European continent, not by her own superiority but by the discord of those very continental countries. While Germany was divided in hundreds of small States pulling apart instead of together she had an easy time. Since 1870, however, the despised Germans, who were formerly only good enough to fight England's battles against the North American States and elsewhere, and who now preferred to fight for their own behalf, were becoming uncomfortably predominant. England's pride was hurt at the thought that Germany has accomplished in forty years what it took England almost four hundred years to achieve. England for sure did not start the war, but her moral support in the past decade has greatly encouraged the French longing for revenge, and she herself now welcomes the opportunity to crush her hated rival with the help of half of Europe and Japan.

Then there is the country that started it all, Serbia. Sympathizers with the Servians should not forget that but for the defeat of the Turks by Germans and Austrians before Vienna in 1638 and the victories over the Ottoman forces in the following centuries, Serbia would probably have waited many more years for her liberty. Cui bono? The question seems hardly necessary. Serbia has never even pretended to make a secret of the fact that she considers the very fact that Austria includes several millions of Serbo-Croatians among her people as an insult to the kingdom of all Servians. But Serbia would not of course have dared to go as far as she did had she not been informed from St. Petersburg that Russia would stand by her even to the extent of going to war with Austria and Germany. Serbia had once before tried Austria's patience and indulgence to the limit. That was in 1909 when Turkey ceded Bosnia and Herzegovina to Austria. Serbia at that time had to back down because Russia was not yet prepared to fight. How close in 1909 Europe was to the war which

we now witness is known to everybody in touch with the doings in the cabinets of Europe. But Russia did not forget that Germany in 1909 had called her bluff. Her new understanding with France in 1913 in which the latter agreed to change from the two-year military services to the three-years service in the army and to advance her ally another loan of 250,000,00 francs was the answer of the Dual Alliance to Germany and Austria. Cui bono? Under the headline, "The Russian Danger," a German weekly review with Pan-Germanistic tendencies, "Das Groessere Deutschland," published in March 1914, an article in which the writer, Paul Rohrbach, points to Russia as "the real menace to the peace of Germany and of Europe." Remember this is not a post festum production in an effort to defend Germany's actions; it was written nearly four months before the declaration of war on Russia. After dwelling on the failures of the Russian policy in the Far East which turned her ambition back to her earlier and more popular policy in Eastern Europe of self-appointed leader of the Slavs the writer continues: "The greatest danger, however, lies in her internal political situation. . . . There is a strong faction which tries everything in its power to recall the manifest of October, 1905, through which the Constitution was granted." "Reactionary nationalism" and "political corruption" he calls the principal motives for the tendencies of that faction. "Arrayed against this reactionary party in a mighty fighting front are the Russian Liberalists of all shades. . . . Persons who are familiar with the present situation in Russia assure you that the real revolution has not yet taken place, but that it is imminent. . . . Bitter hatred on one side and brutal disregard of all promises of reform which the October Manifest had announced on the other side are becoming daily more and more acute. . . . The one and only way out of this dangerous situation welcome to the reactionary party is a victorious war." Cui bono? Russia, an almost purely agricultural country without a highly developed and sensitive system of commerce and industry, has nothing to lose in this war, but it might bring her nearer, so she hopes, to her ultimate goal of uniting all Slavs under her hegemony. What the result for Western Europe,

(Continued on Page 18.)

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Perspective Impressions

Some men are hard to take seriously because they take themselves so seriously.

Dr. Aked announces that he is disappointed with the world, but the world wags apace.

First Louvain, and now Rheims. Do the Germans want to spoil that European trip we've been planning for the past ten years?

"The good man, the good citizen," says the Rev. Caleb Dutton, "is one who faces the future." We know a lot of them—most of them so concerned about the future that they totally neglect the present. And some have pretty bad pasts, too.

We are told that an Austrian army has been annihilated and that the aged Emperor has fled Vienna. The House of Hapsburg? Surely Mis-hapsburg were a better word.

If the Russians keep on destroying the Austrian army they will be in Vienna some day.

"Counter attacks overcome by British." Natural enough for a nation of shopkeepers.

"Deutschland uber Alles" is all right, but the Germans would prefer to sing "Deutschland uber Allies."

The proposal to give six street car rides for a nickel was beaten, but it accomplished what its advocates intended—enabled them to pose as friends of the people.

Charley Wheeler wishes to know whether anybody in this community has sunk so low as to scoff at the Hearst peace propagandists. We hope not. Did anybody ever scoff at the Knight of the Rueful Countenance for tackling the flock of windmills?

If the war is "America's Chance," let's take it, but also, for the sake of decency, let's quit talking about it.

It was doubtless indelicate on the part of Sir Lionel Carden to say that it was a shame for us to evacuate Vera Cruz, but suppose it turns out that he spoke the truth?

The French republic in protesting against the destruction of the cathedral at Rheims calls it "this sanctuary of history." Apparently French officialdom is not yet ready to take God back into the country.

According to the official records the municipal street railroad system is losing money. Even the Geary street road is not paying. What are the dear people going to do about it? And what about the Examiner? Is it proud of its achievement?

Who's Who Hereabouts

XXIX—JOHN D. FREDERICKS

We have been passing through a period of reform by prosecution, and one of the emphatic manifestations of the mental attitude of the period is to be found in the current political campaign. The evolution of the political career of the period begins at the prisoners' dock. This is one of the results of bringing the government back to the people. The people love melodrama, and their hero is the man skilled in the art of branding criminals. So we have two prosecuting attorneys running for Governor. Cynics may find a sardonic humor in this circumstance, for this is a period ostentatious in its philanthropic impulses, blatantly proud of its humane activities and its cultivation of high ideals.

Years ago, when there were fewer college professors, and consequently less refinement and education, a district attorney might win his spurs in his profession, but nothing more. Now if a young man has political ambition it is wise for him to start his career by trying to keep the hangman busy. Joe Folk was elected Governor of Missouri for prosecuting grafters in St. Louis, and he had some hope and some prospect of reaching the Presidential chair. District Attorney Whitman sent a few murderers to the electric chair, and at once it was assumed by people all over the country that he had qualified for the gubernatorial office. Johnson was elected Governor for convicting Ruff, and then he was nominated for Vice-President. And now comes Captain John D. Fredericks who convicted the McNamaras. We have two prosecutors running for Governor and a third running for the Senate of the United States. From all of which it would seem the impression is widespread that in this period of our history the all-important American industry is sending men to jail, for the captains of this industry are the popular idols, and the stepping-stone to place and power is the once modest and obscure office of prosecuting attorney.

It is a curious commentary on the public mentality, this quick, unreasoning affection for prosecutors. Of course it is easily explicable. The prosecutor gains some signal success, and

he becomes a wonder for gaping dullards who dislocate their jaws in ecstasy of admiration. Further, the mob likes to see men go to jail, and it is the prosecutor who affords the gratification. Again, as the men he prosecuted were enemies of the people whom the people hated, he earned the gratitude of the people. It never occurs to them that they hired him to do the job and that it was by chance that he was not hired on the other side. They credit him with having been imbued with civic zeal.

There is the case of one prosecutor that I know of, an idol of the people, who actually speculated out loud on the probability of his being employed by the defense, never dreaming that he was eventually to be hired for the prosecution and given the opportunity of his life. Perhaps it may be remembered that just before Hiram Johnson decided to run for Governor he took a fee from an abortionist, but discreetly withdrew from the case. And the same gentleman, it may be remembered,—but hold! it is not of Governor Johnson that I sat down to write; and anyway why resurrect the past that was buried when he was elected Governor! It would be idle to revive recollection of matters about which the people were familiar in the first Johnson campaign, and in despite of which they took him to their bosom.

It was of Captain John D. Fredericks that I sat down to write, a gentleman of whom I know precious little, a circumstance that started my train of reflections. The fact is that as Captain Fredericks is the man who prosecuted the McNamaras and convicted them precious little need be known. For as I have endeavored to make clear the people nowadays estimate the qualifications of a candidate for high office on a principle somewhat similar to the one on which the people of Arizona used to determine whether a man was fit to become sheriff. In Arizona it was the number of notches in a man's gun that influenced public judgment. Now the only question to be asked about a candidate for Governor

is, Was he ever a prosecutor, and if so how many men did he convict?

Of Captain Fredericks' antecedents little is known hereabouts. Apparently he has no such industrious press agent as the one who is celebrating the achievements of "Constitutional" John Curtin. It is known in a vague sort of way that Captain Fredericks fought for his country in the Philippines, but his gallant deeds of war are allowed to go unsung. Doubtless they have been dimmed, not to say eclipsed, by his achievements as a prosecutor.

Somebody has said that one anecdote of a man is worth a volume of biography. Well, I have one anecdote about Captain Fredericks. It did not come from his press-agent or his publicity bureau. It was told to me by one of the representatives of the National Merchants and Manufacturers Association who was out here a few weeks ago. Maybe it is not much of a story, but it is one that gave me my first definite impression of the Republican standard-bearer. I had expressed some doubt as to his fitness for leadership. The representative of the National Merchants and Manufacturers Association assured me that John D. Fredericks was very much of a man, one in whom the people could safely repose their confidence. "There is nothing spectacular about Fredericks," he said, "and for that reason he may not captivate the imagination after the manner of your typical job-chaser who goes about boasting of his virtue and especially of his incorruptibility, but he has the right stuff in him, and that is something of which I have personal knowledge. Our organization kept pretty close tab on the McNamara case. We knew things that were going on that Fredericks knew nothing about. We knew one thing he knew and that he never knew we knew. It was this—he could have got \$100,000 for letting up on the McNamaras, and he wouldn't let up. He might have made political capital out of the attempt to bribe him, but he didn't. He performed his duty, and he performed it without heat, without passion.

(Continued on Page 18.)

A Symposium of War Poets

THE DAY

By Henry Chappell

(The author of this poem is a railway porter at Bath, England. It was sent to a business man of this city by S. Alcock, a wholesale fishing tackle manufacturer of London and Redditch.)

You boasted the Day, and you toasted the Day,
And now the Day has come.
Blasphemer, braggart and coward all,
Little you reck of the numbing ball,
The blasting shell, or the white arm's fall,
As they speed poor humans home.

You spied for the Day, you lied for the Day,
And woke the Day's red spleen.
Monster, who asked God's aid divine,
Then strewed His seas with the ghastly mine;
Not all the waters of the Rhine
Can wash thy foul hands clean.

You dreamed for the Day, you schemed for the Day;
Watch how the Day will go,
Slayer of age and youth and prime,
(Defenceless slain for never a crime),
Thou art steeped in blood as a hog in slime,
False friend and cowardly foe.

You have sown for the Day, you have grown for the Day;
Yours is the harvest red.
Can you hear the groans and the awful cries?
Can you see the heap of slain that lies,
And sightless turned to the flame-split skies,
The glassy eyes of the dead?

You have longed for the Day, you have wronged for the Day
That lit the awful flame.
'Tis nothing to you that hill and plain
Yield sheaves of dead men among the grain;
That widows mourn for their loved ones slain,
And mothers curse thy name.

But after the Day there's a price to pay
For the sleepers under the sod,
And He you have mocked for many a day—
Listen, and hear what He has to say:
"VENGEANCE IS MINE, I WILL REPAY."
What can you say to God?

HAPPY ENGLAND

By Walter De La Mare

Now each man's mind all Europe is;
Courage and fear in dread array
Daze each true heart; O grave and wise,
Abide in hope the judgment day.
This war of millions in arms
In myriad replica we wage;
Unmoved, then, Soul, by earth's alarms
The dangers of the dark engage.

Remember happy England: keep
For her bright cause thy latest breath.
Her peace that long hath lulled asleep
May now exact the sleep of death.

Her woods and wilds, her loveliness,
With harvest now are richly at rest;
Safe in her isled securities
Thy children's heaven is her breast:
O what a deep, contented night
The sun from out her Eastern seas
Would bring the dust which in her sight
Had given its all for these.

"FOR ALL WE HAVE AND ARE"

By Rudyard Kipling

For all we have and are,
For all our children's fate,
Stand up and meet the war.
The Hun is at the gate!
Our world has passed away
In wantonness o'erthrown.
There is nothing left today
But steel and fire and stone.

Though all we knew depart,
The old commandments stand;
"In courage keep your heart,
In strength lift up your hand."

Once more we hear the word
That sickened earth of old:—
"No law except the sword
Unsheathed and uncontrolled."
Once more it knits mankind,
Once more the nations go
To meet and break and bind
A crazed and driven foe.

Comfort, content, delight—
The ages' slow-bought gain
They shrivelled in a night,
Only ourselves remain
To face the naked days
In silent fortitude
Through perils and dismays
Renewed and re-renewed.

Though all we made depart
The old commandments stand:—
"In patience keep your heart,
In strength lift up your hand."

No easy hopes or lies
Shall bring us to our goal,
But iron sacrifice
Of body, will, and soul.
There is but one task for all—
For each one life to give.
Who stands if freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?

BELGIA BAR-LASS

By Mary Duclaux

The night was still; the King sat with the Queen,
She sang, her women spun; a peaceful scene.
Sudden, wild echoes shake the castle wall;
Their foes come crashing through the distant hall;
They rush like thunder down the gallery floor.
See! Someone has stol'n the staple from the door.
No bar to hold the bolt, no stick, no stave!
Nothing: an open door—an open grave!

Then Catherine Bar-lass thrust her naked arm
(A girl's arm, white as milk, and round and warm)
Right through the loops from which the bolt was gone:
"T'will hold (she said) until they break the bone.
"My King, you have one instant to prepare!"
She said no more, because the thrust was there.

Oft have I heard that tale of Scotland's King,
The poet, and Kate the Bar-lass; men will sing
For aye the deed one moment brings to birth
(Such moments are the reason of our earth).

Brave Belgium, Bar-lass of the Western world,
Who, when the treacherous Prussian tyrant
hurl'd
His hordes against our peace, thrust a slight
hand,
So firm, to bolt our portals and withstand,
Whatever prove the glory of the affray,
Thine arm, thy heart, thine act have won the
day!

THE BATTLE OF THE BIGHT

By William Watson

Had I the fabled herb
That brought to life the dead,
Whom would I dare disturb
In his eternal bed?
Great Grenville would I wake,
And with glad tidings make
The soul of mighty Drake
Lift an exulting head.

As rose the murky sun,
Our men the North Sea scanned,
And each rejoicing gun
Welcomed a foe at hand,
And thundering its delight,
Opened its mouth outright,
And bit them in the bight,
The bight of Helgoland.

With captains who might claim
They can do aught but flee,
With gunners who can aim,
But cannot bow the knee:
We hammered to their doom
Four giants 'mid the gloom,
And one to a fiercer tomb
Sent blazing down the sea.

Sleep on, O Drake, sleep well,
Thou hast thy heart's desire.
Grenville, whom nought could quell,
Thou dost hand on thy fire.
And thou that had'st no peer,
Nelson! thou need'st not fear:
Thy sons and heirs are here,
Nor shall they shame their sire.

THE VIGIL

By Henry Newbolt

England! where the sacred flame
Burns before the inmost shrine,
Where the lips that love thy name
Consecrate their hopes and thine,
Where the banners of thy dead
Weave their shadows overhead,
Watch beside thine arms tonight,
Pray that God defend the Right.

Think that when tomorrow comes
War shall claim command of all,
Thou must hear the roll of drums,
Thou must hear the trumpet's call.
Now before they silence ruth,
Commune with the voice of truth;
England! on thy knees tonight
Pray that God defend the Right.

Single-hearted, unafraid,
Hither all thy heroes came,
On this altar's steps were laid
Gordon's life and Outram's fame.
England! if thy will be yet
By their great example set,

Here beside thine arms tonight
Pray that God defend the Right.

So shalt thou when morning comes
Rise to conquer or to fall,
Joyful hear the rolling drums,
Joyful hear the trumpet's call.
Then let Memory tell thy heart:
"England! what thou wert, thou art!"
Gird thee with thine ancient might,
Forth! and God defend the Right!

HARVEST, A. D. 1914

By Janè Barlow

I.

O'er harvest hills soft haze of shimmering heat
Folds blue and dim; glows fiery sheen of wheat
At core of amber sunbeams; kindled white,

The road creeps in beneath green shadow plight
Of woven branches. Here two gossips greet,
"Good morning, ma'am; sure 'tis the grand hot
day."

"Aye, aye, too hot for our poor lads away
Off yonder in the battles, where they fight."
"Ah, cold enough, God knows before this night
'Tis many a one will sleep."

Such talk have they
Along the footpath flecked with leaves and light.

II.

The road glares like a white-hot ploughshare
thrust

Athwart the plain, whereon a rider lone
Three times the blaze of noontide fierce hath
known,
Mocked with the parching air, the choking dust,

For all his daily fare; still, grown half-blind,
Goes stumbling, starved, and goads his starving
horse

With ruthless steel, that rage may bring remorse
The more to sadden his sick heart. Yet shined
This summer day that ripens the red-gold corn
In rustling fields, on none whose lot forlorn
Draws nigh through heavier hours a desolate
end;

Since comes in foemen's guise his one grim
friend,

Nor holds his cruel doom a kinder fate
Than if, ere close the sunset's fire-silled gate,
Some long-flamed shaft a curven blade shall
bend,

And thither reach, that, reaped as harvest fruit,
Be to the great Dark gathered man and brute.

Sidelights On The War

By Robert McTavish

The Captured Prussian General

The Prussian General who was captured at the Marne with a document in his pocket signed by the Kaiser appointing him Governor of Paris has not yet been identified. This General was captured with his whole staff. They were found drunk in a chateau cellar that was full of champagne. The story, as I learn from a Paris paper, is somewhat inaccurate. The General was not drunk. He was not found in a chateau cellar. He didn't have a document signed by the Kaiser. He was not to become Governor of Paris. His staff was not captured, nor was the General.

The Spell Is Broken

After fifty years the French have known the intoxication of victory, experienced the ineffable pleasure of pursuing the Germans. France and the French were lifted in a day from the depths of gloom to the heights of joy. It was the Battle of the Marne that did the trick. "The ill-omened spell is broken," wrote Maurice Barres in the *Echo de Paris*. "For years," he said, "our France has been oppressed, or depressed, by the thought that she was inferior to Germany! Our national attitude has been a hesitation waltz! To those who follow our national thought our deep inspiration has been only too visible. France turned away from herself. She went seeking here and there, doubting her own destinies. Failure of self-confidence is a weakness in nations quite as much as in individuals. But today that spell is broken. Our young generation has entered the list and has gone forth not with the soul of the conquered within them and yet closely bound to those who have steadily refused to forget the past. And these 'newcomers' have saved Paris and have re-established France on her eternal foundations. Today victory has raised France and every Frenchman to a higher power. I do not know how our chieftains and our soldiers can surpass themselves, but we all know it will be so and that the victorious French will be irresistible against the Prussians who now still murmur that this is our hour of expiation."

The Sedan an Accident

Gustave Herve glories today in "victory that wipes out the memories of 1870." Voicing the newly awakened hopes, he continues: "Had the Kaiser been crushed by the actions of the allies France inevitably should have recovered Alsace-Lorraine, but Alsace-Lorraine would have been given back to us as alms are handed to a beggar.

And, alas, even in the final victory we should still have appeared before the world as the conquered instead of the conquerors. Now we are rehabilitated, not only in our own eyes but in the eyes of Europe, for we, we men of France, have stopped the German army. After the battle of the Marne all the world will say that 1870 was but an accident."

An Historical Parallel

According to a great military expert writing in the *New York Evening Sun*, if on the night of June 18, 1815, Napoleon, having put the Old Guard in and failed, had been able to extricate his army, take it back on the Sambre, call in Grouchy's force from Wavre and stand near the French frontier the whole world would today be discussing the remarkable parallel between the conditions of 1914 and 1815. This expert sees a strong resemblance between the present campaign and the Waterloo struggle. To begin with he says, the problem of Napoleon in June, 1815, was precisely the problem of the Kaiser in August, 1914. In his immediate path in Belgium one considerable army, Belgian, Prussian, Dutch and English, was on foot ready for battle. Far off in the east Austrian, Russian and Swedish armies were gathering. In June he could hurl against the allied army in Belgium a force superior in numbers, in all that goes to make up a successful army. But in July or August, when the Russian and Austrian armies came up, he would be outnumbered, forced back upon France to fight one more such defensive campaign as in 1814 had after a magnificent struggle led to complete disaster. Napoleon tackled his problem in precisely the fashion the Kaiser's General Staff subsequently adopted. He launched his whole military force at the allied armies in Belgium as the Germans last month did at France. The supreme test for Napoleon was at Waterloo; for the Germans at the battle of the Marne. In both cases the desperate game, the staking of all on a single throw, failed. In Napoleon's case the failure was a rout, the utter destruction of his army. In the German case it has been a repulse, followed by a rapid retreat of nearly 100 miles.

War Sentiment in Italy

The press despatches have informed us that Italy has called upon the Italian reservists in Paris to respond to the call to the colors on the 28th, but they have told us nothing about the demonstration in Italy indicative of a popular

passion for war. Last week it was thought that a declaration of war was but a matter of a few days. The *Messaggero* of Rome, a newspaper of dignity and influence, says that the Italian people, after six weeks of waiting, have begun to ask what the purpose of their rulers may be; if, in short, it is to remain until the end of the war in an attitude of pious resignation, sitting inactive at the window watching others triumph, while chanting the praises of the do-nothing policy. The *Messaggero* holds that the Italian Government is assuming very grave responsibility in deciding to hold aloof in the struggle, and adds sarcastically that the purpose of the government may be to merit the Nobel peace prize.

Literary Men Lose Their Calm

The war has disturbed the philosophic calm of some of the very mildest of the literary men of Europe. Maurice Maeterlinck has been writing like a poet in a frenzy, and it is clear that his passions are dominating his reason. The same is true of Frederic Harrison, the noted British essayist and Alpine climber. For example:

"Let us hear no more whining about German 'culture.' But let us make it known that we will make the world ring with our sense of horror. The whole Junker caste and the Hohenzollern dynasty are the head and front of these infamies. It is for the German people to deal with the race which has ruined them and brought their name to shame. Be it understood that when the Allies have finally crushed this monstrous brood, the Kaiser—if, indeed, he choose to survive—shall be submitted to the degradation inflicted on poor Dreyfus. In presence of the allied troops, let his bloodstained sword be broken on his craven back and the uniform and orders of which he is so childishly proud be stamped in the mire. And if he lives through it, St. Helena or the Devil's Island might be his prison and his grave. The German people will then understand what the civilized world feels about the modern Attila—the new 'Scourge of God.'"

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Poems About San Francisco

CLXIV—THE TWO GATES

By Percy Montgomery

(The work of Percy Montgomery has already appeared in this series and his singing is always sincere. These verses are taken from Sunset Magazine, issue of January, 1904.)

Two Golden Gates at eve I see:
One where the sunset gilds the shore
And sails half shut within the mists
Appear and disappear—
And yet another far away,
Amid the realm of memory,
Where fancies quaint like living things
Bring faith and hope and cheer.

Two gates at dusk across the west:
A gate of gold and one of thoughts,
A way to the sea with all its fears
And a way to the life of golden years.
They stretch afar and 'twixt them gleams
The setting sun across the deep,
The promise of a glad return,
Where souls of men are lost in sleep.

He is a member of our humbler choir,
Magazine, issue of January, 1904.)

There is a way for hearts of gold,
Framed in this fashion at each dusk,
Which leads to life and yet beyond
If we but trust—
A gate of purpose open wide
For youth and age, if they but know,
A pathway to the shores beyond,
If they but will it so.

Dear gates of gold, as o'er the sea
The fading daylight slips away,
I bid thee but a moment pause
That I may see;
That I may drink thy beauty in,
May learn thy usage and be bold,
That in thy arms held safe at last,
May some day come to thee.

The Spectator

Saluting Authority

Until quite recently there was an elevator boy in the Humboldt Bank Building who was noted for his flippant tongue. He's not handling the lever any more. On the day the papers announced that Governor Johnson had appointed Matt Sullivan Chief Justice of the Supreme Court to succeed the late Judge Beatty, the new Chief Justice stepped into this boy's elevator to go to the offices of Sullivan, Sullivan and Roche. The elevator boy saluted newly made authority after his peculiar fashion.

"How's the professor?" he inquired.

Chief Justice Matt Sullivan frowned but said nothing. The next day the elevator boy made it a bit stronger.

"How's the duke?" he asked.

That was too much. He lost his job.

Ending the War

"Is the war over?" asked the man who winds the ferry clock, as he put down the money for a package of "Copenhagen" at his favorite cigar stand on the water front. I replied that it was still on.

"Strange, very strange," mused the valet of Father Time. "I thought 'twould be all over this fine Monday morning. So they're still at it, are they? What a lot of obstinate, bloody-minded villains they are to be fighting after what happened yesterday!"

"Do you refer to the shelling of the cathedral at Rheims?" I asked.

"I do not," he replied. "I refer to the peace meeting called by my young friend Hearst in Golden Gate Park. I was there. I was one of the Examiner's crowd of one hundred thousand souls, or of the Chronicle's crowd of thirty-five thousand men, women and children. You can take your choice of figures, but I think the Chronicle was the better counter of the two. I certainly thought that meeting would end the war. Especially after I read in the Examiner that similar meetings were held in San Jose, Pasadena, Santa Monica, San Pedro, San Berdoo and Venice—not the canal city where the late Pope came from, but the town hard by Los Angeles. If the Germans and the Allies can resist the pressure of all those peace

meetings, they must be fighting for the love of fighting—unless it chances there's a principle at stake."

And the clock winder slowly shook a puzzled head.

Two Hours of Ear Strain

"'Twas a great meeting," continued the clock winder, "that Hearst peace meeting in the Spreckels music stand. The music was grand and the crowd was mostly peaceful, though I had to calm a Frenchman who thought that Paul Steindorff with that mustache of his looked a little too much like the Kaiser. The peace doves the young ladies let loose made a fine sight, and if they don't fly all the way to the European battlefields, what's the difference? And the speeches were great speeches. I gather that from the Examiner, for I couldn't hear a solitary word of any of them. I don't suppose more than three hundred and fifty people heard them. The rest of us were lucky if we caught a sight of the orators. There was a deaf German standing near me, with one of them telephone things hung on his ear. He complained bitterly because it hadn't a long distance connection. 'Mission Jim' was the first speaker. I noticed that he was received with a total absence of applause, a thing which will please Supervisor Bill McCarthy and the rest of 'The Missionites.' Jim read his speech, and that was so unusual that I wondered if Mike Williams of the Examiner could have written it for him at the last moment. Then came Father McQuaide. I was a little disappointed to see Father Joe pouring water on the Hearst wheel. He's been to the Philippines and should know whether war is necessary or not. Then there was Mary Austin who came all the way from Carmel for the meeting. I suppose she spoke well, but I couldn't hear her either. And then came my friend Charlie Wheeler. A great talker he is. I see by the Examiner that his speech 'will live in the history and literature of the West' along with one of Mr. Hearst's 'historic editorials.' Meaning I presume that it will live in the newspaper files. But the life of wood pulp paper is hardly immortality, is it? I tried my best to get some of Charlie's word, but it was no use.

I fought my way out of the crowd before Dr. Sibley who succeeded my old friend Rader at Calvary Church pronounced the benediction. I meant no disrespect to the Rev. Josiah, but two hours of ear strain was as much as I could stand. As I turned away for a stroll around Stow Lake what do you think was the first thing that caught my eye? Why, that statue of David as naked as the day his mother bore him, lifting his sword on high and urging his troops to come on and smite the Philistines. I wonder what David would have said if somebody proposed peace just as he was getting the better of Goliath?"

A Discordant Note

"The most interesting incident of the whole peace meeting," continued the ferry wiseacre, "was supplied by my old and esteemed friend Pat Flatley who is one of the characters of the Richmond District. Pat appeared at the music stand in his best peace clothes—a plug hat, a Prince Albert coat, gray pants, tan shoes and a yellow dahlia in his button hole. Pat was full of peace, although a trifle noisy. When he called out for all the Germans in the crowd to stand up he got more attention than Jim Rolph who was speaking at the time. But when he commenced a Home Rule speech he received the polite attentions of the police who had the wagon handy and gave him a bit of a ride. They took him as far as the Haight street entrance of the park. There Pat hired that sea-going barouche that's been waiting for a fare since before the Children's Playground was built. The driver and the horse nearly dropped dead when Pat climbed in. He drove back to the meeting, and a fine figure he was, sitting on one seat with his tan shoes on the other. I'm sorry to say he didn't try to make another speech. I'd rather hear Pat Flatley than Jim Rolph or Charlie Wheeler any day. But you see, he wasn't on Mr. Hearst's program, and when you try to speak out of your turn at a peace meeting the police attend to you."

A Peace Suggestion

"What's the name of that narrow skyscraper on Geary street we used to call 'the bird cage'?

before they put the yellow stone on it?" asked the clock winder.

"The Whittell building?" I ventured.

"The same," said the clock winder, idly using his heavy key as a dumb-bell. "They tell me a lot of Christian Science practitioners have their offices there. It's a sort of mental wireless headquarters. Well, here's a suggestion for Mr. Hearst. I give it to him free, gratis and for nothing because I admire him and think he'd be a fine citizen if he'd only cut loose from Arthur Brisbane. Why not get all those Christian Science practitioners to give the fighting nations absent treatment? Have some of them send peace waves to the Czar, others to the Kaiser, others to King George and so on? It would do no harm, and might be more effective than peace doves and Glory Hallelujah choruses and speeches by Charlie Wheeler. It might not stop the war of course, but I have a hunch that this war won't be stopped in America anyway. If Mr. Hearst doesn't care for this idea, my old friend Sam Leake might make something of it."

And the clock winder started across the Ferry loop toward the news stand where, a little later, I saw him devouring a war extra.

The War in the St. Francis

The club room of the St. Francis is neutral territory, but after the theatre the other evening it looked for a few moments as if it might be the scene of battle. Selby Oppenheimer who is associated with Impresario Will Greenbaum, conveyed thither a distinguished company of artists. There was Russian Mischa Elman, the great violinist, and his father Saul Elman. There was German Hans Kronold, the cellist at the Orpheum, and his accompanist who is an Austrian despite his name of Parsons. And there was Paul Dufault, the tenor who has an English as well as a French strain in his blood. It was inevitable that the talk should be of war. It began peaceably enough, but waxed warm. Kronold and his accompanist stood up for the Kaiser and the Dual Monarchy. The Elmans and Dufault defended the Allies. The conversation began in polite English, but pretty soon there were three foreign languages being spoken all at once. Other parties in the club room looked up expectantly. The smell of battle was in the air. But at the crucial moment Oppenheimer intervened.

"Gentlemen," he pleaded, "the great Fritz Kreisler has already been wounded in this war, and we can't afford to endanger the lives of any more artists. Be calm, I pray."

The belligerents bowed to one another, and the talk switched to music.

The Disappointed Aked

War has disillusioned another clergyman. The Rev. David Starr Jordan has confessed that he no longer has any faith in the efficacy of treaties. And now comes that other amiable philanthropist, Rev. Charles F. Aked, who tells

us that Socialism has greatly disappointed him. The failure of Socialism to avert the war was to him the greatest disappointment he has known in years. "It comes as a revelation," he says. "..... I believed that they (Socialists) would refuse to kill and be killed at the bidding of kaiser, capitalist, statesman or king." What a beautiful faith was Aked's! But to appreciate it to the full you must read his sermon. His sermons, by the way, are always worth reading. They are a perpetual stimulus to amazement and merriment. They leave one doubled up and speechless. But to get the full benefit of them they must be read between the lines. Some folks say that Dr. Aked irritates them, which is a confession of dullness. He is too subtle for some folks. They take him for a typical provincial Englishman with what is known in England as the middle-class mind, but as a matter of fact Dr. Aked has a lot of wit and he is not always obvious. He has given me the impression that he is like Gilbert's jester—when he has nothing else to laugh at he laughs at himself till he aches for it.

Aked's Peace Platform

In the sermon that I have been speaking of Dr. Aked poses as an ardent lover of peace. But if you read him carefully you will see that he loves peace as Hearst loves it. On the surface of this sermon Dr. Aked is looking eagerly forward to the day when as a result of the progress of intelligence each man will be drawn closer to his neighbor, and all will be inhaling the fragrance of that ultimate flower of the process of evolution—a universal altruism. Beneath the surface you find that Dr. Aked isn't doing anything of the kind. Beneath the surface the Puritan bigot is grinning at you through a horse collar. The day that he is looking forward to is the day, as he says, "When Frenchman will say to German or German to Briton, 'Brother across the border, I have no quarrel with you nor you with me. Kings and priests are our hereditary foes. If fight we must, which God forbid, let us turn our weapons against them, then beat our swords into plowshares and learn war no more.'" Thus you see the good Christian lifting his mask. Mark the adroit suggestion that in the background of world politics the cunning Jesuit of Protestant tradition, who is always manipulating the wires, inspired the slaughter that is now deluging Europe with blood. Dr. Aked is for peace as soon as we kill off everybody whose orthodoxy differs from his doxy.

Cutting Examiner Expenses

I told last week about the order which had been issued by Hearst to his representatives in San Francisco directing them to cut down the annual expenses of the Examiner \$75,000. In the execution of this order the circulation staff of the Examiner was almost entirely done away with, the Examiner men probably figuring that they have

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enough circulation for the present. Between thirty and forty circulation men were let out, and as these men earned about thirty dollars a week, that meant a saving of nearly fifty thousand a year. The advertising staff has also been cut down considerably. It is expected that further cutting will take place in the composing room. If so, the Examiner men will seem to be taking a leaf from the book of F. W. Kellogg of the Call. One of the first things Kellogg did when he took over the Call was to reduce the expenses of the composing room from about eighteen hundred to about one thousand dollars a week. Hearst knows about that big reduction, and no doubt sees no reason why a similar reduction should not be feasible on the Examiner.

Cheating the Newsies

Some time ago the Examiner hit upon a scheme to help the newsboys. This consisted in the erection at transfer points of patent newspaper boxes to supply transient newspaper buyers with Examiners. You dropped your nickel in the slot and the Examiner slid into your hand. Nine of these boxes were put out, one at Devisadero and Sutter, one at Haight and Stanyan and the rest at equally busy transfer points. This scheme enabled the newsboy at the transfer point to attend school, his mind unworried by the thought that customers were being neglected. Of the nickel in the box the newsboy received two and one-half cents, and the Examiner the same amount. But the Examiner failed to reckon with the dishonesty of many newspaper readers. The newsboys found to their disgust that a great many telephone slugs made their way into the boxes. One box was opened and contained nothing but slugs. The mean person who would cheat a poor newsboy was getting in his work. The newsboy found he was not making money; just "breaking even." The result was interesting. The boxes all developed internal troubles which prevented them from disgorging their papers, and the newsboys once more absented themselves from school for the purpose of serving their customers. How did the boxes come to be internally afflicted? What was the mysterious epidemic that attacked their mechanism? The newsies know but won't tell.

The Baron's Disguise

We have read in the papers how Baron von Schroeder managed to reach Europe on an Italian ship, outwitting the English at Gibraltar by a clever disguise. The story ran that the Baron

who was eager to fight for the Fatherland, left New York on the Caserta bound for Genoa. He booked passage under an American name, and although one hundred and forty reservists were taken off the steamer by the English at Gibraltar, he was not recognized as a possible belligerent. This, the paper stated, was due to the fact that the Baron wore smoked glasses and adopted a very painful limp which made him look like an elderly invalid. But there was another element in the Baron's disguise which the papers overlooked. His son Heinie learned of it in a letter from his father. The Baron states that when the English came aboard to search for reservists he limped to the rail of the steamer and began ostentatiously to expectorate into the water. He continued doing this as long as the English were aboard. In his letter to his son Heinie the Baron explained that he was sure that the English, seeing him so occupied, would immediately conclude that he was an American!

Jemmet's Aspiration

J. Emmet Hayden is small of stature like Napoleon and a number of other great men. Ray Benjamin is tall, very tall. The supervisor met Attorney General Webb's right hand man a few days after the latter had been made Grand Exalted Ruler of the Elks.

"Ray," said Jemmet, "if I had your stature in addition to my brains, what a world beater I'd be!"

What's the Matter?

I notice that the receipts of the municipal car lines were only \$28.85 larger on last Sunday than they were on Saturday. This is strange. If we are to believe what we read, there was a record crowd at the peace meeting in Golden Gate Park on Sunday. Now the Geary street road is a very convenient way of reaching the music stand in the park, and a great part of the crowd must have used that means of going to the meeting. Why were the receipts not larger then?

Dan O'Connell's Quest

The Rose Leaves of pleasant memory had a "Dan O'Connell dinner" at the Bohemian Club last Saturday night, and a most enjoyable affair it was. Everybody told reminiscences about the good old days when the Rose Leaves made rollicking history. Charles Dickman, the painter who, by the way, founded another extinct organization known as "The Damphools," told of a time when Dan O'Connell was a speaker at a banquet. He came arrayed in a very handsome top coat. Just before Dan was called upon to speak he discovered that he had mislaid the garment, and nothing would do but that he should then and there institute search for it. Bell boys, waiters and guests took part in the hunt, but with no success. The overcoat had disappeared. Finally the toastmaster grew impatient and the diners began to murmur at the break in the festivities. So Dan consented to have the search called off. "Never mind, boys," he said cheerfully, "it wasn't my coat anyway."

"Kiddies' Day"

Those indefatigable workers in the cause of good fellowship, the Indoor Yachtsmen, are the Christopher Columbuses of our peninsula. They discovered the possibilities of the ocean beach long before the Chamber of Commerce began passing resolutions and drawing pictures of the proposed esplanade. In fact, I have heard some express the suspicion that the Chamber of Commerce plagiarized the whole idea from the Indoor Yacht Club. But the I. Y. C. is neither censorious nor narrow-minded, so the point is unimportant. Just now this organization is discovering for

San Franciscans in general the entertainment possibilities of Golden Gate Park. Theirs is a better idea than Hearst's peace meeting proposition. Tomorrow the Indoor Yachtsmen will entertain all the dependent youngsters of the city's many charitable institutions at the Stadium. The kiddies will first be taken for a motor tour of the Fair, and the rest of the day will be spent at the Stadium, beginning with a hearty lunch. There will be all sorts of athletic events, including a marathon race, and a number of special amusement features warranted to make strong appeal to the childish eye and heart. The funds for this unusual outing were raised at the club's "pageant-dansant" last season. It will be a great day for the Indoor Yacht Club, but that is a minor consideration with the yachtsmen who have actually sacrificed a lot of valuable time that might have been devoted profitably to their private affairs, just to gladden a lot of little boys and girls who have never had this sort of outing before in their lives.

New Dancing Floor at Tavern

Dancers who have attended Techau Tavern on the evenings of the informal dances during the past week have been delighted with the excellence of the new polished maple floor which has just been laid in the pergola of the cafe. The management which never omits any detail that may be conducive to the pleasure and the comfort of its patrons, has recently installed a new ventilating system in the pergola on the main floor where the dancing takes place which met with the unqualified approval of those who attended the dances on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings of last week. Many patrons stated that it was undoubtedly the best ventilated place devoted to public dancing in the city. On each evening of these informal dances, the practice inaugurated at the beginning of the season, of presenting beautiful gifts to three of the ladies who are present is still continued. These gifts are selected with rare discrimination by the management from the well known art collection of the S. & G. Gump Company of 246 Post street.

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| 1:00P | Sacramento, Pittsburg, Bay Point. |
| 1:40P | Concord and Way Stations. |
| 3:00P | Sacramento, Pittsburg, Bay Point. |
| 4:00P | Bay Point and Way Stations. |
| 4:40P | Sacramento, Marysville, Colusa, Oroville and Chico. Pittsburg only stop. Carries free observation car. |
| 5:15P | Concord and Way (except Sundays). |
| 6:00P | Pittsburg and Way Stations. |
| 8:00P | Sacramento, Pittsburg and Way. |

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Templeton Crocker and the Kiddies

Templeton Crocker read in the paper the other day that John F. Cunningham of the Crocker Safe Deposit Vaults was one of the Indoor Yacht Club committee in charge of "Kiddies' Day" this coming Sunday. Knowing "Jack" Cunningham very well, Templeton Crocker went to him and asked him for details about the affair. When he heard what the indoor tars proposed to do for the orphan children of the city, Crocker became very enthusiastic. His enthusiasms not being of the conversational kind, Templeton Crocker cast about for some way to help the good cause along.

"Have any arrangements been made about toys?" he asked.

Cunningham replied that none had been made. "Then let me supply the toys for all the youngsters," said Crocker.

So Cunningham and the other members of the committee received carte blanche to buy toys for all the youngsters who are to be the special guests of the yachtmen. The result is that every kiddy from the city's institutions will receive a package of toys before he leaves the Stadium Sunday afternoon. As there will be some seventeen hundred youngsters to provide toys for, it will be seen that Templeton Crocker has cultivated the graceful habit of being generous on a very large scale.

Three Engagements

Florence Henshaw, Evelyn Cunningham, Jane Hotaling! How fast our fairest belles are going! What havoc love is playing in the ranks! And what lucky fellows are Charlie Keeney, Joe Donohoe and Alfred Swinnerton to capture such charming girls. With engagements like these and a host of others, some of similar importance, it will be a gay winter after all. The Athearn Folgers are sure to do a lot of entertaining for Evelyn Cunningham and Joe Donohoe, and Joe's family connections are so numerous and of such brilliant social quality that the possibilities on that side are quite bewildering. The same holds true for that other happy pair, Jane Hotaling and Alfred Swinnerton. Entertaining for Florence Henshaw and Charlie Keeney will be divided between Santa Barbara, this city and Piedmont.

It He a Baron?

Dispatches from London have told us that Baron Louis von Horst is in trouble, resting under the suspicion (no doubt groundless) of being a German spy. This is the first time we've heard of the Baron for quite a long time. One of the statements I have seen mentioned that the Baron was an American citizen, but ac-

quired his title about fifteen years ago. Perhaps this is correct. Certainly he is an American citizen. He is a brother of Clem Horst, our hop magnate. Where the title and the "von" came from was always a matter for speculation here at the time Louis Horst or Baron Louis von Horst was socially active. It may not have passed from all memories that the Baron was once suspected of having designs on the social hegemony of Ned Greenway. He was the moving spirit at a Bachelors' Ball which was regarded as the first move in a campaign to wrest Ned's leadership from him, but like all other usurpers the Baron had but a short success, if indeed it could be called a success at all. He married the daughter of D. S. Partallo of New York, who was United States Consul at Coburg for many years. His wife and small son are in Coburg, I believe.

Disobedient Liane

Liane Carrera, the pretty daughter of Anna Held, glories in her disobedience. Had Liane obeyed her "muzzer," she would now be languishing in Paris instead of ornamenting the Orpheum Circuit. Here is an extract from a letter in which Liane explains all about it:

"The last I heard from my mother was dated August 12. She wrote it was terrible over there. They have taken her automobile. All the hotels and shops are closed, the schools are made into hospitals, and there is no money in the banks. She herself cannot cash a check, and they only allow five per cent of deposits.

"She also says there is no way of getting out of Paris, all the trains being used by the government. So I suppose that as soon as she can get away she will come over here. For my own sake if I were not so worried for my mother, and if I were sure she was safe, I would have five masses sung, and I would sacrifice five lambs to the gods, because they gave me the wonderful inspiration of being my mother's disobedient daughter. If I had been a nice little girl I would be in Paris now, and perhaps may have starved to death."

Heroic Mrs. Pat

Mrs. Pat Campbell Cornwallis-West is of the heroic mold. She is animated by the stern patriotism that made the Mother of the Gracchi immortal. Had she lived in ancient Greece she would have been a Spartan mother, bidding her son go forth to battle and return with his shield or on it. Mrs. Pat's son Allen Campbell was in New York when Great Britain declared war. Patrick Campbell, Mrs. Pat's first husband, was killed in the Boer war, dying the death of a hero. That did not prevent Mrs. Pat from telling her son his duty. Allen Campbell received a cable from his mother. It was peremptory, like a bugle call or a long roll on the drum of war. It read:

"Come at once. England needs you. Take first boat."

Allen Campbell left New York the next day on the Cedric, and is now in a trench on the rain-swept banks of Aisne.

A Cliff House Party

Dr. and Mrs. Franklin Rohner were the hosts at a merry dinner dance at the Cliff House recently, reserving the ballroom for their guests. Dancing was enjoyed between courses, and as it

was a lovely, summery night, the affair was in every way a thing to be remembered with delight. Some of the guests were the Messrs. and Mesdames Charles McCormick, Clinton Walker, Charles F. Young, Ernest Walker, Frederick Sherman, Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Baker Spaulding, Raymond Benjamin, Jack Polhemus, Mrs. Brown of San Mateo, Miss Gertrude Joliffe, Mrs. Ashley Faulk, Dr. Herbert Allen, Dr. Howard Naffzinger, Will Sanborn and Mr. Witter.

The Cook-Kelly Nuptials

A very interesting wedding of last week was that of Miss Ella Cook and Mr. James Raleigh Kelly which was celebrated at St. Dominic's Church on Thursday morning. There was a nuptial high mass with special music by Humphrey Stewart, and the wedding ceremony was performed by the Rev. Arthur L. McMahon, O. P. The bride was attended by her sister Miss Mazie Cook, while Mr. John H. Riordan acted as best man. After a wedding breakfast at the home of the bride, the young couple left for the south on their honeymoon. Miss Cook is the younger daughter of Mrs. Mary E. Cook of 1540 McAllister street, while Mr. Kelly is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred R. Kelly of 2195 Divisadero street.

An Old World Custom

The old world custom of introducing a clever reading, or still more interesting impersonation as the forerunner of the tea hour, will find a place this winter in San Francisco in the recitals that will be given by Miss Clara Alexander at the Elder Art Gallery on Grant avenue. Miss Alexander was heard here two years ago in a series of characterizations of the Southern dandy, when she successfully demonstrated her ability to entertain. During the present series which will begin Monday, October 5, she will give characteristic bits of fun from the modern dramatists and humorists, concluding each program with a selection from her store of Southern impersonations. The course will be made up of eight recitals. In addition to Miss Alexander's part of the program there will be several musical selections, the artists chosen from among the friends of this

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popular young woman. At the tea that will follow, Miss Alexander will be assisted in receiving by a number of girls of the younger set.

Comes Now the Fox Trot

The Fox Trot is the very latest rage among up-to-the-minute dancers. It has taken New York by storm and is beginning to be the fashion in San Francisco. It was brought here by Mr. John Joy Robinson, a dancing instructor who comes here direct from Castle House, New York City, and will make this city his permanent headquarters. Mr. Robinson will be associated with Mrs. Thalia Weed Newcomb at her studio, 1443 Polk street, during the coming season. Mr. Robinson not only brings the Fox Trot but also the Vernon Castles' latest hit known as the Polka Braziliene. Pupils are already enthusiastic over these two dances, and there are signs that Mrs. Newcomb and Mr. Robinson will soon have the town doing them as madly as New York. "All the people want to dance," says Mr. Robinson, "and the dances for the ball room this year are not beyond the capacity of the majority. The complex and stagy figures of last season were killed by the demand for dances suited to our crowded floors. Only the dances appropriate for small dancing space have survived."

To Help Travelers

The leaders of the recently formed Travelers' Aid Society of California are making it clear that they are determined San Francisco shall have a model for social service workers in this field during the exposition. The society's organization is permanent. It aims to help, direct and, where the service is welcome, to protect travelers, especially unescorted women and girls. The New York society on which it is modeled, has representatives meet every incoming train and boat and helps thousands of travelers annually. It has averted many tragedies. The California society is non-sectarian, but not non-religious. Its officers include the Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan, Bishop William Ford Nichols, Bishop Hanna, Bishop Hughes and Rabbi Meyer. The campaign to secure \$35,000 for its full organization and maintenance during the first

year has brought out commendation from San Franciscans prominent in all lines of endeavor.

The Charity Dansant

Great interest attaches to the first the dansant of the season to take place in the Court of the Palace Hotel this Saturday afternoon between the hours of four and seven, for the benefit of the Vocational Training School. As nearly a hundred tables have been spoken for, the affair is destined to be a great success. Louise La Gai, the famous Parisian dancer and late instructor at the University of California, has been engaged to appear in several of her famous dances, and will be assisted by Quentin Tod, just arrived from London and a dancer of world-wide fame. Among their numbers will be the "Souvenir de la Camargo" in costume, their Aeroplane waltz, the Maxixe and the La Gai Polka Militaire. There



FRANCES YOUNGE
Appearing at the Alcazar Theatre.

will also be some dancing by local favorites, including Emma and Edward Herrscher who will give the "Half and Half" and "Fox Trot," and Dorothy Dickens and Albert Rhine, winners of the first prize at the Ball of All Nations. The floor will be under the direction of William A. Lange, Robert Eyre and Elgin Travis, assisted by Judge Henry A. Melvin, Forrest Wyman, Dr. E. C. Ernst, John Promberger, G. J. Scharlach, J. Ryan, William Klinger, C. A. Parmanteer, William Payne, Raine Bennett, Irving Scharff, Sheldon H. Goodman, A. J. Rich, Jr., J. Ward Kurtz, Edward Pohlman, Charles Ross and George G. Fraser. Tables may be reserved at the Palace Hotel and tickets which include tea, are on sale at the hotel and at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s, price \$1.50. The Vocational Training School is doing a great good in this community and those who patronize the dansant will have the comfortable knowledge that while enjoying themselves they are aiding a very worthy institution.

At Paso Robles

Recent guests at this popular resort included: Eric Robbin, Ben Leslie, Morris Phillips, Henry Bostwick, Van E. Button, John A. Britton Jr.,

Henry L. Strange, B. A. Worthington, C. E. Musick and wife, Mrs. W. T. Simmons, Pierre C. Moore and wife, George Boone and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Lester S. Kellogg, P. C. Connolly and wife, Mrs. Ada C. Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Mercer, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Byers, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Erlin, Mrs. W. H. Avery, Miss Lillian O'Connor, W. Gray, Edward Jones, J. B. Strible and guests, Mrs. L. Harvey, Mrs. N. Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Dutton, Mrs. Douglas Waterman, Robt. M. Dutton, M. S. Steinmach, N. J. Applegate and wife, Mr. and Mrs. A. Gonzales, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Van Menick, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Herald.

Dancing at Fred Solari's

Fred Solari's Grill, next the Columbia Theatre, is always well patronized by connoisseurs of good food and proper service, but the food and service are not the only lures on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings. On those three nights it is also the dancing. The dancing starts at nine and is directed by a very competent lady manager. It is enjoyed by the most discriminating people in the city who find the hardwood floor just to their taste and are delighted by the expedients used to keep the air cool and fresh, no small matter these days when dancing is quite a strenuous amusement. Visitors to the city find their way to Fred Solari's as by magic, and are pleased with the entertainment they find there as well as by the opportunity to study local dancing celebrities.

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Gossip of the Theatre

"Maggie Pepper" at the Alcazar

The Alcazar audience is nearly always as interesting as the Alcazar stage. For the Alcazar has the most distinctive clientele of any theatre here, and to watch its patrons during a play, to see what they like and what they don't like, to note at what points they break into applause and at what point into tears, is to increase one's knowledge of human nature. Studying the audience Monday night, it was easy to see that the Alcazar patrons approved of "Maggie Pepper." Its sweet story of a girl sacrificing herself to save a child is just the sort of story the regular Alcazarans most delight in. For the Alcazar audience takes stage troubles very much to heart, and is unaffectedly pleased with a happy ending. A play is very real to the Alcazarans while it is going on, and they sigh contentedly when it ends in accordance with their ideas of poetic justice. "Maggie Pepper" was of absorbing interest to the audience Monday night. They laughed a good deal, were thrilled a good deal, and let fall a few honest tears. Of course their attitude toward the players was just as interesting as their attitude toward the play. Miss Alice Fleming, it was easy to see, they have taken to their hearts. I saw admiring looks on the faces of many ladies and I noticed that the men applauded her a great deal. If a vote could be taken, it would surely be found that the Alcazarans regard Miss Fleming as "a dear." For Ralph Kellard, the new leading man, they seem to have a feeling equally cordial. When he got up to bow after being shot at the end of the third act, they laughed with genuinely happy relief. It is plain that they would not like to have anything serious happen to him. Miss Fleming and Mr. Kellard are fortunate to inspire such feelings. It will lighten their task, and make their work, not drudgery but a pleasure. It is very nice, by the way, to be able to say that some of the tears were evoked by Miss Louise Brownell who does a fine piece of acting this week. The Alcazar audience has taken the new leading people and the other new members of the company "into the family" as it were, but they are still true to the old members like Miss Brownell and Burt Wesner.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Greenbaum's Concert Plans

Manager Will L. Greenbaum has returned from his summer outing and is actively at work on his plans for the musical season of 1914 and '15. Mr. Greenbaum has engaged a wonderful lot of attractions and some of the world's greatest artists are to pay their visit to San Francisco, unless the European war seriously interferes with the plans. The manager has resolved not to promise any attractions until he is positive that the engagements will be kept, although he is not averse to mentioning the names of those with whom he has agreements. The newcomers will include Evan Williams, the Welsh-American tenor; Alma Gluck, the lyric soprano from Covent Garden and the Metropolitan; Leo Slezak, the heroic Czech tenor; Maggie Teyte, the exquisite Anglo-Irish prima donna from the Opera Comique and Grand Opera in Paris, Covent Garden and the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Companies; Mme. Olive Fremstad, Arrigo Serrato, the greatest Italian violinist; and the Barerre Ensemble of wind instrument players. Old favorites who will return include Rudolf Ganz and Josef Lhevinne, pianist; Efram Zimbalist, the violinist; Julia Culp, the Dutch lieder-singer, with her incomparable accompanist Coenraad V. Bos, and the always welcome John Mc-

Cormack. The first Greenbaum attraction will be Mme. Olive Fremstad, the great dramatic soprano, who will appear for one concert only at the Columbia Theatre Sunday afternoon, October 18. This will be Fremstad's first concert tour across the continent. The first Fremstad concert in California will be given Friday afternoon, October 16, at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland.

A New Chamber Music Organization

A new ensemble organization will make its appearance here this season, although the members have been playing together in private for the past two years. It is called the San Francisco Quintet Club and was founded by Mr. E. M. Hecht, a well known music lover and patron. The players are Louis W. Ford, violin, C. B. Evans, viola and violin, Victor de Gomez, violoncello, Gyula Ormay, piano, and E. M. Hecht, flute. Mr. Nathan Firestone, viola, will assist. A series of three quite unusual programs is promised this season under the management of Will L. Greenbaum.

"Trail of Lonesome Pine" at Columbia

Sunday night the Columbia Theatre will open for the fall and winter season, when Eugene Walter's dramatization of John Fox's celebrated story entitled "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" will be presented. The engagement of this attraction will be of one week's duration, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. John Fox Jr. never wrote more entertainingly for an

appreciative book public than when he so deftly drew the character of "June" in this charming novel. "June" is a typical, if not unique American stage character. Eugene Walter, the able dramatist, constructed from the book a play that is American to the core. It has had one of the biggest successes ever. Isabelle Lowe whose genuine American ways were acquired from the soul of the Southland, was selected to play the part of "June" in which she has scored. A splendid supporting company appears in the other important roles of the play. A massive stage production has been sent on tour.

Symphony Plans

In order to give those detained in Europe an opportunity to secure seats, the sale of season tickets for the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will be continued right up to noon of October 23, the date of the first concert. That San Franciscans are interested in music is attested by the steady stream of ticket buyers at the offices of Manager Frank W. Healy, 209 Post street. The announcement of the abandonment of the plans for an opera season has added greatly to the interest in the symphony orchestra, and the Friday afternoon concerts promise to take their place as events of the greatest importance to the musical and social world. Henry Hadley is on the ground, devoting every available minute to the careful preparation of programs and arranging for rehearsals. There will be several new faces in the orchestra this season: Kajetan Attl, harpist; Adolf Bertram, first oboe;



NELLA WALKER

Next week at the Orpheum.

Ernest Kubitschek, first bassoon; and Walter Hornig, first French horn. Instrumentalists of vast experience with the large symphony orchestras of Europe have been imported. Soloists engaged and negotiated with up to the present time include Marcella Kraft, leading lyric soprano of the Royal Opera, Munich; Tina Lerner, the beautiful and talented Russian pianist; Efram Zimbalist, the Russian violinist; Willy Burmester, the great German violinist; and Jacques Thibaud, the French violinist. Emilio de Gogorza and Emma Eames have cancelled their engagement at the Maine Festival and their Western dates as well. Should it be necessary to revise the list of soloists on account of the artists seeing service in the armies of their respective countries, substitutes of the highest rank are available.

Charlie Ahearn at Orpheum

The Orpheum bill next week will be headed by Charlie Ahearn who will present his big company of cyclists. He is undoubtedly the best exponent of comedy that bestrides a wheel. This season it is a race between the 300 horse-power automobile Red Devil and Percy Whirlwind, the world's champion cyclist. Wilbur Mack and Nella Walker will charm and amuse with the dainty little musical sketch "An Every Day Occurrence." They introduce several catchy songs of Mr. Mack's. Stan Stanley, the bouncing fellow, will with the assistance of his relatives, display a marvelous versatility in sleight-of-hand comedy, music and acrobatics. The Act Beautiful is the title which William Edgerette applies to his offering. Pictures of "The Hunt" with living models are posed by Mr. Edgerette and his horses and dogs. Harry Tsuda, a Japanese equilibrist, will present an extraordinary exhibition of balancing on a globe. Next week will conclude the engagements of the Six Amer-

ican Dancers; Ismed, the Turkish pianist; and Hermine Shone and her company in "The Last of the Quakers."

The People's Philharmonic

The fifth symphony concert to be given by the People's Philharmonic Orchestra Thursday evening, October 1, at Pavilion Rink, will be rich in the music of Italy. It has been said that Italy has turned out more tenors than any other country, and one of her most gifted sons will be the vocalist on this occasion. A well known musical critic, speaking of Mr. Bulotti, writes as follows: "He possesses a voice of remarkable pliancy and mellowness. His versatility is indeed remarkable, and his artistic faculties are on a par with his splendid voice." Mr. Bulotti is particularly happy in the rendition of songs of his native land, and especially is he successful in the arias of Pagliacci and the works of Giordani. The complete program: Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicolai; Traumerei, Schuman; Caprice, Perlet; Ave Maria, Cherubini; Berceuse, Gounod; Solo for Oboe, Antonio Masino; Surprise Symphony, Haydn; First, Second and Fourth Movements; Tenor Solo, Cielo e Mar, Ponchielli, Charles F. Bulotti; L'Arlesienne, Suite, Bizet.

"The Littlest Rebel" at Alcazar

What more fitting in these times of war than a military drama at the Alcazar? "The Littlest Rebel," perhaps the greatest American war drama ever written, will receive its first production at popular prices at the O'Farrell street temple of amusement next week, and will be put on with all the stupendous and spectacular appointments that must necessarily surround a play of its kind. "The Littlest Rebel" has all the uplifting dramatic powers within its core that have from time to time built good theatres and heaped poetic

treasures on the stage. The story of the play concerns little Virgie Carey, daughter of a Confederate scout, who lives near Richmond, and is a wonderful child of the Civil war. The rugged heroism, loveliness and irresistible child beauty of this little daughter of the South blossoms forth in Edward Peple's most exquisite style of portrait. She sees her mother fade and die, she starves and wins and has mature ideas with tendril flashes of thought made grown-up by the shock and sorrows of war. This role will be played by dainty little Ruth Ormsby, one of the most gifted child actresses on the American stage. Little Miss Ormsby possesses all the requisites for the interpretation of the role and she is destined to be the sweetest and loveliest of all "the little rebels." Ralph Kellard will have his best part so far in the role of Lieutenant Colonel Morrison, originally played by Dustin Farnum, and C. Norman Hammond will have a splendid part as Virgie's father, the Confederate scout, the role in which William Farnum played opposite to his brother. The cast is a long one and will enlist the services of all the popular Alcazar players, and there will be a number of extra people especially engaged for the big battle scene. The play will be produced on a scale never before attempted at the Alcazar.

"A Pair of Sixes" at Cort

Popularity of one kind and another has played fast and loose with Edward Peple since he became a playwright. He comes forward now with an even greater success than his two preceding, namely the funny farce, "A Pair of Sixes," which comes to the Cort Sunday. This new effort has stirred the critical eulogists of the theatre to fresh bursts of praise. It is a bright story of quarreling partners engaged in a profitable pill business but unable to agree as to who shall be boss. The fun is riotous. In the local presentation a metropolitan cast of players will appear which will include such favorites as Herbert Corthell, Oscar Figman, Orlando Daly, Minna



MINNA GOMBEL

As Florence Cole in "A Pair of Sixes," the funniest of farces, at the Cort Theatre.



THE ROZELLAS

At Pantages next week.

Gombel, Bernice Buck, Josie Intropidi, Jack Raffael and Eleanor Fairbanks.

A Mystery at Pantages

The topline attraction on the new bill at Pantages is a mysterious offering billed as "Silver Belle." What the nature of the act is has not been given out by the management. Whether "Silver Belle" it a maiden or a motion picture or a trained animal is not known. Suffice to state that it is claimed that the number is one of the real novelties in vaudeville today. The regular feature of the bill is "Night Hawks," typed as "an echo from life's other side." It is a melodrama of the old style with gunplay and action from the start. Palfrey, Barton and Brown offer "Follies of Vaudeville." There is a little of everything in the specialty with comedy as the keynote. A popular number is the musical act of the Rozellas who feature the violin, harp and saxophone. "Fun in Dogville" will be presented by Dave Wood's animal actors. Rough comedy with a scream in every line is "The Quack Dentist" played by Vic Richards and Joe Quinlan. Parker and Butler in classic dances and smart songs round out the show.

Queen of the Fair

A spirited contest among the candidates for Queen of the Industrial Fair is being conducted in the Mission, Sunset, Richmond and downtown districts. Among the candidates are: Miss Nellie Martien, Miss Dulcie McGlynn, Miss Florence McFarland, Miss T. Eggers, Miss Lottie Davis, Miss Alyce V. Peyre, Miss Dollie Burton, Miss Minnie Hoffman and Miss Blanche Sweet, all of whom have a host of friends and are remarkable for their beauty. The queen contest of the Industrial Fair will finish October 22 at the Coliseum when the judges' committee comprising Mayor Rolph and Thos. Keogh will crown the popular prize winner. Miss Dulcie McGlynn of the Sunset district is the leader in her section and is closely contesting with Miss Blanche Sweet of San Mateo and Miss Lottie Davis of the downtown district. General Manager Frank Rittigstein has succeeded in signing up the most attractive exhibits at the Sacramento State Fair. These will be shown in conjunction with the local presentations.

The Ford Taxi Company

"We are going to take the tax out of taxi," is the engaging promise made by the Ford Taxi Company which is about to enter the local field. It is an interesting statement, one that brings a pleasant smile to the face of the man who reads it. Our present taxicab rates are high—there's no getting away from that—and any effort to reduce the cost of a service which was once a luxury but has come to be a necessary of business and social life will be met by San Franciscans in the sympathetic spirit to which it is entitled. The fact that the projectors of this new enterprise are men known to us is calculated to increase our confidence. The officers of the new company are: Robert Matches, president; Jerry J. Sullivan, vice-president; Frederick H. Price, secretary and treasurer. The directors include Henry A. Melvin, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and William M. Abbott, attorney for the United Railroads. In a pamphlet just issued (and well worth everybody's perusal) the claim is made that San Francisco's present taxi rates are the highest in the world. The new Ford Company announces a schedule that is refreshing. Within the hotel zone a ride for from one to four passengers will cost fifty cents; each additional passenger will cost twenty-five cents. For points outside there will be one tariff only, as follows: one to four passengers, thirty cents to the flag, including one-half mile, and ten cents

for each one-fourth of a mile thereafter. First mile, fifty cents; each additional mile, forty cents. The reasonable cost of Ford taxis make this tariff possible. A Ford taxi costs \$750, and taking fifty cars as a starter, the initial expense of the company will be \$37,500. The cost of upkeep and repairs is of course much lower for Ford taxis than for larger cars. That the time is opportune for the launching of the new company none can deny. We are getting ready to entertain the world, and our transportation facilities are not what they should be. They will be very severely taxed next year, and a taxi company charging a fare that is not beyond the purse of the average man is bound to reap a harvest. Ford taxis have long passed the experimental stage. London, Paris and Berlin have them and approve of them; New York has them in large numbers, and so has Chicago. It is inevitable that this project should engage the favorable attention of local investors who are being given an opportunity to put money into the company. The company invites the closest scrutiny of its project on the part of those inclined to invest. The company is capitalized at \$250,000; the par value of shares is one dollar. "We are going to take the tax out of taxi." It is indeed a delightful morsel of promise!

MINING ENGINEER FOR BIG ENGLISH SYNDICATE NOW IN SAN FRANCISCO

Tells What Relief Akoz Gave Him From Rheumatism

Traveling around the world in all sorts of countries and climes, following his profession as mining engineer, affected the health of Henry Lindsey, for four years past a resident of the Union Square Hotel. Mr. Lindsey is a graduate of the department of mines in Oxford University, England, and has had charge of big mines in South Africa and South America, and for four years in charge of the big English syndicate properties known as the "Fine Gold" mines in Madera county. He was a victim of rheumatism for some 15 years, supplemented with stomach trouble. He could get no relief until he tried Akoz, the wonderful medicinal mineral. He said the following of his case:

"For 15 years I was scarcely without a pain in my right shoulder. The pain was so bad at times that I could not raise my arm. My stomach also failed me. I was bothered with gas, pains and sourness. With the two complications I suffered a great deal. During my 25 years as a mining engineer I have been all over the world, and know of many places, but I was unable to get any relief until about seven months ago I was impressed with Akoz by reading the ads. I got some of the powder for mineralizing water and began drinking it. In three weeks all my pains were gone, the gas on my stomach diminished, my appetite picked up, I began to feel like a new man, and in a few weeks more I felt justified in saying I was entirely over my troubles. Since that time I have not had a recurrence of pain or stomach trouble. Yours is a great remedy, and I wish it all the success in the world."

Akoz will be found to give relief to sufferers from rheumatism, stomach trouble, diabetes, Bright's disease, ulcers, catarrh, eczema, piles, poison oak and other ailments. For sale at all leading druggists. Call, write or phone the Natura Company for further information regarding this advertisement.

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Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, \$1.00.
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Night Prices. 50 Cents to \$1.50

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—It seems likely, for the time being at least, that the situation surrounding the railroads will be in the front of current discussion. The decision rendered by the Interstate Commerce Commission before the outbreak of the war was disappointing but not conclusive, and it is the hope of railway interests that the case will be reopened when a more favorable outcome would be indicated owing to the sympathetic attitude of the Administration toward all efforts to restore confidence throughout the country. It has been evident for a long time that because of the higher wages and increased cost of materials the traffic rates of the railroads were not high enough to produce sufficient revenue to enable the companies to pay dividends and maintain a credit that would enable them to finance their needs for improvements and betterments. The decision by the Interstate Commerce Commission recognized this fact in principle, but adopted what are regarded as inadequate remedies and it is now hoped that the remedies will be made to fit the case. Aside from the vast amount of our railway securities held in Europe for permanent investment, much of which will likely stay abroad, it is to be remembered that short-term obligations are held which will have to be met from time to time, as Europe cannot be expected to renew or subscribe for new issues under the circumstances now prevailing and likely to prevail for a long time yet. The probabilities are that we shall be making exchange sufficient to meet these obligations, but it will be necessary for those receiving the funds for goods sold abroad to be in a mood to invest their surplus in securities and, in order that such a state of affairs may prevail, it is essential that the credit of the railroads be beyond question. It is impossible for the investors to have the absolute confidence required unless the Government takes some action to remedy the defect in revenues, and in no other direction is Government help so essential at the present time.

Wheat—It is quite evident that the war is becoming obsolete as a market factor, and that more attention is being given to the ordinary governing influences, and we will some day be trading again on the big Kansas yields. The swings are hardly as vicious, the action less violent and the tone of the market indicates the return to reasonable speculative affairs. We are probably no nearer peace but the casual mention alone has subdued the delirium and restored equanimity, at least for the moment, and it is much better so. The pace has been too swift for profit or pleasure to either the trader or his agent. The farmer is a good example to follow. In the midst of the speculative furore and the prediction of ridiculous figures he is calmly selling his surplus and doubtless at the summit. He realizes that the advance of 43 cents in six weeks is largely speculative and covers every contin-

gency so far exhibited. He is satisfied with the profit as compared with other years. September wheat is nearly 35 cents higher than a year ago in face of the largest crop ever raised in the States and mostly upon the theory that next year's production will be curtailed. We believe the hostilities will be shortened instead of the crop, and advise caution in following further advances at this time.

Corn—Recent rains in the corn belt have filled the ears and made them heavier, and still later visitations have helped further to improve conditions not only of corn but of the pastures and meadows, and increased further the forage situation. Add to this a perceptible addition to first offerings, a lessened demand from the consumer and accumulation at primary points and you have a few good reasons for believing that 80 cent corn in September just prior to the movement of a new crop is somewhat premature. Many believe that the October report will still further increase the prospective yield. We believe corn should be sold on all rallies from now on.

Cui Bono?

(Continued from Page 6.)

not Germany and Austria alone, would be, can only be appreciated by people who know that there is about as much difference between the culture and standard of living of the Slavic races of Europe and her western people as there is between the standards of the Asiatic races and the white inhabitants of the United States.

The one country which will lose, even in case she wins, more than she can possibly expect to gain, and who in case of defeat is apt to lose everything, is the German Empire. Forty-three years of peace is Germany's record among the big powers of the world. During that period America fought Spain, England fought the Boers, Japan fought China, Russia fought Japan, France fought in Africa, Italy fought Turkey, and the Balkan States hardly ever ceased fighting. In these years of peace, Germany has built out of nothing a merchant marine, second only to England, her home industries and her commercial enterprises have made her from one of the poorest countries, one of the wealthiest, her population decimated by continuous wars, not of her own choosing, wars in which enemies, north, east and west, have made her their battleground for centuries, had grown over 60,000,000 of happy, contented, busy people. She had a brilliant future ahead in fair and noble competition with the nations of the world in all that makes life cultured, agreeable, and worth living. And now we see her sacrificing it all, risking it all, against odds which seem impossible, plunged into war with nearly all big European and the biggest non-European military power—and all that of her own

choosing? Is it likely? Nay, is it possible? Does anyone believe that if this war was as some people try to convince us it is, war for the benefit of the Emperor and the military party, that the people of Germany would have joined with such enthusiasm in a war which comes near being suicidal? Cui bono? The question applied to Germany attacked on all sides by enemies sounds almost sarcastic!

What a crime! Nations who should stand together to further the progress of humanity are at each other's throats, and it will take years and years, a new generation maybe, to heal the wounds that the actual warfare and malicious slanders have afflicted on the bodies and the souls of the nations involved.

Cui bono? At one of the windows of the Imperial Palace in St. Petersburg stands the tall figure of a sombre-looking man clad in the vestments of an orthodox monk. He looks on as regiment after regiment of sturdy peasant soldiers passes by, illiterate, uncultured men. There are hundreds and thousands of them, and millions of others to follow. Their popes and monks have told them that Holy Russia is bent on a crusade against the Western heathens. They are used to believe, to trust. And so they are marching into the holy war in good faith, an "ikon" reposing on their chests. The monk up there at the window curls his lips into a mysterious smile. Cui bono? He could answer that question.

Who's Who Hereabouts

(Continued from Page 7.)

And when the case was ended neither side had any criticism to make of Fredericks."

My informant went on to say that Fredericks had been criticised for flirting with organized labor since the opening of the campaign. "It was probably a mistake," he said, "but of course we must remember that he gave the McNamaras a square deal, and that he did nothing more than his duty, and I suppose for that reason he felt that he was entitled to union sympathy. But evidently he forfeited that when he turned down the bribery proposal."

Aside from this anecdote there is nothing more that I am able to contribute in the way of illumination save this—that in the last gubernatorial campaign John D. Fredericks was Charley Curry's strongest supporter in the south. Such being the case it is evident that he was not a machine politician. He was against the machine then, and what remains of the machine is against him now. As to the candidate who has the support of the remains, that is a question I am reluctant to answer. Why disillusion the dear people?

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN JOSEPH BAILLE (also called Jean Joseph Baille), Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of JOHN JOSEPH BAILLE (also called Jean Joseph Baille), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN JOSEPH BAILLE (also called Jean Joseph Baille), deceased.

MARIE LOUISE BAILLE,

Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of JOHN JOSEPH BAILLE (also called Jean Joseph Baille), Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 19, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

9-19-5

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 58,227; Dept. No. 2.

A. L. BLAKESLEE, Plaintiff, vs. VIOLET W. BLAKESLEE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to: Violet M. Blakeslee, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's adultery, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of July, A. D. 1914.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. A. BROWN,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

8-8-10

ORDER

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of FRANK SIMONART, Deceased.

Bernard T. Tennyson having filed herein a petition for an order and decree authorizing and requiring Maria Simonart, the executrix of the last will of Frank Simonart, deceased, to transfer and convey to him pursuant to the provisions of Sections 1597 to 1601 inclusive, of the Code of Civil Procedure that certain piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Greenwich Street, distant thereon One Hundred and Ten (110) Feet Westerly from the point formed by the intersection on the Southerly line of Greenwich Street with the Westerly line of Devisadero Street; and running thence Westerly along said line of Greenwich Street Forty (40) Feet; thence at a right angle Southerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) Feet and Six (6) Inches; thence at a right angle Easterly Forty (40) Feet; and thence at a right angle Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) Feet and Six (6) Inches to the point of beginning.

Being part of Western Addition Block No. 490.

It is hereby ordered that the 29th day of September, 1914, at the hour of ten o'clock in the morning, and the Court-room of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court be and the same are hereby appointed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition and that notice thereof be published once a week for four successive weeks before such hearing in the "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated September 1, 1914.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Petitioner,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

8-29-5

CITATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, City and County of San Francisco—Dept. No. 9 Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN FANNING, Deceased.

The people of the State of California to: Mary Bridget Fanning, Johanna Fanning, Christina Corcoran Meyers, John Fanning, John Ryan, M. G. Conlin, Rev. Terrence Caraher (for St. Francis Roman Catholic Church), Sisters of the Presentation, Margaret Kirwan, Eugene F. Conlin, Mary Gleeson, Joseph Fanning, Joseph Ryan, Rev. Terrence Caraher, St. Francis Roman Catholic Church, Ella Fleischmann, Peter Fanning, Minnie Fanning, Mary Maitland, James Ryan, Sisters of the Holy Family.

YOU ARE HEREBY cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department No. 9, Probate, thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the 21st day of December, A. D. 1914, at 10 o'clock, A. M. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the probate of the will of the above named deceased, should not be revoked in conformity with the petition for the revocation of the will of the above named deceased and filed in this Court on the 5th day of September, 1914.

BY ORDER of the Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, this 5th day of September, A. D. 1914.

(Seal)

Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH A. BROWN,

FRANK J. EGAN,

Attorneys for Contestant,

Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-19-10

CERTIFICATE OF PARTNERSHIP

We, the undersigned, ELMIRE RUFFIEUX and JULES ALBRECHT, do hereby certify:

That we are partners transacting business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of "L. RUFFIEUX," and that the names in full of all the members of said partnership and their places of residence are as follows, namely:

ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, residing at Hotel Manx, Northwest corner of Powell and O'Farrell Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and JULES ALBRECHT, residing at No. 764 Seventeenth Avenue, in said City and County of San Francisco; and that we carry on and conduct a French confectionery and patisserie business at premises No. 211 Powell Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, which is the principal place of business of such partnership; and we certify and declare that no other person is interested therein, and that we are the sole owners of said business.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hands at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on this 1st day of September, in the year A. D. nineteen hundred and fourteen (1914).

ELMIRE RUFFIEUX,
JULES ALBRECHT.

Witness:

A. COMTE, JR.,

Attorney-at-Law,

No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,

City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 1st day of September, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Fourteen, before me, Flora Hall, a Notary Public in and for said City and County of San Francisco, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared, ELMIRE RUFFIEUX and JULES ALBRECHT, known to me to be the persons described in and whose names are subscribed to the within instrument and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

(Notarial Seal)

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 2, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.

By H. I. Porter, Deputy Clerk.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney-at-Law,

No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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San Francisco, October 3, 1914

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

Our Costly Experiment

Here's a pretty how do you do!—the Geary street road, grandest of all experiments in municipal ownership, is losing money. Incredible? Nay, impossible, according to the political economists of journalism. That is, a year ago they pronounced it impossible. When it was observed in these columns that the Geary street road would probably prove a losing venture in the long run the political economists of the dailies—guides, philosophers and friends of the dear, credulous people—frothed at the mouth and drooled vituperation all over the editorial page. They warned their readers against inspired misrepresentation, and they pointed out that as the municipal road was in the very heart of the city nobody possessed sufficient ingenuity to make it lose money. In time they hailed the Geary street road as a grand, inspiriting object lesson in municipal ownership. The success of it vindicated a principle and proved the soundness of the judgment to which our spineless public servants are always deferential. By reason of the success of the Geary street road we were encouraged to go further and build "feeders." Mayor Rolph was the great champion of municipal ownership, and he gave his constituents to understand that a large part of the cost of municipal government would soon be defrayed out of the profits of the municipal roads. Doubtless many people were led to believe that in time as a result of the glorified principle our city government would be self-supporting, and we should all be drawing dividends from the great municipal traction system. But disillusionment has come again. Once more the dear people have learned that they were misled by the great prophets of fads and fancies. They have learned it from their public servants, from the very men who advocated municipal ownership and committed us to it. These men let the truth out not because of their devotion to the truth but because they realized that if it were withheld greater would be their humiliation in the near future. Threatened with a movement to reduce fares they opposed it on the ground that it would put a crimp in the City Treasury. It was shown not only that the cross-town roads are losing money but that the income from the Geary street road is not sufficient to meet redemption charges. What the loss is it would be difficult to estimate, for nobody knows what the gross receipts would be if the road were under private ownership. The city is losing the percentage of the gross receipts that it would now be receiving from the successful bidder for the franchise had we never been tempted to experiment in municipal ownership.

Dr. Burlingame's Little Joke

In the pulpit, under the roof of one of the many so-called Houses of God hereabouts, and on the day known as the Christian Sabbath, the Rev. G. F. Burlingame thus uttered himself: "The plea has been made against prohibition that it will ruin the State by preventing grape culture, with consequent financial loss." It would be interesting to know where the Rev. G. F. Burlingame ever heard this plea made. Have the wine people made this "plea?" The wine people have done and said some curious things in this campaign, but the wine people are not the only ones whose interests are involved. Dr. Burlingame laughs at the assertion that the State would be ruined if our grape growers rooted out their vines. Dr. Burlingame is a merry wag who makes jokes for his own amusement, and incidentally he distracts attention from the issue. He is no better in this respect than the unholy layman who conceives that the object of controversy is not to discover the truth but to beat his adversary. Is Dr. Burlingame so poverty stricken mentally as to be unaware that there is much more than viticulture at stake in this campaign? If he has been keeping in touch with the controversy he knows that the annual barley crop in this State is valued at \$30,000,000 and that it is consumed chiefly by breweries of which we have seventy-five in California representing an investment of \$50,000,000. Also he knows that 14,000 acres of land in this State are planted in hops, and that many manufactures are dependent on the brewery business as well as the wine business. Unless he is utterly incompetent to discuss the subject he knows that prohibition would put 100,000 men out of work and that two or three hundred thousand women and children are dependent on these men. But above all Dr. Burlingame should know that the economic issue is of the least importance to the people of this State. The truth is that the mass of informed people object to prohibition because the principle of it is productive of many evils. Nobody who has familiarized himself with the history of prohibition can be ignorant of the fact that prohibition is worse than demoralizing. More States have abandoned prohibition than are at present committed to the deadly hypocrisy of it, and now the indications are that the State of Maine which has been in a ferment more than forty years by reason of the persistence of Prohibition fanatics is about to restore the lost manhood of its citizens, for in Maine two weeks ago the candidates whose platform calls for the submission of a proposal to repeal prohibition were elected. Now if the virtue and efficacy of prohibition be self-evident why should a State that has experienced prohibition ever think of renouncing it? To those who sincerely wish to be enlightened on the subject we com-

mend a little book published this year by The Goodhue Company of New York. It is called "The Question of Alcohol." The author is Dr. Edward Huntington Williams, pathologist of the State University of Iowa, a gentleman who has studied prohibition in prohibition States.

Vote Solicitors of the Bench

The movement for a return to an appointive judiciary, such as was once general in the States, and as still prevails in New England, is receiving encouragement in many sections of the country. The New York Evening Post finds that the movement is receiving encouragement even in the emotional State of Washington where Democrats, Republicans and Progressives have deemed it advisable to get together and urge that the present members of the Supreme Court whose terms expire be unopposed for re-election. The evil of the elective system has been shown in Washington, says the Post, by judges "who have stooped to personal campaigning." If personal campaigning is evidence of the evil of the elective system what shall we say of the practice in California? It is a practice of recent growth in California, but it requires no cultivation. At first it was only the police magistrate who solicited votes. Then a few of the judges of the Superior Court emulated the man of inferior jurisdiction, and they were reproached for so doing. Gradually the practice became general, and now for the first time we find that even a candidate for Chief Justice of the Supreme Court may go about glad-handing the man in the street in quest of votes without causing an elevation of eyebrows. But what objection is to be urged in a truly Progressive State where democracy is hotfooting it to the ultimate goal? We have the recall in California, and popularity is the test of fitness. It may do no harm, however, to point out that there is one judicial candidate for re-election to the Supreme Court who is not kissing babies along the highway. Justice Shaw's term expires this year, but he is today the same modest, retiring, amiable, and dignified gentleman that he was yesterday and the day before.

Causes of the War Analyzed

In many minds Emperor William stands convicted of the crime of plunging Europe into war, but the detached historian will probably take a quite different view of the matter, for the detached historian is not to be deceived by special causes that produce immediate effects. He looks for general causes over a width of surface and a length of time. In respect of this war he will probably find that Emperor William was the tool by which that work was done which the force and accumulation of preceding circumstances had determined should be done. There is no mystery about these circum-

stances, as may be learned from a student of international politics who wrote of them in detail nearly two years ago, and who had almost clairvoyant prescience of the catastrophe that has overwhelmed Europe. This man is Frederic Harrison, the veteran English essayist, who wrote in January 1913 these words: "The whole international system has to be recast." It had to be recast, he explained, because of the fall of the Turkish Empire as a great European Power and of the intricate interlacing of the Balkan States. He pointed out that these petty kingdoms that touch the frontiers of Russia and Austria "and Italy stir the kindred races within these greater Powers by wild hopes and ferocious passions, and he asked: "How can Russia, Austria, Hungary, remain unmoved, when the physical, material and moral status of their Balkan neighbors is utterly transformed?" Then he outlined the prospect in these prophetic words: "Add to this that Russia's very existence may be staked on its defending a Slavonic nationality; that Germany, by treaty and in self-defense, is pledged to defend its Austrian ally; while France for the same reason, is bound to defend her Russian ally." He went on to explain that to the Germans of Austria, to the Magyars of Hungary, the predominance of the Slav races meant their deposition as ascendant peoples; also that "To Germany, to allow the Germans of Austria to be deposed from Empire would be an intolerable blow to Pan-Germanic dreams." Thus we see that Harrison had in mind the very crisis out of which the war grew. In view of the existing entanglement, he said, it was vain "for worthy people absorbed in the future of International Arbitration and Social Reform to tell us that the Balkan settlement is nothing to us." Distinctly Harrison saw the torch with which the conflagration was to be started. He pronounced the year 1913 a fateful one, and affirmed that whatever the arrangements made at the close they could be "but temporary at best, and may only lay down the material for a struggle even more desperate and for changes even greater than those of this resettlement of international relations." How interesting and instructive to read this veteran student of European politics in the light of what has happened! How amusing to read him if we have at hand the comments and moralizings of the intellectual giants of the American press and pulpit who survey the situation as from a sign of the Zodiac and tell us all about it in terms of cocksureness that might have dripped from the anointed lips of the Gamaliel of Stanford or the sage of Chautauqua. To them the cause of the war is as obvious as one of Mr. Hearst's characteristic flip-flops. It's as plain as a pike-staff, they tell us, that Europe is a shambles because it lacks the true religion, that is to say, it has not been educated up to the divine Republican form of government or to the ideals of Socialism and recognition of the abominations of a narrow patriotism. Kings are the marplots, and the people don't know what they are fighting about. But Mr. Harrison, writing way back in January 1913, saw the war coming, saw no escape from it,

and said, "What 1912 seems to have effected is a vast aggrandizement of the Slavonic races in their secular struggle against the Teutonic races; and even a local and temporary triumph of Austria over Servia cannot cancel the fact that henceforth the way south-east to the Black Sea and the Aegean Sea is barred to the German." He explained further that until a few weeks before the transformation of the Balkan States the Teuton had a predominant prestige from the Upper Danube, the Oder and the Elbe right away to the Marmora, the Aegean and the Upper Euphrates, and across his path there had fallen a big, warlike, adventurous Slavonic Confederacy looking to the Russian Czar as its natural protector and head. "This vast increment to the Slav world," said Harrison, "has taken place in a few weeks, without a shot being fired or a diplomatic ultimatum sent by any of the Greater Powers. It seems automatic—a decree of Providence. To Austria, to Germany, this may well seem to be an interest touching their national future." Apparently that is precisely what it did seem to them. At any rate they woke up when the Austrian Archduke became the victim of a Servian intrigue, which, even today in England, is believed by some writers to have been hatched by Russia. It is evident there are wheels of European politics that are not discernible to the naked eye of the average American commentator. They were so clearly discernible to Frederic Harrison in January 1913 that he wrote these words: "If we remember how passionate is the Russian's pride in the Slav race, how the Russian alliance is for the average Frenchman a necessity of national existence, we cannot shut our eyes to the awful prospect of conflict between the Double Alliance and the Triple Alliance to which all this seems to bring us face to face. . . . A tremendous crisis is before us. And they who are blind to it or refuse to meet it may be guilty of one of the most awful catastrophes in history." The catastrophe has come. It came from the very quarter whence Frederic Harrison saw it coming; and after reading all that he wrote in his essay of warning, and familiarizing oneself with the posture of affairs in Europe it becomes apparent that the causes of the war were far more complex and remote than is generally conceived by the man in the street who borrows his convictions from the daily paper or the fashionable preacher.

Carden Corroborated

It is not to be gainsaid that it was very rude of Sir Lionel Carden to utter himself as he did the other day respecting our policy in Mexico. Sir Lionel gave great offense to the Administration at Washington, and to make matters worse, in a few days the incorrigible Villa, ungrateful protege of our Government, proceeded to make it clear to the world that the former British diplomat had spoken the truth. Many of us had supposed that the policy of watching and waiting had triumphed. President Wilson was credited with having started Mexico on the road to pacification, and his admirers almost touched the point

of fulsomeness in their felicitations for his having brought order out of chaos at a most critical period. But now it appears that the Mexican problem is as perplexing as ever. As Sir Lionel said, anarchy exists in Mexico. There is no law and order anywhere. Even in Mexico City there are no courts and no protection for citizens. "The Carranza soldiery," said Sir Lionel, "can walk into a house and take what they please, and the householder has no redress whatever. About 10,000 Yaqui Indians joined the Carranza forces before the fighting stopped, and now they form part of the garrison of Mexico City." Unfortunately Sir Lionel indulged in unpleasant criticism of President Wilson. He said: "Where President Wilson got his information which led him to order the withdrawal of troops from Vera Cruz I do not know; but I have been informed that the President has refused sometimes to receive information which did not coincide with facts as stated by his envoys. It is a desperate shame that the United States has seen fit to abandon the decent people of Mexico when they need help most. The blame for this desperate state of affairs lies with President Wilson. Things would have been entirely different in Mexico if he had pursued a different course. Wilson obtained his information from sources not always the best. He accepted information that fitted in with his schemes, and refused to listen to facts that did not." The truth of course is that our President is acting in accordance with the sentiment of the peace-loving people of his country. We do not wish to spend any money pacifying Mexico. We are an industrial people, and just now we are devising ways and means of profiting to the full off the war in Europe. We must not neglect business. Let the Mexicans exhaust themselves fighting among themselves, and later on, when times get better, we shall annex them. It may do no harm meanwhile to reflect that from a business standpoint, if from none other, it would have been well had we recognized Huerta; or, at least, had we not recognized Villa. Our policy of non-intervention was a paradox. We intervened from the moment that we refused to recognize the man who was not only the nominal President but the holder as well of the reins of government. Indirectly we aided and abetted the bandit and marauder whose atrocities we have been tolerating while declaiming against the outrages perpetrated in Europe. It shocks us to hear of the bombardment of an ancient church in France, but nuns and priests may be subjected to brutalities in Mexico without causing us to turn a hair. There are twenty million Catholics in this country, but they are a complaisant lot. Perhaps the most of them are too Yankified to be distracted from the commercial business in hand by the outrages against churchmen and church property in Mexico. Some day Villa may make a mistake and kick a Methodist minister across the border. Then will the impact be felt in Washington, causing such a commotion as the old town has not experienced since Stonewall Jackson threatened to take possession.

Varied Types

CXCVII—WILLIAM F. CASHMAN

By Edward F. O'Day

"Let us take the case of Willis H. Cadwell," said the secretary of the Society of California Pioneers.

We were discussing the proposed removal of the Lone Mountain cemeteries. William F. Cashman, the secretary of the Society of California Pioneers, was stating the case against this project as it appeared to the members of his organization. He was stating it as he states everything, clearly, logically and with a wealth of historical data as interesting as it was pertinent.

Before I could ask him what the case of Willis H. Cadwell was, he had gone to the vault at the back of his office in Pioneer Place.

"I have here," he said, as he emerged from the vault, "a very interesting manuscript presented to the Society by its author," and he opened a leather-bound book so that I might read this title written in faded ink by a very neat hand: "Journal of a Voyage around Cape Horn in 1849 on board the Good Ship 'Magnolia,' by S. Mortimer Collins."

"Mortimer Collins," he explained, "was one of the founders of the Collins and Wheeland Cafe which still flourishes on Montgomery street. He arrived in San Francisco on the 'Magnolia' in 1849, and this is his record of the voyage. At the end of this manuscript Mr. Collins gives a list of the men who made the voyage with him around Cape Horn, with details concerning their subsequent careers. One of these men, a chum of Collins, was Willis H. Cadwell."

And turning to the page, Mr. Cashman read as follows:

"Willis H. Cadwell—Montpelier, Vt. Went to the mines and stayed a month or two, and then returned to San Francisco, sick, and was buried in the old North Beach burying ground, near the corner of Greenwich and Stockton. The writer of this journal was absent from the city at the time, and when he returned Cadwell was dead and buried. His remains were afterwards removed by the writer and buried under an old oak tree in Yerba Buena cemetery, just where the New City Hall now stands. When that cemetery was given up, the remains were removed to Lone Mountain, and there they probably rest among the unknown dead."

"That old North Beach burying ground," explained Mr. Cashman, "was the original City Cemetery. Mr. Collins located it at Greenwich and Stockton, but its exact location cannot now be determined as authorities differ. Although it still existed in 1850—it was moved in the early fifties—it is not marked on the survey map of that year. But it was somewhere in the neighborhood of the present Greek Church.

"Why it was moved we cannot say for certain at this late day, but the motive was probably the same which actuates those who would move the bodies from Lone Mountain. Their motive is a mercenary one. They desire to get control of extremely valuable land.

"Those of us who oppose the removal of the bodies from Lone Mountain contend that the parking of Lone Mountain would eliminate every honest objection to the cemetery. Had we lived in those days we should have taken the same stand in relation to the old North Beach burying ground. And events would have justified us. For the city sold that land very cheaply. And since the fire the city was compelled to vote a bond issue of \$150,000 to buy back two blocks in

that very same neighborhood for public playgrounds. We shall see in a moment that history repeats itself in this matter.

"The bodies of the men and women who lay at rest in the old North Beach burying ground, that of Willis H. Cadwell among the number, were removed to a new City Cemetery, the Yerba Buena Cemetery which occupied the hilly ground bounded by Larkin, McAllister and Market streets. But they did not find rest there very long. An agitation was started to move them once more. Why? Well, that land too had increased greatly in value. Part of it was picked out as the site of the proposed New City Hall. The Chronicle made a stiff fight against disturbing the city's dead, but it was an ineffectual fight. The removals began in 1867 and went on for more than two years. Once more the unfortunate remains of Willis H. Cadwell, Mortimer Collins' old chum, were dug up.

"Where did the remains of Willis H. Cadwell find sepulchre? Mr. Collins tells us that they were removed to Lone Mountain, 'and there,' he wrote, 'they probably rest among the unknown dead.' It is possible that they do rest on Lone Mountain—if there is any part of them that has not crumbled to dust—waiting to be moved a third time, provided the land speculators have their profane way with Lone Mountain. But there is another, and I think, a stronger possibility. This is that they never found honorable interment on Lone Mountain at all.

"I have heard it stated by a man who says that as a boy he saw with his own eyes what he relates, that the greater part of Yerba Buena Cemetery was dug up and removed by the famous paddy of old 'Steam Paddy' Hewes. It seems that the work of removing the bodies one by one proceeded too slowly. So Hewes went to work with his steam paddy. The man I speak of tells of seeing broken coffins and bodies being hoisted by the paddy into dump carts and of seeing those dump carts carry bodies and coffins down to the marsh that was an arm of Mission Bay. That marsh extended as far north as Mission and Harris streets. What used to be Harris street is now Seventh, so the coffin and the remains of Willis H. Cadwell may have helped to fill in the marshy land where the Post Office now stands."

Poor Willis H. Cadwell! As Mr. Cashman gave me this bit of history I could not help thinking of Hamlet's words to Horatio:

"To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?"

"Imperial Caesar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

In the case of Willis H. Cadwell, however, there is more than an imaginative basis for believing that his disturbed body returned to base uses!

"Following the removal of the bodies from Yerba Buena Cemetery," continued Mr. Cashman, "part of the site was set aside for the New City Hall and the rest, including the Market street frontage, was advertised for sale at public auction. Once more the Chronicle fought, but again without success. The influences which advocated the sale of the land had their way. The sale was made under the authority of the Board of City Hall Commissioners which consisted of H. P. Canavan, Joseph G. Eastland,

Charles E. McLane and Robert George, secretary. The auction was conducted by John Middleton and Sons, auctioneers, at Platts Hall on Monday, August 14, 1871. I can give you the price paid for every parcel of that land, but perhaps it is sufficient to state that a lot on Market street opposite Seventh, 25 by 100 feet, brought \$10,750, or about \$400 a front foot. In other words, the average price was less than one-tenth of its present value, for the city has repurchased a good deal of it for Civic Center purposes and has paid more than \$4,000 a front foot for it. As I remarked in connection with the repurchase of the old North Beach cemetery land, history has strangely repeated itself in this matter.

"After the Yerba Buena land had been sold there was a scandal. It was charged that the money never found its way into the city treasury, or that, if it did, it bounced out again in some unaccountable manner. The story of that graft may be read in the files of the Chronicle which was full of it at the time.

"One other bit of San Francisco history may be recalled in connection with the removal of bodies from Yerba Buena Cemetery. That removal was followed by an epidemic of small pox which caused 940 deaths during 1867 and 1868. There was also a great deal of diphtheria. Nor was this a mere coincidence. There is the best of medical authority for the statement that the exhumation of bodies breeds pestilence. In 1876 and 1877, when bodies were removed from a corner of Laurel Hill Cemetery so that California street might be opened up west of Lyon, there was another epidemic of small-pox and a frightful epidemic of diphtheria. In 1890 and 1891 when the Jewish Cemetery was removed from the Mission, there was a third epidemic of small-pox.

"Getting back to Yerba Buena Cemetery. All the 940 small-pox victims who died during the exhumation of the bodies in that burying ground, were buried on Lone Mountain. They were buried eight feet deep instead of six feet, but that was before the day of quick lime treatment of small-pox bodies, and they are still centres of infection. How do I know? Well, the caretaker of Masonic Cemetery is now in the pest house, stricken with small-pox through superintending the opening of graves.

"Shall we have the steam shovel treatment of dead bodies again, as in the days of the Hewes paddy operating at Yerba Buena Cemetery? Shall we have another epidemic? Shall we have another scandal over the cemetery lands? Or shall we park the cemeteries?"

When one thinks of the innumerable Willis H. Cadwells who lie on Lone Mountain, it seems to me that, eliminating all other reasons, there can be but one answer to Mr. Cashman's questions.

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The San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange

German "Barbarism"

The Answer Made by the Winner of the 1912 Nobel Prize for Literature to the French Literary Men Who Challenged Him to Defend the Course of His Country in the Present War

By Gerhart Hauptmann

We are an eminently peaceable nation. The shallow Parisian feuilletonist Bergson may call us barbarians as much as he pleases. The great poet and deluded gallomacae Maeterlinck may impose upon us similar nice titles after having called us the "conscience of Europe.". The world knows that we are an old civilized nation.

Nowhere is the idea of cosmopolitanism rooted deeper than with us. Look at our literature of translations and name me a nation which is trying just as hard as we to render justice to the spirit and the originality of other nations so as to thoroughly understand their soul. Did not Maeterlinck win most of his glory and his money with us? For a parlor philosopher like Bergson, of course, there is no room in the country of Kant and Schopenhauer.

I say it frankly. We have and we had no hatred against France; we have idolized the plastic art, sculpture, pictorial art and the literature of that country. For the worldwide recognition of Rodin the way was paved in Germany. We admire Anatole France. Maupassant, Flaubert and Balzac are read in Germany like German authors. We feel a deep affection for the national life of southern France. Enthusiastic admirers of Mistral can be found even in small German cities, among the poorer population.

It is to be greatly regretted that Germany and France could not be political friends. They should have been, since they are the administrators of the continental productions of the mind and since they are the two great thoroughly cultured European master nations. Fate, however, wanted it different. In the year 1870 the German tribes through fighting obtained for themselves the German unity and the German Empire. These achievements guaranteed to our nation an epoch of peace for more than forty years, a time of budding, of growing, of strengthening, of thriving, of fruit bearing unparalleled.

And it is a mistake to suppose that our nation, during these forty years and more, remained stagnant, unimproved, unenriched, and without elasticity created the great achievements of our century, of our science, and of our transportation systems. I do not believe that an American Englishman, Frenchman, Italian, German, or Belgian, believed himself among barbarians while visiting German libraries, German ships, German forests, German ships, German concerts, German theatres, Bayreuth, German libraries or German museums. We have traveled in other countries and we have always returned as stronger.

Of course our geographical situation, with

threatening Powers in the east and west, compelled us to look out for the safety of our house. For this reason, and for this reason only, our army and our navy were organized. Into this organization the current of German industry, efficiency and inventive power was directed to a great extent. At the present time we know better than we have ever known before that this measure was a very necessary one.

But Kaiser Wilhelm, supreme Kriegsherr of the Empire, did love the peace from the very bottom of his soul and did keep the peace. Our well trained army was established for no other purpose than for defense. We wanted to be prepared against threatening assaults. I repeat, the German nation, the German princes, Kaiser Wilhelm, all of them, had no other thought in maintaining the army and navy than to safeguard the beehive of the empire, the industrious, rich activity of peace.

Without being boastful, simply expressing my deepest conviction, I say that it always has been a favorite idea of the Kaiser, to which he clung with heartfelt enthusiasm, to keep to the end the blessed epoch of his administration one of absolute peace. It is not his, nor our, fault that it turned out different.

The war in which we are engaged and which was forced upon us is a war of defense. Whoever would dispute this fact would have to do so against his better knowledge. Look at the enemy on the eastern, on the northern, on the western frontier. Our blood fraternity with Austria means for both countries nothing less than self-preservation. That the sword was forced into our hand can be plainly seen from the despatches exchanged between the Emperor and the Czar and the King of England by everybody who cares for an understanding and not for a delusion. Of course now we have taken up the sword and now we are going to lay it down and bid God and men we have proved our holy fight.

Who was it that did conspire to bring about this war? Who even whistled for the Mongolian for the Jap, that he should come to viciously and cowardly bite at Europe's heel? Doubtless our enemies, who, surrounded by hordes of Cossacks, claim to fight for European civilization.

It is with great pain and bitterness that I pronounce the word "England." I belong to those barbarians upon whom the English University of Oxford bestowed the degree of doctor honoris causa. I have friends in England who with one foot are standing on the intellectual soil of Germany. Haldane, former English Minister of War, and with him numerous Englishmen undertook regular pilgrimages to the small barbarian city of Weimar, where the barbarians Goethe, Schiller, Herder, Wieland and others have exerted themselves for the humanity of the whole world.

We have a German poet whose dramas have become national property as the dramas of no other German poet. His name is William Shakespeare, the same Shakespeare who is England's prince of poets. The mother of our Emperor is an English woman, the wife of the king of England a German. And yet this congenial and congenial nation has sent the declaration of war into our house. Why? Heaven only may know.

But this much is certain—the songwriting

world-concert now raging on the European continent has an English diplomat as impresario and conductor. The question is whether the finale of this horrible music still will see the same conductor. "My cousin, thou didst not mean well, neither with thyself nor with us, when thy tools threw murder and arson into our huts." While I am writing these words the day of the solar eclipse has passed. The German army has defeated between Metz and the Vosges eight French army corps and driven them into flight. Every German in his native country feels it had to come this way. Our jealous enemies forged an iron ring around our breast and we knew our breast had to expand, that it had to split asunder this ring, or else we had to cease breathing. But Germany will not cease to breathe, and so it came to pass that the iron ring was forced apart.

We rather want to and will keep on being German barbarians, who consider the women and children of our enemies sacred. I am in a position to assure Mr. Maeterlinck that we will never stoop so low as to torture and slaughter, like cowards, Belgian girls, women or children. As said before, on frontiers our offspring is standing, the Socialist elbow to elbow with the bourgeois, the peasant shoulder to shoulder with the scientist, the prince and the laborer side by side, all fighting for German liberty, German home life, German art, German science, German progress, fighting in full and clear consciousness for a noble and rich national treasure, for all we call our own, for our material and spiritual possessions which are furthering the general progress and ascent of humanity.




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Perspective Impressions

It seems too bad that we have to take brawlers like Carranza and Villa seriously.

It makes one sad to suspect that Dr. Aked's lightest thought rouses the infernal regions to bursts of inextinguishable laughter.

Mr. Heney affirms in his platform that he is in favor of good legislation and opposed to bad legislation. In other words, Mr. Heney is like God; he loves goodness and abhors evil. But how does he stand on prohibition?

The Bulletin says we have kept the peace with England for a hundred years because we trusted each other sufficiently to leave the Canadian border unfortified. So that was the reason we didn't fight when Cleveland sent his Venezuela message across the pond! The Bulletin has a lot of inside information to sell for a cent.

While saving up to buy a bale of cotton it might be well at the same time to eat a bale of hay.

Has Mayor Rolph, the business man, thought of finding out why the Geary street road is losing money?

The Chronicle's "Christmas Ship" project commends itself to everybody. There is no better way of preaching peace than to stir the sympathies of the world for the little apostles sent forth by God to reflect His love.

"The carnage in Europe," says the Rev. Josiah Sibley of Calvary Church, "is the direct outcome of lack of Christianity." Will the reverend gentleman specify which European country now engaged in war is less Christian than, let us say, the United States?

In these piping times of war it would be hazardous to let our ornamental Secretary of State run loose with his mouth open. So the President has hobbled him and put the lid on.

"Norman Angell," says the Bulletin, "has shown beyond reasonable doubt that the material interests of a nation cannot prosper in war." Norman is probably the man who proved beyond a doubt that rolling up hill isn't the usual tendency of a prostrate body.

"The strength and beauty of the radical's position," says the Rev. Caleb Dutton of the First Unitarian Church, "is that he already to a large extent, lives in that sort of world which he desires, for his faith has transformed the world in which he lives." In other words, the radical's life is strong and beautiful because it is passed in make-believe. Let us all be Alices and dream of Wonderland!

Who's Who Hereabouts

XXX—JOHN DOE

For twenty years he has been on the payroll of the State. During all those years he has occupied one position, and though it is not a civil service position he has never been in danger of removal. He entered the service of the State during the Administration of Governor "Jim" Budd. He held on under Gage. He was at his post all through Pardee's term, but Pardee never knew of his existence; never knew, in fact, that the job existed. Gillett reappointed him, and at the end of the term he became a Progressive in time to get in on the ground floor of the Johnson Administration.

The gentleman of whom I write is one of the most romantic characters in California politics. His name according to the payroll is John Doe, but of course that isn't his real name. What his real name is nobody knows but himself, and he won't tell. He thinks it sufficient that he should be known as The Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock; for, as he says, he's the only man that winds it, and therefore the designation is conclusive. Now John Doe (as I shall call him for the sake of brevity) is not unknown to the readers of Town Talk. Frequently he has been interviewed in these columns on current politics, a subject in which he is well versed, and about which he is always ready to talk. But perhaps owing to his humble position his opinions have not always received due appreciation. A little intimate knowledge of the man and of his career may serve to heighten public respect for his observations and judgments. Be it known then that John Doe has played an important part in the politics of his country. He has mingled with the great among statesmen, not only of this country but of Europe, for he served some years in the diplomatic service in Vienna and Berlin. He has had much experience both of men and women. In his time he has loved many women, and even now, though advanced in years, and not averse to the austerities that have become second nature to him, he has a warm spot in his heart for the sex in its variety. "Women," he says, "give life whatever value it has, and the

world which is merely a kingdom of animals, would be quite unbearable without them."

In his time John Doe committed many amazing follies with women as his accomplices, and as a consequence he suffered much remorse, but now with the years thick upon him, and life's shadows meeting eternity's day, he has become an amiable philosopher, but supremely happy in his occupation. "Taking care of the ferry clock," he says, "gives me a bland and care-dispelling feeling. It is the companion of my lonely hours. I feel that I am part of its works, and that therefore I am assisting in giving the man in the street a sense of the value and irrecoverable nature of the time that is speeding and a consciousness of the frail hold that he has on what remains of it." It is refreshing to hear the old man philosophize. It is instructive too, for his is a comfortable old age that has brought no infirmities; only sharpened his intellect and broadened his judgment. "Age," he said to me one day, "has lessened the enjoyments of life, but it has also cooled the passions, and now there is only one sin that I can commit—the sin of letting the clock run down. You see, I have but one moral function to perform—that of reminding the commuter that he is approaching the dread hour."

The clock winder is a crank on this subject. He is so earnest about it that he would have the words that were formerly on the tower of old St. Mary's Cathedral flashed in letters of crimson light from the ferry tower. The words were: "My son, observe the hour and fly from evil." He says that when he was in Venice in the days of his youth he saw a sun-dial with this motto: "Horas non numero nisi serenas," and that it made a deep impression on him, inclining him more and more to voluptuous pastimes, to blowing the bubbles of fashion and pleasure. "If," he said, "I had reflected in the hours that were serene I might have done some good in the world at an earlier stage of my existence."

But let it not be supposed that John Doe is a man of vain regrets, or that he spent his younger

days to no advantage. He gained experience and disillusionment and disenchantment, all of which are of great value. Today if he is a little languid, he is not oppressed by the cares of the world, and if he has no ideals or altruistic emotions, neither has he any prejudices or hatreds. He understands that the supreme good is good humor coupled with tranquillity and charity towards all men. He smiles at our preachers, but is never moved by their heavy moral artillery or handsome political invective. "I have learned to dispense with everything," he says, "even with anger." He speaks kindly of preachers even when they are most absurd in their idealism. "They are a little under-cultured," he says, "but we should be patient with them, for perhaps they are sincere. Their principal defect is narrowness of vision. Hence they solve everything with remarkable simplicity. To reach a solution they leave out everything that is perplexing. You can argue the possibility of any ideal by expurgating human nature. Take for instance this fashionable preacher who solves the problem of war. His philosophy is founded on omissions. He looks forward to the brotherhood of man which is to be reached by the Socialist route. Now the brotherhood of man means the practice of all the things dictated by Christ in the Sermon on the Mount, and Christ required that we first believe in the Fatherhood of God, which is something the average smart Socialist doesn't believe in at all. The average Socialist prides himself on being too smart to believe in God."

It is thus that the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock rambles on; that is, if you know him well. With strangers he doesn't let himself go easily. He likes to listen, especially to politicians. All the leading politicians of the country have sat with him by the hour, high up in his den in the ferry tower. Governor Johnson always calls on him regularly once a month. He likes the Governor, but of course he doesn't take the Administration seriously. He has high praise for

(Continued on Page 18.)

A Symposium of War Poets

SONG OF THE SOLDIERS

By Thomas Hardy

What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing gray,
To hazards whence no tears can win us;
What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away?

Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
Friend with the musing eye
Who watch us stepping by,
With doubt and dolorous sigh?
Can much pondering so hoodwink you!
Is it a purblind prank, O think you!
Friend with the musing eye?

Nay. We see well what we are doing,
Though some may not see—
Dalliers as they be!—
England's needs are we;
Her distress would set us rueing:
Nay. We see well what we are doing,
Though some may not see!

In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just,
And that braggarts must
Surely bite the dust,
March we to the field ungrieving,
In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just.

Hence the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing gray,
To hazards whence no tears can win us;
Hence the faith and fire within us
Men who march away.

AUGUST, 1914

By Charitessi

Use me, England,
in thine hour of need;
Let thy ruling
rule me now in deed.

Sons and brothers
take her armoury:
All love's jewels
crushed, thy warpath be.

Thou hast given
joyous life and free,
And life's dearest
treasure, love for thee.

Give then, England,
if my life thou need,
Gifts still fairer,
Death, thy life to feed.

THE HARVESTERS

(France, 1914)

By Edith M. Thomas

Look! the harvest stands unreaped
In the silent golden field!
Where is he who should be there,
Wont the sickle keen to wield?
Look! the vineyard clusters darken,
Who is there to store its yield?
Yester eve, at angelus—
Ah, how many with us kneeled!

Hush! the reaper—he is reaped,
He is brother to the clod;
Not like sheaves can he be raised.
And the vintager—my God!
Is become the vintage heaped,
Only waiting to be trod,
When the rich wine of his life
Shall be drunken by the sod!

Woman, you your land must serve;
Breast the silent golden corn;
Do not stay for words or tears
Till the teeming field be shorn,
Till the clusters dark with wine
To the presses shall be borne.
Him, the valiant, whom you loved,
Proudly shall our cross adorn.

Hush! the reaper—he is reaped!
On the breast that breathes no more
What avails your honor cross?
What avails the harvest store,
When the land is stripped of men?
Hearts shall thirst and hunger sore.
Aye, no blood of grapes shall hearten
When the wine of life ye pour!

* * * * *

Women, now the corn is ground
And the wine is in the cave,
Sow the fields and prune the vines;
When next summer's harvests wave,
Praise be yours, and yours alone,
For the bounty that ye gave.
Go, be mothers to the soil
That is orphaned of the brave.

Hush! the reaper—he is reaped!
Ask that we the soil prepare
And the red wine seal away!
Grief all fields for us shall bear,
Grief the cup that we must drink.
And the children of our care
Shall be starved for father love—
Aye, the years of famine fare!

NOCTURNE

By John Drinkwater

O royal night, under your stars that keep
Their golden troops in charted motion set,
The living legions are renewed in sleep
For bloodier battle yet.

O royal death, under your boundless sky
Where unrecorded constellations throng,
Dispassionate those other legions lie,
Invulnerably strong.

THE CARNIVAL

By Clinton Scollard

Oh, the autumn tide is the carnival tide,
And what shall the carnival wear?
Shall it be the blue of the haze hung skies
That is blent with gold and with topaz dyes?
Shall it be the pied soft green that lies
On the meadow slope and the mountain side,
Shimmering far and fair?

Nay, none of these for the carnival tide,
For red is the carnival wear!
And never a redder carnival shone
Than now where the San and the Aisne flow on
In the red of the eve, in the red of the dawn,
And the war fires rule and the thunders ride
Under the autumn air!

Of what avail is this carnival tide,
This blood red carnival wear,
These carnival lines that rock and reel
And eddy and sally and meet and wheel
And break like a surge on a shore of steel?
Aye, what, when the doom-led men have died,
Does the King of the carnival care?

INTO THE BATTLE

By Grantland Rice

In the battle the Trooper speeds
As the bugles call and the drums respond;
Into the fight as the captain leads
Where the low line waits on the hills beyond;
Waits for the signal—then the crack
Of blue steel rimmed with a crest of flame,
And few ride back on the homeward track
Where many rode when the order came.

Into the battle the Trooper speeds,
Into the line where the rifle rings,
But little the Trooper hears or heeds
The song of hate which the shrapnel sings—
The roar of battle—the curse—the shout—
The crash and clamor of friend and foe—
The riderless horse that wheels about
And gallops past to the plains below.

For out from the smoke wreath, far away,
He hears the patter of little feet;
The dim, far call of a child at play
With babyhood laughter, low and sweet;
The murmur of voices, dream-swept far
From the little path to the cottage gate,
Where eagerly under the evening star
Mother and child in the twilight wait.

Into the battle the Trooper speeds—
But somewhere out from the Far-off Lands
An echo drifts where a soft voice pleads
And the tender pressure of little hands;
A mother's lullaby from the night
And a call to the Great White God in prayer
That one will come from the far-off fight
To those who wait in the darkness there.

CAN IT BE?

By Clinton Scollard

Down my mind's corridors
Go murmuring the memories of old wars;
By day and night they haunt me, anguished cries
From fields whence only the lark's song should
rise,
Or the blithe reaper's shout amidst the grain.
And now there comes a grimmer, greater pain
Voicing its suffering. Oh, God, what gain
In all this woe of nations? Can it be
Through the dark valley that mankind shall win
From lust of power and jealousy and sin
To heights of peace and perfect amity?

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Sidelights On The War

By Robert McTavish

If Italy Should Take a Hand

Speaking of Italy, the Examiner says, "It is hard for us enjoying the blessings of peace and reading daily of the horrors of war, to comprehend that a people thus far protected from any participation in the conflict should riotously demand to be led to battle, bloodshed and death." Is it not still harder to understand how in the face of this circumstance our flapdoodle peace propagandists should continue yawping about the intrigues of kings, capitalists and makers of arms to precipitate nations into war? This war was made by the peoples of Europe, not by kings or autocrats. Nearly all the great wars of modern times were in the last analysis made by public sentiment. Our war with Spain was no exception. If men didn't like to fight there would be no such thing as war. The Examiner hopes that Italy will keep out of the war. I hope Italy will join the allies and put an end to the war. Why leave the issues to the unhappy peoples now engaged? The longer they fight the greater will be the slaughter, the more prolonged will human suffering be. It is Italy's privilege to play the part of peacemaker by entering the conflict and thus hastening the end.

Comments in Paris

Says the Paris Figaro of the Germans: "Wherever their soldiers pass monuments which in all previous wars have been respected are destroyed. Nothing stops them. They destroy systematically edifices which are the object of universal admiration and which have been made the treasure houses of the entire world. To annihilate the museums and town halls of the Middle Ages and churches which have been witnesses to the joys, sorrows and hopes of humanity—such is their bravery and their vengeance." Maurice Barres in the Echo de Paris describes a visit to the chateau of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld at Montmirail where Cardinal de Retz was born. "The German headquarters had been established in the chateau," he says. "German officers were drinking champagne in the evening when a French bomb fell in the next room. The officers hurried to their automobiles and fled."

Russian Poles in Revolt

Nowhere has the war created such profound sensations as in Russian Poland. The people revolted against Russia at the outbreak of the war, and the Russian officials fled the country. A great wave of enthusiasm spread over the country, for the people were inspired with the hope of liberty, and they enlisted in the army of Austria-Hungary by thousands. In order to appreciate the state of mind of the Russian Poles it should be remembered that a dreadful fate befell the people of that country when it was absorbed in 1795. If history wanted to give a lesson to nations which use their liberty and independence to promote party strife and to satisfy the selfish interest of privileged classes the fate of the Russian Poles would be a warning example forever. Whatever means human brains could devise for the breaking up of a nation the Russian Government applied. The story of persecutions, executions and deportations in Poland would furnish material for many volumes. Russian tyranny endeavored to make of a country of 15,000,000 civilized people a nation of semi-barbarism. The government tore children away from their parents and husbands from their wives, banishing them to Siberia, where they underwent every degree of torture.

London to Be Destroyed

A. C. Kraenzlein, coach of the German Olympic team, believes that Germany will despatch an aeroplane fleet to London to shatter the city by means of a secret explosive. "I believe that ultimately we will lose in this greatest of wars," declared Mr. Kraenzlein, "for the simple reason that the odds of all kinds are too great against us. But before Germany goes down to final defeat I believe she will have wrought such havoc that it will take the world a century to recover from it. If the time ever comes when Germany realizes that her land and sea forces are utterly defeated I fully expect to awaken some morning to learn that London has been almost blotted from the map. I know that it is Germany's intention to strike two terrible blows, one at Paris and one at London. I believe a fleet of Zeppelins could sail to London in a night and create such havoc as would rock the world. Germany is especially equipped for such warfare, for she holds the secret of the most powerful explosive in the world, halamite, which has been referred to in despatches recently as a new and wonderful explosive. The chief property of this is that its explosive force extends in all directions, instead of merely downward or upward, as is the case with most other known explosives."

Damage Exaggerated

From private correspondence I learn that the Rheims Cathedral was not damaged beyond repair. The outer roof is gone, but the inner vaulting of stone below the rafters is intact. The walls of the towers were discolored by the flames, and in the surface of the stone are many cracks, but the towers can be restored. A great deal of damage was done to the interior, but the high altar remains. The splendid tapestries and other treasures were removed before the Germans reached Rheims. It appears that there has been much exaggeration respecting the damage done in Belgium. All the art works and monumental buildings in Louvain and Liege were saved except the contents of the Louvain library. The Hotel de Ville was not damaged at all. Of the Louvain churches, a part of the roof of St. Peter's was destroyed and there are small holes in the vaulted ceilings of St. Michael's and St. Jacob's. The Church of St. Gertrude and the chapel of St. Hubert are wholly intact.

Although the facade of the university was damaged it will be possible to restore it. The buildings about the Hotel de Ville and St. Peter's were dynamited by order of the commandant to prevent the fire from reaching the Hotel de Ville. All told about a sixth of the city was destroyed, including eleven buildings on the Rue de la Station and about the Place du Peuple.

German officers saved the paintings in St. Peter's Church while the roof of that building was burning. The paintings saved include Dierick Bout's "Last Supper" and the same artist's "Martyrdom of St. Erasmus." Neither was damaged. The art treasures of Liege are intact. One window of the Church of St. Paul was slightly damaged. The Collegiate Church was not damaged and its four relic shrines, the clergy of the church say, have been taken to Antwerp. The contents of the Museum were taken to places of safety.

The Greatest Battle of History

"Whether," says a military expert, "historians hereafter decide that the battle of the Marne or the battle of the Aisne was the decisive engagement of the present phase of the European

war, the turning point in the fortunes of the great German offensive, there can be no question but that they will regard the battle of the Aisne as a far greater military operation, a contest hitherto unequalled in extent of territory affected, numbers engaged, duration of fighting and probably in magnitude of casualty lists."

The Fierce Turcos

J. L. Cameron of the Pennsylvania National Guard, now a British soldier, was wounded at the battle of Mons, and he has written from a hospital in Antwerp to a friend in this country a vivid description of the battle in the course of which he says of the Turcos: "They are the greatest close range fighters in the world." I have seen Sikhs and Gurkhas work, but the Turcos have them beaten to a standstill when it comes to stabbing work. They would storm the gates of hell at the command of their officers and nothing that I have ever seen could stop them."

A German Ruse

According to the New York Sun "definite first-hand news" has been received by that paper, that detachments of German soldiers have been using French uniforms for blinds, and under cover of these on at least one occasion managed to saunter close to a British detachment. Then, when the suspicions of the British officers had been stilled, the order to fire was given. On the occasion referred to the British managed to beat them back, and for five hours the battle was fought, with a handful of British troops holding back a force of 2,500 Germans. The news comes in a letter written to an English resident of New York by a British officer who was in charge of the machine guns in that fight. The officer, who escaped in that encounter with a slight bullet wound on the wrist, has since been killed.

The Letter

This is the letter: "We had our first real scrap with the Germans on the night of the 25th of August, and we simply smothered them. We were billeted at a town (Handecies) and had a small advance post at the top end of it. About 7:30 p. m., when it was just dark, we heard a big column coming along the road and thought they were some of our side, as they had no scouts out or any protection. When they got to about eighty yards from us we ordered them to halt, which some of them did, but the first twenty or so came wandering on and we could see they were dressed in French uniforms. They came on and chatted with us and said 'Vive l'Angleterre,' and all that sort of thing, and then suddenly gave the order to charge. Luckily we were ready for them and Charles Morrock's company and my machine guns were all we had up there. We opened fire and drove them back, although they got one of the machine guns. Well, that started it. The extent of our front was between two houses, and we held it for five hours against 2,500 Germans. The men behaved like absolute heroes, and it is estimated that we killed about 1,200 of the enemy. The Germans brought up a big gun and started firing point blank at us down the road from 250 yards away, but the machine guns knocked them out after ten minutes. We lost poor Windsor Clive, and believe Hawarden. Dick Rowley was shot slightly in the foot, and Rupert Keppel seriously but not dangerously. I did not get touched except for a graze on the wrist, and it was the most thrilling time I have ever had."

Poems About San Francisco

CLXV—MISSION DOLORES CHURCHYARD

By Mabel Porter Pitts

(Bret Harte and Charles Warren Stoddard have sung of the little cemetery that nestles beside Mission Dolores. The following by a later singer is not unworthy to be named after their efforts. It is taken from Mabel Porter Pitts' volume "In the Shadow of the Crag.")

What do they dream of down in their beds
Lowly and still,
With the echoless sound of the languorous rill
Tinkling in cadences liquid and soft
Through the night at their feet and the night at their heads?
Deep in the dusk of this silent spot
What is remembered and what forgot?

What do they hold of hope and regret,
Laughter and pain—
Is there naught to disturb but the drip of the rain
Stealing to cheeks that lie pallid and chill?
What of memory clings where the soul would forget?
Silent the lips where a song was heard,
Silence where once spoke a deathless word.

This one who lies here, think you he knows
Day is above?
From the cypress near by come the notes of a dove
Telling his passion full-plaintive and sweet;
Kind were the song if the poor clay glows
Thrilling again to a love once known
Ere the dark moss o'er the heart had grown.

Linger awhile and fellowship keep
Him who is lone;
Here no trace of a flower or the mark of a stone
Ventures dispute with the tangle of briars
That speak hoarse in the wind of the one that lies deep,
Wrapt in the dusk of this tranquil spot
Haply forgetting, and long forgot.

The Spectator

The Disappearance of Bierce

Where is Ambrose Bierce? Is he living or dead? If he is dead, did he die a natural death, or was he killed in war, or murdered by bandits? These are the questions which the friends of the dean of American letters are asking, which they have been asking for a long time. There is not a soul in the United States who can answer these questions, and thus far no answer has come from anywhere else. Efforts to locate Ambrose Bierce have been made by the War Department, by the Department of State, by consuls and consular agents on two continents, by officers of the navy, by press associations, by publishers and authors. These efforts have been quite fruitless. Bierce has not been heard of for nine months. The search for the missing author was started at the instance of one of his most intimate friends, John S. Dunnigan, Clerk to the Board of Supervisors of this city. It is still going on, and will be prosecuted until Bierce is found or conclusive proof of his death has been unearthed. Dunnigan himself fears that Bierce is no longer among the living.

Vanished in Mexico

To give the full history of the strange disappearance of Bierce it is necessary to go back to his seventy-first birthday which he celebrated with friends in Washington last October. Shortly afterwards he left Washington to make a tour of the southern battlefields where he had seen service as an engineer on the staff of the Confederate General Hazen. In 1913 was commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of Chickamauga and other great battles in which Major Bierce had taken part, and it was that fact which prompted him to make the tour. He did not intend to return to his home in Washington. In his characteristic fashion he told friends that "the damned country was not fit to live in, with prohibition and women voting." He also stated that he "wanted to see a scrap" before he died. His announced plan was to cross the border into Mexico, to make his way to the west coast, sail thence to the west coast of South America, cross the Andes to the east coast of South America, and then return home. Armed with credentials

from Washington which accredited him to the forces of General "Pancho" Villa and empowered him to pass through Constitutional territory, Bierce crossed the border at Juarez about the end of November or the beginning of December. It was his intention to spend some time with Villa's cavalry as an observer. The last letter received from him reached the United States around the December holidays. It had been written at Chihuahua and was delayed in transmission. Since that time there has been no word of Bierce. He vanished as completely as though the earth had swallowed him up.

His Last Letter

In that last letter from Chihuahua Bierce stated that he was in the saddle and on the move. "If you don't hear from me for some time, don't be alarmed," is the substance of one sentence this letter contained. So there was no alarm felt for some little time. But when a month, two months, three months passed and there came no word from him, his friends became very greatly alarmed. They knew it was not like him to remain silent so long. Bierce was never a great letter writer, but there are half a dozen people in this country who were always receiving a letter or a postcard from him. In his correspondence with these he was very punctilious. Bierce's wife and two sons are dead, but he has a married daughter living in Illinois. His strange silence worried her terribly. It also worried "Jack" Dunnigan of this city. At their instance a thorough-going search was started. The War Department asked General Villa to locate him. Villa and his agents have so far been unsuccessful in tracing him from Chihuahua. All that has been learned from this source is that there is no record of his having joined the Mexican forces as a combatant or of his taking active part in any of the fighting. The State Department sent a query about him to all the American consuls and consular agents in Mexico and along the west coast of South America. It also wired directions for a thorough search to its representatives in the City of Mexico. From these sources no information of any sort has been received thus far. Members of the Army and Navy Club of Washington, officers of the army along the

border, press associations with correspondents and agents in Mexico, publishers and authors with friends there have given what assistance they could. But all without avail. The search has been conducted for quite a while now, and it will not be given up. If Bierce is not located soon, his friends will send somebody through Mexico to make a systematic hunt for him. They are determined to spare no expense, and they will not cease until their quest bears fruit.

Is He Alive?

Those who know Bierce best say that he would never stay in Mexico once he received news of the great war in Europe. It was to see fighting that he went to Mexico, but his friends declare that he would never waste his time on the Mexican revolution while the most tremendous conflict of history waged in another theatre of war. Bierce always delighted in the scientific study of war. Tactics was the hobby he had cultivated assiduously ever since his own fighting days. They feel sure that if he were alive he would hasten home to study the war with his cronies of the War Department in Washington. He has not done so, and that is one reason why they fear that he is no longer alive. Did he join the forces of Villa and die in battle? Did he meet death at the hands of Mexican bandits? They are asking the latter question because it was Bierce's habit to carry a very large sum of money on his person whenever he traveled. Or did the privations and hardships of the Mexican trip prove too much for him? For several years Bierce has suffered greatly from asthma. His friends fear that he may have caught cold, or that he may have taken sick in some other way, and his asthmatic constitution may have failed to rally. Or again, a happier thought, he may be incommunicado somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Mexico.

A Strong Man

Despite his asthma Bierce was always a very strong man. When he was sixty-five years of age he was held up on the streets of Washington at two in the morning by a burly negro footpad about twenty-two years old. Bierce resisted,

giving battle with the heavy cane he always carried. He received a terrific beating which sent him to the hospital for three weeks, but just the same he fought the footpad until he subdued him and then put him in charge of the police. His only regret, he said, was he hadn't a gun so that he could kill him. That is a story which is told in the Washington clubs to this day. But Bierce was in his seventy-second year when he entered Mexico. There seems to be no doubt that he over-estimated his powers of endurance, or else under-estimated the hardships he would have to face. Perhaps they proved too much for him. Some time may pass before we know. It is indeed a strange case, this disappearance of the most commanding figure in American literature today. One thinks in connection with it, of another philosopher who strangely disappeared, never to be heard of again—the Greek Empedocles who ascended Mount Aetna, never to come down again. One thinks also of another poet—poor John Davidson who vanished from the sight of men, leaving no clue to help the search that ended only when his lifeless body was washed ashore on an English beach.

Creel Lambastes Hiram

George Creel, the husband of Blanche Bates and a magazine writer whose pen is ever ready in championship of the Progressive clique headed by Gifford Pinchot, William Kent, Frank Heney and Norman Hapgood, has an article in the current issue of Everybody's entitled "What About Hiram Johnson?" Creel answers his question in a fashion to show that there is nothing good about Hiram and a great deal that is exceedingly bad. It is the most savage excoriation Johnson has ever received outside his own State. After reviewing the various measures of uplift that have been added to the laws of California during the last few years Creel sets out to prove that it is impossible "to square Governor Johnson's claim of entire credit for all achievement with the facts of political history." He begins by telling that Johnson held aloof from the Graft Prosecution until there was a chance to get a fee of ten thousand dollars; that he sprang into the limelight when Heney was shot; and that he reluctantly became a candidate for Governor. "He didn't think there was any chance to win," writes Creel; "there was more money in the law, he wasn't interested in politics, etc., etc., and even when he did enter the race, it was with an effect of peevish martyrdom." In that first campaign he was "never at any time a Peter the Hermit or an Ossawatimie Brown, but always the full-paunched lawyer with the fishy eye of calculation!" His course when the Legislature began passing all sorts of uplift bills is thus described: "That which was inevitable received his leonine approval, and that which was debatable found him afflicted with lockjaw. As a con-

sequence, he was not embarrassed by defeats nor yet debarred from taking full credit for victory—the oldest and safest political trick in the world."

His "Colossal Vanity"

"That he has so utterly failed to give proper public credit, extend appreciation, or withhold self-laudation, is an even harsher indictment against Hiram W. Johnson than his failure to cast his fortunes with the forward movement in the days when it seemed a forlorn hope," says Creel. "The deeper one goes into his public career, the closer he is approached, the clearer becomes this quality of absolute self-centeredness. Behind every action an indomitable selfishness is seen lying in cold coils. . . . His most obvious characteristic would seem to be a colossal vanity that feeds on grossest flatteries, and envies that consume him like a fever." Creel also speaks of Johnson's "cold-blooded opportunism and the arrogant autocracy that invincible conceit breeds so inevitably."

Creel's Inspiration

It is not difficult to guess where Creel gathered the data for this pen-portrait. The key to the puzzle is supplied when one remembers that Frank Heney and Hiram Johnson have come to hate each other with a deadly hatred. Creel makes no secret of this in his article. "Today, when Heney is making the fight of his life for the United States Senate," says Creel, "his chief obstacle is the antagonism of Hiram W. Johnson." Creel has probably heard, as Heney must have heard, that Johnson favors the candidacy of James D. Phelan. Creel points out that Rudolph Spreckels denounced Johnson as a traitor; that Johnson has stolen the credit belonging by right to Fremont Older, Heney, Kent, Doctor Pardee, U. S. Webb, John R. Haynes, Meyer Lissner and others. We have all known that there were a lot of Progressives sharpening their knives for the Governor; it is interesting to observe the manner in which they have used Creel to wreak their vengeance.

"Jack" Johnson in Court

That even the son of a Governor is expected to observe the amenities of court room etiquette was borne in upon Hiram Johnson Jr. during the trial of a case in Sacramento last Thursday. The incident took place in the court of Superior Judge Peter J. Shields, and has caused considerable comment among lawyers in this city. Young Johnson was examining a real estate expert.

"Are you going to get paid for this testimony?" asked Johnson.

"I don't know about getting paid, but I am going to put in a bill," replied the expert.

"Well, you ought to put in a bill for ten cents, as that's all it's worth," retorted Hiram Jr.

"That remark was both insulting and uncalled for on your part, Mr. Johnson," said Judge

Shields, "and I wish to reprimand you for it."

Following an argument over the admissibility of testimony, young Johnson declined to take his seat while the court was interpreting the law, but insisted on interrupting with remarks.

"You sit down and keep quiet," Judge Shields said. "Have you any court manners at all? I want this case conducted as a lawsuit, and not as a riot."

Charity and the Musicians' Union

The members of the Indoor Yacht Club who managed "Kiddies' Day" are telling how at the last moment their plans struck a snag which nearly wrecked the greatest entertainment for



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dependent youngsters ever given in the West. This snag was the Musicians' Union. When it became known that the yachtsmen needed music, the services of the Municipal Band, the Columbia Park Boys' Band and the Hebrew Orphan Asylum Band were immediately placed at their disposal. With these three bands, the Indoor Yacht Club Band and one band of hired union musicians, the yachtsmen decided that there would be plenty of music. But at the last moment it looked as though there would be no music at all. The band known as the Indoor Yacht Club Band is in reality the amateur band of an Oakland Parlor of the Native Sons. According to the rules of the powerful Musicians' Union, an amateur band can only take part in a public affair after it receives the gracious permission of the union. This permission the union was willing to extend to the Columbia Park Boys' Band and to the band of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum. But the Musicians' Union has had some sort of quarrel with the Native Sons' Band from Oakland, and the officers of the union, at the last moment, issued an edict that this band could not under any conditions take part in Kiddies' Day. The yachtsmen urged the charitable nature of the festivities, the expectation of the kiddies and so forth, but all to

no purpose. The edict had the official approval of a meeting of the officers of the union, and there was no recourse. Either the obnoxious band must stay away from the Stadium, or it must play alone; for if it played, the union would not allow the other bands to blow a note. It looked as though Kiddies' Day was to be spoiled by the Musicians' Union. At the last moment the Musicians' Union relented. On the stipulation being made that this offending band would never again ask for such a concession, the embargo was taken off.

Candidates on View

I could not help remarking the liberal sprinkling of candidates in the crowd at the Stadium on Kiddies' Day. The Indoor Yacht Club has come to be regarded as one of the most important political factors in San Francisco, a reputation it has earned on account of the loyalty of its members who go forth and work tooth and nail when one of their favorites happens to become a candidate for office. Among those I noted at the Stadium Sunday were James D. Phelan, candidate for United States Senator; Ed Aigeltinger, John C. Corbett and George James, candidates for the Board of Equalization; Gus Hartman and J. J. Crowley, candidates for State Senator; James G. Conlan, Abe Barnett and Tom Prendergast, candidates for Justice of the Peace; and the following candidates for Superior Judge: Shortall, Van Nostrand, Deasy, Crothers, Griffin, Hunt, Flood, Brennan and Fritz.

A Long Road to Tipperary

The most popular song in Europe today is "It's a Long Road to Tipperary." Heretofore the off-to-the-war song of the British army was "The Girl I Left Behind Me," but to a man the soldiers of the Expeditionary army on their way to France sang of Paddy and his Irish Molly O. They have been singing it in the trenches, and their French allies have been whistling it and humming it and in Paris it is sung with a French accent. It is a rollicking song in two-four time with a good march swing. These are the words:

Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day,
As the streets are paved with gold, sure everyone
was gay,
Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand and Leicester
Square,
Till Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them
there

(Chorus)

"It's a long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to
go.
It's a long way to Tipperary, to the sweetest girl
I know.

Good-bye Piccadilly, farewell Leicester Square.
It's a long way to Tipperary, but my heart's
right there. It's a' there."

Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O,
Saying, "Should you not receive it, write and
let me know.

If I make mistakes in spelling, Molly dear," said
he,

"Remember it's the pen that's bad, don't lay the
blame on me."

Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish Paddy O,
Saying, "Mike Maloney wants to marry me and
so,

Leave the Strand and Picadilly, or you'll be to
blame.

For love has fairly drove me silly—hoping you're
the same."

Wagg—I had to kill my dog this morning.

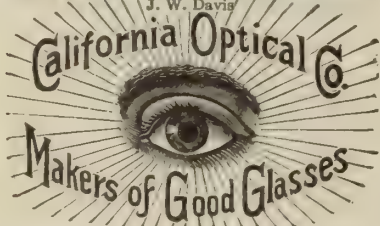
Wigg—Was he mad?

Wagg—Well, he didn't seem any too well
pleased.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Back from the War Zone

After weathering some exciting vicissitudes in Europe Mr. and Mrs. Garret McEnerney got home last week in good spirits and seemingly refreshed by the thrill of contact with peoples in the midst of war. The McEnerneys arrived in Europe just before the outbreak of hostilities, and they were in Berlin when the people of that city were in the midst of the excitement caused by the news of the Austrian ultimatum to Servia. During mobilization they were in Munich where there was marooned a small band of Americans eager to get out of the war zone. All were treated with great courtesy by the government officials, and Mr. McEnerney speaks in terms of high praise of the Germans everywhere in the war zone for their kindly attitude toward Americans. He says that Americans in Munich were especially fortunate by reason of the activity in their behalf of the American Consul-General, Mr. T. St. John Gaffney, who is held in the highest esteem by the Bavarian Government. It was through his influence and zeal that transportation facilities were speedily obtained for all Americans who wished to leave Munich. The McEnerneys went from Munich to Holland and thence to London where they have many friends, and where they spent several weeks. According to Mr. McEnerney each of the warring nations of Europe has warm sympathizers among Americans on the continent and in England. In Germany he met Americans who are intensely pro-German in their sentiments. He heard one gentleman discussing the war who was indignant that this country should permit Canada to send troops to England. He argued that it was clear from the extension of the principle of the Monroe Doctrine that the United States should interfere unless it were willing that in the event of the triumph of German arms Germany should be conceded the right to take possession of Canada. In England Mr. McEnerney was impressed by the calm determination to triumph at whatever cost. He heard in London that the volunteers were in excess of the commissioned officers to handle them.

Colonel Jackling's Apartments

One night during the month of February Theodore Marks, a well known architect of St. Louis, boarded the private car of Colonel Daniel C. Jackling. It was twelve-thirty when he met the copper magnate; it was three in the morning when they separated. They did not meet again until one day last week when Colonel Jackling, just before leaving for Alaska, took the private elevator to the twelfth floor of the St. Francis and inspected the apartment in the new wing which Marks had just finished preparing for his tenancy.

In that conversation of two hours and a half which the millionaire and the architect had in Colonel Jackling's private car, Theodore Marks learned for the first time that Jackling was to have an apartment in the St. Francis Hotel of this city; that he had chosen Marks as the proper man to design it for him; and that he wanted him to set to work at once. Marks also learned in a general way what sort of rooms would suit Jackling. For the rest, he was given carte blanche. Thereafter Jackling went about his business and his pleasure, never troubling his head as to what Marks was doing. And as I have said, they met again only last week when Marks' work was completed. That is the way Colonel Jackling does things. He picks out the best man to do his bidding, and trusts him to do it in a thoroughly satisfactory way. Theodore Marks showed me through the magnificent Jackling suite the other day, and I asked him what Jackling had said when he inspected it.

"Very little," said Marks. "He is a man of few words. But I am given to understand that if he had been displeased he'd have had a great many forcible things to say."

A Homelike Hotel Suite

From which it may be inferred that Colonel Jackling is pleased with the apartment he will occupy when he returns from his present trip to Alaska. Well, I cannot imagine anybody not being pleased with it.

"I have had two things in mind," said Theodore Marks as he showed me the apartment. "First of all, to design a refined home for a gentleman; then to prepare it in such a way that it would look as though it had been lived in the day Colonel Jackling took possession."

Certainly the architect has accomplished his purpose. This hotel suite could not be carped at by the most exacting esthete, and there is a surprising absence of that tone of newness which usually disappears from a home only after a considerable period of occupancy. I say "a home" advisedly, for there is no hotel note in this splendid suite. It is so cunningly laid out and so tastefully decorated and furnished that one easily forgets that it is located on the twelfth floor of a hotel.

A Place for Entertaining

I shall not attempt a detailed description of the fourteen or fifteen rooms in Colonel Jackling's new home. The drawing room, the dining room, the card room with the stage for theatrical entertainments of which we have already heard a good deal, the beautiful vista down the long hall way one enjoys from the drawing room, the bed rooms and guest chambers—I haven't space enough even to describe the rugs, the tapestries, the books, the pictures and the countless objets d'art which make all these apartments charmingly homelike. On his paintings alone Colonel Jackling has evidently spent a great deal of time and money; in fact I gather that he has been an enthusiastic and discriminating art collector for a long time. But what impresses one in going through these rooms, and what will greatly interest Colonel Jackling's friends in this city is that this is a home splendidly adapted for entertaining. The living rooms seem to have been designed and furnished for the comfort of those little coteries into which a large party almost inevitably breaks up when all are thoroughly congenial and having a good time.

One can imagine a little knot of guests gathered about the piano, another grouped about a smoking table, a tete-a-tete proceeding nicely on a comfortable lounge in the hall, and so on. In fact one can read quite plainly Colonel Jackling's intention to become a noted host in San Francisco. Another thing impresses one; namely, what a lot of our girls would love to preside over this lovely home. Colonel Jackling is a multimillionaire and a widower. I wonder how long his St. Francis hotel home will be without a Mrs. Jackling to dispense its hospitality?

Some Results of Kiddies' Day

I have heard of three cases of adoption growing out of Kiddies' Day. One is the case of a little eight-year-old girl in the Catholic Orphan Asylum at Mount St. Joseph. This little girl was one of the kiddies committed to the care of a certain saloon keeper whose place of business is not a thousand miles from Powell and Market streets.

"When my car started away from the Stadium," he says, "this little girl wanted to sit in my lap. I told her I thought she would be more comfortable in the back of the machine. But she climbed into my lap, put her arms around my neck and laid her head on my shoulder. She stayed there until we got back to Mount St. Joseph. I have a married daughter, and my wife and I have been very lonely ever since she left us. I want that little girl to take her place. I am a Jew, but my wife is a Catholic, and we'll bring her up in her own faith. She is a half-orphan, and her father is willing. When I consulted my wife and married daughter about the matter, they both said: 'Adopt her by all means!' and I'm going to do it."

Many motorists who took kiddies to the Stadium grew so interested in their young charges that they immediately arranged to take them out again next Sunday. From all the orphan asylums and institutions the yachtsmen have received word that the discipline among the boys and girls was never so good as it has been since

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Sunday. The day was not marred by any accident. The doctors, nurses and stewards of the Emergency Service who had a tent and an ambulance at the Stadium drew a few slivers and treated a few cuts, but that was all. The little girl who was reported in the Monday morning papers as having suffered a fracture of the skull in a motor collision on the way back to Mount St. Joseph had a few scratches and a bad shaking up, nothing more.

A Hint of Tragedy

Leonidas Scooffy who was one of the moving spirits of Kiddies' Day, tells of noticing a plainly dressed woman leaning against the fence that surrounds the Stadium, and crying. He went to her and asked her what was wrong. She replied that it was nothing. To other questions she made equally evasive answers, still crying.

"Would you like to go inside?" asked Scooffy. The woman looked up quickly, and said, "Oh, yes!"

Scooffy escorted her through the gate. She thanked him, and started through the crowd, scanning the faces of the kiddies as she went. The last the yachtsman saw of her she still wore on her tear-stained face a look of eager, passionate search.

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A Sweet Memory

"I should like to have their dreams tonight," was the remark of one prominent woman, a kind-hearted settlement worker who was busy all day entertaining the youngsters.

"Yes, and their dreams for many a night to come," was the reply of "Jack" Cunningham, distributor-in-chief of Templeton Crocker's toys. It was amusing to note how the kiddies shouted and sang with glee when the machines in the long parade went at a fast clip. When the cars moved slowly they had eyes for everything, the beauties of the Exposition, the Presidio, the beach and the park; but just as soon as the cars began to speed the exhilaration of fast motion gripped them. Truly, the speed mania is an instinct of human nature. The directors of the McKinley Orphanage would not allow their charges to mingle with the other kiddies in the Stadium. So for these youngsters the day was one of motor-ing only. The drivers of the cars to which the McKinley orphans were assigned saw to it that the children had no time to think about the exception which was made in their case. They were taken up and down the beach and provided with candy and popcorn. Some of the motorists took them to their homes. The ladies in charge would not allow the kiddies to enter the homes, but all the children of the neighborhood flocked around and presented their best-beloved dolls and other toys to the orphan youngsters.

The Belle of the Golf Meet

I asked a golfer who had been at the Del Monte tournament who was the prettiest girl there, and he answered without hesitation:

"The prettiest and the most charming as well was Phyllis De Young. All the De Young girls are sweet and attractive, but I am inclined to think, and many at Del Monte agreed with me, that Phyllis is the nicest of them all."

Considering what a lot of nice girls were gathered at Del Monte during the days of the golf tournament, this is indeed high praise. But from all that I have heard, I think that Miss Phyllis De Young deserves it. What is more, I should not record it here if I thought there was any danger of "spoiling" Miss De Young. I feel confident no such danger exists.

Those Clock-Watchers

The crawling clock hands in downtown offices are daily receiving more and more attention. The formerly prosaic noon hour has taken on a new significance to an ever-increasing number of San Franciscans. The effects of this extend far out into and beyond the Western Addition, down the peninsula and across the bay. The impatient persons mentioned are those who have

learned of Tait's Special 50-Cent Luncheon. To them the day lacks the proper tone without it. Tragedy hangs over the afternoon if by chance they can not get away between 11:30 and 2; but light-heartedness returns in the evening when they joyfully bring their families in to dinner at Tait's, or for supper after the show.

Mr. Heberhart Convalescent

Mr. William Ramsey Heberhart of Hotel del Coronado who recently arrived in San Francisco en route for Yosemite Valley, is now at Adler's, convalescent from an operation for appendicitis. Mr. Heberhart is well known to both San Francisco and Coronado society, and has charge of the society affairs of Hotel del Coronado.

David was commenting in his wrath.

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Gossip of the Theatre

"A Pair of Sixes"

Edward Peple is enough of a playwright to know that a farce must move rapidly. But he is not a skillful enough farce writer to get swift movement into the action of his piece. So he seeks to simulate fast movement by making his characters rush on and off and about the stage. Perhaps he also instructed his stage director to make the players talk like lightning streaks. That is the way they talk in "A Pair of Sixes." If they stood still and talked, or moved with moderate speed and talked, it might be possible to understand what they say. But when they rush madly about and speed up their tongues at the same time, the case is hopeless. And so it happened that for me the first act of "A Pair of Sixes" was one of the most bewildering acts I have ever tried to follow. There was a babble that defied the ear, and a flying to and fro of men and women which tired the eye. One likes to start on good terms with a farce, but this was very discouraging. Conditions improved as the farce progressed, but why should there be any handicap to overcome? I take the liberty of advising the company at the Cort to take things easier. They'll not wear themselves out, and they'll make "A Pair of Sixes" more enjoyable for the audience.

—Edward F. O'Day.

A Bit of Circus in Vaudeville

Though there is but one animal act in the bill, vaudeville at the Orpheum this week smacks pungently of the circus. Indeed there is nothing typical of vaudeville in the bill but the conversational stunt of Wilbur Mack and Nella Walker. It wouldn't seem like vaudeville at all if we were denied the fastidious presence of the smart young man and his vivacious companion with their sophisticated air and their scintillant repartee. Ah, blessed pair, redolent of the Broadway cafe, are we ever to be surfeited with them? Well, this week, as I have said, there are only two of them, and yet the bill doesn't drag. On the contrary it has more go to it than many a bill that has been topheavy with them. For me there is abundant compensation in less than half an hour of Stan-Stanley. I'd rather watch Harry Tsuda defying the law of gravitation than listen to the best retailers of canned conversation to be found on the whole vaudeville circuit. And Tsuda is as much of the circus as sawdust. So are the clowns of Charlie Ahearn's cycling company, not to mention Ismed, the amazing pianist. The posing horse and dogs would seem to be more nearly allied to the circus than any of the other performers, but as a matter of act and of paradox their act belongs just where it is.

—T. F. B.

A Tip-top Bill

If Pantages has ever had a better bill than it presents this week, I had not the pleasure of seeing it. It begins with Dave Wood's dogs and monkeys, the animal act in which the animals enact a story in a street setting. It has been seen here before, but it is an act one doesn't get tired of. Dan Quinlan and Vic Richards in their act "The Quack Dentist" are old friends too. You cannot have forgotten the dental tent, and the nigger who parts with a tooth for a dollar. Harry Parker and Violet Butler are newcomers. Parker plays and sings; Miss Butler sings and is a very good dancer. Palfrey, Barton and Brown introduce a novelty in the shape of a balancer on a single wheel doing all the latest dances.

It is well done, really a "big time" act. "Night Hawks" is the best skit I have ever seen at Pantages. It is a Bowery drama of love and crime with a number of pleasant thrills, and it is very well done by a company of five. "Silver Belle" is a magnificent white charger trained to take part with his lady rider in a number of beautiful pictures. The Rozellas are musicians of skill, the woman of the team playing sweetly on the harp while the man does a number of eccentric stunts. Not least important this week is the Pathe Weekly which includes a number of splendid war pictures.

—E. F. O'D.

"Bella Donna" at Alcazar

With all of its weird and mystic flavor of oriental Egypt, James Bernard Fagan's dramatization of the famous novel "Bella Donna" by Robert Hichens, author of "The Garden of Allah," will be produced on a really magnificent scale at the Alcazar next week. This is the remarkable play in which the famous Russian-



MME. OLIVE FREMSTAD

Who gives a glorious song program at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday afternoon, October 1, and at Ye Liberty, Oakland, Friday afternoon, October 16.

American star, Mme. Alla Nazimova, appeared for three seasons under the direction of Charles Frohman, and it is under special arrangements with the latter that the Alcazar management is able to make this production which will positively be the first one at popular prices. The author of the play has followed with photographic fidelity the story by Robert Hichens, and all of the strange beauty, the oriental mystery and magnificence, the decadence, the wisdom, charm and horror of Egypt, the one country still open to romance, is faithfully and realistically depicted. It will afford unusual opportunities to the various members of the capable stock company, and particularly to Miss Alice Fleming, the brilliant leading woman who is fitted both by temperament and physique to make a most alluring Mrs. Chepstow, the snake-like woman who is called Bella Donna. The scenic production will be a big feature, and will be magnificent in its oriental splendor and barbarism.

The Symphony's Fine Outlook

Bank deposits of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, up to Thursday of this week, show a healthy increase in the sale of season tickets, for the ten concerts, over the corresponding dates of last year. Therefore there is very reason why

optimism should prevail in the musical profession as well as with music lovers. Boxes and loges have been taken by the following prominent San Franciscans: Mrs. C. W. Clark, Mrs. J. L. Flood, Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, Mr. F. C. Drum, Mrs. Wm. H. Crocker, Mrs. W. B. Bourn, Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. W. P. Hammon, Mrs. Wm. Sproule, Mr. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. Joe D. Grant. Three lower boxes, six upper boxes and two loges, all of which are desirable, remain unsold. The sale of season tickets will continue at the offices of Frank W. Healy, 209 Post street, telephone Sutter 2954, until Saturday evening, October 17. Monday morning, October 19, the sale of single tickets will open at the box offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., the Cort Theatre and Kohler & Chase. The sale of season tickets will be continued during the single ticket sale and until noon of the date of the first concert, Friday afternoon, October 23. Despite the withdrawal of the opera from the season's activities in San Francisco, there will be an exceptional list of foreign artists heard in recitals and as many of them will appear as "assisting artists" there is every likelihood that the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, augmented and strengthened by the importation of new musicians of vast experience in the large symphony orchestras of Europe and America, will have the finest season in its history.

"Milestones" at Columbia

Something entirely out of the ordinary will be the attraction at the Columbia for two weeks beginning Monday night when that widely discussed and highly praised comedy drama "Milestones" is presented on the stage for a return engagement. This brilliant play by Arnold Bennett, the novelist, and Edward Knoblauch, author of "Kismet," has made a profound sensation everywhere; both by reason of its unique subject and delightful treatment, and because of the wonderful interpretation by the company of all English artists. Historically the play is of unusual interest, for its three acts all pass in the same room; the first in 1860, the second in 1885 and the third in 1912. As the play progresses, the marked changes in dress, furniture, decorations, sentiments and manners are all noted. Several of the characters are carried along by the same players through youth and maturity to old age. The charm of the delightful story of the play would be spoiled by even a slight outline of it in these columns. "Milestones" will be presented with a distinguished company of actors who have won superlative praise in this country during the past two seasons. The members are Florence Born, Mary Goulden, Winifred Latimer, Katherine Herbert, Bettie Barnell, Rupert Harvey, Gerald Rogers, L. G. Carroll, Ernest Laceby and Gilbert Coleman. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday. The midweek matinees will be given at "pop" prices ranging from 25 cents to \$1. There will be no Sunday performances.

Circus at Pantages

There's plenty of diversity on the new bill next week at Pantages, for the new show runs the gamut from a smashing musical act of twenty people to a real circus compressed to vaudeville requirements. Chiaffarelli's Symphony is the headline act. Its twenty members are musicians of the first order and render a program of selections calculated to meet the taste of every patron. Next in importance is a bright little

sketch entitled "No Trespassing," presented by Louis J. Winsch and Josephine Poore. This offering is said to teem with brightness and has been a sure-fire hit all along the circuit. Other acts that go to make this an exceptional bill are: Eddie Love and Jeanette Wilbur who style themselves The Flying Meteor and the Aerial Venus; Schepp's Dogs and Ponies; Grace McGinn and Company in a little comedy called "Wanted—a Man;" Gilbert Gerard, an imitator of birds, animals and instruments; Miss Betty Blythe, the Peacock Princess; and Jack Coogan and Eddie Cox, real comedians. Motion pictures complete the bill.

Mme. Fremstad's Programs

As a rule, when operatic singers decide to take up concert work, they rely almost entirely on selections from their operatic roles for success, whether these numbers be suitable for the concert platform or not. A few very great artists such as Sembrich, Schumann-Heink, Alma Gluck, John McCormack and perhaps half a dozen others have, on the other hand, made a special study of concert songs of the highest class, for the art of "lieder" singing is far more difficult than the singing of operatic numbers. The latest of the grand opera stars to develop into a concert artist of the first rank is Mme. Olive Fremstad who will open Manager Greenbaum's season with one concert at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland on Friday afternoon, October 16, and one at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday afternoon, October 18. At both these events the artist will sing a most unusual and beautiful program of "lieder." The first group will consist of three of the less frequently heard works of Schumann and three gems by Grieg. Then there will be three works by the great modernist Hugo Wolf. The third group will be made up of folk songs as follows: "When the Nightingales Sing," old Troubadour period, 1180; "The Outlaw," a Bulgarian ballad; "Ma Gazelle," Moorish of Algeria; "Hush-a-bye, Darling," Scottish; and "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," American. Part four will in-

troduce some Scandinavian gems by Jean Sibelius, Emil Sjorgren and Sigurd Lie besides that beautiful work "Among the Stars" by Felix Weingartner. A more attractive, interesting and novel program of song has never been offered our music lovers. The demand for Fremstad concerts is so enormous that her time will not permit of more than one concert in any city on the tour, so it behooves all who want to hear this queen of song to send their mail orders to Mr. Greenbaum as soon as possible.

San Francisco Quintet Club

The first concert of the new chamber music organization, "The San Francisco Quintet Club," will be given Sunday afternoon, November 1, in the Colonial ballroom at the St. Francis. Subscriptions for the season of three concerts are now being received by Will L. Greenbaum at 101 Post street.

The Players in "A Pair of Sixes"

It has become so common for producers to surround a single star with players of mediocrity, trusting to the star to carry the play to success, that it comes as a pleasant surprise to have a company in which all the players have been leading players themselves. This is the case with "A Pair of Sixes" now at the Cort. Herbert Corthell is what has been called a "Broadway

player," one of the favored few so well liked by metropolitan audiences that he has been able to step from one production to another and never leave New York, playing comic opera, farce or light comedy. Oscar Figman, last seen here in the principal comedy role of Emma Trentini's "The Firefly" will also be kindly remembered for his excellent work in both "Madame Sherry" and "The Merry Widow." Orlando Daly has for the past two seasons been leading man for May Irwin in "The Widow by Proxy." Jack Raffael was last seen here as the stage father of dainty and piquant Mizzi Hajos in "The Spring Maid." Josie Intropidi, last here as "Madame Dondidier" in "The Pink Lady," is another who finds it easy to step back and forth across the dividing line of comic opera and comedy. Minna Gombel was last season the leading ingenue in "Madam President," the starring vehicle of Miss Fannie Ward. Bernice Buck last season was leading woman for Raymond Hitchcock in "The Beauty Shop" and is considered by New York critics as one of the most beautiful women on the American stage.

Claude Gillingwater at Orpheum

Claude Gillingwater, the former associate star of Leslie Carter, Blanche Bates, Marie Doro, Fritzi Scheff and other stars, and Edith Lyle, the beautiful star of Klaw and Erlanger's "The



FLORENCE BORN

In "Milestones" at the Columbia Theatre commencing Monday, October 5.



MINNA GOMBEL and HERBERT CORTHELL

In scene from "A Pair of Sixes," the funniest of farces, at the Cort.

Winning of Barbara Worth," will head the Orpheum bill next week in "Wives of the Rich," a one-act play so cleverly written, produced and acted that it rivets the attention of the audience throughout and stamps Mr. Gillingwater who wrote it, as an author of great merit. Herbert Ashley and Al Canfield have good voices which are heard in up-to-date parodies. The Five Metzettis are wonderful gymnasts. Sylvester Metzettis is the only man in the world who does a triple somersault in midair, alighting on the shoulders of one of his associates. O'Brien Havel, the favorite comedian, and his company have a most appealing offering in a sketch written for them by Will M. Cressy entitled "Monday," the scene of which is laid in the green room of a theatre. Joe and Lew Cooper, popular song writers, will be heard in their latest ditties. Next week will be the last of Charles Ahearn's big comedy cycling act; Wilbur Mack and Nella Walker; and Stan Stanley, the bouncing fellow, and his relatives in their laughing hit.

F. Hopkipsin Smith Exhibit

The versatility of F. Hopkinson Smith is well known. As artist, author, lecturer, critic, playwright and engineer he has achieved distinction. The exhibition announced by a local gallery which shows him in several of these roles promises to be unique and full of interest. The exhibition will include thirty of the artist's water color paintings of scenes in Venice, Dordrecht, Bruges and other places in Europe and a collection of the author's published works. During the period a reading from his works will be given by Miss Cora Genevieve Ramsden, the selections to give some conception of the personality of the author as engineer and lecturer as well as presenting his literary work both in the short story and his delightful descriptive writings. Miss Ramsden is a finished reader, a graduate of Minneapolis School of Art and is a private pupil of Leland T. Powers of Boston. The exhibition will be held in the art gallery of Paul Elder and Company, beginning October 5. The reading will be given on Thursday afternoon, October 8, at 3 o'clock.

Comedy at the Tavern

At the informal dance at Techau Tavern last Monday night Dr. Leo J. McMahon, State dental surgeon and popular Olympic Club member, presided, and delivered an address to the large gathering present and also officiated in the distribution of beautiful gifts which are presented to three of the ladies who are present on each dancing evening. These gifts are selected by the management from the art collection of S. & G. Gump Company, 246 Post street. Dr. McMahon in addition to being a fluent and capable talker, is also an excellent comedian, being possessed of a most perfect Italian dialect. He convulsed the audience present with his inimitable rendering of Italian stories, and promised the management that he would be pleased to officiate again on some future date. The patrons of the Tavern may therefore look forward to a most delightful entertainment at some future date.

The man of few words doesn't have to take so many of them back.

Many a man is so constituted that nothing short of an earthquake would shake his confidence in himself.

It's easy enough to please a woman if you can only make her decide just what she wants.

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EDITH LYLE

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6TH SYMPHONY CONCERT NOVEMBER 5th

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy


Stocks—The Stock Exchange committee of five let down the bars, and listed bonds and notes can hereafter be sold at moderate concessions from the closing price of July 30 last. But brokers must submit their proposed transactions in writing to the committee of the clearing house of the exchange before doing business. Such securities may be hereafter advertised for sale, provided the advertisements are approved by the committee of five, but no circulars quoting prices are to be sent out. It is hoped that this will break the deadlock in investment business, and it will test the market in a fair way. Insurance companies and savings banks are said to be in the market in a fair way for legal securities, and the Pennsylvania Railroad is said to be ready to buy its own bonds for its sinking fund at a slight decline from the official closing price. It would be worth the cost to set free money now locked up by making slight concessions in price, and it is obvious that the high rates for money now prevailing have slightly reduced the market value of the best low-interest bonds. This modification of the rule against trading at prices below those of July 30 last is an acknowledgment of a condition that will not be improved by hiding it from public gaze. The losses are not serious, but they must be faced since there is no reason to think that this will be a short war. If sales of bonds at concessions work well, much pressure will be brought to bear on the committee of five to treat stocks in the same way. Sales on call with minimum prices fixed by the committee each day would be preferable because the records would be published. The prices quoted on the curb for active stocks are not alarmingly low, and in no important case do they represent a decline from the close of July 30 last as great as was the fall in the last week the Stock Exchange remained open.

Wheat—Reports of an immense exports business in wheat early in the week gave the market a fair advance. However, the market failed to hold its advance, and prices were allowed to slip off again in the absence of outside speculation and prospects of a very large increase in the visible supply for the week. Liverpool did not respond to our advance early in the week, and in the last few days did not quote their market. This was said to have been due to the fact that the British Government had entered the market as a buyer and had refused to allowed the prices to be sent for fear of influencing the American markets. Receipts for the week were large not only at Southwestern market, but at Minneapolis and Duluth receipts were far ahead of last year. Cash demand was good and mills were active bidders for wheat. Domestic demand for flour continues very good and there is a feeling that the war will be a long drawn-out affair and no break of consequence can be expected as

wheat around the dollar mark will look cheap this year, war or no war.

Corn—Weather conditions the past week have been ideal for the curing of corn, and with a poor eastern call for the old stuff prices were allowed to sag with the weakness in wheat. This commodity is selling at very fancy prices, all things considered, and with the new crop of corn almost ready for market it will take a good domestic demand to keep prices at this level. While stocks of corn are light everywhere and receipts are small, the demand for corn is very poor from all directions and the farmer will no doubt sell a good portion of his corn and hold his wheat. We look for much lower prices of corn and believe advantage should be taken of all the hard spots to sell corn short.

The literary ideal of some people is a bank-book with a happy ending.




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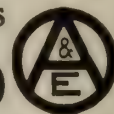
(Continued from Page 7.)

Johnson as a politician. Ask him what he thinks of demagogues and he will tell you that the people are born stupid and that demagogues are their appointed guides. One day he mildly reproved a friend for bitterly denouncing a demagogue. "You must remember," he said, "that the people are a little selfish and not always satisfied with just what they are entitled to. They would never be content to be led by a saint." He also remarked that he rather liked all successful politicians. "To be successful in politics a man must have an alert mind." Then he told of an incident of the campaign that proved the alertness of Johnson's mind. He said that in the town of Whittier the other night Johnson was interrupted in the midst of an address by a stranger in the audience who asked: "How do you stand on the wet and dry question?" Quick as a flash the Governor made answer: "Ask Fredericks how he stands." The clock winder admitted that the reply indicated that the Governor's moral courage is not what his touts would have us believe, but he insisted that it showed that he was an artful dodger.

So you see John Doe is no commonplace philosopher.

"I have reached the end of my rope," sadly remarked the melancholy student, as he threw away the butt of his cigar.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN JOSEPH BAILLE (also called Jean Joseph Bailie), Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of JOHN JOSEPH BAILLE (also called Jean Joseph Bailie), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN JOSEPH BAILLE (also called Jean Joseph Bailie), deceased.

MARIE LOUISE BAILLE,

Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of JOHN JOSEPH BAILLE (also called Jean Joseph Bailie), Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 19, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

9-19-5

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 58,227; Dept. No. 2.

A. L. BLAKESLEE, Plaintiff, vs. VIOLET W. BLAKESLEE, Defendant.
Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to: Violet M. Blakeslee, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's adultery, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of July, A. D. 1914.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. A. BROWN,

Attorney for Plaintiff.

8-8-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PATRICK RIELLY, also called PATRICK REILLY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Patrick Rielly, executor of the Last Will and Testament of Patrick Rielly, also called Patrick Reilly, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within Ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of John J. O'Toole, Rooms 446 and 447 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Patrick Rielly, also called Patrick Reilly, deceased.

PATRICK RIELLY.

Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Patrick Rielly, also called Patrick Reilly, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 3, 1914.

JOHN J. O'TOOLE, Attorney for Executor,
446 and 447 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

10-3-5

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912

of Town Talk, published weekly at San Francisco, California, for October, 1914.

Name of Editor, Theo. F. Bonnet; Post-Office Address, 88 First St., San Francisco; Managing Editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First St., San Francisco; Business Manager, W. L. Spencer, 88 First St., San Francisco; Publisher, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First St., San Francisco.

Owners: Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First St., San Francisco; G. L. Baraty, Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco; H. M. Bonnet, 88 First St., San Francisco.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

W. L. SPENCER,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this twenty-second day of September, 1914.

(Seal)

JULIUS CALMANN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. (My commission expires May 29, 1917)

CITATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, City and County of San Francisco—Dept. No. 9 Probate.
In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN FANNING, Deceased.

The people of the State of California to: Mary Bridget Fanning, Johanna Fanning, Christina Corcoran Meyers, John Fanning, John Ryan, M. G. Conlin, Rev. Terrence Caraher (for St. Francis Roman Catholic Church), Sisters of the Presentation, Margaret Kirwan, Eugene F. Conlin, Mary Gleeson, Joseph Fanning, Joseph Ryan, Rev. Terence Caraher, St. Francis Roman Catholic Church, Ella Fleischmann, Peter Fanning, Minnie Fanning, Mary Maitland, James Ryan, Sisters of the Holy Family.

YOU ARE HEREBY cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department No. 9, Probate, thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the 21st day of December, A. D. 1914, at 10 o'clock, A. M. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the probate of the will of the above named deceased, should not be revoked in conformity with the petition for the revocation of the will of the above named deceased and filed in this Court on the 5th day of September, 1914.

BY ORDER of the Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, this 5th day of September, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH A. BROWN,
FRANK J. EGAN,Attorneys for Contestant,
Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-19-10

CERTIFICATE OF PARTNERSHIP

We, the undersigned, ELMIRE RUFFIEUX and JULES ALBRECHT, do hereby certify:

That we are partners transacting business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of "L. RUFFIEUX," and that the names in full of all the members of said partnership and their places of residence are as follows, namely:

ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, residing at Hotel Manx, Northwest corner of Powell and O'Farrell Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; and JULES ALBRECHT, residing at No. 764 Seventeenth Avenue, in said City and County of San Francisco; and that we carry on and conduct a French confectionery and patisserie business at premises No. 211 Powell Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, which is the principal place of business of such partnership; and we certify and declare that no other person is interested therein, and that we are the sole owners of said business.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hands at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on this 1st day of September, in the year A. D. nineteen hundred and fourteen (1914).

ELMIRE RUFFIEUX,
JULES ALBRECHT.

Witness:

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney-at-Law,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco.STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 1st day of September, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Fourteen, before me, Flora Hall, a Notary Public in and for said City and County of San Francisco, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared, ELMIRE RUFFIEUX and JULES ALBRECHT, known to me to be the persons described in and whose names are subscribed to the within instrument and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

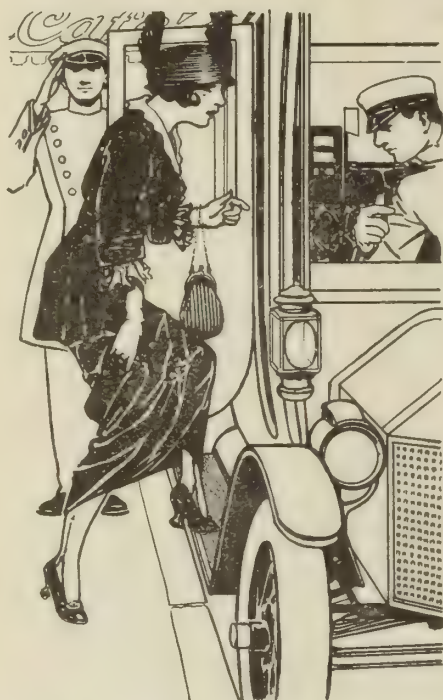
(Notarial Seal) FLORA HALL,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 2, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By H. I. Porter, Deputy Clerk.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney-at-Law,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

9-12-5

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

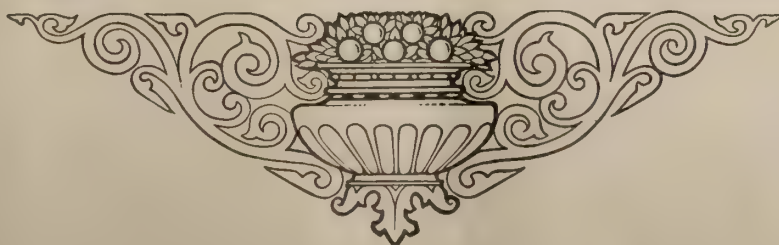
Vol. XXIV. No. 1155

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 10, 1914

PRICE, 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXIV.

San Francisco, October 10, 1914

No. 1155

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledge within four weeks are rejected.

Another Little Error

So the City Hall is not large enough to house all the departments of our swollen, growing and illimitable city government! Merely a characteristic miscalculation. Such things happen in the best regulated municipalities of the great, progressive United States, most enlightened of all nations under the sun. They happen with remarkable regularity in San Francisco. Few cities have greater facility in error than ours. No great city is at once so prolific of theories as to what things should be done and in object lessons in how not to do them. We had a theory about disposing of garbage. It was a fine theory. Cost us a lot of money, and gave us a lot of valuable experience. We had an excellent theory as to the material that should be used in reservoirs. Our confidence in it we boldly vindicated, and the reservoir viewed as a sieve was one of the wonders of the world, for never before had so large a sieve been made. We had a theory about street cars, designed them and had them built. As a result we learned that for practical purposes they were somewhat imperfect, the seats being too narrow and the aisles not wide enough. The experience served us well, as is shown by the second lot of cars. But though the new cars carry more people and are always crowded, we are losing money on the road. Fortunately we are a happy-go-lucky people, and not to be easily discouraged. We are going to spend millions for a water system, and perhaps we shall let the man who built the sieve superintend the job. As a municipality there is nothing we are afraid to undertake, for we have confidence in our public servants and we love them for their incompetency.

From the Tolstoi Viewpoint

Peace propagandists of the pulpit are having much to say these days of the impropriety of bloodshed, and they are quoting Tolstoi on the subject as though that settled the matter. Tolstoi was a very

sincere Christian, and he preached not only against war but against preachers. He was prejudiced against church preachers on account of their misunderstanding of Christ. If Tolstoi were alive you would find him swatting the preachers who are trying to prove that Christ specifically forbade mankind to engage in war. Tolstoi believed in Christ as the Prince of Peace, but not because Christ ordered the apostle to put up his sword. How puerile to argue from that circumstance that Christ was for arbitration! Tolstoi insisted that war was incompatible with Christianity, but this proposition he held to be the corollary of a pretty comprehensive gospel of love, humility and renunciation. He was an idealist who hated war no more than he hated any of the curses that are the result of our failure to live according to the teachings of Jesus. His idea of the way to peace was not the idea of the average preacher who would have the nations of the earth contrive the dawn of the millennium by laying down their arms and desisting from organized murder. Tolstoi says that Christ never commanded the abolition of war, the reason being that he thought it clear enough that his rules of life implied that men should live in peace. The great Russian was an idealist through and through. He was for every man doing his best to live according to the Christian ideals, and he had no patience with modern reformers, those putative moral guides who would purify the world by prohibitory legislation. "They have nothing to regulate life with," he says, "but faith in the police," and their "altruism" he described as "a feeble paraphrase of the doctrine of Jesus."

A Rebuke from Fresno

A fine ladilike rebuke has been administered to George Creel for writing mean things about Governor Johnson. The artist by whom it was administered is none other than Chester Rowell of Fresno, journalistic bird-dog of the Administration. Mr. Rowell has given Mr. Creel as fine a slap on the wrist as one Progressive ever received from another. He says that what Mr. Creel wrote about Governor Johnson is awfully mean, and also untrue. To prove that it is untrue Mr. Rowell takes the witness stand, and gives testimony in rebuttal. Then he closes the case with the modest assumption that his "direct evidence" settles the matter. In other words Mr. Rowell constitutes himself attorney and witness for the defense, and then puts on the wig and gown and renders judgment in these words: "George Creel ought to be ashamed of himself." Between Creel, the associate of Lindsey and Heney, and Rowell who never thinks of Johnson without having the most refined and exquisite emotion you ever heard of, there is small room for choice. So, far be it from us to resolve this question of veracity.

There is only this to be said,—that while as a citizen Mr. Rowell has as handsome a set of private morals as any man would care to have, as a politician he is a characteristic product of the pharisaism that was once intoned in "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" It is not to be denied that he may be able at times to discover the truth, but, bearing his hall-mark, he will always find it very difficult to have it accepted.

Two Superstitions

How absurd is Kaiser William's claim to recognition as a ruler by divine right! In the opinion of more than one learned American commentator the claim is preposterous, and warrants the conclusion that the Kaiser has not got far away from the Dark Ages. Poor old Middle Ages! are they forever to be regarded as dark and spoken of disrespectfully by the Sons of Light? Are the Sons of Light never to be emancipated from the superstition they imbibed in their primary school days? Now the idea of the divine right of kings is not a heritage from the Middle Ages. It is somewhat more remote in its origin. The most ancient of peoples believed in it, and so, it is said, did St. Paul, a conclusion that seems to be warranted by his admonition to the Romans: "Let every soul be in subjection to the highest powers; for there is no power but of God; and the powers that be are ordained of God." Long after the Middle Ages there were learned men who believed in the divine right of kings. In the seventeenth century James I of England, who was quite a patron of learning, wrote a treatise in which he laid down the dogma that kings rule by divine right. He went so far as to hold that subjects have no recourse against kings. Affirming the doctrine of the sacrosanctness of the royal office, he said that as it was blasphemy to dispute what God ordered, so it was presumption and high contempt to dispute what kings commanded. Coming down to the enlightened nineteenth century we find the theory of the divine right of kings persisting. In the treaty of the Holy Alliance concluded in 1815 between Austria, Russia and Prussia it was solemnly asserted by their Majesties that they looked upon themselves as being delegated by Providence to govern their peoples; also, that the Christian nations of which they and their subjects were a part acknowledged no sovereign but God to whom belonged all power, and that their duties as rulers were pointed out to them by God. Thus we see that the Kaiser is not without modern authority for his claim. He can summon their Majesties of 1815 to bear him out, and we shall have to let their testimony go for what it is worth. Of course it is hard to believe in the theocratic monarchy, but is the theory of the divine right more incredible than the idea expressed in the

phrase Vox Populi, Vox Dei? Here we have what some of us regard as a superstition; and, by the way, the phrase had its origin in the poor old Middle Ages. Singularly enough the principle has no defenders more ardent than the sophisticated gentlemen who scoff at the divine right of kings. It is your cocksure, fascinated Democrat who marvels that monarchs should be tolerated in this day and generation. He is convinced that popular power alive, uniform, sweeping and inorganic constitutes liberty, or is all that is necessary to insure it. This to be sure is quite as absurd as the divine right of kings, and means to the people in the final analysis the same thing—a despotism.

Life Viewed by Scientists

The novel, said Zola, is life seen through a temperament. So also, it may be said, is the average treatise on human progress. The scientist view of life is largely a matter of temperament. There are scientists of buoyant vitality who take an exuberant delight in the wonders of knowledge, and who account it a supreme privilege that it has fallen to their lot to live in these days. Science, they say, is on a sure track, and her methods justify a real confidence in her past and in her future. They exult over the vast advances that have been made in the study of nature and the prodigious experimental work that has been called into existence by recent discoveries in botany, zoology, physiology and pathology. According to some of these enthusiastic ones, from science we shall some day derive knowledge of our destiny, and they assert sympathy and friendship with those who like themselves have turned away from the more material struggles of life and have set their hearts and minds on knowledge of the eternal. There are other scientists who, while they are not lacking in enthusiasm respecting the advances that science has made, are inclined to dissent from those who find a consecutive chain linking the stages in the progress of our knowledge of nature. According to these dissenters the results of scientific research are changeable, and new facts do not always verify old principles. Darwinism they will tell you is dead. Though believed in by millions it is only a popular illusion. Science, it appears, knows of no animal or plant that has acquired a single new internal or external organ, or that has developed, in other words, from a simple to a more complicated organism. These scientists regard as absurd the conception of a community of the scientific spirit and the religious sentiment. Science, in their judgment, may serve to conquer matter and satisfy those who are absorbed in the struggle for the gross advantages of life, but never those who seek for the permanent reality behind the changing shadow-pictures of the material world. Viewed through the eyes of some scientists life is a campaign for the conquest of the enemies of mankind, and man has conquered everything—even the air. But there are devotees of science who are also devotees of religion, and to them life is one long question which science cannot answer.

What the Correspondence Shows

At this late day the fixing of direct responsibility for the war is a matter only for academic discussion. The situation in Europe was such that the war was inevitable, but there are writers who are telling us that it was directly due to the blunders of Europe's trained diplomats. What those blunders were it would be hard to discover from the official correspondence generated by the Austrian ultimatum, all of which is now public property. This correspondence shows that the Foreign Ministers of England, France and Russia tried mighty hard to avert the war. Further, it seems quite clear that Austria had firmly resolved on nothing short of war. Austria had seized a pretext for diminishing the Slav power in the Balkans, and was not to be denied. It may be that Emperor William was averse to war, but from the correspondence one receives the quite definite impression that his Ministers and Ambassadors were not passionately inclined to peace. And while it has not been acknowledged that Germany instigated the ultimatum, it was admitted by her Ambassador in Paris that she was consulted. The fact is of course that the common interests of Germany and Austria are hostile to those of Russia and Serbia. And it is hardly to be supposed that Austria and Germany expected Russia to remain quiescent when Serbia was called upon to do things which it was practically impossible for her to do. That the time was propitious for Germany and Austria to get busy is to be inferred from the fact that Russia had no appetite for the war. Russia could not afford to remain cold while Serbia was being crushed, but the Foreign Office at St. Petersburg tried very hard to stay the hand of Austria. The Russian Foreign Minister urged Serbia to make every possible concession to Austria, but he realized that with some of the Austrian demands it was utterly impossible for Serbia to comply within the time limit fixed by Vienna. That was the joker in the ultimatum. However, Serbia astonished not Russia alone but all the Powers by humbling herself in the dust. Austria was not satisfied. She demanded her pound of flesh. It was at once realized in St. Petersburg that what Austria really wanted was war, but yet the Russian Foreign Minister did not give up hope of peace. He was busy for days trying to induce a stay of hostilities. He was in constant communication with London, Berlin, Paris, Vienna and Rome urging that steps be taken to induce Austria either to moderate her demands or to be less hasty. He was in favor of conciliating the Dual Monarchy, and he begged her to listen to the other Powers. He was urging pour-parlers, and whatever England suggested was agreeable to him. Meanwhile what was Germany doing? Germany was merely urging that Russia be induced to let Austria settle the matter with Serbia. In other words Germany wished to have Russia agree to let Teutonism prevail over Slavism in the South. For this she is not to be censured. It is not to be denied that it was to her vital interests to curb the Slav power, but it was just as much to

Russia's interest to see that the Slav power was not curbed. In the circumstances it would seem incredible that Germany hoped to keep Russia out of the quarrel. What undoubtedly she did hope was that France and England might be induced to keep out. So she did nothing toward delaying hostilities on the Servian border, but spent all her time exerting pressure in Paris and London until the suspicion grew in those centres that she was trying to provoke a rupture between France and Russia by exciting suspicion in St. Petersburg. Meanwhile she was so solicitous for the feelings of Austria that she could not agree with England and France as to how the Government at Vienna should be approached. Presently it was reported in St. Petersburg that the German Ambassador in Vienna was acting more like an instigator of trouble than anything else, and finally in the midst of the pacific activities of the Foreign Ministers Austria began to mobilize. As a consequence mobilization was ordered in Russia, as must have been expected, for Russia had notified the Powers that she would not remain "indifferent" in the event of hostilities against Serbia. Now it is clear that Austria advanced the pretext for war, and acted upon it. And it seems equally clear that if Germany really wished to prevent the mobilization of Russia she would first have endeavored to prevent the mobilization of Austria. Some critics are now saying that Sir Edward Grey hurried England into war without giving due heed to the offer of the German Ambassador to submit further propositions. But other critics are saying that Sir Edward Grey delayed action so long that England got into the war just in time to save her honor. If Grey made an error it was in not warning Germany at the outset that England would be with Russia whatever happened. The Foreign Minister at St. Petersburg, who is probably the shrewdest of all the diplomats in Europe, perceived at the outset that it was important for England to take a definite stand. He felt that Germany would call a halt if she were sure that England was prepared to join Russia and France, and more than once he urged the Russian Ambassador in London to advise Sir Edward Grey to declare the intention of England with a view to warning Germany. Assuredly it is clear enough from all the circumstances that the war had to come. So why talk about blunders or bother about the direct cause of the war?

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CXCVIII—JULES GUERIN

Edward F. O'Day

"I love the East. I love the chang of the bells, the smell of the camels. I love its music, its perfume, its religion."

Jules Guerin was looking out from a high place over the domes and towers of our World's Fair. The red and green and golden palaces of that fairy domain were glorified in the sun of high noon. It was the hour of drowsiness, and one might easily imagine that all that outspreading beauty had been conjured by a magician's wand. It seemed to transcend the realities of a workaday world. It resembled rather a gorgeous desert mirage than the solid substance of human craftsmanship. It was like a rare dream flooding the waking eye with all the wealth of the rainbow.

"To rise up from sleep to the glory of a Constantinople morning is the most marvelous experience I know."

And truly, to the glowing eye this might be Istanbul. From that minaret the muezzin might call the faithful to prayer in yonder mosque, exciting no surprise. And are not those the waters of the Golden Horn sparkling between all this loveliness and the hills beyond?

Some such thought was in the mind of the Chief of Color as he looked and spoke. For Jules Guerin is a poet. He sings in color. The spectrum is his keyboard. He sways the emotions by an irresistible appeal to the eye. His imagination is many-hued. All the lights that are, or never were by land or sea are his to command.

"The Latin thinks in color as well as in line," he says.

And of course Jules Guerin is Latin. Though he was born in St. Louis, his forefathers were silk merchants in Rouen. We may picture them adventuring into the East for subtle weaves and joying in their discoveries of fabrics richly shot with iridescent hues. It will help to explain Jules Guerin, to account for the passionate love of color that is in his blood. It will help to explain his wonderful pictures of Constantinople and Venice, of Cairo and Damascus. And it will help to explain the opulent color of the World's Fair which expresses Jules Guerin exactly as his pictures do.

"I love the sunlight," Guerin told me. "Gray days do not appeal to me. I find in all my travels that I never stop in cold countries. I turn instinctively from regions where it rains incessantly. Always my starting point is Gibraltar. From there to Africa, or down the Mediterranean to Constantinople and on to Palestine or the Nile. In Latin Europe it is the places most touched by the East that attract me. I had not been in London for twenty-seven years when I ran over the other day to look at Frank Brangwyn's pictures for the Fair. But Venice which was made beautiful with the plunder of Byzantium—I love it, I could dream my life away in Venice."

Three years ago Jules Guerin was at a dinner in Chicago given by the late Daniel H. Burnham, the genius of the Chicago World's Fair. Will Crocker was there. The talk was of our Exposition. A Chief of Color was to be selected. "Get Jules to do it," suggested Burnham.

"Will you do it?" asked Will Crocker.

"Yes," answered Guerin; and in due course he was appointed.

Guerin came to San Francisco with Bacon, Hastings and Meade, names we shall all know better when we begin to study our Exposition in retrospect, when the world has excited our interest by acclaiming its artistic beauty.

His first glimpse of the site was from the hill back of Fort Mason. He looked out over the waters of the bay and then along the marshy ground past the unsightly gas tanks toward the Presidio slope.

"It is as beautiful as the Bay of Naples," was his first comment.

In that sentence the color scheme of the Exposition was born.

"I studied San Francisco," says Guerin, "and found the same atmosphere that characterizes the beautiful Latin communities. The people are happier, more contented than I have found them in any other American city. Nowhere else in America is one so impressed by cosmopolitanism. On the streets I hear French, Italian, East Indian, Chinese and Japanese spoken. In the cafes I see people taking their pleasure in the best way. The whole feeling of the country is Latin, the atmosphere, the sunlight, the trees, the bay, the hills. All the signs point to the same nature as that of the Latins or the people farther East."

"Looking over all this in a comprehensive way, I concluded that the best thing to do would be to make the Fair look like a Latin exposition. You have a strong sunlight here. So it was important to give the buildings a tone of color that would not hurt the eye. The white exposition buildings at Chicago dazzled and tired. The time to see their beauty was at sundown. And so, with these two considerations in mind, I suggested the use of travertine. Travertine is fine in color and texture, and it is the beloved stone of the Latin. It was the marble used in the Forum, the Arch of Trajan, the Pantheon.

"The suggestion was adopted. I considered the application of travertine in color and texture the same as toning a canvas to put a picture on it. White in its minutest forms was never considered for a moment. When all the buildings of the main group and the State buildings are finished, you will find absolutely no white on them. Every surface in its black and white values is travertine or lower. And on the great tone of travertine are superimposed the other colors. The strongest are carried through all the buildings of the main group. Red, for instance, follows through all the arcades. The great problem was to 'pull together' structures of different designs by means of the color treatment, to make, for example, the Courts of Honor, of the Four Seasons and of Abundance speak the same language by means of color. We bore in mind always the view to be had of the Exposition from the neighboring hills. That was a point on which we insisted very strongly. This Exposition is in a basin, and there are many vantage grounds from which people can look down upon

it. That is why we made the domes beautiful with green and gold, and the roofs gay with red."

It is all very simple the way Jules Guerin tells it, simple with the simplicity of high beauty. Looking down upon the result from the Fillmore street hill, one may well wonder why no exposition colorist ever thought of it before. But we are discovering every day with pleasant surprise that there are many things about this Exposition which the greatest of its predecessors lacked.

Guerin has done what was, for Guerin, inevitable. Look at his pictures. You will find in some of them the entire color scheme of our World's Fair. His personality is written across the Fair as distinctly as upon his canvases. All his life he has been translating beauty into gold and red and green and orange and blue. His soul cries out for an oriental gorgeousness of color, and his brush answers the cry. It was so as a youngster when he painted scenery for theatres. It was so when he studied with Benjamin Constant in Paris. His studio compositions were always rich with the hues of the East. Constant saw the feeling and sent him to Morocco. From the first day he began bathing his soul in African sunlight the hunger within him began to be appeased. And when he came to know Constantinople and Cairo and Damascus, he realized that the world held nothing for him but the translation of all that exotic brilliancy to canvas. What Pierre Loti, what his friend and collaborator Robert Hichens does with words he accomplishes with paints. But he does not reproduce the Orient as Tissot did, with photographic exactness, camera fashion. He mixes imagination with his colors. Tissot may leave you cold. Guerin makes the blood burn.

It is a pity that the city of dreams for which he has done so much cannot last. One does not look at the World's Fair without wishing that it might remain forever. I asked him if he felt this regret.

"I think of this Exposition," he replied, "as a great stage spectacle. It must pass away, but meanwhile it has its day, and its day is glorious."

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Russia's Going to War

By Arthur Ransome

I.

I was staying on the Gulf of Finland, fishing for shy little fish, making fishing tackle, and translating fairy stories, when news came of the Austrian note to Servia. We talked of the possibility of a war not limited to the Balkans. Our talk was a little like a novel by Mr. Wells. We did not believe in it. In the evening we walked by the seashore, and, looking out towards Kronstadt and down the gulf, saw far away the search-lights of ships of war sweeping the quiet waters. "What are they doing?" asked one.

"Looking for Germans," said another. And we all laughed.

II.

The next day, when the evening papers came, we were sitting on the verandah, scooping wasps out of the honey, and drinking tea. In the house a gramophone was playing a modern dance tune, and two or three young people were practicing steps. The evening papers were handed up from the garden, and as we read the news of the blowing-up of the bridge over the Danube, and knew that war was inevitable, the gramophone and the dancers seemed suddenly fantastic. They danced, the gramophone played its silly tune, and, as we sat outside with the headlines before us, it seemed a dance of death. But we were still far from realization.

III.

The war did not become real, an imminent thing, until a day or two later. I came back from fishing, and met my friend's sister in the garden. She told me:

"Stefan Stefanovitch must leave tonight. They have taken him. He goes to Kiev with his regiment."

Stefan Stefanovitch was sitting alone on a seat in a corner of the garden. He had been in Petersburg the night before, and had only come down to the country that afternoon.

He shook me by both hands.

"It is war," he said; "and I hate war. We all hate war. And now I have got to go and kill people I never saw before in my life." He laughed, but went on to tell how the porter at his rooms in town had also received the paper ordering him to join the colors; how he had seen that there was a similar paper for his master; and how he had brought the letter in, with tears running down his face.

Presently a boy ran in to say that after the 11:30 train that night the regular service to Petersburg would be suspended and the line occupied by troop trains. We decided to go up to town together.

At half-past ten we started to walk through the forest to the little station. His sister came with us a little way, and then turned back.

The woods were extraordinarily empty and quiet. The only noises were the occasional tinkle of a cow-bell and the b-r-r-r of a moth's wings.

"The English fleet put out to sea, and there was singing of patriotic songs," Stefan Stefanovitch quoted from the newspapers. "What sort of songs?"

"Rule, Britannia," I supposed, and "The British Grenadiers," "Auld Lang Syne" perhaps, but more likely songs from the music-halls.

"Ah!" he said. "Our songs are different. . . . not joyful."

And then, as he walked through the woods, a thoroughly peace loving person going sturdily to war, he sang song after song, good songs to march to, melancholy, serious songs, without the flaunting cheeriness of ours. Song after song he sang as he went to war, walking through the empty forest.

All over Russia, along the forest paths, quiet men, hating war, were going singing from their homes.

Neither he nor I, in the forest, realized how many. Mobilization in a country like Russia is unimaginable, like a very large number. It is too vast, too enormous a business for the mind.

We came at last to the station.

"What a lot of people," he said. That was something we could realize, the covered platforms of one little country station.

The train was several hours late, and so long that it had to stop twice at each station, once for the front carriages and once for those behind. It was full of reservists. Some were alone, others came with their wives and mothers and children. At every station there were more of them. At every station there were weeping women, seeing, perhaps, the last of their men. There was an army doctor saying good-bye to his family, the servants kissing his hands and praying, his wife rubbing his wrist up and down mechanically. There was one man who talked, too gleefully I thought, and too much, too excitedly. He was not going to the war.

There was little demonstration, little shouting. At each station was a Russian flag and a small group, cheering; but it was so small, in comparison with the silent crowd, as to be almost unnoticeable. We realized a little clearer how very many were going, but not for days afterwards did I understand that on that night there were such scenes not only in one or two or twenty districts, but that all over Russia, everywhere at once, the mobilization was proceeding. On that night, all over the largest country in Europe, was this silent parting, this quiet setting out.

We took four hours to cover the thirty miles, and reached Petersburg at nearly four in the morning. We walked for some way before taking an *isvoshtchik* along the quays. The night was calm, the early morning quiet and beautiful. A small crowd with a flag went shouting over the Troitzky bridge. In a side street were a number of field-kitchens and ammunition wagons, guarded. There was little else to show that behind that cool, lucid sky were spread the wings of the angel of death.

IV.

The most remarkable thing during the days that followed the mobilization order was the silence. The men were silent, or very quiet. The place seemed at first stunned, and then too serious to shout. Such shouting as there was came, I believe, from the throats of hooligans, except in a few instances of sudden and explicable enthusiasm.

Down the Nevsky Prospect a group of reservists trudged in their working clothes, colored shirts, broad belts, high boots, rope-shoes, or even rags wound about their feet. They carried their belongings in little boxes, or handkerchiefs, or string-bags. Some of them had brought their own kettles with them. A number of women, many with little children, walked with them. The tears were running down the faces of some. They

marched quite silent, except when people on the pavement cheered them, and then they cheered back, dreadfully, like men only partly wakened from a dream.

There was no music. I did not hear a military band all day. Everywhere I met these groups of silent men, with serious faces, marching along with two or three regular soldiers to the depots, offices, public baths, riding-schools, where they camped, were medically examined, and fitted with uniforms. In many places a company of them with their women were huddled along the edge of a pavement, talking very little; just sitting there, most of them occupied with the eating of sunflower seeds.

At one or two the next morning I met a company already in uniform, marching to the Warsaw Station, to go directly to the front. Nobody was watching them. Their farewells were over. They were just a company of soldiers walking through the early morning twilight, with none of the poms of war. I remembered how our English regiments went off to South Africa, with martial music in their heads, and reflected on the courage it must need to walk off, almost unnoticed, to a war of utter horror, long anticipated, to a possible, even probable death on the field, an exit from life entirely unremarked.

Next day, in the Cathedral of St. Isaac, I found a group of reservists with their bundles, praying—or, perhaps, not so conscious of themselves as to pray. They stood and crossed themselves and went out consecrated for war. Two or three were oldish, bearded men, others quite young. Childlike warriors they seemed, but they marched off steadily, sturdily, not in the least light-heartedly, to join their comrades. In front of the ikons women were lighting candles for the safety of their men.

I met a crowd of soldiers riding bareback on the cabhorses taken for war. Some of the horses had collar sores, which, no doubt, they would carry into battle with them, they, like their riders, workers suddenly taken for a more terrible business.

"Taken" is the word the Russian use. Seized, carried away, it can mean. "Oni vzyali," "They have taken." Thus the calling out of a reservist is expressed, with a clear distinction between the State and the individual.

In the afternoon white papers were fixed up at street corners to say that Petersburg was under martial law. Below these papers were notices asking for workmen to apply at various places for extremely high-paid work, the cutting down of timber, and the building of fortifications, in case of a German invasion through the Baltic.

Then came the news of the actual declaration of war.

Then the arrival of the last train from the German frontier, with the news that the news that the Germans seemed to have drawn back, and that the Russian soldiers were lying with rifles ready all along the quiet little river that marks the frontier at Wirballen, that the place was deserted, and that for many miles the roads were crowded with the people of the countryside in carts of all kinds, with a few of their hastily collected belongings, hurrying to escape, anywhere into Russia, from the expected Germans.

V.

Sunday—There was a tremendous demonstration in the Palace Square. It is an enormous

(Continued on Page 18.)

Perspective Impressions

What is more useless than the election card of a defeated candidate the day after election?

Now that we've let daylight through the Stockton street hill, what about it?

Dr. Aked has disappeared from the back page of the Examiner, and nobody seems to miss him.

Why not use some other definition of war? Poor General Sherman's has been overworked.

The Exposition people have relegated architecture to the category of liberal arts. Perhaps they could find nothing suggestive of a fine art about some of our skyscrapers.

The Chronicle calls attention once more to the fact that the municipal incinerator refuses to incinerate. But the Chronicle persists in cherishing old-fashioned ideas about municipal efficiency.

Not only to Tipperary, says the Czar, but likewise to Berlin.

One wonders what St. Michael, the warrior archangel, thinks of the prayers for the abolition of war.

Met a man the other day who did not know that St. Petersburg had become Petrograd. He appeared quite happy, in spite of his ignorance.

If the siege guns would only knock a few useless consonants out of certain Galician place names, this war would not be in vain.

Apparently the Zeppelin is to be dreaded more by the civilian in town than by the soldier on the firing line.

Now that the Geary street road is losing money perhaps candidates will quit pointing to it with pride.

Why doesn't the State Department try a Chautauqua lecture on Villa?

We have neutralized our sympathies to the extent of being ready to bestow them on whichever side will quit in time for the holidays.

We have read what purported to be the correct pronunciation of Przemysl. If it was correct, then the word as spelled must have had a couple of vowels deleted by the censor.

The people of Maine have elected State officers who pledged themselves to submit to the people a proposal to repeal prohibition. Is Maine so stupid as to be unable to recognize a good thing after having had it fifty years?

The conservative and dignified Boston Advertiser alludes to Governor Johnson as "this Colonel Blease of the West." Out here Blease is known as the Johnson of North Carolina.

Who's Who Hereabouts

XXXI—MRS. LULU WIGHTMAN

"The Devil in Petticoats" was the theme of a sermon delivered by the Rev. J. W. Simmons of Turlock, Stanislaus county, the other night. The sermon was printed in the Turlock Tribune alongside a lecture delivered in the same town, the same night, by the very individual who was the subject of the clergyman's remarks. It was the Tribune that made me aware of the existence of Mrs. Lulu Wightman. This lady is the devil in petticoats of the Simmons' sermon. The pious gentleman of the Methodist pulpit gave a quite elaborate description of the lady. "She is," he said, "venal, mercenary, a hireling and her tongue is a vibrant hammer." A lady worth knowing, evidently. The holy man put a few more details into his portrait, thus: "She professes immoral convictions with the boldness and impudence of a prostitute who has lost all sense of modesty." The Rev. Simmons, you see, is no impressionistic portrait painter. He is extremely naturalistic, fond of minute touches, and as gross as Zola. "She vomits her offensive matter into the faces of this community," he said. Again: "She expresses on a plane of respectability the 'deas of the underworld.'"

"The Devil in Petticoats" obviously is a title that but faintly outlines the character of this evil woman. The zealous clergyman went on to say that she spoke for the lowest classes of the community, and that personal liberty to her meant "the liberty of the brothel, the saloon and the gambling hell, the liberty of the thief and the criminal." He declared that she was "the voice of the liquor traffic," and that she "had been hired by the Royal Arch." Naturally this refined clergyman excited my curiosity. I felt sure that the devil in petticoats was no ordinary personality. The assurance was strengthened the following day when I read in the Turlock Tribune a report of her answer to the coarse diatribe of the pious Methodist preacher. The reply was somewhat remarkable for its restraint. She regretted that the clergyman had lost his temper, and suggested that unless he eschewed the language of personal abuse he could never be taken

seriously as a minister of the religion whose founder taught us to disdain malevolence and hatred and foster the sentiment of love. "Mr. Simmons," she said, "accuses me of representing the lowest classes. Does he forget that Jesus took his followers from the lowest classes?" She said that in the days of Jesus as now there was a church trust, and it was this trust that nailed Him to the cross. She quoted Christ's denunciation of the Scribes and Pharisees, and declared that if He were to come to Turlock He would apply the same term to bigots of the Simmons stripe who are trying to dictate the laws of the State. Mrs. Wightman denied that she was employed by the Royal Arch, and said that if it were a matter of choice she would rather be hired by the Royal Arch than by the prohibition agitators, for she had never known of the Royal Arch trying to drive out of town a speaker who disagreed with it. According to the Tribune, "she took up a published report of the Simmons sermon and answered it with wit and sarcasm keeping her audience in a roar of laughter and applause." When she stopped speaking it was on account of a sore throat. She announced that she would "give Rev. Simmons the other barrel the following evening."

Mrs. Wightman, I have learned, doesn't at all approximate to the description given by the raging pulpiter of Turlock. She is a refined, educated woman with a strong passion for the principle of personal liberty and for the fundamentals of government as laid down by the Founders. Gifted with eloquence, and possessed of a love for public speaking, she has followed the profession of itinerant orator, depending for a living on the contributions of her audiences. She never hires a hall, but speaks in the open air, and so great is her magnetism that she draws thousands to her meetings. For twenty-five years she has been following her profession throughout the United States discussing "Blue Laws," "Personal Liberty" and "The Objects of Civil Government." At no time has she ever spoken for

hire. In several Eastern States the liquor interests offered to pay her for the services she rendered in her defense of the principle of personal liberty, but nobody has ever been able to induce her to accept money other than that contributed at her meetings. She is an orator who speaks in the language of the heart that goes to the heart, and she never fails to stir up enthusiasm. From all parts of the State comes testimony of her rare ability as an orator. The newspapers of the interior give her more space than is given to the political candidates and they say that she is drawing big crowds everywhere. According to the Fort Bragg Chronicle, "To hear Mrs. Wightman is to love her. She is a most excellent and interesting lecturer." The Cloverdale Reveille paid a glowing tribute to her on her visit to that town where she declared that "the religious tyrants and bigots who would tear down the fundamental guarantees of rights were the real enemies to social justice." "The State should look after crime," she said, "and God will take care of our morals." Said the Turlock Tribune: "Never before has any public speaker held the attention of Turlock audiences as Mrs. Wightman did in her lecture on 'Civil and Religious Liberty.' She is a clever and accomplished platform orator, forceful, eloquent and convincing, and possessed of an abundant store of information. Individual liberty she supports with almost fanatical zeal."

Nowhere have I been able to find anybody whose opinion of Mrs. Wightman coincides with that of Simmons of Turlock. In the East where she is well known high encomiums have been paid to her. Some months ago she was invited to address the Missouri House of Representatives, and she did so, and she was warmly applauded. She made so favorable an impression on Mayor Brockway of Elmira, N. Y., when she spoke in that town, that he said: "Every man, woman and child in these United States should hear Mrs. Wightman."

I wonder if the Rev. Simmons would be willing to meet Mrs. Wightman in a public debate?

A Symposium of War Poets

AUGUST, 1914

By John Masefield

How still this quiet cornfield is tonight;
By an intenser glow the evening falls,
Bringing, not darkness, but a deeper light;
Among the stooks a partridge covey calls.

The windows glitter on the distant hill;
Beyond the hedge the sheep-bells in the fold
Stumble on sudden music and are still;
The forlorn pinewoods droop above the wold.

An endless quiet valley reaches out
Past the blue hills into the evening sky;
Over the stubble, cawing, goes a rout
Of rooks from harvest, flagging as they fly.

So beautiful it is I never saw
So great a beauty on these English fields
Touched, by the twilight's coming, into awe,
Ripe to the soul and rich with summer's yields.

* * * * *

These homes, this valley spread below me here,
The rooks, the tilted stacks, the beasts in pen,
Have been the heartfelt things, past-speaking dear
To unknown generations of dead men,

Who, century after century, held these farms,
And, looking out to watch the changing sky,
Heard, as we hear, the rumors and alarms
Of war at hand and danger pressing nigh,

And knew, as we know, that the message meant
The breaking-off of ties, the loss of friends,
Death like a miser getting all his rent
And no new stones laid where the trackway ends.

The harvest not yet won, the empty bin,
The friendly horses taken from the stalls,
The fallow on the hill not yet brought in,
The cracks unplastered in the leaking walls;

Yet heard the news, and went discouraged home,
And brooded by the fire with heavy mind,
With such dumb loving of the Berkshire loam
As breaks the dumb hearts of the English kind.

Then sadly rose and left the well-loved Downs
And so, took ship to sea, and knew no more
The fields of home, the byres, the market towns,
Nor the dear outline of the English shore,

But knew the misery of the soaking trench,
The freezing in the rigging, the despair
In the revolting second of the wrench
When the blind soul is flung upon the air,

And died (uncouthly, most) in foreign lands
For some idea but dimly understood
Of an English city never built by hands,
Which love of England prompted and made good.

* * * * *

If there be any life beyond the grave
It must be near the men and things we love,
Some power of quick suggestion how to save
Touching the living soul as from above,

An influence from the Earth from those dead
Hearts
So passionate once, so deep, so truly kind,
That in the living child the spirit starts
Feeling companioned still, not left behind.

Surely above these fields a spirit broods,
A sense of many watchers muttering near,
Of the lone Downland with the forlorn woods
Loved to the death, inestimably dear.

A muttering from beyond the veils of Death
From long dead men, to whom this quiet scene
Came from blinding tears with the last breath,
The dying soldier's vision of his queen.

All the unspoken worship of those lives
Spent in forgotten wars at other calls
Glimmers upon these fields where evening drives
Beauty like breath so gently darkness falls.

Darkness that makes the meadows holier still,
The elm trees sadden in the hedge, a sigh
Moves in the beech-clump on the haunted hill,
The rising planets deepen in the sky,

And silence broods like spirit on the brae;
A glimmering moon begins, the moonlight runs
Over the grasses of the ancient way,
Rutted this morning by the passing guns.

THE WIFE OF FLANDERS

By G. K. Chesterton

Low and brown barns, thatched and repatched
and tattered,
Where I had seven sons until today—
A little hill of hay your spur has scattered. * * *
This is not Paris. You have lost your way.

You, staring at your sword to find it brittle,
Surprised at the surprise that was your plan,
Who, shaking and breaking barriers not a little,
Find never more the death-door of Sedan.

Must I for more than carnage call you claimant,
Pay you a penny for each son you slay?
Man, the whole globe in gold were no repayment
For what you have lost. And how shall I
repay?

What is the price of that red spark that caught
me
From a kind farm that never had a name?
What is the price of that dead man they brought
me?
For other dead men do not look the same.

How should I pay for one poor graven steeple
Whereon you shattered what you shall not
know?
How should I pay you, miserable people?
How should I pay you everything you owe?

Unhappy, can I give you back your honor?
Though I forgave, would any man forget?
While all our great green earth has trampled on
her,
The treason and terror of the night we met.

Not any more in vengeance or in pardon,
One old wife bargains for a bean that's hers.
You have no word to break: no heart to harden.
Ride on and prosper. You have lost your
spurs.

ROLL UP!

By W. M. L. Hutchinson

(Tune—"The British Grenadiers.")

"Roll up the map of Europe!"
The German Kaiser cried,
"For I'm the new Napoleon,
An' England's 'ands are tied."
But another sort o' rollin' up
Is comin' into play—
"Roll up! Roll up!" sez Kitchener,
An' we're rollin' up all day.

'E thought, did Kaiser William,
That England would stand by
'While 'e an' 'is five million
Were crushin' 'er ally;
'For they 'aven't got the men," 'e said,
"To fight acrost the seas."
"Roll up! Roll up!" sez Kitchener,
"New Army, forward, please!"

Yes, 'e wants a Second Army—
'E's goin' to get it, too;
For we know the man that calls us,
An' we trust 'im thro' and thro'.
We're steppin' up from everywhere,
To the tune of the old tow-row,
"Roll up! Roll up!" sez Kitchener,
"It's King and Country now."

An' while we do our part 'ere,
We'll think with love an' pride
Of our comrades now a-rallyin'
Acrost the oceans wide.
For East an' West an' furthest South
They hear K.'s call resound—
"Roll up! Roll up for England!"
An' they're rollin' up all round!

"PRO PATRIA"

By Owen Seaman

Britons, in this great fight to which you go
Because where Honor calls you, go you must,
Be glad, whatever comes, at least to know
You have your quarrel just.

Peace was your care; before the nations' bar
Her cause you pleaded and her ends you
sought;
But not for her sake, being what you are,
Could you be bribed and bought.

Others may spurn the pledge of land to land,
May with the brute sword stain a gallant past;
But by the seal to which you set your hand,
Thank God, you still stand fast.

Forth, then, to front that peril of the deep
With smiling lips and in your eyes the light,
Steadfast and confident, of those who keep
Their storied scutcheon bright.

And we, whose burden is to watch and wait—
High-hearted ever, strong in faith and prayer,
We ask what offering we may consecrate,
What humble service share?

To steel our souls against the lust of ease;
To find our welfare in the general good;
To hold together, merging all degrees
In one wide brotherhood;

To teach that he who saves himself is lost,
To bear in silence though our hearts may
bleed;
To spend ourselves, and never count the cost
For others' greater need;

To go our quiet ways, subdued and sane;
To hush all vulgar clamor of the street;
With level calm to face alike the strain
Of triumph or defeat.

This be our part, for so we serve you best,
So best confirm their prowess and their pride,
Your warrior sons, to whom in this high test
Our fortunes we confide.

Sidelights On The War

By Robert McTavish

The German System

A correspondent writing from Aix-La-Chapelle says: "Looking out of the windows of a German military train when it stopped at Charleroi one morning last week I saw a German soldier bending over a flower bed on the grounds of the railway station. He seemed to be attentively examining the flowers. As he knelt there he frequently moved his hands gently among the blossoms as if he were caressing them. I said to one of my companions, 'There is that beautiful German love of flowers again. With the ruins of whole streets of this town smoking this private soldier finds time to admire a flower bed that has escaped destruction.' We grew quite sentimental about the matter. Suddenly the man rose from his knees and with him there came from the flower a telephone receiver and two or three yards of telephone wire. Straightening himself he put the receiver to his ear and spoke rapidly. We could hear some of the words. They appeared to be a repetition or verification of certain orders. The flower bed and the soldier were on the left of the train. On the right and at a greater distance you saw two parallel streets of unroofed houses. From their cellars and shattered floors clouds of smoke rose lazily into the sunshine. As the train was pulling out with its burden of silent German wounded, of disconsolate French and English prisoners, and of fretted correspondents who had been suavely assured that they were "guests" of the German army, the soldier ceased speaking and deftly replaced the telephone receiver and the wire among the flowers. The German system was working. In every instance and everywhere it appears to work that way. They have a place for everything, and they put everything in its place. This system is a curious combination of simple household and office routine, of craft and of overwhelming prowess."

What Germany Has Lost

Germany has lost territory more than half the size of the empire's area in Europe since the war began by the capture of many of her colonies. The only German colony against which military operations have not been reported is Kamerun, which borders the Gulf of Guinea in West Africa. This territory is partly surrounded by British, French and Belgian possessions and has a population of only 1,700 Germans in its 191,000 square miles. Its deadly climate for whites may be the reason why it has been left unmolested. The German colonies now occupied partly or wholly by the allies are: Kaiser Wilhelm Land, area 70,000 square miles; Togoland, area 33,700 square miles; Samoan Islands, 1,000 square miles; and Bismarck Archipelago, area 20,000 square miles. A total of 124,700 square miles.

Are the Russians in France?

What about the story of the arrival of Russian troops on French soil? It was reported in our afternoon papers one day that an army of Cossacks had been transported from Archangel to France through Scotland, but there was not a word about it in the morning papers of the following day. Once or twice since there has been brief mention of Russians in France, but nothing about their fighting. The story, I learn from New York papers, was first printed in Rome by the Tribuna, according to which the German plans of offense were changed following the landing of 250,000 Russians in Belgium. The news was confirmed by passengers on the Mauretania who reached London on September

3rd and later by passengers on the Cedric and other steamers. The New York Sun tells of a New York representative of a jute concern in Dundee, Scotland, who received a letter from the head of the company, telling him that Russian soldiers had been marching through the town for three days and nights.

The Russian Army

A great deal of rubbish has been talked and printed as to the untold millions of Russian soldiers. There has been talk of the 12,000,000 Russian troops—of 15,000,000, of 20,000,000. According to Arthur Ransome, a recognized authority on Russian affairs who was in Russia when the war broke out, Russia managed to mobilize 2,000,000 men and get them toward the frontier. This she did with surprising promptitude. The mobilization of these 2,000,000 was accomplished three weeks earlier than schedule time. A third million of regulars is well up toward the frontier. Behind this line is a fourth million of reservists. They are probably well forward by this time and can be drawn upon to fill up the vacancies in the troops caused by the heavy casualties. That is the Russian army up to date. Behind that, of course, lie the millions whereof there is talk—millions of reservists scattered over twenty degrees of latitude; more slowly they can be mobilized and brought forward over the three lines of railway. For there are only three roads. By next year Russia was to have finished her new military railways, which would have enabled her to repel far more quickly an attack from German and Austrian. It is the Russian theory that the chief reason the German Powers forced on the war was to strike before the new railways were finished.

Rolland to Hauptmann

Romain Rolland, author of "Jean Christophe," and a firm believer in cosmopolitanism, has addressed an open letter to Dr. Gerhart Hauptmann in which he reproaches the German people for refusing to believe that the war is their act and attacks Germany's treatment of Belgium. "The fury with which you treat this magnanimous nation, whose only crime is to defend its own independence," he says, "is too terrible. The

world revolts at it. Keep your violence for us French, your true enemies. You rage against little, unfortunate Belgium. What a shame. Not content with making war on living Belgians you attack the dead, bombard Malines and burn Louvain. Louvain, with its treasures of art and science, is only a heap of cinders. Who, then, are you? What name do you prefer, who refuse to be called barbarians? Are you the grandchildren of Goethe or of Attila? Do you make war on armies or on the human spirit?" M. Rolland's severest charge is against the German intellectual class because it does not protest against such outrages as the burning of Louvain. "In the name of our Europe, of which you have heretofore been one of the most illustrious champions," he says, "in the name of this civilization for which the greatest men for centuries have struggled, in the name even of the honor of your Germanic race, Gerhart Hauptmann, I adjure and summon you and the German intellectual elite to protest with the last energies against this crime. I await a reply from you, Hauptmann, a reply which will be an act. European opinion waits with me. Reflect that at such a moment silence also is an act."

War Correspondence Up to Date

"There is a hurricane blowing. The rain descends in torrents—rain that lashes the roadways, eating into them and digging deep ruts. Over the sombre fields heavy clouds sweep, the mist trailing on the tree tops. The wayside brooks are swollen to little torrents, the rivulets have become cataracts: and although the earth has been baked by the recent days of tropical heat, it is now all sodden. The great rivers rush turbid and angry between their banks." This is not a bit of descriptive writing taken from a short story. It is the beginning of an article on the war sent to the London Times by a correspondent at Melun. It is interesting as showing what the correspondents must do these days to fill space. The article is two columns long, and there is not a bit of news in it. It is all descriptive. War correspondence must perforce linger over swollen torrents and paint word pictures of the mist trailing on the tree tops when the correspondents are rigorously debarred from the battle line.



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Poems About San Francisco

CLXVI—THE SEAL ROCKS

By Benjamin P. Keith

(The following pretty little poem was written by Benjamin P. Keith, a time-keeper at the Hotel St. Francis. Mr. Keith's verses have hitherto circulated only among his intimate friends, chief among whom is James Woods, the manager of the St. Francis. Mr. Keith hopes that one of these days he may attain the distinction of a published volume, and all his friends warmly approve this commendable ambition.)

Home of the ocean fowl and seal!
Since time began, your hoary forms
Have echoed to the thunderous peal
Of earthquake shock and ocean storms.

Through ages vanished utterly
From mortals who behold today
The waters of the restless sea
That sweeps your cliffs with briny spray—

Grand symbol you have ever been,
Proud monument must ever stay;
And myriads of unborn men
Shall love and admiration pay.

No changes of the world or state
Can rouse the thoughts that you inspire;
Weird sentinel of the Golden Gate,
You beck the soul to something higher!

The Spectator

The Passing of Max Kuhl

The resignation of Max Kuhl thrilled Mayor Rolph with joy unspeakable. The Mayor has been suffering from insomnia as a result of devoting his nights to trying to devise ways and means of getting rid of Max without starting the thunders of the pulpit. The problem was beyond him, and he was becoming exceedingly irritable when the only emollient came like a divine gift through the mail. Secretary Rainey pronounced it a miracle. Max says he resigned on account of his law practice which is so large and exigent as to require all his time. This is incredible but nevertheless true, for Max is a moralist, a most exemplary young man, and he is above telling even a white lie. Owing to the prevalence of scepticism, however, I have been asked more than once how the Mayor "turned the trick." There are sceptics who insist that the resignation was induced by some kind of strategic stroke; a turning of the flank, an enveloping movement, a hurricane centre drive or something Von Kluckian. But it is a matter of little consequence now that Max is no longer a thorn in Mayor Rolph's aching side and James Woods is back on the commission along with Dr. Shumate and Attorney Roche who, by the way, has three times as much practice as Kuhl but less difficulty in taking care of it. Now that the commissioners are in harmony, and all the pallid and sapless guardians of the virtue of the frail man in the street are preoccupied with the horrors of war perhaps it may be deemed not too hazardous to silence the curfew for awhile. In view of the fact that money is "tight" there is not much danger of morals becoming scandalously loose. And further, now that it has been shown that we may dance one night a week without making the devil chortle audibly we might venture another step and then another until the seven bars are down. Peradventure the spasm of virtue has passed off. Mayhap our truant sense of humor has returned to enable us to laugh at ourselves for yielding the public leg to an Oregon boot six nights in the week in order to placate the implacable Puritan. Now that the obsession is relaxing isn't it obvious that the old town is badly in need of a prophylactic against the hypocrisy that breaks out periodically in too solemn sections of the community?

The Slowness of Jim

"My friend Mission Jim is quick enough with the glad hand, but he's a bit slow in the head," said the man who winds the ferry clock.

I protested against this aspersion upon the intellectual capacity of our chief executive.

"I know what I'm talking about," said the ferry Solomon, just a trifle nettled by contradiction. "Two weeks ago, at the peace meeting in the park, Jim began his speech by saying that it was hard to realize that war was going on in Europe. From the trend of his remarks it was plain that Jim didn't believe all he read in the papers—that he had a sneaking feeling that the reports of war in Europe were greatly exaggerated. Last Sunday Jim made another war speech, or peace speech if you prefer it that way. This time he came out flat-footed. 'European nations,' he said, 'are engaged in a mighty, bloody battle.' You see, Jim's doubts have been dispelled. He's sure now that the war is on. It is not hard for him to realize it any more. And so I say he's just a bit slow. Most of us knew this war was an actual fact nearly ten weeks ago. But perhaps Jim has been too busy crushing the Missionites to read the war news."

Dr. Jones' Flip-Flop

I asked the clock winder what he meant by the Mayor crushing the Missionites. He regarded me with astonishment.

"Didn't you read in the papers about Doc Jones taking the place of my old friend Henry Brandenstein on the Fire Commission?" he asked.

Yes, I had read about it.

"Well, don't you know what that means?" asked the clock winder. "Doc Jones used to be a great friend of the Mayor. He presided over the first meeting held during the Rolph campaign. But after Jim was elected, he and the doc had a falling out, over patronage of course. Some time ago things got so bad that Doc Jones and some other boys who used to be Rolph stalwarts organized the 'Missionites,' the object of which was to 'get' Rolph. Everybody who had a grudge against Rolph joined the Missionites and rallied round Doc Jones. Mission Jim was terribly worried. He knew that Doc Jones had a lot of power out in the warm belt. So what does he do? He offers Jones the place vacated by Brandenstein. Did Jones spurn it with indignation? I guess not! He fell on Jim's neck and had his name annexed to the pay roll. So the Missionites have lost their president, and the city has gained a new Fire Commissioner. Rolph is tickled to death, but the Missionites—if I told you what they are saying about a certain Missionite you'd not be able to send your paper through the mails."

Our Timid Chamber of Commerce

The man who winds the ferry clock was talking about the timidity of the Chamber of Commerce the other day. "The men that run that body," he observed, "are afraid of their own shadows. What they need is a little of the self-importance that distinguished the three Tailors of Tooley Street. The three tailors, as you know, became proverbial for their excess of self-importance. They were three E. P. E. Troys. Now the Chamber of Commerce may become proverbial for its impotency due to lack of self-appreciation. Here is a body that is supposed to be representative of the solid interests of the community, and it doesn't dare assert itself."

Challenged to cite an instance of the Chamber's timidity the clock winder hesitated. For a moment he was overcome with reluctance. Then he explained that he did not want to appear to be knocking his friend Hiram Johnson. "However," he said, "there isn't any danger of our captains of industry attacking him, so I'll remind you of the fact that our impulsive Governor affronted the whole Chamber when it was agitating for municipal control of the Water Front. He virtually told the Chamber of Commerce to go to blazes. Now everybody knew that the Governor's objection to municipal control was that it would deprive him of patronage and impair his political machine. It was pretty raw for him to defy the Chamber of Commerce in view of the fact that other cities control their own water

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SAN FRANCISCO

fronts and that the San Francisco water front is run as a hospital for broken-down politicians. But here he is running for Governor again, and all the water front taxeaters boosting his game and the Chamber of Commerce holding its tongue with both hands. There isn't a man in the whole Chamber with the courage to urge that a demand be made on the Board of Control for a report of the receipts and disbursements on the water front. Of course I'm for the Governor. I like a man of nerve. Between ourselves, the Chamber of Commerce is chiefly what the matter is with San Francisco. But it's precisely the sort of Chamber of Commerce the people of this city deserve. We have an awfully cheap lot of merchants and captains of industry, and that's why organized labor runs the town. There's one thing to be said about organized labor—it's true to its friends, and one cannot say as much for our merchants. Look at the vote Judge Sturtevant got for dismissing the Gas Company's strike injunction. The unions supported him and evidently our merchants and manufacturers gave him their support too. They forgot all about the injunction. The unions never forget."

The clock winder began polishing his key, and he had not another word to utter.

Quoting the Ignorant

M. H. Cartwright of the People's Cause, a prohibition paper of Red Bluff, has been wrought up to a high pitch of indignation by a little pamphlet that recites a few plain truths about the fanaticism which he is engaged in propagating in his feeble way. Poor soul! he sees but one side of the question. He is the typical bigot, intolerant of dissent, convinced that those who differ with him are insincere. All the reason is on his side, and to prove it he quotes scientific authorities that nobody ever heard of, and one or two whose opinions on the prohibition issue have no scientific value; for example, our garrulous friend Luther Burbank. Luther is the loosest of all ready and incorrigible talkers. Luther has been spoiled by newspapericity. A meagrely educated man, intoxicated with the incense burned by hordes of wizard-seekers, he probably never reflected on the saying of Socrates that a knowledge of our own ignorance is the first step toward true knowledge. Luther never read Socrates. He prefers Elbert Hubbard, whom he has pronounced the greatest writer in America. Now Luther doesn't know anything more about the art of using words than I know about planting potatoes, but I am infinitely wiser than Luther, for all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't drag me into a public dissertation on potato planting. Some day I will write a brochure on the terrible evils inflicted on mankind by specialists who give the weight of their prestige to dicta on subjects of which they are profoundly ignorant. Luther Burbank, the skilled farmer, will serve as my leading example.

He Quotes Taft

Among others quoted by Editor Cartwright is William Howard Taft, who is represented as having said: "He who drinks deliberately disqualifies himself for advancement. I do not drink." One of the evil practices of prohibition agitators is that of putting words into the mouths of prominent men. I feel perfectly safe in challenging Editor Cartwright to give time, place and circumstance of the silly utterance attributed to our former President. If he had said it was Roosevelt who made the remark I'd not contradict him, but Taft! Nay, nay. This is what Mr. Taft is quoted by Dr. Edward Huntington Williams as having said at the commencement exercises of a college in Philadelphia: "Criticism might well be directed to many text books that seek to inculcate aversion to the use of intoxicating liquor. The unwise extremity to which legislators have gone in the requirement for such teaching has stimulated a class of books which dwell on the results of the use of intoxicating liquors in such an exaggerated way that pupils soon begin to understand that they are grotesque exaggerations, and therefore they become skeptical in regard to the whole matter." This is a more plausible quotation, for President Taft abhors fanatical reformers, and it was by the fanatics of the W. C. T. U. that the teaching of "scientific temperance" was begun in the public schools with the result that there are text books filled with lies about the physiological action of alcohol. These books have been pronounced by a committee of educators a disgrace to our public school system. Editor Cartwright writes like a man who probably studied them.

He's Not In

Editor Cartwright's chief grievance against the "wet" pamphlet is on account of the assertion that John D. Rockefeller is financing the dry cause in California. He argues that as he never saw the Rockefeller "barrel" it doesn't exist, and he says that himself and his associates would like to handle a little of the contents. To be sure they would, but the men who are handling the barrel are not distributing the contents among the Cartwrights of the State. They are spending the money where they think it will do some good. Poor Cartwright! It would be sinful waste of money to pay him for his services.

A Matter of Self-Protection

Professor "Billy" Armes was in Paris just before the war broke out, and since his return he has been telling some good stories—not war stories. He stopped at a little hotel called the Prince Albert, much frequented by English and Canadians. There were two Canadian girls stopping there, and one day an Englishman ran over from London to entertain them. In the evening after dinner the Englishman asked the girls what theatre they would like to go to. They de-

clared for the Folies Bergere. The Englishman consulted the list of theatres displayed in the lobby of the hotel, and found that the attraction at the Folies was a piece called "Sans Culottes, Madame!" That gave him pause. So he stepped up to the manager of the hotel with whom Professor Armes was chatting at the moment, and asked:

"I say, is it safe to take a lady to the Folies Bergere?"

"Oh, safer!" answered the hotel manager.

The Worst Pun

Speaking of Professor Armes, he made a pun the other day, positively the worst pun I've heard since my last visit to dear ole Lunnon, the home of vile puns. We were looking at De Lappe's

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poster for the Apple Show, the attractive poster which shows a little girl holding a fine apple in her chubby fists and smiling contentedly.

"That's an effective poster," I remarked to the presiding genius of the Greek Theatre.

"Yes," the professor agreed, "the youngster is most happily placed."

A Real Artists' Society

The Sketch Club was given euthanasia last Saturday afternoon. It is no more. After fifteen years of honorable endeavor in the cause of Californian art, the Sketch Club has retired from the field, but not in defeat or even in discouragement. As one of the speakers said during the obsequies, the Sketch Club died that another club might be born. Regarded by those who ought to know as the one successful art institution in San Francisco, it now gives way to a club of larger scope and of more ambitious purposes. The place of the Sketch Club is taken by the San Francisco Society of Artists, now being incorporated under the laws of the State. The action of last Saturday was indorsed by the unanimous vote of the members of the Sketch Club, so the sacrifice is complete; there will be no criticism, no recrimination and, it is pretty generally believed, no regret. For the San Francisco Society of Artists starts with an imposing list of one hundred and fifty members, seventy-five of whom are painters and sculptors. And the artists are to direct the destinies of the new-born society.

McComas Speaks Out

Arthur Mathews and Francis McComas were directors of the defunct Sketch Club. They are to be directors of the new San Francisco Society of Artists. This should mean much for the club, for Mathews and McComas have the reputation of finishing whatever they start. Every good painter and sculptor in San Francisco is with them. McComas spoke at the meeting last Saturday. He spoke as one of the leaders in the peaceful revolution, for the founding of the new society on the ground formerly occupied by the Sketch Club is nothing less than a revolution. In his address which was vehement and outspoken, the master of water color had a good deal to say about the Hopkins Institute of Art. "Here in San Francisco," said McComas, "an institution lies rotting on a hill, doing its best to throttle and strangle art, and not knowing enough to realize that where it aims at murder it is achieving only suicide. Mismanaged by laymen it has shown a stonewall disinclination to receive the thirty artists and sculptors who have tried during the year to enroll themselves as members. It has steadfastly resisted the plea of these artists that its exhibitions be run in a professional way, and that they be given representation on its directorate. Seeing their every request evaded, hopeless of doing anything with this institution which should be the natural home of a San Francisco body of artists, since it has a gallery and trust funds to maintain it, these artists have decided to provide a gallery of their own, and to desist from their efforts to prevent the suicide of the institution on the hill." These remarks were received with applause by the assembled artists.

"It's a Morgue"

This was not the first time that Francis McComas paid his disrespects to the institution that "lies rotting on a hill." Asked his opinion of the Art Institute by a Town Talk interviewer more than a year ago McComas said: "It's a morgue." He added that the dead people in this morgue were "certainly not the pupils." Arthur Mathews has also expressed himself on this subject in Town Talk. For fifteen years before the

fire Mathews taught at the Hopkins Institute. He was asked who succeeded him after the fire, and replied: "I haven't the slightest idea. I take so little interest in the Art Institute that I know absolutely nothing about it. When I resigned," he continued, "I told them that I didn't propose any longer to travel in a circle. In my time at the Institute I traveled the same circle three times, and at the end I found we were back to a very rotten system." This system, he explained, was the fake classicism which the Art Institute borrowed from the French Academy. I recall these criticisms to show that two of the men who are active in the formation of the new society are aggressive in their opinions, that they scorn pretentious mediocrity. Unless I am very badly mistaken the new art movement in San Francisco will start our good artists on the road they should have traveled long ago.

Northern Electric's Receiver

The appointment of John P. Coghlan as receiver for Northern Electric is a tribute of friendship. The young attorney who has won a fine position at the bar as attorney for the gas company, is a very dear friend of United States District Judge Dooling who named him for the important receivership. The two men are related by marriage, but their friendship antedates the relationship by many years. Both are prominent members of the Native Sons, and at Grand Parlor they may always be found together. It was Coghlan who first urged Judge Dooling as a fitting man for the federal bench. He circulated a petition among all the judges of the Superior Court of the State, asking their signatures in indorsement of Judge Dooling, and when the petition was forwarded to President Wilson it bore the names of nearly all of Judge Dooling's colleagues.

President Wilson:

"I was most gratified to hear of the nomination of former Mayor James D. Phelan for United States Senator. He has been in close touch with the administration in Washington, and has heartily supported the policies which have been inaugurated for the benefit of the people—

"Therefore, I appeal not only to Democrats, but to all independent citizens to rally to the support of the men who have expressed a willingness to sustain the administration and carry on the work designed for the benefit of all."

Woodrow Wilson



JAMES D. PHELAN

James D. Phelan was three times Mayor of San Francisco

Prevented renewal of franchise of old Geary street railway, San Francisco, thus making present successful municipal line possible.

Appointed first woman who ever held an important public position in San Francisco.

Served as regent of the University of California.

Commissioner to secure re-enactment of the Geary Asiatic Exclusion Law.

Commissioner for Hetch Hetchy legislation before Congress to secure a mountain water supply for the cities around San Francisco Bay.

Commissioner to Europe by appointment of President Wilson to support the United States Government's invitation to foreign countries to participate in the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Declined ambassadorship to one of the great European nations, preferring service at home.

Led in the fight for a new charter for San Francisco, which insured home

rule, civil service reform, responsible government, municipal railroads.

Raised standard of pay for laborers in the city employ.

Head of the San Francisco Relief Committee in the disaster of 1906. Appointed by the President custodian of the relief fund aggregating \$10,000,000.

Worked and spoke before the Legislature for the enactment of an anti-alien land ownership law.

Experienced, capable and untrammelled, he would have but one client in Washington, the people of his native State.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Hillsboro Symposia

From time to time some daring person in our high society threatens to establish a salon. The threat has never been carried out, not even by Mrs. Frank Carolan, so the fame of Mme. de Sevigne has never been lessened by the successful rivalry of a San Francisco blue-stocking. The salon project is in abeyance just now, but we are threatened with something else. I refer to the symposium. The symposium is less self-conscious than the salon, but no less intellectually ambitious. The symposium is a dinner affair. One gathers about one's table savants, cognoscenti, pundits, dilettanti, litterateurs, artists, what not? One gives them carte blanche to talk, and to the best of one's ability one joins in—so do one's less distinguished guests. The symposium is of great antiquity. You recall the wondrous conversations of the dinner table reported by Plato. You are perfectly familiar, of course, with the flow of soul credited to the deipnosophists by Athenaeus. You have laughed at the talk which went the rounds of Trimalchio's mahogany. Well, we are to have something of this sort ourselves. Or more correctly, Hillsboro is to have it. I have just read with real interest of the projected Hillsboro symposia.

The Bavarde Speaks

The arresting announcement was made last Sunday by one of our bavardees. Her words are worth quoting. There is, she says, to be "an intellectual atmosphere this winter." And she goes on to elucidate: "Many small dinners are to be given, with six or eight guests selected for their mental attainments and not for their incomes—dinners where conversation will be general, and where one must be up on every topic." This is finely said, but there is added a syllabus, so to speak, of the projected discussions. "Whether it be the newest book, the latest play, a revolution in China or the abolishment of the House of Lords," the bavarde says one must be prepared to express opinions, "and if one knows nothing about them, one is simply out of it." Clearly, if one is dumb at the first of these symposia one will stand no chance of a bid to the second. If

one has not read the latest book, if one has not seen the latest play, if one has overlooked a revolution in China and has forgotten that some time ago there was talk among hotheads of doing away with the House of Lords, one will be branded as "a mutt," "a dub," if I may use words that are not exactly of a symposiac quality, though they are very expressive and are sometimes heard in the best circles.

The Possibilities

That there are great possibilities in these symposia none with imagination will deny. Suppose, for instance, Mrs. Carolan, fresh from Paris, introduces the subject of Pierre Louys whose "Aphrodite" she doubtless saw at the Comedie, or was it at the Odeon? Can't you sense the silence which might descend like a pall upon the dinner table? For it is quite likely that the other guests would not even know how to spell the naughty Pierre's last name. And if by chance a younger woman had read a book or two of his, she might hesitate to admit it, even in intellectual company. Or suppose Mrs. Carolan should lightly ask Mrs. Soandso whether she agreed with Hauptmann that Bergson was nothing but a parlor philosopher? The chances are that Mrs. Soandso would be so flustered that she'd choke on her entree. For there are many Mrs. Soandos in Hillsboro who couldn't tell you offhand whether Hauptmann is a juggler at the Orpheum or a San Mateo grocer, who don't know and don't care whether Bergson is an opera singer or a general in command along the Aisne. Suppose again that Mrs. Carolan should ask one of the men at table if he considered Treischke or Nietzsche the inspiration of German militarism? But why proceed? It is plain that one blue-stocking such as Mrs. Carolan is admitted to be by her most fervent admirers, would break up a symposium.

A Correction

The bavarde whom I have already quoted states that the first of these intellectual dinners will be given by Mrs. Will Crocker. I do not know the source of the bavarde's information, but I make bold to question its correctness. Mrs. Crocker is one of the few women in society who possesses genuine culture. Mrs. Crocker is not a poseur or a blue-stocking or a high-brow. She is a lady with a splendid mind developed by reading, thinking and observing. She is not glib or chatty, as superficial people are; and she does not make parade of her gifts. The idea of Mrs. Crocker going in for so-called intellectual dinner talk is a grotesque idea. Mrs. Crocker knows that real culture is the least self-conscious thing in the world. She knows that when people say: "Come, let us show how clever and how well informed we are," they proceed to make fools of themselves. She knows the limitations of San Francisco and Hillsboro society. And she is too kind-hearted to emphasize those limitations by starting a symposium.

Miss Doe's Engagement

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that Marguerite Doe is the greatest catch in California. People used to wonder whether she or Jennie Crocker had the larger fortune. Perhaps Mrs. Malcolm Whitman is richer than Miss Doe. But Miss Doe's father left her more than a million, and she has entire control of this great fortune derived from lumber. So Elliott Rogers



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is to be regarded as an exceedingly fortunate young fellow. For Elliott is engaged to Marguerite. We have almost ceased to look on Miss Doe as a San Francisco girl, for since she built her magnificent home at Montecito she has been quite a confirmed Santa Barbaran. Yet there are several local beaux—they knew her quite well in the days a couple of seasons back when she was active in social affairs here—who sort of hoped against hope that she might return and give them a chance to lay siege to her heart, hand and fortune. That dream is over now. She is going to marry the stepson of Cameron Rogers, famous for writing the words of "The Rosary" which inspired Ethelbert Nevin. Elliott is very popular in Montecito, and the engagement has been hailed with delight by the disinterested.

A Curious Condition

For the time being the social center has been shifted from our bay region. It may sound paradoxical, but the greatest social event of Oakland's season has taken place in Santa Barbara. And the greatest social event that has occurred in our season so far has taken place in Santa Barbara. If I were a Chesterton I might ring the changes on this curious condition (but my readers know that Tantalus is no Chesterton). The point is that the engagement of Florence

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Henshaw of Oakland to Charlie Keeney of San Francisco is a Santa Barbara engagement. And the engagement of Marguerite Doe of San Francisco (we still like to claim her) to Elliott Rogers of Santa Barbara is also a Santa Barbara engagement. There will be lots of entertaining for Florence Henshaw in Oakland, if she decides to spend part of her season at the Piedmont home of the Henshaws. There will be plenty of entertaining for Marguerite Doe in San Francisco, if she chooses to favor us with her presence this winter. But Santa Barbara will reap most of the social glory that belongs to both these important engagements. Really, we shall begin to envy Santa Barbara.

San Franciscans in London

A friend of mine writing from London states that the relief committee which has done the real work since war broke out is the committee of American residents in London, in which San Franciscans have taken the lead. "The organizations formed by the tourists did a lot of hurrah business and invented more bureaus than you could shake a stick at—so many that they had to have a sub-committee to find what it was all about," he writes. "H. C. Hoover, the Stanford mining man, has had charge of the finances from the start and handled all the government relief money. Mrs. Hoover headed the ladies' branch of it. The residents are the ones who have kept watch at the stations for refugee trains, who have found lodgings for the penniless as they arrived, who have seen to it that the babies had proper care and that the sick went to hospitals. You can't imagine what trying work this was, with trains hours late and refugees who in many cases were naturalized peasants unable to speak English. Other Californians giving this work all their time and energy are: Mr. and Mrs. J. Power Hutchins, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lathrop, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Rickard, Mrs. J. W. Dickson and Miss Daisy Polk. This is not saying that there were not others equally zealous, but they belong to scattered States. The relief work in

London seemed to me far more trying than in San Francisco in the days of the big fire, because of the kickers and grafters. Some of these were of the class that had never endured hardship in their lives and saw only their own discomforts magnified by vague terrors. Still others were peeved at being unable to use social or political pull. So the committee people were being roasted while they had their homes filled with pitiable cases. One of the tragedies under my own eyes was that of a Denver lady who had been put out of an Antwerp hospital on two hours' notice. She was trying to get news of her mother and child in Germany. The next I heard she had cut her throat. Can you expect a committee, with cases like that to handle, to have patience with a hysterical female who wanted Uncle Sam to intercede for the release of her poodle from the Folkstone quarantine station?"

The Newest Dances

The Kirlaw Studios at 435 Powell street announce the addition to their teaching force of Mr. Gilbert A. Littlejohn, the well known New York disciple of the Castles. Mr. Littlejohn is tall and lithe, like Mr. Castle, and was acknowledged in the metropolis to be one of the few who could at all approach the high Castle standard. The Kirlaw Studios, since the inauguration of their new Castle House combination of instruction and amusement last season, have acquired a name and clientele which put them in the lead of the best dancing studios on the Pacific Coast. This season Miss Kirby who must really be given credit for being the originator of this dancing innovation, intends to operate a suite of tea rooms in conjunction with her afternoons and evenings of dancing. Here the most ambitious will find a sufficient variety and novelty of dances to keep them fully occupied, although Miss Kirby who is a final authority on the adoption of dances in the West, maintains that the One Step Waltz, the Fox Trot and the Lulu Fado will be the essentially correct dances of the season. That several of Miss Kirby's pupils were dancing the Fox Trot and Lulu Fado toward the end of last season is significant of her judgment in these matters. Other dances, of less established value as yet, will be the Furlana, a Venetian dance advocated as a substitute for the Tango, the Poppy Dance, a California creation, the Rodin Writhe from Paris, and several modifications of the Maxixe, as danced last season.

Miss Alexander's Afternoon

Miss Clara Alexander who gave the first of a series of recitals Monday afternoon at the Elder Art Gallery, is presenting something new to San Francisco both in the form that she has chosen for entertaining her audience, and in the fact that each afternoon closes in the English fashion with tea. Her program is made up of readings from the modern dramatists and humorists, her choice being among plays and authors that are comparatively little known in this city. To offset the seriousness of this part of the recitals are characterizations of the Southern dandy, a feature in which she has made her name both in London and Newport. Monday's numbers included several poems of Paul Lawrence Dunbar and other poets of the South, a charming lullaby sung in the genuine "Mammy" style, and some clever imitations of old negroes. Another important part of the afternoon was the reading of "Stronger," a one-act play of August Strindberg. Among those who are interested in these affairs are Mrs. Gaillard Stoney, Mrs. Willard Drown, Mrs. Andrew Welch Sr., Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, Mrs. Frank Havens, Mrs. Stuart Haldorn and Mrs. Alice Ames Robbins.

At Paso Robles

Paso Robles Hot Springs has entertained the following guests recently: James Gallagher, Miss E. E. Bassett, W. Gray, Mrs. W. H. Avery, Miss Lillian O'Connor, Mrs. L. Harvey, Mrs. H. Harvey, Mrs. H. V. Town, Miss Town, G. H. Hodge, Miss Ada C. Sutton, Wm. Page, W. J. Gray and wife, Carlton Gray, Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Miller, James J. Wall, Mrs. J. F. Frey, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Black, Carl H. Johnson, J. J. Mahoney and wife, Sigmund Schwabacher and wife.

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Gossip of the Theatre

Another Bella Donna

Many have gone to the Alcazar this week to compare Alice Fleming's *Bella Donna* with Nazimova's. Some of these inform me that it is quite different. That is to be expected. No two actresses interpret a role in exactly the same way, unless one copies the other. Miss Fleming's *Bella Donna* is bound to be different from Nazimova's. The two actresses have very dissimilar personalities. Nazimova is exotic; Miss Fleming is indigenous. No doubt that gives Nazimova an advantage, for *Bella Donna* is an exotic role. Or at least we like to think so. I believe the English like to think so too, although Robert Hichens made her an Englishwoman. However that may be, Miss Fleming fails to inspire horror in the role; she does not at once fascinate and repel, as the playwright seems to have intended that she should. Miss Fleming is so much the sweet, normal young American actress that she falls short of the serpentine witcheries, the smiling duplicity, the inordinate passion and the other characteristics of Mrs. Chepstow-Armine. I have heard actresses say that they would not play *Bella Donna* because they thought it a hateful part. Perhaps they had never been asked to play it. But it is easy to imagine that Miss Fleming would not pick out the role if she had a free choice between it and a more normal one. The acting honors of the play are easily gathered by Edmond Lowe as the fond husband of *Bella Donna*. Lowe has a lot of poise, and his range is being extended all the time. It would be interesting to know whether Ralph Kellard has enjoyed the parts he has played last week and this week. Appearances would indicate that he has not.

—E. F. O'Day.

George Arliss in "Disraeli"

The lengthy engagements to the credit of George Arliss in Louis N. Parker's comedy "*Disraeli*," which comes to the Columbia on Monday night, October 19, under the management of the Liebler Company—only five cities visited in two long seasons—are accounted for in the broad appeal of the play and Mr. Arliss' peculiar charm and magnetism in the interpretation of the Victorian premier. *Disraeli* is, perhaps, the most interesting figure of modern English history, and Mr. Arliss' characterization will stand as one of the most remarkable of the decade. In "*Disraeli*" Mr. Parker has written a play that, while mostly comedy, tells an absorbing and keenly interesting story of love and political intrigue woven about the dominant character of the famous statesman.

The Fremstad Concert

Next Wednesday morning the sale of seats will open for the one and only concert to be given in San Francisco by that glorious artist Mme. Olive Fremstad of whom Mary Garden said in a recent magazine article: "I consider Olive Fremstad one of the greatest artists the world has ever known." Mme. Fremstad's program is a most interesting and beautiful one and includes many songs never before heard in this city, songs by Schumann, Grieg and Hugo Wolf that other artists seem to have neglected. Here is the offering in its entirety: Part I (a), "Der Schatzgraber" (The Treasure Digger), Schumann; (b), "The Shepherd Girl's Lament," Schumann; (c), "The Wandering Minstrel," Schumann; (d), "Musicians," Grieg; (e), "The Wounded," Grieg; (f), "The Fame Seeker," Grieg. Part II: "Go, Beloved," "Elfsong," "The Spirits

of the Lake," three gems by Hugo Wolf. Part III: Folksongs. "When the Nightingale Sings," old Troubadour; "The Outlaw," Bulgarian; "Ma Gazelle," Moorish; "Hush-a-bye, Darling," Scotch, and "Tenting On the Old Camp Ground," American. Part IV: "Little Lasse," Jean Sibelius; "Black Roses," Jean Sibelius; "In Seraglio's Pleasure Garden," Emil Sjorgren; "Soft Footed Snow," Sigurd Lie; and "Among the Stars," Felix Weingartner. The box offices will be at Sherman Clay and Company's, Kohler and Chase's and the Columbia Theatre.

Fremstad in Oakland

Fremstad's first concert in California will be given in Oakland next Friday afternoon, October 16, at 3:15 p. m. at Ye Liberty Playhouse. The same delightful program as in San Francisco will be given. The box offices for this event will open next Monday morning, October 12, at Ye Liberty in Oakland. These will be the only Fremstad concerts in Northern California.

"Kitty MacKay" at Cort

"Kitty MacKay," the clever three-act comedy by Catherine Chisholm Cushing, will begin an engagement of two weeks at the Cort on Sunday evening. The company comes direct from New York where the play has been on view at the Comedy Theatre for more than a year and was credited with being the laughing success of the decade. During the engagement at the Cort there will be popular priced matinees Wednesday and Saturday. The plot has to do with the adventures of a quick-witted Scotch Cinderella in London. For four years, it is said, the author

offered the comedy to the theatrical managers of New York only to have it rejected until finally William Elliott, son-in-law of David Belasco and an actor of note, offered to produce it. The play came to New York unknown and unheralded, and made an emphatic hit. The day after "Kitty" made her debut she was the toast of the town and remained so up until a short time ago when the play went on tour. In the excellent cast to be seen at the Cort are such players as Marjorie Murray, Paget Hunter, Eleanor Daniels, Wallace Erskine, Marie Stuart, James Findlayson and Harry Rose.

"Milestones" Again Next Week

"Milestones" three acts of charm has captured theatregoers just as it did when first seen at the Columbia where it begins the second and final week of its engagement on Monday night. The story of the Rhead family during three generations as told by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch is without question one of the masterpieces of modern drama, and will live as a popular attraction for many years to come. The company at the Columbia gives a performance of the highest artistic value. It is the English company from the Royalty Theatre, London, and its success in the presentation of "Milestones" will be recorded as one of the real delights of the present season. Matinees are given Wednesdays and Saturdays. There are no Sunday performances.

Great Juggler at Orpheum

The headline attraction at the Orpheum next week will be Morris Cronin, the monarch of all jugglers, and "His Merry Men." They will pre-



BERT KALMAR AND JESSIE BROWN

Next week at the Orpheum.

sent an entirely novel and most amusing act entitled "Many Mirthful Moments." Mr. Cronin has but lately returned from abroad where he achieved a great triumph. Bert Kalmar and Jesse Brown will present program of original songs and dances. Mr. Kalmar is an exceptionally able song writer and has written the songs and dance music which are used in the act. The staging and equipment are picturesque and perfect, and the entire performance is delightful from start to finish. Chief Caupolican, the Araucano Indian who on the occasion of his previous appearance here scored a tremendous success with his splendid singing and fluent oratory, will be heard in an almost entirely new act. He will still deliver the unique, interesting and entertaining description of the South American Indian tribe of which he is the head but his songs will be entirely new and will include a number of popular ballads sung in English. French and his own native dialect. Harry De Coe, "The Man With the Tables and Chairs," accomplishes most unusual stunts. Next week will be the last of Herbert Ashley and Al Canfield; the Five Metzettis; Joe and Lew Cooper; and Claude Gillingwater with Edith Lyle in his dramatic sketch "Wives of the Rich."

A New Play at the Alcazar

A new play, its first production on any stage, is promised at the Alcazar next week when "The Graven Image," a drama of today by Adrian Metzger and Walter A. Rivers, both of this city, will be produced under the stage direction of Fred J. Butler. This will mark the debut of the two young writers. Adrian Metzger is related to Alfred Metzger, the editor of the Pa-

cific Coast Musical Review, while Walter A. Rivers is one of the best known newspapermen in town. The plot of the play recites an everyday problem in everyday life. Marian Bradford, wife of a successful Wall Street dollar-chaser, is surfeited with material things. Her husband, blind to everything except the pursuit of wealth, is careless of the attentions which his wife believes are due from him. For business reasons she is left much alone and she broods over her neglect, finally becoming the pupil of a Hindoo "cultist," who, while "harmonizing" her existence, manages to augment her discontent. Through the force of the Oriental suggestion she comes to believe that her husband no longer cares for her and then she falls under the spell of Dr. Karananda, the Hindoo. From this situation arises the impulse of the drama which leads its plot through picturesque and exciting rambles until a climax of real power is reached, wherein the playwrights bring their story to a logical and effective conclusion. It can readily be seen that the story introduces some very strong characters, and these will be taken care of in the play's debut by the clever and painstaking Alcazar players, with the leading man and leading woman, Ralph Kellard and Miss Alice Fleming, scintillating in the two most prominent roles.

The Lerner Concerts

Tina Lerner, the beautiful and talented Russian pianist, who at the outbreak of the European war was concertising in Germany, has arrived safely in New York. Miss Lerner's mother, a Russian subject, has been detained near Berlin and may not be permitted to depart until

the close of the war. Miss Lerner, who is among the most brilliant masters of the pianoforte, is a beauty of the most pronounced brunette type. She has lustrous black eyes, a mobile mouth and an expression that wavers between grave and gay. For her recitals at the Cort under the direction of Frank W. Healy, Sunday afternoons, November 29 and December 12, Miss Lerner has prepared interesting programs.

The Symphony Outlook

Musical, social San Francisco is taking no end of interest in the approaching series of ten Friday afternoon symphony concerts of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra at the Cort Theatre. The rehearsals are in full swing and the musicians who have had a long vacation, have entered into the work with the greatest enthusiasm. Henry Hadley says no lover of music need have any fear as regards the excellence of this season's series. He is pleased beyond measure with the results of the first rehearsals. The orchestra now has a harpist that is second to none in this country; the new bassoons are artists of superior ability; the horn section the best that the orchestra ever boasted; and all other sections have symphony players of wide experience. The best way to show appreciation is to purchase one or more season tickets for the subscription concerts. The sale of tickets will continue at the offices of Frank W. Healy, 209 Post street, telephone Sutter 2954, until Saturday evening, October 17. Monday morning, October 19, the sale of single tickets will open at the box offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., the Cort and Kohler and Chase. The sale of season tickets will be continued during the single



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Miss Fremstad will present program at the Symphony Society, afternoons, November 29 and at the Alcazar, next Friday afternoon, October 24.

ticket sale and until noon of the date of the first concert, Friday afternoon, October 23.

Bathing Beauties at Pantages

What is considered by the management one of the best shows in months will be featured at Pantages on Sunday with Vivian Marshall and her Bathing Beauties as the attraction. Miss Marshall is the plump little mermaid who was the star of Lottie Mayer's diving act which created such a furore here last year. She holds medals and is willing to back up her challenge with money that she is the 'champion fancy and high diving lady' of the Pacific Coast. With the star will be other luminaries in the aquatic field. Maud Gray, champion fancy diver of Northern California, and Aileen Allen, a rough water swimmer from Ocean Park, will do some daring flips. Dolly Mings, long distance swimmer, well known in this city, is another mermaid with a medal record. There will be three other shapely water beauties. Otto Fries, a German comedian, will supply the fun-making part of the offering. Jack Golden, one of the best liked comedians in the West, has assembled a jolly company of fifteen musical comedy players, and the comedian has rejuvenated "The War Baron," a screamingly funny travesty. The ten show girls have been specially chosen for the production, and they all sing and dance with a refreshing vim and vigor. H. Guy Woodward, former manager of the local Pantages, will tread the boards again, presenting "The Crisis," a playlet with a beautiful story. Miller, Packer and Selz, called "The Three Grouch Killers," unravel a bunch of nonsense. Chester Kingston, the "Chinese Puzzle," is an acrobat. Little Affre takes his name from the great French tenor who heard the lad sing in Paris. Earl Taylor and Ethel Arnold are local performers who have been making a name in the East with a delightful song offering.

The Industrial Fair

The Industrial Fair to be held at the Coliseum, October 17 to 25, promises to be the biggest event of this kind ever attempted in San Francisco. Elaborate preparations are being made to display the various exhibits to the best advantage, and the booths will be pretty and artistic as well as so arranged as to permit the visitors to get a good idea of how the various commodities are prepared. According to a statement made by the secretary, Robert Pfaeffe, there is

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a much greater demand for space this year than there was when the Retailers' Protective Association held its initial Industrial Fair, three years ago. At that time the Auditorium proved to be too small to accommodate the number of exhibitors, so larger quarters have been secured for the second fair, and judging by the reservations already made by manufacturers, merchants and other business houses, the immense Coliseum will be taxed to its capacity. There are to be many distinct novelties exhibited, including a miniature Panama Canal in full operation. Another display which should attract attention will be the cotton exhibit, which is to be put in for the benefit of the cotton growers of Southern California and the South. Cotton growing in the field and from mill to the store will be shown.

The Tavern Dances

The informal dances at Techau Tavern go merrily on. The cafe is thronged every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening, and is unquestionably the most popular of all places where public dansants are held. The new maple floor and the new and perfect ventilating system make the dancing area of the Tavern the most comfortable and enjoyable in the city. Last Monday night Mr. Charles Francis Adams, one of the best liked and best known of the younger attorneys of the city, presided over the distribution of gifts to the lady patrons. Three ladies are presented with gifts on each dancing evening, the gifts consisting of rare and costly art objects purchased by the Tavern management from S. & G. Gump Co., the well known art dealers.

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VIVIAN MARSHALL and HER 8 WATER LILIES, fancy and daring diving into a mammoth tank of water; JACK GOLDEN & COMPANY OF 15 in "The War Baron;" H. GUY WOODWARD & CO. in "The Crisis," an episode from everyday life; MILLER, PACKER & SELZ, 3 Grouch Killers; EARL TAYLOR & ETHEL ARNOLD, two people and a piano; CHESTER KINGSTON, the Chinese Puzzle; LITTLE AFFRE, the noted French boy tenor; COMEDY MOVIES.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy


New York—There was no feature in the Stock Exchange situation although there was a general discussion of the results of the recently adopted methods for trading in securities through a special committee for each group. Members of these committees stated that so far satisfactory progress had been made in clearing up the situation. Dealings in bonds especially are said to have been on a fairly large scale, but no information as to prices at which transactions have been made are available. There has been a good demand for short-term notes at prices better than those prevailing on July 30 with the buying coming chiefly from banking institutions. Reports from the iron and steel industry indicated further curtailment of domestic consumption, or more strictly, of domestic contracting, which may be accounted for in part by the fact that the week was the last one of the third quarter of the year. Foreign buying increases steadily and the leading interest is booking export business at the same rate as before the war in Europe began. This emphasizes the value of a genuinely effective foreign selling force, for the splendid organization of the corporation enabled it to get into instant touch with those consumers in non-belligerent countries who hitherto had bought steel from the warring nations. As a result it is able to offset the drop in contracting from European consumers with orders from those consumers in other countries who had been depending upon European mills. Many of these new orders are emergency ones, that is, they are to replace contracts upon which deliveries are due or have been halted and no hard bargaining was necessary in order to book the business.

Wheat—The fact that it is actual pressure and actual shortage of money with which to pay for it that is the depressing factor in all the grain markets, was demonstrated last week when the September options went out at extreme discounts for wheat and oats at the smallest premium on the crop for corn. The piling up of wheat supplies, especially in the northwest, was only partially offset by heavy export clearances, and with the present financial stringency in Canada it is probable that the movement will continue on a very liberal scale until the surplus is marketed. Present discounts for low grades of cash wheat at Winnipeg are extreme and put that wheat at a great advantage over American in the export trade. In the speculative market it is noticeable that outside buying does not follow the advance, but that on the other hand there is a good investment demand on all breaks. The market at present seems to be holding in a range of three to four cents and while the export demand continues on all breaks on any advance this demand falls flat again and the local traders are confining their operations to scalping the market, awaiting further developments in the war situation.

Corn—Continued favorable weather over the entire country, with very slow cash demand and receipts, which while small for this season of the year are more than enough to supply all requirements, were the depressing features which carried all deliveries to the lowest price since the war became a factor. The pressure was particularly severe in the September option, due to the eleventh hour liquidation by bulls who had anticipated a keen demand on account of the generally conceded light reserves of old corn in the country. A crop of at least 2,700,000,000 is now generally accepted as probable, with indications of an early movement and 70 cents does not look cheap for corn if this materializes.

It doesn't pay to be too polite to get all that's coming to you.

Envy is the feeling that prompts us to think the things that make life worth living are the things other people have.




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Russia's Going to War

(Continued from Page 6.)

place, and was filled with people and isvoshtchicks (little cabs) in which people crowded together and stood on the seats to see better. There were only about thirty policemen. There were a few flags but no band. After some little time the Czar in the uniform of a Cuirassier, the Czarina, and the Grand Princes came out on the balcony, minute gold and white spots on that great blood-red building. There was cheering. "Kol Slaven" and other hymns were sung. A fortnight ago such a meeting as that would have been unthinkable.

VI.

These last few days the streets have been filled with processions called manifestations of popular enthusiasm, but really of a very different origin. Small groups of hooligans, the worst blackguards of the town, start through the streets with flags. They begin a hymn and are soon joined by people of genuine enthusiasm. Everyone they meet is compelled to take his hat off. By accident I fell among the leaders of one of these manifestations. A rough crowd of vicious-faced, undersized men and boys, stinking horribly, nothing could be a better comment than the sight of the men who are going to fight trudging seriously along and turning down a side street in order to get out of their way.

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| 11:20A | Bay Point and Way Stations. |
| 1:00P | Sacramento, Pittsburg, Bay Point. |
| 1:40P | Concord and Way Stations. |
| 3:00P | Sacramento, Pittsburg, Bay Point. |
| 4:00P | Bay Point and Way Stations. |
| 4:40P | Sacramento, Marysville, Colusa, Oroville and Chico. Pittsburg only stop. Carries free observation car. |
| 5:15P | Concord and Way (except Sundays). |
| 6:00P | Pittsburg and Way Stations. |
| 8:00P | Sacramento, Pittsburg and Way. |

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|----------------------------------|-----------------|
| Assets | \$58,656,635.13 |
| Capital actually paid up in Cash | 1,000,000.00 |
| Reserve and Contingent Funds | 1,857,717.65 |
| Employees' Pension Fund | 177,868.71 |
| Number of Depositors | 66,367 |

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN JOSEPH BAILLE (also called Jean Joseph Baille), Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of JOHN JOSEPH BAILLE (also called Jean Joseph Baille), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN JOSEPH BAILLE (also called Jean Joseph Baille), deceased.

MARIE LOUISE BAILLE,

Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of JOHN JOSEPH BAILLE (also called Jean Joseph Baille), Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 19, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

9-19-5

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 58,227; Dept. No. 2.

A. L. BLAKESLEE, Plaintiff, vs. VIOLET W. BLAKESLEE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to: Violet M. Blakeslee, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's adultery, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of July, A. D. 1914.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. A. BROWN,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

8-8-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PATRICK RIELLY, also called PATRICK REILLY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Patrick Rielly, executor of the Last Will and Testament of Patrick Rielly, also called Patrick Reilly, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within Ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of John J. O'Toole, Rooms 446 and 447 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Patrick Rielly, also called Patrick Reilly, deceased.

PATRICK RIELLY,

Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Patrick Rielly, also called Patrick Reilly, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 3, 1914.

JOHN J. O'TOOLE, Attorney for Executor,
446 and 447 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

10-3-5

CITATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, City and County of San Francisco—Dept. No. 9 Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN FANNING, Deceased.

The people of the State of California to: Mary Bridget Fanning, Johanna Fanning, Christina Corcoran Meyers, John Fanning, John Ryan, M. G. Conlin, Rev. Terrence Caraher (for St. Francis Roman Catholic Church), Sisters of the Presentation, Margaret Kirwan, Eugene F. Conlin, Mary Gleeson, Joseph Fanning, Joseph Ryan, Rev. Terrence Caraher, St. Francis Roman Catholic Church, Ella Fleischmann, Peter Fanning, Minnie Fanning, Mary Maitland, James Ryan, Sisters of the Holy Family.

YOU ARE HEREBY cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department No. 9, Probate, thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the 21st day of December, A. D. 1914, at 10 o'clock, A. M. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the probate of the will of the above named deceased, should not be revoked in conformity with the petition for the revocation of the will of the above named deceased and filed in this Court on the 5th day of September, 1914.

BY ORDER of the Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, this 5th day of September, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH A. BROWN,
FRANK J. EGAN,
Attorneys for Contestant,
Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-19-10

CERTIFICATE OF PARTNERSHIP

We, the undersigned, ELMIRE RUFFIEUX and JULES ALBRECHT, do hereby certify:

That we are partners transacting business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of "L. RUFFIEUX," and that the names in full of all the members of said partnership and their places of residence are as follows, namely:

ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, residing at Hotel Manx, Northwest corner of Powell and O'Farrell Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and JULES ALBRECHT, residing at No. 764 Seventeenth Avenue, in said City and County of San Francisco; and that we carry on and conduct a French confectionery and patisserie business at premises No. 211 Powell Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, which is the principal place of business of such partnership; and we certify and declare that no other person is interested therein, and that we are the sole owners of said business.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hands at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on this 1st day of September, in the year A. D. nineteen hundred and fourteen (1914).

ELMIRE RUFFIEUX,
JULES ALBRECHT.

Witness:

A. COMTE, JR.,

Attorney-at-Law,

No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,

City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 1st day of September, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Fourteen, before me, Flora Hall, a Notary Public in and for said City and County of San Francisco, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared, ELMIRE RUFFIEUX and JULES ALBRECHT, known to me to be the persons described in and whose names are subscribed to the within instrument and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

(Notarial Seal) FLORA HALL,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 2, 1914. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.

By H. I. Porter, Deputy Clerk.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney-at-Law,

No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

9-12-5

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 17, 1914

PRICE, 10 CENTS

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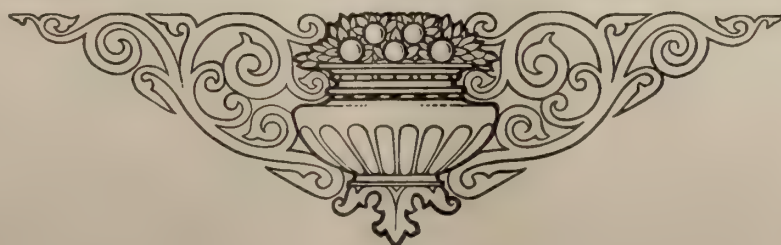
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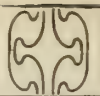
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXIV.

San Francisco, October 17, 1914

No. 1156

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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New York Representative, Frederic M. Krugler, 37-39 East Twenty-eighth street.

Los Angeles Representative, W. R. Baranger, 432 South Main street.

We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledge within four weeks are rejected.

Tales of Atrocities

Still they come, the reports of German atrocities! Writes Suzanne B. Carroll of Carrollton from Rome: "One of them (refugees) told me that the German soldiers had in his presence cut off the ends of his little child's fingers. An old woman of seventy was made to walk in front of the firing line"—etc., etc. Doubtless many atrocities have occurred in this war. Sir John French says there is no doubt of it. But perhaps German barbarity is the exception not the rule. One case may be magnified many times in the superheated imaginations of people driven from their homes and fleeing for their lives. Whatever the truth it may be well to ponder the advice given by Lord Roberts to his countrymen. He has urged them to waste no time indicting the German people in arms for behaving with the ferocity of savages toward wounded men and noncombatants, and he has reminded them that "gross charges, absolutely untrue, were brought against Great Britain's brave soldiers fighting in South Africa."

The Recall of Grant

The electors of former Senator Grant's district who voted to recall that pink and white statesman from public to private life are evidently indifferent to the feelings of one or two of our most refined and important, not to say pompous and terrifying, journalists. The electors were solemnly warned against voting to recall Senator Grant. They were told in very plain terms, nay, in inflammatory language, that to vote for the recall was to convict themselves of conduct unbecoming gentlemen and ladies. According to Grant's sponsors, the refined journalists, it was the forces of indecency, the Sons of Belial, that started the movement to recall the author of the Redlight Abatement bill, and with that movement none but the most depraved and iniquitous would sympathize. Further, the vehement ones affirmed that it would be a blistering shame to San Francisco to put an

end to the career of the chaste Senator who had distinguished himself by his honest efforts to raise us all to his high level. Nevertheless Senator Grant was recalled. And though he had the Johnson machine behind him, all the taxeaters of the Administration doing politics in his behalf, he is now crying fraud and making it clear that he is not above availing himself of entrenched power to defeat the will of the people of his district. More than four thousand of them voted to recall him. Are they all depraved wretches in sympathy with "commercialized vice?" May not it be possible that some of them have a pretty clear conception of the sort of person Senator Grant is? Senator Grant was recalled not wholly on account of the Red Light Abatement bill, but if that bill represented the full scope of his official activities it ought to be sufficient to excite against him the abhorrence of everybody possessed of enough intelligence to grasp its potentialities for evil. The Red Light Abatement bill is not merely what its title implies. It is a bill to harass one kind of prostitute that money may be put into the purse of another.

Our Histrionic Governor

His face flaming with indignation, his voice tremulous with emotion, Governor Johnson calls upon us to view with scorn those wicked candidates of the opposition tickets who have been uttering calumnies against his spotless character. It is thus that the Governor persuades yokels that he is a martyr in the people's cause. As a campaigner Governor Johnson has considerable power. This power is not at all intellectual. It is simply the sum of certain elements by which second-rate actors make a living on the stage. Possessing a flexible voice and the true mummer's mask, a plastic medium of expression, the Governor has no difficulty in simulating a few of the emotions. Rage, indignation and vehemence—these were his stock in trade when he was practicing criminal law, and they are his stock in trade as a political job-chaser. Some years ago when he was working for a contingent fee the strategy of the case called for the pouring of vitriolic abuse on the head of Truxton Beale, the millionaire dilettante, sometimes known as a civic patriot and reformer. Poor Beale was fairly blistered with abuse. Then he was carbonadoed on the Johnson grill, and when done to a turn he was anything but a morsel to tempt a sensitive palate. Nevertheless when Johnson became Governor the exigencies of politics made the granting of a favor to Beale expedient, and the man who had been held up to the scorn of decent citizens was appointed a regent of the State University. So you see, when Johnson is most vehement he may be also most histrionic. Vehemence is not a test

of Johnsonian sincerity. There are times when he heats an audience without warming himself. Even now when he complains of calumnies against himself, there may be a flush on his face, but assuredly there isn't a glow in his heart. The things that he describes as calumnies we find on examination are accusations of minor importance compared with the things about which he has nothing to say. For example, though he complains that he has been unjustly accused of exacting campaign contributions from civil service clerks, he wouldn't stoop to discuss the proposition that is implied in the invitation to notaries to get on the "roll of honor" at \$10 per. We also find that while the Governor professes to be eager to discuss the laws that have been passed by his Administration, he is pleased to confine himself to laws that are agreeable to the multitude. What about the law by which the Governor was exempted from the obligation of showing that his household expenses actually cost the enormous sum that he drew from the State Treasury ostensibly for the maintenance of the Executive Mansion? It is to be presumed there was some reason for this exemption. What was it? An answer to this question may be of more importance than anything else the Governor can tell us of his most brilliant achievements. Even though the people may be willing to keep their Governor like a pet Sybarite, yet they may be disinclined to establish the rule that he may go as far as he likes without an accounting; for after Governor Johnson, who has reached a new high-water mark, may come the deluge. Besides there is the danger of electing a man on a diet who may look half starved and accumulate a tumid bank account on a loose conscience.

Bryan and Other Idealists

Secretary Bryan is reported to be absolutely certain that if his peace plan had been universally adopted some months ago Europe would now be pursuing the even tenor of its way with not the slightest prospect of a rift in the lute. And for having devised this plan Secretary Bryan is confident that posterity will celebrate him as the world's greatest benefactor. With so pleasing an outlook on the hereafter Mr. Bryan ought to be supremely happy, and it would be too bad for him to live long enough to have his mind disabused of the enjoyable certitude that now titillates him. Mr. Bryan is an idealist with profound convictions. He still believes in 16 to 1. It would not disturb his conviction regarding war if he were to read General Friedrich Von Bernhardi's startling work "Germany and the Next War." General Von Bernhardi doesn't believe that peace idealists are benefactors at all. He is convinced that a man who makes treaties to keep his country

at peace is more deserving of a funeral than a statue. He argues that war evokes the noblest activities of human nature. His idea is that the law of evolution applies to States as well as to all animal and plant life, and that war is a moral necessity. "As human life is now constituted," says this great military philosopher, "it is political idealism which calls for war, while materialism repudiates it." To prove this proposition and a few other theses along the same line, Von Bernhardt has written a book of several hundred pages, and his arguments are far more cogent than the rhetorical generalities that are uttered by our illustrious Secretary along the Chautauqua. One may not agree with him, yet one cannot fail to perceive that he is a man of solid learning and a much deeper thinker than the statesman from Nebraska. And withal he is an idealist—just as ardent an idealist as Mr. Bryan. The idea of permanent peace is as abhorrent to him as is the thought of war to our Secretary of State. One of his objections to peace is that it induces the selfishness and luxury that "obliterate idealism." These idealists perplex us—they are so antithetic in their philosophy. It is popularly supposed that the idealist is a person who supplies true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixes aims for popular aspirations, giving enlargement and sobriety to the ideas of their time, elevating human nature and refining the intercourse of private and public life. But it appears that the true idealism is like the true religion—a matter of acute speculation, and productive of superheated asperities. Now that we have begun to take notice we find that Strindberg was right,—that wherever you disturb a social rubbish heap idealists crawl out like earthworms. For every fad there is an idealist, and if you examine him closely you find that he is nothing more than a dogmatic enthusiast, some kind of intolerant extremist who has received an education that has given him no consciousness of the reasons that support opinions different from his own. These idealists at times constitute a dangerous nuisance, as for example the faddists of the Norman Angell school in England who preach peace and were sure there was not the slightest danger of war with Germany. As a consequence of their mischievous agitation England was not so fully prepared for war as she might have been, and if the faddists had had their way she would have been badly crippled. Of this same school is the gentleman now Secretary of State, who believes that he has lifted the blight of war from this country forever.

The Prophet of Palo Alto

God appears to be absolutely indifferent to Professor David Starr Jordan. At any rate God has never shown any disposition to preserve the professor from the tendency and temptation to say silly things. Moreover God has denied him the power of self-criticism, the consequence being that he is never haunted by his ineptitudes. Most of us at times say and do foolish things that leave a sense of self-betrayal. These lapses

from our vigilant selves allow us to go to sleep at night with a calm conscience, but give us a shock before dawn and wake us up with a start to ponder the question—Why did I make such a fool of myself? David Starr Jordan is not subject to these qualms, the reason being that he is absolutely devoid of that sense of discretion which is indicated not by never making a mistake, but by never repeating it. Dr. Jordan has damnable iteration. This great prophet of permanent peace was in London a few days before the breaking out of the war, and he was quoted in the National Review as one of a "symposium of cranks," thus:

The respect and friendship of the best people in the United States may be or may not be a valuable asset of the United Kingdom, but it will certainly be endangered, perhaps permanently lost, if Great Britain takes any voluntary part in the hideous orgy the militarists of Europe are preparing in the name of the Balance of Power.

Thus we learn that Dr. Jordan is in touch with the pulse of the best people. Evidently it is a variable pulse, and leads the great authority on fish astray. But when he makes an ass of himself he doesn't call himself to account. He just goes babbling on. In the words of Bierce:

The more he rocks the cradle of his chin,
The more uproarious grows the brat within.

Emerging from the symposium of cranks Dr. Jordan returned to San Francisco. On his arrival he was interviewed; for as he is a professor, the reporters hang on his words. Every professor is an oracle to the reporters. Once more Dr. Jordan discussed war and peace. In the very same breath in which he spoke of a theory that he put between book covers only two months ago, a theory smashed to smithereens by the war, he solemnly asserted that the only hope for the future was in "putting the political power into the hands of the people." In other words, bring the government back to the dear pee-pul, to the enlightened people of the far-flung ear that is ever accessible to the Jordans of the land, and automatically the sword will be beaten into a ferule. Doubtless Dr. Jordan will put this theory between book covers, since no man loves more to perpetuate his cant and twaddle in printers' ink.

Now for the Recall of Decisions

From gentlemen in the confidence of the Colonel the New York Sun has learned that the Progressive party will struggle from now on with desperate vigor for the adoption of the recall of judicial decisions. Perhaps the Colonel has heard the news from California. Formerly in this State men of intelligence believed that nothing more preposterous was conceivable than the subjection of judges to the restraining influence of the majority, but gradually men of intelligence are becoming reconciled to the new device of Democracy. They perceive that innovation necessitates innovation. For every hole that is made in the fabric of government there must be a patch, and

when we start tearing we must also start mending. The soundest observation to be found in all the works of Thomas Jefferson, the most radical Democrat of his day, is this,—"The people have to be safeguarded chiefly against themselves." Now the people having been given the direct primary are about to do to the bench what they have been doing to the other branches of government; that is to say, they are about to reduce its brain power. Therefore let them be safeguarded. In view of the character of the men who will soon be dominating the judiciary of the State may it not become advisable for the people to take precautions against the ignorance of the bench? Surely we are approaching the day when the popular instinct for justice will not be inferior to that of the average court. It may be said that we have already taken the precaution against incompetency, having adopted the recall. That is not enough. We can recall a judge only after the mischief is done. We should be able also to undo the mischief by recalling the decision. Consider that this year we are going to elect Judge Lawlor to the court of last resort. How long will it be before we have a Supreme Court of Lawlors? Nobody knows. But judging from the vote Judge Lawlor received at the primary election the people have a consuming passion for near jurists skilled in the fine art of self-exploitation. Judge Lawlor is an excellent politician. He has played the game of peanut politics all his life, and he knows every angle of it and loves it and is never surfeited with it. As a politician he is always on duty—at parties, outings, banquets, funerals and wakes. Ingratiating himself with the man in the street is the pastime by which he finds relaxation after enervating himself playing to the gallery. No man is better equipped with the qualities essential to success in practical politics. He has tact, suavity, adroitness, persistence and an inexhaustible energy, and he can count votes in his dreams. His instinct for publicity is clairvoyant. Above all he is versed in the psychology of the mob, and he is never in doubt as to his duty to the crowd. Given the judicial temperament and a taste for the law, Judge Lawlor might have converted himself into a fine jurist, but, occupied through the years with the cultivation of the arts of the politician, he has practiced law only by ear. And this is the type of man for whom the times are propitious! So it would really seem to be advisable to join with the Colonel in advocacy of the recall of judicial decisions.

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CXCIX—JAMES J. TYNAN

By Edward F. O'Day

Over on the south side along the bay shore there is an institution that seems to the layman's eye to manufacture pretty nearly everything that can be wrought of iron, steel or brass, from a rivet to an ocean liner. It covers some thirty-seven acres, employs fifteen hundred men and has a pay roll for wages alone of some forty thousand dollars a week. It is the largest open shop in San Francisco. I refer of course to the Union Iron Works.

There are thousands of San Franciscans who have never visited the Union Iron Works, just as they have never seen the Mint, climbed Twin Peaks or explored the mysteries of Sutro Forest. It would be worth their while to make a tour of this wonderful institution. The fascination of the place is irresistible. Its whirring motors, its forges glowing with tartarean splendor, its drills that bore through the toughest steel more easily than a corkscrew writhes its way through cork, its hissing bars of metal that shed endless showers of sparks beneath the shaping touch of emery wheels, its hammers pounding out the deafening music of industry, its cranes that have all the majesty of gigantic birds as they sweep through space with incredible burdens grasped in their iron talons—only a poet or a master mechanic can do justice to them; but the casual visitor with any imagination must admit that it is grander and more wonderful than all the glory of Vulcan's fabled workshop.

I went over to the Union Iron Works the other day to chat with John A. McGregor, the president of the company. I found that McGregor was in the East, conferring with Uncle Sam about the new drydock at Hunters Point. But James J. Tynan, the vice-president and general manager, was on the job, so I suffered no disappointment; for Tynan is just as genial, has just as welcoming a smile and is just as proud of the big concern as his chief. Both are gentlemen with big hearts and big brains, both know their business in all its multiplicity of details, and both are loyal San Franciscans by adoption. I doubt whether Tynan can sing "Annie Laurie" as sweetly as McGregor can, but otherwise there seems little to choose between them.

When Tynan came to the Union Iron Works eight years ago, it was far from being an up-to-date concern. Its shops were dark, crowded, ill-ventilated shacks with a system of overhead belting and shafting that gave every facility for accidents. Its yards were cluttered with lumber and rubbish. Its tools were antiquated. There was a woeful look of co-ordination between the different departments. There was a waste of effort and time on every job. There was no esprit de corps among the men.

"Unless you have every modern facility, you cannot hope to compete nowadays," says Tynan. "If you're behind the times, you're out of the running. And particularly here, where you pay

twenty-eight per cent more for labor than in the East, you must hustle or you are lost."

And so, a change has come over the Union Iron Works. Everything has been centralized. The old shacks that did duty for shops have disappeared, to be replaced by large, well ventilated reinforced concrete structures. The yard has been cleaned up. All the electric wires have been buried under ground. The wooden cranes have been replaced by an overhead gantry that one man can operate. A magnificent power house has arisen, the like of which there is not in any iron works in the United States. There is a first-aid station on the grounds with a physician in charge, and a fully equipped hospital nearby where the workers are cared for, no matter what their ailment or injury, no matter how long their time of incapacity for work. All the overhead belting and shafting has disappeared, its place taken by individual motors for each tool, the operation by levers making accidents practically impossible. There is a blacksmith shop operated exclusively by oil, the only blacksmith shop in the United States where coal is unknown. There are even showers for the workers.

The note of cleanliness is so emphasized that it cannot be disregarded. The yard and the shops are as clean underfoot as the offices. There are grass plots in cool nooks, and flowers blooming along the walls. Throughout the shops potted ferns and palms are disposed in convenient places a most unusual detail in such a plant. They surprise the eye even more than the flowers and ferns that Lieutenant Tobin has planted in the City Prison in the Hall of Justice.

It is easy to be cheerful in such surroundings, and it is quite evident that the Union Iron Works has fifteen hundred cheerful workers. The relations between the general manager and his men are most cordial, as one could see from the way they saluted him and conversed with him. And they were just as busy when his back was turned as when he stopped to watch them. Clearly, the morale of the concern is excellent.

"Here," say Tynan, "is an example of what I meant when I said that we must be up-to-date."

We stopped before a large machine whose teeth were biting holes in a steel plate.

"That's a screen plate for a gold dredger," he explained. "Gold dredging is peculiarly a Western industry, but these screen plates used to be made in the East. The reason was that we could only bore one of these holes at a time, working by hand. This automatic machine bores twenty-six holes through a five-eighths high carbon steel plate in thirty-two seconds."

"And here," he said as we entered another department, "is something we are proud of. Here is where we manufacture our fuel oil burning systems for vessels, etc. This is strictly a Union Iron Works system. Others have come into use recently, but they are not as efficient as ours. This equipment is bought from us by the Canadian Pacific, the Grand Trunk, the Canadian Government, the Panama Canal, the Standard Oil and many other big concerns. We ship it to practically every ship yard in the United States.

"But we think we have other things to be proud of. When the Pullman Company got stuck, we built twenty-one cars for the Geary street road in sixty days. When the Associated Oil Company ordered a tank steamer, we laid

the keel of the Frank H. Buck on the sixth of September, 1913, and launched her on the eleventh of February, 1914. She is the largest tanker built under the American flag, was the first vessel built here in open competition with the East since the earthquake, and the time occupied in her construction has never been equalled in this country. We built the largest caisson in the world for use by the Government on the Panama Canal; and it was such a dangerous undertaking that ours was the only bid submitted. We are building two ships now, one for the Standard Oil and one for the Union Oil. We are building them without profit, just to maintain our organization. We are proud of our organization, and don't want to be unprepared for quick service, no matter what work comes in; so we keep our men continually at work, even if we don't make money all the time.

"You can see for yourself what a lot of big improvements are under way. These shops we are building of reinforced concrete, the new machinery we are installing indicate our confidence in the future. In two months we shall start work on our eleven hundred feet Graven dock at Hunters Point. It will be the largest in the world, will take two years to build and will cost two millions. The Government has guaranteed us fifty thousand dollars a year in dry dockage for not less than six years. That was enough to start us going.

"With the canal open, with freight rates more normal than they have been in the past, and with our closer affiliations with the East, conditions in the near future are going to be more favorable for this coast than they have been. This will not happen tomorrow or the next day, but when San Francisco becomes to the Pacific what New York is to the Atlantic Coast. We pay twenty-eight per cent more in wages than the East does, but with a satisfactory solution of the labor problem you will see rising in this yard not only tankers and submarines but also cruisers and battleships. Given an even break with Eastern conditions, we feel that we can beat them off the boards. We have a superior plant, and climatic conditions are better. You don't have to shovel the snow off the job out here.

"As for our men, we don't inquire about their affiliations. Ability to do the work is the only test. They hold their positions as long as they behave themselves.

"We think we are doing our share to advance the prosperity of San Francisco. Perhaps we are even doing a bit more than our share."

I don't pretend to know the full meaning of that last sentence of Tynan's. But it may be he was making a sly reference to other concerns that have not had the courage, as the Union Iron Works has, to maintain an open shop.

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The Crime Against Belgium

By Count Albrecht von Montgelas, L. L. D.

"American respect for Germany and the Germans has gone up surprisingly in the last few days." This statement is made in The Outlook of October 7th, in an article by Arthur Bullard who makes no mystery of the fact that he does not like Germany and her cause. Yes, American public opinion is changing; it is changing just in time to exonerate the American people from the stigma that they are not intelligent enough to see through the web of lies in which the British-controlled New York Tory newspapers had tried to entangle their good judgment.

There is one phase, however, in this struggle for culture and civilization against Slavic barbarism and English commercial greed to which even German sympathizers cannot reconcile themselves. I refer to the passing of the Belgian frontier by German troops. It must be admitted that this act by Germany which was characterized by the German Chancellor himself as "against the law of nations" is largely the cause of the antagonism against Germany in the present crisis which we find in so many of the neutral countries. Now, the German Chancellor's manly frankness in admitting the wrong-doing on the part of the German Government is surpassed only by the hypocrisy with which the rest of the big nations of the world shout "Stop Thief." How is it our Lord says? "Let him among you who is without sin cast the first stone?" They all cast stones. And one nation, kindred in blood to the Germans who were struggling against Latin and Slav, cast a rock. She declared war on Germany "to protect the neutrality of Belgium." How well she protected it has been shown since. But that inability would of course not affect the virtue of her resolution had her hands been clean otherwise. Acquaintance and experience disclose the character of an individual in the everyday human intercourse; history discloses the character of nations. England, to whom the nations of the world have given the by-word "perfidious;" England, the tyrant of Ireland, the pirate of "Alabama" fame, the robber of Egypt, the strangler of the Boers, the traitor to Persia, the oppressor of India, posing as the protector of human freedom! Difficile est satyram non scribere! Hear what an Englishman has to say about the English: "He is never at a loss for an effective moral attitude." This is only one of the sentences in which Bernard Shaw in "Man of Destiny" characterizes his countrymen. The same Bernard Shaw, after the declaration of war by England against Germany, wrote: "If it had suited us to accept that proposal we should have plenty of reasons for accepting it." Who laughs?

But Germany's cause would be weak indeed if her only defense were to decry the sins of others. "Tu quoque" is no excuse. The mere fact that England has again and again broken her word to weak and defenseless nations, that her history shows us that she has more than once regarded a treaty as "a mere scrap of paper" if it was convenient to her interest—that, alone, while it makes her hypocrisy detestable, does not free Germany from blame. But even in this case it might well be said in Germany's defense that it was not for greed, for lust of conquest, as in England's case in Egypt, Persia, India and South Africa, or in France's case in Tunis and Morocco, or in Russia's case in Persia and China, or even in Italy's case in Tripoli, that German armies entered Belgium.

It was self defense, in a moment of supreme danger to the very existence and happiness of the German people, that the German Emperor through his envoy in Belgium asked the Belgian Government for a right of way through its country. This action was the beginning of the "Belgian case," which now has ended in a crime against the Belgian people. Who committed this crime? The German Government or the Belgian Government? What is the duty of a national government? The old Romans who built up the first great empire and made government an art, laid down the principles for a government's responsibility to its people. "Salus publica suprema lex." Every government's first and uppermost duty is the preservation of the safety and well-being of its people. The German Government deemed it absolutely necessary for the defense of the country against an attack by two mighty enemies to carry the war as quickly as possible not into the land of an inoffensive neutral people but into the land of the foes who had attacked the empire and threatened its very existence. In so doing the German Government would spare Germany the horrors of a war which she had not sought, and it was the government's first duty to act as it did. And what was it after all that the German Government proceeded to do? Did it want to make a neutral nation carry the burden of the war? Did it want to conquer that country? Did it want to endanger the freedom and the life of the citizens of that country? The Belgian official documents on what preceded the entry of German armies into Belgium will give you the answer. On Sunday, August 2nd, the German Minister in Brussels handed to the Belgian Government a note from his government. In this note, the German Government declared:

First: Germany does not contemplate any hostile act against Belgium. If Belgium—in the war which is imminent—will consent to adopt an attitude of friendly neutrality toward Germany, the German Government on the other hand promises that, when peace is concluded, it will protect the Kingdom and all its possessions to their fullest extent.

Second: Germany promises, on the condition set forth above, to evacuate Belgian territory as soon as peace is concluded.

Third: If Belgium preserves a friendly attitude, Germany declares herself ready, in concurrence with the authorities of the Belgian Government, to buy for ready cash everything necessary to its troops, and to indemnify Belgium for the damage caused in her territory.

In short, Germany wanted nothing else but to use Belgium as a highway for her troops, the same as Japan with the consent of England is now doing in China! The passage of Germany's troops through Belgium was a military necessity of first order, and the German Government would have neglected its duty to the empire in a shameful manner had it not insisted on that passage, first amicably and later by force of arms. Did on the other hand the Belgian Government equally do its duty toward the Belgian people? History will give the final answer when the map of Europe will be remade, not, however, the way English newspapers or Harper's Weekly are remaking it now! But even at the present moment we can to some extent answer the question whether King Albert and his govern-

ment acted in accordance with that "suprema lex" in the best interests of their country. The ravaged and desolated fields, the burned villages, the pathetic ruins of her cities, the thousands and thousands of dead and wounded men and homeless women and children shout aloud the answer of the Belgian nation. They will forever testify to the shortsightedness of the Belgian Government's policy. Prudence and real patriotism, the patriotism that has the happiness and peace of the people more at heart than "national honor," a word, alas, so often abused, should have shown the Belgian Government that as General von Emmich said in his proclamation to the Belgian people, it was its "duty to prevent the country being plunged into the horrors of war." Oscar C. Mueller of Los Angeles, in his pamphlet "Teuton or Slav" which is one of the best I have seen on the subject, says: "Remember it was not a case of a Belgian's repelling an attack on his home. It was not a movement to preserve the life of his wife and children, nor was it in defense of national institutions. An armed force desired a path, a highway. When one considers the great loss of life suffered in Belgium, the ruination of its buildings, the destruction of its commerce and all the havoc of war—is this all justified because Germany desired to attack France? Luxemburg made no resistance and the damage done by German troops has already been paid, four million marks."

The German Government can offer to its people no excuse which will stand before reason. But as I said in reference to Belgium's action in another article "sentiment is often stronger than reason." Belgium's sentimental preference for France made her lose sight of what was best for her country in the hour in which the balance of power in Europe was to be decided. If she had given the German armies a right-of-way—they wanted nothing else—if she had left it to the German arms to protect her against revenge on the part of England, France and Russia, as Germany offered in the first paragraph of the note referred to above, she would not now be mourning the devastation of her beautiful country and the loss of her independence. She preferred, however, to rely on France and England, with whom she had made military arrangements for just such a case, as far back as 1906, for her protection and she has been cruelly deceived. German soldiers entered Belgium not as enemies. Their guns were not intended for Liege or Antwerp, but for Verdun and Paris. For Germany, it was a necessity to pass—as friends—through Belgian territory, and this necessity is the German Government's vindication before its own people, before the Belgian people and before the world. For the Belgian Government, on the other hand, it was neither "prudent nor patriotic" to plunge its country into a war, and that is Belgium's crime against her own people.

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It is more than possible that the Emperor of Austria envies the late King of Rumania.

The British complain that the Germans waste a lot of ammunition. But it's the ammunition they don't waste that really counts.

Theatrical note: The latest drama of mystery and high finance is entitled "Secret Service" and is the work of Governor Hiram Johnson.

Oakland is to have free municipal markets, and the Examiner says "San Francisco must follow suit," because the cost of farm products will be reduced one-third. Fine! Evidently the Examiner has forgotten what happened to the free market that flourished not more than a few years ago.

Whatever use Governor Johnson made of the funds at his disposal all we need know is that all his energies are consecrated to uplift.

It would vary the monotony somewhat if the Germans were compelled to fight in their own territory.

A few weeks ago the Russian General who didn't devour an Austrian army before breakfast was suffering from loss of appetite or atrophy of the imagination.

"Prexy" Wheeler assures us that the Kaiser is and always was for peace. "Prexy" Wheeler knows because he has met the Kaiser and found him quite affable and rather human.

The Examiner makes a shrill editorial appeal for the exhibition of moving pictures of the war. The Hearst-Selig company must have some.

The abatement of Senator Grant is a step in the right direction. Now let's abate some of the other nuisances.

A letter carrier won a prize in the Dipsea cross-country race. He must be a glutton for leg punishment.

The Chronicle seems to intimate that Governor Johnson used the secret service fund for campaign purposes. Of course this is incredible. Governor Johnson hates grafters. He prosecuted them.

Who's Who Hereabouts

XXXII—"ANDY" EINSFELD

Doubtless there are many good people who deeply deplore the recall of State Senator Edwin E. Grant. For many have been told by our most moral dailies that Senator Grant stood for decency, and was attacked for no other reason. They were told by these same rectitudinous dailies that the campaign to recall Senator Grant was instigated by the vicious Powers of the Underworld by way of revenge on him for having introduced the Redlight Abatement bill. Senator Grant himself in his ballot argument against the recall asserted that he was once urged by "one Andrew Einsfeld" to abandon the fight for the bill. Now as it was "one Andrew Einsfeld" who circulated the petition for the recall of Senator Grant presumably this person was the duly constituted agent of the Vice Trust. Also, presumably, judging from the form of Senator Grant's allusion to the man who circulated the recall petition that person was a stranger to him. This presumption, however, does not harmonize with the facts. The truth is that Senator Grant was for years a protege of "one Andrew Einsfeld," and that he used to address "one Andrew Einsfeld" in his correspondence as "My dear Andy" and "My dear friend." It was Andrew Einsfeld who groomed Grant for the Senate and made his fight up and down Fillmore street.

In order to get intimately acquainted with the virtuous reformer who labored for the purification of San Francisco in the Holy of Holies at Sacramento it is necessary first to form the acquaintance of his sponsor. And it is worth while whose whoing "Andy" if for no other purpose than to soothe the feelings of many sensitive folks who have been led to believe by the upright section of the daily press that the people of a whole senatorial district have put another layer of shame on their incorrigible city.

Andrew Einsfeld is the keeper of a little cigar store on Fillmore street near Pine. He is a man nearly sixty years of age, a kindly man of philanthropic impulses, beloved by his neighbors, and with no sympathy whatever with vicious characters. Stand in front of his store of a night and you will see that it is a place where hard working mechanics young and old buy their tobacco. There is no gambling in this honest old German's cigar store. Young men and old drop in there to talk. Ask any one of them

about "Andy" Einsfeld and he will tell you that "Andy" is all right.

"Is he a man of family?" I asked, remembering the intimation that he was of the underworld and the Vice Trust.

"No, he's not a man of family," was the reply, "but he has a widowed sister with two grown daughters whom he raised from little children. And he has an invalid brother whom he takes care of. And Andy is not a man of means, though he was in comfortable circumstances before the fire."

Along Fillmore street almost anybody will tell you that it was "Andy" Einsfeld who made Edwin Grant a Senator, and that it was the same "Andy" who had him recalled. And they will tell you the whole story: that the old man liked to dabble in politics; that he liked to help along promising young men with political ambition, and that was why he took an interest in Grant; also that when he found Grant out he became the Senator's Nemesis, not in a spirit of revenge but from a desire to "square" himself with the people to whom he had stood sponsor for the young reformer.

It appears that "Andy" Einsfeld is a man of principle. He has enthusiasm for the principle of personal liberty, and therefore he is against prohibition. He has a strong prejudice in favor of home industries, and he hates hypocrites. These are his main principles, and on account of all three he believed it to be his duty to his friends to apply the recall to Senator Grant. He had been warned before election that Grant was a Prohibitionist, and he asked Grant if it was true. "Forget it," said Grant. "Nothing in it." Knowing that Grant was the son of a Methodist minister "Andy" accepted the word of his protege without question, and went about assuring his friends that his candidate was a man to be depended on. Hardly had Grant taken his seat in the Senate when "Andy" perceived that he had been deceived. Grant voted for a bill to make the World's Fair dry. He was so zealous on the subject that he voted against allowing an attorney for the Fair Commission to address the Committee on Public Morals. He also voted against a bill requiring that text books written, printed and published in California be preferred to text books from the East, thus giving pretty vivid color to the oft-repeated assertion that

there is a mutual understanding in politics between the men of the infamous Book Trust and the hired propagandists of the prohibition cause.

By this time "Andy" Einsfeld was thoroughly disgusted and utterly humiliated. He was ashamed to look a friend in the face.

Grant says that Einsfeld tried to influence his vote on the Red Light Abatement bill. "Andy" has made an affidavit denying that he ever spoke to Grant about any matter but prohibition and prizefighting. Much to "Andy's" amazement and indignation Grant voted for a bill to put an end to pugilistic contests. "Andy" doesn't care much for pugilism, but he abhors statesmen who cater to the prejudices of Puritans and busybody reformers, especially if he thinks that such statesmen are hypocrites, and he suspects that Grant is of that breed. He says it looks as though Grant isn't on the level since he voted against a bill to inquire into the social evil and also against a measure which provided that no marriage should be performed unless the license had been issued at least five days. It appears that Andy is a reformer himself. If he had been in the Senate he would have voted for the measure that was designed to safeguard young people against whims that lead to the divorce court, and he cannot understand why any moralist should vote against such a measure.

"One Andy Einsfeld," you see, is not at all like the man described by the flower of our journalism in their passionate devotion to the characteristic small-bore reformer. Andy is one of the most simple-hearted of men. Would a man that was at all sophisticated have been deceived by the minister's son? Hardly. Bigots of the type of the individual who voted to deny the attorney for the World's Fair Commission a hearing before the Committee on Public Morals are the most transparent of men. Anybody who has had any experience of men can detect the narrow Puritan mind as far away as the Kaiser's longest-distance cannon can shoot. But "Andy" Einsfeld, the man who abhors Puritans, took the smug Grant to his bosom and warmed him there till he blossomed into a statesman. Then Andy was stung. Result: he was as mad as a hatter. He thought of the recall, and he resolved to apply it.

Our darling journalists would have us believe

(Continued on Page 18.)

A Symposium of War Poets

THE VOICE OF PEACE

As Heard by Mr. Norman Angell

(Norman Angell is the busiest peace protagonist in the whole world. The war has upset him dreadfully. It has almost, but not quite rendered him speechless. In other words, Norman Angell is a more important Starr Jordan, and is at present suffering much the same embarrassment as the Chancellor of Stanford.)

By Gilbert Thomas

"Outside the world's one closed and stubborn gate,

Sadly I stand and wait;
Wait with eyes blinded by the crimson tears
Of all the bitter years;
Wait for the day when, tired of blood and sin,
Men shall throw wide the gate to let me in.

"Thro' centuries of slaughter and of fear
Have I stood, patient, here;
And still this is the burden of my song:
How long, O Lord, how long?
How long must I in exile yet remain?
How long before the dawn shall ease my pain?"

"From year to year, from age to moaning age,
Poet and priest and sage
Have worshipped me in measures highly-toned,
Till, in the heavens enthroned,
Men dream I dwell above the loneliest cloud—
A goddess gentle, yet remote and proud.

"They dream, they dream I am some fairy queen,
An angel only seen
In those brief moments when the human sight
May pierce the infinite.
Yet was I never such. Here still I wait—
Here upon earth, outside this stubborn gate

"They have thrown open freely unto me
All doors of poetry,
But still there is one door to me denied;
Will none fling open wide
Reason, this gate thro' which I may alone
Enter to make Humanity my own?

"While all my courtiers sing my endless praise
In many an airy phrase,
Will none stoop low for me? Will all men
shirk
The laborer's rough work?
Will none tear down these bars of Ignorance
That lock the gate thro' which I must advance?

"Not till it yields shall men see me at length
In all my real strength;—
See in the poet's queen the merchant's friend;—
See how in me there blend
The soul that fills a woman's soft caress
And the calm strength of man's true hardiness;—

"See how, tho' flowers and sunsets fill my eyes,
They are still wordly-wise;—
How, while fulfilling God's appointed plan,
I serve the ends of man;—
How, while my head among the stars is crown'd,
My feet are firmly rooted to the ground."

TO WOMEN

By Laurence Binyon

Your hearts are lifted up, your hearts
That have foreknown the utter price,
Your hearts burn upward as a flame
Of splendor and of sacrifice.

For you, you too to battle go,
Not with the marching drums and cheers.
But in the watch of solitude
And through the boundless night of fears.

Swift, swifter than those hawks of war,
Those threatening wings that pulse the air,
Far as the vanward ranks are set,
You are gone before them, you are there!

And not a shot comes blind with death,
And not a stab of steel is pressed
Home, but invisibly it tore
And entered first a woman's breast.

Amid the thunder of the guns,
The lightning of the lance and sword,
Your hope, your dread, your throbbing pride,
Your infinite passion is outpoured

From hearts that are as one high heart
Withholding naught from doom and bale,
Burningly offered up—to bleed,
To bear, to break, but not to fail.

PAT AND FRITZ

By Lady Gregory

"Who are these soldiers from the war
That dare not knock upon the door?"

"Oh shining angel, in the fight
It was for Germany he died
And I with English, wrong or right,
On God or on the devil's side.
How would we know? A Mayo lad
That took the shilling, being poor,
And he that did as he was bade
And no leave asked, but 'Join the war!'
So one of us must be in dread
Of no right welcome overhead.

"I'd seen no fighting but in fairs
And at the roaring of the guns
I thought the Day of Judgment near.
It's little would have made me run;
But when I saw this lad take aim
(He says he shook, but made no sign),
The heart-drops of a dragon came,
I took his life and he took mine;
We had our pleasure in the fight,
Yet cannot both be in the right."

"Give over, Fritz and Pat, your fears,
We got report what way you died;
We want good soldiers here as there.
From this day out, you'll know your side:
Solomon's wisdom could not say:
'These are all wrong, all these are right'
Down where your bodies making clay;
But we upon the airy height,
The King of Friday giving laws,
Are well contented with our cause.

"Here the recruiting sergeants come,
Here are the ribbons and the drum,
So right-about and through the door,
It's now you'll have your fill of war!"

AT RHEIMS

By Clinton Scollard

I can recall one autumn day in Rheims
When the pervasive peace of the old town
Was as a benediction. All the air
Was peopled with the imminence of dreams.
Rapt visions of renown,
Of Clovis, and the fair and fabled dove
That from the immaterial realms above
The sacred vial bore
With oil to consecrate the brows of kings;
Of Louis Debonnair,
And of Joan, the sainted maid, who wore
The searing crown of fire,

And from her sacrificial pyre
Passed to that rest beyond life's anguishings.
The twin cathedral towers
In the impending azure like great flowers,
Miraculously fashioned, seemed to show;
And the great window o'er the Virgin's portal
Was as a rose immortal
Shaming the sunset glow.

And now another autumn day in Rheims,
But not of visual glory, not of dreams!
Rather of horror and descending doom,
War's hideous blight upon the perfect bloom
Of art and beauty, sacrilege and shame,
And all through one invoking God's high name!
As the swift years recede,
All lovers of the loveliest things of earth
That through the handiwork of man have birth
Shall execrate the deed!

THE KAISER AND GOD

By Barry Pain

"I rejoice with you in Wilhelm's first victory.
How magnificently God supported him!"—Tele-
gram from the Kaiser to the Crown Princess.

Led by Wilhelm, as you tell,
God has done extremely well;
You with patronizing nod
Show that you approve of God.
Kaiser, face a question new—
This—does God approve of you?

Broken pledges, treaties torn,
Your first page of war adorn:
We on fouler things must look
Who read further in that book,
Where you did in time of war
All that you in peace forswore.
Where you, barbarously wise,
Bade your soldiers terrorize,
Where you made—the deed was fine—
Women screen your firing line,
Villages burned down to dust,
Torture, murder, bestial lust,
Filth too foul for printer's ink,
Crimes from which the apes would shrink—
Strange the offerings that you press
On the God of Righteousness!

Kaiser, when you'd decorate
Sons or friends who serve your State,
Not that Iron Cross bestow
But a Cross of Wood, and so—
So remind the world that you
Have made Calvary anew.

Kaiser, when you'd kneel in prayer,
Look upon your hands, and there
Let that deep and awful stain
From the blood of children slain
Burn your very soul with shame,
Till you dare not breathe that name
That now you glibly advertise—
God as one of your allies.

Impious braggart, you forget;
God is not your conscript yet;
You shall learn in dumb amaze
That His ways are not your ways,
That the mire through which you trod
Is not the high white road of God,

To Whom, whichever way the combat rolls,
We, fighting to the end, commend our souls.

Sidelights On The War

By Robert McTavish

Vaudeville de Luxe

There have been a number of benefit performances in London during the past few weeks, most of them made up of vaudeville numbers. At one benefit for the Allied Forces Base Hospital Pavlowa, Elsie Janis, John McCormack, Ethel Levey, Oscar Asche, Lily Brayton, James Welch and a dozen others almost as distinguished took part in the program. At a special performance in aid of the Belgian war refugees Phyllis Dare, Lily Elsie, Adeline Genée, Teddie Gerard, Elsie Janis, Lydia Kyasht, Gertie Millar, Marie Tempest, Irene Vanbrugh, Arthur Bouchier, Clifton Crawford, George Grossmith and many more lent their services. The privilege of attending performances graced by so many stars would help to compensate one for an enforced stay in London during war time.

Mme. de Thebes' Prophecy

Last year Mme. de Thebes, a well known Parisian seeress, prophesied as follows: "France will be drawn into war, and emerge victorious. An era of love, peace, great hopes and great labors will date from 1914." Now people in Paris are saying that Mme. de Thebes is a true prophet, although only part of this prophecy has been fulfilled. It is being recalled that she predicted the San Francisco earthquake, the death of President Faure of France, that she warned John Jacob Astor not to travel on the ocean, and many other things. If it were worth investigating, one might find that she had not made these predictions in so many words. Like the sibyls of old, our modern seeresses are inclined to be delphically vague in their forecasts, and to fit the event to their misty predictions. It is probably so with Mme. de Thebes. But the superstitious like to impute to a de Thebes more than she actually accomplishes in her strange field.

Imperial Threats

According to the New York Sun letters received in New York from London last week cleared up the identity of the mysterious prisoner mentioned in a recent cable as held by the Belgians, to whom the other German prisoners pay extraordinary respect, such as would be accorded by them only to royalty. One statement was that the prisoner was Prince Adalbert, the third son of the Kaiser. The despatches from London identify the mysterious prisoner as the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. It is not known when the Duke was captured, but the Kaiser has shown the keenest interest in his welfare. According to statements from London, two letters of surpassing interest have recently passed between the Kaiser and King Albert of Belgium. In the first letter the Kaiser, in his own handwriting, informed the King of the Belgians that if a hair of the head of the captured Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin were hurt he, the Kaiser, would destroy Brussels. The reply to this ultimatum was laconic, but to the point. King Albert, also in his own handwriting, assured the Emperor that immediately the forces of the Kaiser commenced their work of destruction he, King Albert, would shoot the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin with his own hand.

The German Design

"The greatest river in Germany, which represents more than a third of the tonnage of the internal navigation of Germany, which supplies

her most industrial districts, has for ports two foreign towns. That is the fact which the Emperor of Germany finds unbearable, and many of his subjects agree with him. In order that the Rhine may have German towns as outlets, there is but one solution: the annexation of Holland, crowned by that of Antwerp." Yves Guyot, a former Minister of France, a member of the Chamber of Deputies and a writer on economic questions of international fame, wrote these words more than seven years ago in an article entitled "German Designs on Holland and Belgium" published in the North American Review. He went on to quote Treitschke of whom we are hearing a great deal these days, as saying: "It is an imperative duty for German politics to regain the mouth of the Rhine." Obviously, therefore, it was not merely a strategic consideration which dictated the taking of Antwerp by the Germans. Will they ever let go of it? And will the second part of this program, the annexation of Holland, follow? History is making very fast these days, and we shall not have long to wait for the answer.

An Architect Visits Rheims

Whitney Warren, the American architect, on his return to Paris from Rheims after a close inspection of the cathedral, was asked:

"Can the artistic beauty of the cathedral ever be restored?"

"In my opinion, no," replied Mr. Warren. "It has lost its charm, and like the Cathedral of Notre Dame here in Paris its restoration will leave the spectator cold." All that remains of the cathedral, according to Mr. Warren, is the frame, which with its walls from eight to ten feet thick could not be destroyed. If the cathedral at Amiens had received the same punishment, Mr. Warren said, it would, owing to the lightness of its construction, have been reduced to a heap of stones. The arches over the nave would have fallen in and the flying buttresses would have crushed in the walls. Happily the robust construction of the cathedral at Rheims saved it from this fate.

The Louvain Library

The great library at Louvain contained 210,000 volumes besides thousands of manuscripts. One of its most prized manuscripts was a series of sermons by Thomas a Kempis, in the author's own hand. Another treasure was the "Chronicle of Utrecht" published about 1461, a source book of inestimable value for the history of Western Europe. Another historical document was a series of notes on the early history of France, accidentally discovered a few years ago in a sheaf of old papers, to the great excitement of historians all over the world. Johann von Westphalia set up his press at Louvain in 1475, and the library had his priceless "Cicero" and "Horace" as well as many other unique volumes of his printing. It had also many volumes presented by Charles V. And this magnificent library was totally destroyed in the German bombardment.

War Myths

Notwithstanding the bewildering realities of the war imagination is running riot in Europe and the invention of myths is a continuous performance. There is for instance the myths about

turpenite, an explosive said to be in the possession of the French. It was invented, so the story goes, by a man who spent three years in prison because in a book he inadvertently revealed certain high military secrets. This turpenite in a shell explodes over trenches, leaving men petrified in death. Their rifles are still at their shoulders, the trigger fingers compressed not quite far enough to release the gear which fires the shot; smoking cigarettes are still in their lips; their mouths are arrested in the act of saying "Hoch!"; or a rifleman is found lifeless in the act of firing from a chateau window, while his companions are caught by death as they meld eighty kings pinochle. Another myth is the German sixteen-inch gun. There is only one sixteen-inch gun in the world, and neutral Uncle Sam owns that. He is not especially proud in his possession, because he is not sure whether it is half as good as many of his twelve-inch guns, and is certain that it is not in the class of his new fourteen-inch gun. These are not land guns either. The Germans have a field piece of about eleven-inch caliber which moves on caterpillar wheels, and so have the French and the British. There is also the Zeppelin myth. The papers say that Count Zeppelin is preparing to lead in person a raid on England, and by England here is meant London. The German Zeppelin fleet is said to consist of about fifty airships. Their crews number, roughly, thirty men, a total of 1500. It is admitted that 1500 Germans, even though heavily armed, would have a short shrift against the 200,000 boy scouts which Great Britain has mobilized. But they drop bombs! A fair idea of the damage which Zeppelins can do by dropping bombs may be arrived at by multiplying by fifty the damage that one Zeppelin did in Antwerp. This one killed two women and injured a score of citizens. It blew out the fronts of half a dozen houses and peppered others with small shot. Fifty Zeppelins in a "raid" over the Channel might succeed in killing 100 people and wounding 1000. They would frighten perhaps 50,000. But you cannot win battles by frightening non-combatants. Otherwise the ancient Chinese system of decking out warriors in horrible masks would be practiced in modern warfare. Even repeated visits of Zeppelins—if repeated visits were possible, which they are not—would only serve to wreck a few buildings and make a few British landholders angry. Who knows that they would not stimulate recruiting? There is a great myth about dogs of war. The Germans, clever people that they are, have trained dogs to shy every time they see a pair of red trousers. These dogs run ahead of the infantry skirmish line, and when they rear up on their hind legs the German artillery gets the range and opens fire. Also these same dogs have been entrusted with messages from one commander to another. Even in a strange country they will convey a message from General von Black to General von Zero when one general does not know where the other is.

MAETERLINCK

Mr. Arthur Row of The Milestones Company will give a dramatic reading of Maeterlinck's latest and most beautiful play

"Aglavaine and Selysette"

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In the Paul Elder & Co. Gallery, 239 Grant Avenue

Poems About San Francisco

CLXVII—AT HOLY CROSS

Anonymous

(Poems inspired by the cemeteries on Lone Mountain and by the little graveyard beside the Mission Dolores have already appeared in this series. Now we present a poem on one of the cemeteries down the peninsula. It was published without the name of its author in a recent issue of the Monitor.)

Oh, tranquil valley of the dead,
No storms disturb thy shade,
Thy slumbering host, with passions fled,
Life's burden here have laid.
In thy kind bosom, peaceful, deep,
Low nestled 'mid the hills,
The dear departed loved ones sleep,
Freed of life's many ills.

How lovely Nature looks today,
All robed in sunny veil,
Bathed in the sun's September ray,
Whose soft beams kiss Death's dale;
A gentle wind sways leafy boughs,
To chant a vesper song,
The hills lift high their misty brows,
And guard the sleeping throng.

Oh, silent city of the dead,
Cast thou thy spell o'er me!
Today thy narrow streets I tread,
Deep lost in reverie;
A calm I scarcely understand,
Comes o'er me while I pray;
My heart is turned to yon fair land,—
God's realm, far, far away!

The Spectator

Rolph Mending His Fences

Mayor Rolph is to be a candidate to succeed himself, and has been doing excellent work as a fence mender of late. By finding a place for Dr. Jones of the Mission he placated one of his most powerful enemies, and by getting rid of Max Kuhl and inducing James Woods to accept a police commissionership he straightened out a most disagreeable tangle and got himself into a position to manoeuvre for many political advantages. Kuhl was an obstructionist who held a tight rein on "Mission Jim." Now the Mayor is able to make friends where before he had enemies, and notwithstanding the broken rib he is feeling better than he has felt since the first month after his election. As there are indications that there will be several vacancies on the police bench after election day the Mayor will be able to make a few appointments by which he will establish new combinations. Already he has promised Rabbi Meyer to appoint Morris Oppenheimer to one of the vacancies, and Matt Brady of the Civil Service Commission has been assured that he will get another. Andrew Gallagher has joined the Rolph forces and it's understood that he will be appointed Superintendent of State Highways at ten thousand a year in the event of the re-election of Governor Johnson. This deal presumably was put through by the astute Matt Sullivan of the clan Sullivan-Dwyer whose fine Celtic hand manipulates the wires for both Administrations—State and municipal. Gallagher, so the story goes, will throw the labor vote both to Johnson and Rolph. Meanwhile the Masonic badge remains under cover.

A Badge of Trouble

Sandy McNaughton, former cafe proprietor and always a promoter of gayety, is against Mayor Rolph but he is for Governor Johnson. A few days ago he bought one of those dollar Johnson buttons which the Progressives are urging all good Johnsonians to purchase so that the campaign funds may be swelled. Sandy was wearing the button in his lapel when he met the great Colonel Henry I. Kowalsky who enlivened the landscape at the entrance to the Palace Hotel.

"What's that you're wearing, Sandy?" asked the Colonel, touching the button with his cane. "That's a Johnson button," replied Sandy. "Better take it off," advised the Colonel. "All that's good for is to get you into quarrels with us Jews."

Troy's Little Resolution

"It would be a very monotonous campaign if the Democrats weren't in it," remarked the man who winds the ferry clock.

I begged him to tell me what was doing.

"Oh, I was only thinking of what Bob Troy did to the men who made him secretary of the State Central Committee," explained the clock winder.

I hastened to say that I had not heard the story.

"There were two candidates for the job of secretary," he went on. "One was my old friend Tommy Hayden, the other was E. P. E. Troy's brother Bob. That stalwart patriot and unterrified Democrat, Tim Treacy was for Troy, and so was a young man named Sullivan who is very active making 'Constitutional John' Curtin's fight in San Francisco. You see, Treacy and Sullivan have a friend named Joe McShane who needs a job. Joe is not what you'd call prominent, even for a Democrat; but he ran for State Senator two years ago and was beaten, so he feels, and his friends feel, that he's entitled to something. Well, Treacy and this fellow Sullivan backed Troy with the understanding that he'd appoint McShane assistant secretary on a salary. Troy was elected secretary of the State Central Committee, and what do you think was the first thing he did?"

The clock winder paused, but I shook my head. I had no idea what Bob Troy had done.

"He introduced a resolution providing that all appointees of the committee, including the assistant secretary, should serve without pay! I wish you could have seen Tim Treacy when that resolution was read! And I wish you could have heard Sullivan cussing Troy under his breath! Joe McShane is still out of a job, for he can't make up his mind to give his valuable services

without pay. And Treacy, Sullivan and their friends throw a fit every time anybody mentions Troy's name."

Redlight Abatement

There was a discussion of this subject at a recent meeting of the Commonwealth Club. Dr. Julius Rosenstirn, one of the speakers against the law, pointed out that the law enacted by the Legislature of this State and to be passed upon in the coming election under the referendum, contains a vicious feature not to be found in the law as enacted in Iowa, Nebraska, Washington and elsewhere. The laws of these States are directed only against houses of prostitution or assignation, whereas the California law is directed



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against any building wherein acts of lewdness, assignation or prostitution are held to occur. "Under these provisions of the Californian law," Dr. Rosenstirn pointed out, "the owner or lessee of any apartment house or hotel could be held responsible for any isolated acts of illicit intercourse occurring in any one separate part of his premises without his even suspecting such happenings. Should a trial prove the innocence of owner or lessee," continued Dr. Rosenstirn, "and their ignorance of acts of lewdness having occurred on their premises, the so-called nuisance being subsequently abated, still great damage would be inflicted upon the property by the publicity of such proceedings. Spite work would be encouraged in malevolent individuals, and combinations with overzealous attorneys be made attractive, especially as the law provides that the plaintiff's costs in such actions should be one of the charges to be paid out of the sale of the owner's property, no such provision being made in the laws of Oregon, Nebraska or Washington." These are points to which the champions of red-light abatement have not called our attention.

The Female in Politics

"Women should let ward clubs alone," says the Examiner, and our amiable contemporary adds: "A consistent advocate of woman's suffrage, The Examiner is sorry to see these so-called clubs formed." Which reminds me of the ancient rhyme:

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"

"Yes, my darling daughter.

Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,

But don't go near the water."

"Women," says the Examiner, "should keep clear of these outworn political schemes." Yes, indeed. They should go into politics, but they shouldn't play the game of politics. "It is the business of women," says our shrewd contemporary, "to prove the argument their friends among the men made for them—that they would bring needed decency into politics." This was the Examiner's argument. He's a poor philosopher who has to demand that human nature and the divine scheme of things be revolutionized in order to prove the accuracy of his judgment. The Examiner assured us that women could touch pitch without being defiled, but now that their skirts are dripping the Examiner explains that it meant they should touch it with a forty-foot pole. It is unfortunate that women should be wallowing in the mire of politics. It is also unfortunate that what has happened is precisely what Town Talk predicted and not in verification of the Examiner's prelibation. The women who are taking the most active interest in politics, with few exceptions, are not the women by temperament and education qualified to purify politics. The truth is that women are giving the Hessians of politics cards and spades at their own game and putting it all over them. Candidates are complaining that they never re-

ceived such rough deals as they are now receiving from the female of the species. All of which must be exceeding depressing to our exquisitely refined contemporary.

Joshing the Landmarks

The Old Capitol Club of Monterey, made up of the choice spirits of the mission town, is a very irreverent organization. It dares make fun of the hallowed places which the tourist regards with open-mouthed awe. The Old Capitol Club is going to have a "fish feed" on the beach at Monterey on Saturday, the twenty-fourth of this month. The invitation states that "all dwellers of the sea promise to be present—there are over 127 different kinds—from the sardine to the shark, the tuna, salmon, yellow-tail and other game lads. When you are weary of looking them over and punishing them, there are the historic buildings and places of Monterey to be seen." Then follows an annotated list which includes: "the Custom House of Spain, Mexico and the United States (it was—until the Native Sons restored it); the Robert Louis Stevenson House (hoary with age—yes it is); California's first theatre (now the residence of Hook Nose Brown); the first brick building in California (now headquarters for the Black Hand); the first wooden building in California (for rent); the houses of Governors Alvarado and Pacheco and General Castro (all very dilapidated); house of the first American Consul, Thomas O. Larkin (Alcalde del Ayuntamiento de Monterey—this means Bob Johnson); the landing place of Fr. Junipero Serra (now a squid cannery); the House of the Four Winds (count 'em); the Sherman Rose (which tells of General Sherman's retreat); the Seventeen Mile Drive, with its ancient cypress trees said to be 3000 years old (what of it?); the Breakwater (give us time!); the Fresno Railroad (give us time!); the Municipal Wharf (give us time!); Spanish dancing and music (they probably will be very bad)." I should like to tell who is responsible for this sacrilegious treatment of Monterey, but I am sworn to secrecy.

Joking Bohemia's Merchants

Fred Myrtle was the sire of the "After-Glow" at the Bohemian Club a few nights ago. The "After-Glow" is the annual burlesque of the grove play. This year it was called "Nix on the Natoma," a title which slants at Dr. "Jack" Shiels' grove play "Nec-Natama." It was full of good things both witty and humorous, but also deserves notice because the author had the temerity to josh the merchant members of the club. There has always been a good deal of fun poked at the merchants in Bohemia, but it has usually been poked surreptitiously, for the merchants in Bohemia do not like to be joked and their feelings are worth respecting, since not infrequently they lend financial assistance to members whose Bohemianism keeps their purses flat. Fred

Myrtle is perhaps the first Bohemian clubman with the courage to gibe at the Sansome and California street Bohemians. He did it in a song entitled "Song of the Merchant Tribe" which runs thus:

We are the merry business boobs that blossom in Bohemia,
We are the lifeblood of the club, we save it from anaemia;
We cannot scribble forest plays abounding in vernacular
Nor plan illuminations, polychrome and quite spectacular.
We can't achieve those gay gyrations, dainty, Terpsichorean,
Nor climb the "high-brow" mountains with their climate
Hyperborean;
In fact, for parlor tricks we have no talent in particular,
But we're the coupon-cutting, coin-wise, gentry spondulicular!

Refrain

You may listen to our jingle, it will cause your ears to tingle,
As we rattle in our pockets the credentials of our wealth;
The lifeblood of Bohemia, that saves it from anaemia,
Comes out of us. You bet, we're not in business for our health!

We have no time for foolishness. Our intellectuality
Won't run to stunts, our daily life is plainest of reality;
But when it comes to stocks and bonds, or dinners in society,

We rise to heights not reached by your Bohemian variety.
We herd together, making for ourselves an aristocracy—
(We're singularly deaf to all remarks about plutocracy)—
But in Bohemia you'll admit, that is, if you are sensible,
We represent an element that's simply indispensable.

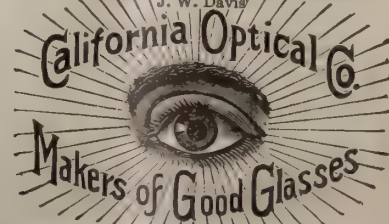
Montgelas On the Belgians

So the Belgian Government is responsible for all the horrors of war that have been visited on that country by Germany! This is according to the German view as expressed by Oscar C. Mueller and also by Count Montgelas, who discusses the matter on another page. It is a curious way about that they take to reach this conclusion. Count Montgelas acquits the German Government while praising the German Chancellor for his frankness in admitting that Germany did wrong. If Germany did wrong then Count Montgelas cannot be right in holding that the Belgian Government should be blamed. While it may be true as Count Montgelas says that the supreme law is the protection of the people, how do we know that it would have been better for the Belgians had the government yielded to the German request? The Belgians themselves were obligated under the neutrality treaty to preserve their neutrality. What assurance could Germany give the Belgians against reprisals from the Allies? The proposition submitted to the Belgian Government, if we leave out the question of national honor, was one that called for conjecture. The question was, "Which is the safer side to take?" Now this was a problem the Belgians should never have been called upon to solve. Further, the government might have been mindful of the old Roman principle quoted by Count Montgelas, and yet have determined not to let the

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Germans through without a fight. For aside from the probability that God would favor the heavier armament of the Allies, there were the Germans asking that they be permitted to break a promise on the strength of a new promise that would be immediately forthcoming on the violation of "paper neutrality." One may be quite willing to concede that all nations are more or less unscrupulous in the struggle either for existence or for conquest, and yet be strongly disinclined to hold the poor Belgians responsible for their own injuries.

The New Sterling

In one of the fine sonnets in his latest book of poems, "Beyond the Breakers," just published by A. M. Robertson of this city, George Sterling writes:

The storm
Of atoms, and the sun's effulgent car,
Are but as veils and an uplifted bar
Between thyself and verity.

These words are of peculiar interest to the student of George Sterling's poetry. Such students know that in Sterling's previous volumes, "The Testimony of the Suns," "A Wine of Wizardry" and "The House of Orchids," the storm of atoms and the sun's effulgent car were too often like veils and an uplifted bar between Sterling and verity. Sterling began poet as the singer of the cosmos. This earth of ours was not big enough for his verses. He projected his soul into the void. He brought beauty out of chaos. He adventured beyond the farthest star. As he says in this present volume, in the magnificent Browning Centenary Ode which he may never surpass, he

Sought a phantom rose

And islands where the ghostly siren sings. But now the veil has been rent; the poet has leaped the uplifted bar. His interest in the storm of atoms has waned a little; the sun's car is as effulgent for him as ever, but he no longer yearns to drive it. True son of Apollo, he lacks the rashness of Phaeton. The rose he seeks is no longer a phantom rose; the women he sings are no longer ghostly sirens. Sterling has learned verity. He has ceased to be what Witter Bynner once said he was, a star-dust poet. He has come down to earth; he is one of us.

The Human Note

In the Centenary Ode Sterling speaks of Browning watching

The light of Heaven cast on common things. Sterling has learned to watch that light too; has discovered that it is a brilliant light, a light worthy the eye of a poet. And he has found that when that light is cast on common things, it transfigures them. The human note in this latest

periodical publication. But there is no doubt that his experience with editors helped to humanize him. Some of the best poems in this volume, poems like "Night Sentries," "The Master Mariner," "The Voice of the Dove," "Ballad of Two Seas," "The Rack," are known already to magazine readers. One of the great fascinations of this book is that Sterling's admirers may here trace his development, may note how he has literally leaped to a new place among the poets.



SAN FRANCISCO QUINTET CLUB
Which inaugurates a season of Chamber Music concerts on Sunday afternoon,
November 1 at the St. Francis Hotel ballroom.

volume of his makes it the most important he has put forth. Those who follow Sterling's work closely, heard that note sounded some time ago. I first heard it in all its sweetness and clarity when "Father Coyote" was published in the Saturday Evening Post. "Father Coyote" is in this volume; so are a number of other poems published in various periodicals. A respectable number, by the way, first appeared in Town Talk. Writing for the magazines has helped, not hurt Sterling. The magazines will only take poetry of a certain kind. Sterling can write the best of that kind; but there is another kind he can write too. He has not compromised; he has written as he listed with a proper indifference to

The Promise of the Future

Of course the old Sterling is here too. One cannot put off an accustomed manner overnight. "The Coming Singer," "The Muse of the Incommunicable," "The Last Monster"—this is the old Sterling. Here we find the sort of thing Sterling is leaving behind, leaving to Clark Ashton Smith who does this sort of thing very well and might win more glory for doing it if Sterling had not pointed the way for him. Readers of this volume will not dwell as long on these manifestations of the old Sterling as they will on "Afterwards," a lyric brimming with tears, a heart-beat of regret worthy the music of a Schumann; or on the Centenary Ode which is a juster criticism and a profounder appreciation of Browning than you will find even in Arthur Symonds; or on the wonderful poem that gives the book its title, a poem of authentic inspiration, a poem that none of our poets but Sterling could write. There are many others in the book that only Sterling could write. One realizes that on nearly every page. He has a style that is knowable anywhere. And yet one realizes that more important than anything he has written are the poems Sterling is still to write. There is a flame in him that has yet to burn its brightest, consuming the remainders of dross as it burns. The possibilities of Sterling fill one with something akin to awe.

Stanford Parlor at Tavern

That atmosphere of refinement and respectability which is such an enjoyable feature of Techau Tavern is one of the best reasons why so many noted fraternal and social organizations select this cafe for their most important functions. Last Thursday Stanford Parlor N. S. G. W., to the number of several hundred, after a most enjoyable theatre party, gave a dance on the veranda of the main floor of this cafe. The ladies were expensively gowned, as is always the case with the ladies of Stanford Parlor, and on this occasion fairly outshone themselves in the beauty of their toilettes.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS

Are you for a \$3.81 rate? \$2.24 is your present rate; \$3.81 may be your rate if the proposed "Home Rule in Taxation Amendment" is passed.

This amendment is nothing more or less than SINGLE TAX, and is backed financially by Eastern single taxpayers.

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The Real Estate Board looks upon Amendment No. 7 as a most pernicious measure, and calculated to destroy investments in San Francisco real estate. It is to your interest not only to vote against Amendment No. 7, but to work against it.

THE SAN FRANCISCO REAL ESTATE BOARD

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Dog at Church

She is a very prominent society matron, just as prominent now though not so lively as she used to be in the days of her belledom when her stunts were many and original. She has a prize bull dog, and is very fond of it, quite as attached to it, in fact, as Mary's lamb was to Mary. You may see her on the streets in the fashionable shopping district almost any day with the bull dog in leash. What ever possessed her to do it, I don't know, but she took her bull dog to Sunday mass at Old St. Mary's. It was the popular twelve-fifteen mass, and the church on the California street hill was packed with worshippers. You may imagine the sensation she created when she walked down the aisle behind the bull dog which was straining at the leash. Perhaps it was not sensation so much as consternation. She walked down the aisle quite nonchalantly, as though it were the most ordinary thing in all the wide world, this taking a bull dog to church. Before she reached her pew, however, an usher stopped her. He said a few words in a low voice. The words were emphatic, and the voice though low was determined. She flushed, turned around and went out, the dog lumbering ahead of her as before. It took the congregation some little time to get back to its prayers.

Denying His Nationality

There is a young man quite well known in society, with a German ancestry and a German name. Those who have visited the luxurious home of his father know the charming German atmosphere that pervades it. Even a stranger would guess the young man's German blood, because he looks German. Yet at a recent party where the war was under discussion this young man repudiated the Fatherland. He declared that he was not a German; that his family was an English family. He even tried to make out that his name was of Anglo-Saxon origin. Some of those who listened to him rallied him on his infidelity. Others turned away from him in disgust. They recalled that when his father (who is a millionaire) was asked to contribute to the German Red Cross funds he refused on the ground that the sympathies of his children were with the Allies.

The Greenway Mystery

Is Ned Greenway a czar or an ex-czar? Does he still wield the sceptre, or is his reign over? Has he abdicated, or does he still give laws to society in its dancing hours? These are the questions agitating many a breast just now. Important questions they are, without a doubt, especially to certain pretty girls of the debutante

class. Ned has always been nice to nice girls, even when their social status was doubtful. He let many a girl into the Greenways who would have been excluded from them if certain severe and self-sufficient ladies had had their way. It has always been Ned's idea that if a girl is a sweet, nice girl, there's no need of inspecting her entire family tree before sending her the coveted bit of paste board. So the girls have always had kind words for Ned. They hope that he will continue to occupy the throne. But it may be that they are hoping against hope.

The Subscription Dances


There is to be a series of very exclusive subscription dances this winter. The ladies who have been announced as patronesses are: Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mrs. James Follis, Mrs. Laurance Irving Scott, Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. Gus Taylor, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. George Lent and Mrs. Atholl McBean. Now these ladies are all admirers of Ned Greenway. Most of them attended their first formal dancing parties under his auspices. He calls most of them by their first names. Is it possible that Ned will not retire, but will continue to rule over the parties given by these important ladies? Some think so. Others say that Ned meant it when he announced his retirement. Still, you never can tell. One thing is certain. Some of these ladies would not let down the bars quite as low as Ned has been in the habit of doing out of kindness of heart during the past few years. That might be one reason why Ned would hesitate to take charge. He likes a free swing in his social activities.

Moving Mrs. Huntington

Mrs. Henry E. Huntington who was well known in this city as the widow of Collis P. Huntington, didn't want to leave France when the war broke out. She had a chateau near Versailles, a magnificent estate of twelve hundred acres, and as she held a twenty-year lease and had installed many costly belongings, she was reluctant to abandon it. Her son Archer tried to induce Mrs. Huntington to join him in London, but without success. She refused to believe that conditions were as bad as reported. Finally Archer Huntington despatched an agent to France to bring her to London by hook or crook. His agent was Elbert Martin, the man who spoiled the aim of Colonel Roosevelt's would-be assassin at Milwaukee. Martin is a resourceful fellow, and he managed to persuade Mrs. Huntington to leave. Mrs. Huntington had thirty-five trunks packed hastily, and these were transported to the train in two motor buses which Martin managed to hire. Martin had a letter from Colonel Roosevelt, and this helped him a great deal in his work. Of course thirty-five trunks could not hold all of Mrs. Huntington's valuables; she left many things behind her.

Reception for Archbishop Riordan

The largest and most elaborate reception ever given by the Newman Club will attract several hundred distinguished guests to the charming clubhouse in Ridge Road, Berkeley, on the afternoon of Friday, October 23. The honored guest will be His Grace, Archbishop Patrick W. Riordan. The distinguished prelate has always taken an active interest in the welfare of the club, has in fact fostered the organization with the support and assistance that have made it famous as the largest Catholic club in connec-



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tion with any university. The hours of the reception will be from four until six o'clock, and the affair will have as attractive a setting as any of the social affairs that have been given for many seasons in the college town. There will be a large receiving party composed of prominent men and women from both sides of the bay and a number of the younger matrons well known socially will assist the older members of the receiving party. The decorations will be in the autumn coloring and a large stringed orchestra will add to the delightful occasion. After the reception Archbishop Riordan will be honored at an elaborate dinner party at which a number of men whose names are high in educational matters will meet the guest of the day.

The Newcomb Classes

The increasing popularity of the small dancing club over larger and more formal affairs manifests itself this year by demand on the services of Thalia Weed Newcomb and John Joy Robin-

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son to conduct numerous select little classes. Our good dancers are not satisfied with merely learning new steps, but strive for the perfection of footwork and carriage that so distinguish them from the average dancer. Mr. Robinson, trained in the Vernon Castle school, specializes on finesse in rendering the simplest dance steps. "So many really good men dancers," he says, "spoil their appearance by stooping over their partner or pumping their left arms like a windlass. Just a bit of coaching would perhaps enable them to cultivate an attitude of grace and distinction that makes the public watch their dancing with admiration and interest." Mrs. H. S. Breeden, one of the most rhythmic and graceful dancers of the peninsula set, has sponsored an exclusive little dancing club for Mrs. Newcomb and Mr. Robinson, as has also Mrs. H. S. Kiersted. Weekly the guests of Marlborough Hall will have a dancing club during the winter season under the direction of these efficient teachers, commencing Friday, the sixteenth.

"Heures Intimes"

Miss Clara Alexander's "Heures Intimes" are becoming quite the vogue, and the second, held at the art gallery of Paul Elder's store last Monday afternoon, attracted another large and well-pleased audience of society folk. The third of these delightful entertainments will take place at the same place next Monday afternoon at three o'clock, when Miss Alexander will offer a decided novelty by reading selections from "Sixpenny Pieces," short character studies of life in the London slums by S. Neil Lyons. These Cockney stories will offer a decided contrast to the negro dialect offering for which Miss Alexander is famous and will be combined with both coster and negro ballads. Foster Krake, the baritone who has created such a favorable impression, will be heard in a change of selections, J. George Jacobson acting as his accompanist, while Miss Eugenia Vaughan will act in the same capacity for Miss Alexander. An informal tea will follow the entertainment.

A Charity Dansant

A dansant for the benefit of the charity fund of the Albert Sydney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., will be given this Sunday afternoon from three to seven in the ball room of the St. Francis. A ticket which includes tea costs one dollar and a half. There have been many reservations of tables, and this affair will be as, always, a very smart function in which a large number of our most distinguished people will take part.

Reading at Elder's

A dramatic reading, "Plays and Poems of Rabindranath Tagore," will be given in the Paul Elder and Company's Art Gallery by Cora Genevieve Ramadan Tuesday afternoon, October 20, at three p. m. Taraknath Das, A. M., will introduce the reading with an interesting talk on the life and character of this great Hindu poet whom he has had the honor of knowing personally. Arthur Row of the "Milestones" company, will give a dramatic reading of "Aglavaine and Selysette," in Paul Elder and Company's Art Gallery on the afternoon of Friday, October 23, at three p. m.

Dancing at Solari's

There was a notable gathering of dancers at Fred Solari's Tuesday night. The occasion was one of the dansants which are given in this favorite cafe on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening at nine. There is such a good floor in the beautiful restaurant next to the Columbia Theatre, the cuisine is so good and the patronage of such a select sort that one is bound to find a notable gathering there. I dropped in for a fox trot and a bite on Tuesday evening, and found some of our distinguished first-nighters there, a number of members of the peninsula set

and many others whose names adorn the society column. That they were having a splendid time was plain to all. A great many had dined there and had staved for the dancing: quite a number of others came in later. Fred Solari's place is getting to be a habit with our best people.

Baffled!

Should James Montgomery Flagg begin a sketch of Tait's Cafe today, he would have to rub it out and begin all over again tomorrow. After a few days of this he would know that his task was impossible. A kaleidoscope is a difficult thing to sketch—and Tait's is a kaleidoscope. The Tait features—music, song, color, service—varied endlessly by the management, ever-changingly shift into delightful combination which revolve fantastically about that incomparable 50-cent Luncheon, 11:30 till 2. Never can one grasp it all—never miss it all. That's the Tait charm. It has been said that a complete appreciation of Tait's requires more time than is allotted to any one lifetime. Perhaps that's why it is always so full of agreeable surprises for our epicures.

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EMMA LITTLEFIELD

Who will appear with Victor Moore in their laugh producing skit "Change Your Act or Back to the Woods" next week at the Orpheum.

Gossip of the Theatre

"The Graven Image"

Cole Bradford, a moneymaker, and Bruce Bennett, an artist, both loved Marian. The moneymaker won her, and the love-lorn artist went to Paris to become famous and reason with his sorrow. After several years he returns to find that the moneymaker has been making more money than love, and that neglected Marian has about made up her mind to leave him. Marian has not reached this determination alone. She has been helped to it by Mrs. Fullerton who wants the moneymaker for herself, and by Dr. Karananda, ostensibly a Hindu mystic but really a faker whose interest in the affair is quite mercenary. The return of the artist fits nicely into the nefarious scheme of Mrs. Fullerton and the faker. That these two are adepts at scheming the authors of this new play "The Graven Image" are fully convinced, and naturally they seek to convince the audience too. But do they succeed? Well, let us see. The artist meets the former sweetheart who has not heard from him in years, toward the end of the afternoon. He meets her again that night at a party. Before the party is over, the husband is quite satisfied that there is "an intrigue" between his wife and his old friend the artist. This is pretty quick work. An afternoon call and an hour or so at a party make rather circumscribed limits for "an intrigue." We must suppose either that the husband is a fool as well as a very jealous man, or else that Mrs. Fullerton and Dr. Karananda played their cards with diabolical cleverness. The diabolical cleverness is not in evidence in the play, and if the jealous husband was fooled, he was fooled by something which doesn't begin to fool anybody in the audience. In other words, "The Graven Image" is on a very insecure pedestal, and the audience can see it toppling in the first act. It is an implausible play; it is not consonant with common sense. The complication which the artist unravels in the last act is not a real complication. Nevertheless there are some pretty things in the play; and while the language is stilted, it is on the sort of stilts the Alcazar audience likes, for the audience warmly applauded a number of the lines. Adrian Metzger and Walter Rivers need not be discouraged. "The Graven Image" is a very respectable start. I have seen plays not half so good from the pens of experienced workmen. If Metzger and Rivers keep at it, they will probably achieve a successful play. Is it impertinent to suggest that they cease collaborating? Collaborators get in each other's way very often. Perhaps these two young men would do better if they "went it alone."

—Edward F. O'Day.

Mermaids at Pantages

The water lassies are the hit of the bill at Pantages this week. They are charming girls with all the grace of mermaids, and their act enthalls. One doesn't have to be interested in aquatics to be interested in these nymphs. They are indeed good to look upon. Chester Kingston has some new stunts in contortion. There doesn't seem to be any limit to the knots he can tie his supple body into. Guy Woodward is seen as a genial old lawyer reconciling a couple who come to him for a divorce. It's a pretty sketch, and Woodward's is a good bit of character drawing. Jack Golden holds the center of the bill with his pretentious number "The War Baron" which is decidedly worth while. The musical numbers are catchy and well rendered. It is a spirited act. Little Affre sings grand opera selections. Miller, Packer and Selz have a fast act

full of laughs. Earl Taylor and Ethel Arnold please with the aid of a piano. The entire bill is above the average.

—The Second Nighter.

The Fremstad Concert

No singer who left the opera for the concert stage ever met with such instantaneous success as Mme. Olive Fremstad whose first trans-continental tour as a concert artist has been one triumph after another. Her first concert on the Pacific Coast was given in Spokane last week, and following it she was greeted by the members of no less than twenty-one clubs and given a glorious public reception, the Mayor presenting her with a golden floral key to the city. In Seattle hundreds were unable to gain admission, and her Portland concert was similarly successful. Manager Will Greenbaum greatly regrets that he is able to offer but one program by this consummate artist in this city, but it is an offering that no music lover can afford to miss. The Fremstad concert will be given at the Columbia this Sunday afternoon at 2:30 p. m.

The diva will sing rarely heard works by Schumann, Grieg, Hugo Wolf, Jean Sibelius, Emil Sjorgren, Felix Weingartner, Sigurd Lie and a group of quite unusual folk songs. Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay and Company's, Kohler and Chase's and the Columbia box office, and on Sunday after ten at the Columbia only. This Friday afternoon, October 16, the artist is singing in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

San Francisco Quintet Club

To permit the music students and lovers of this community to hear the best in classic and modern chamber music, especially in the larger forms, at a most moderate price, is the object of the San Francisco Quintet Club which Manager Greenbaum claims to be the finest organization of this character ever formed in this city. No concert will be given with less than fifteen rehearsals and the programs will be quite exceptional. The members are Louis W. Ford, violin; G. B. Evans, viola and violin; Victor de Gomez, 'cello; Gyula Ormay, piano; and Elias M. Hecht, flute; with N. Firestone, viola, assisting. Three



JULIA CLAUSSEN

The great opera singer.

concerts will constitute the initial series for which season tickets may be secured for one dollar and two dollars. The concerts will be given at the St. Francis ballroom. The tickets may now be secured at the usual Greenbaum box offices. The concerts are scheduled for Sunday afternoons, November 1, December 20 and February 28. Address subscriptions to Will L. Greenbaum, 101 Post street.

The Ganz Concert

The first of the great piano virtuosi to visit us this season will be the famous Swiss artist, Rudolf Ganz, whose playing was a sensational success at the Worcester Festival in the early part of this month. Mr. Ganz is "a pianist with a message," and his playing is of the quality that interests and delights both musician and layman. The Pacific Musical Society will attend the opening Ganz concert in a body, three hundred seats having been selected for the members of the club. The first Ganz concert will be given Sunday afternoon, November 8, at Scottish Rite Auditorium.

Symphony Next Friday

Next Friday afternoon, at three o'clock sharp, the first concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra's season will be on at the Cort. Since Monday, October 5, the orchestra has been diligently rehearsing, and Conductor Hadley has placed himself on record as stating that this season's series of concerts will please the most exacting critic. The programs rehearsed show the works to be fascinating, impressive and instructive and the body of musicians that comprise this year's Symphony Orchestra to be equal to all demands. The sale of season tickets will close this Saturday afternoon at the offices of Manager Frank W. Healy, but will open Monday at the Sutter street box office of Sherman, Clay and Company and be continued right up until noon of Friday, October 23; the date of the box offices of Sherman, Clay and Company, Kohler and Chase and the Cort Theatre. All tickets allotted guarantors and subscribers and not called for will be placed on public sale.

Mme. Claussen to Sing Here

Mme. Julia Claussen, the famous Swedish mezzo-soprano, and Titto Ruffo, the famous Italian baritone, were the dominating figures of the last season of the Chicago-Philadelphia Grand Opera Company at the Auditorium Theatre, Chicago. Madame Claussen and Enrico Caruso, the famous Italian tenor, were the dominating figures of the last season of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, London. Quite the most appealing piece of vocal art heard in Chicago last season was the work of Ruffo and Claussen in "La Gioconda." The wonderful baritone of Ruffo and the glorious mezzo-soprano of Claussen created a positive sensation. Madame Claussen's debut at Covent Garden was in "Die Walkure," and the very exacting London critics declared that never before was the role of Brunhilde so excellently sung. Memorable were the successes achieved by Madame Claussen in the wonderful Wagnerian performances at Covent Garden and her Delila in "Samson and Delila" for sustained richness and sensuousness of tone, won for her instantaneous success. San Francisco music lovers will therefore be pleased to learn that the glorious voice and capable art of Madame Claussen will be enjoyed here in recitals at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Wednesday night, November 4, and at the Cort Theatre, Sunday afternoon, November 8. Frank W. Healy, manager of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, heard Madame Claussen's stunning Azucena in "Aida" during the Chicago Grand Opera Company's visit to the Tivoli and prevailed upon her to return to us in recital.

George Arliss in "Disraeli"

The appearance of George Arliss under the management of the Liebler Company, in Louis N. Parker's comedy "Disraeli" at the Columbia, for two weeks beginning Monday evening, promises to be one of the most important and interesting engagements of the season. Mr. Arliss has been long in letting us see his famous success, for he has already played the premier nearly fifteen hundred times. Extended engagements in New York, Boston, Chicago and other Eastern cities prevented its earlier presentation here. The production is most elaborate scenically, particularly the brilliant last act which represents the reception hall in Downing street, just before the presentation to the queen. The costumes of the period—the early seventies—lend the play attractive pictorial qualities. Mr. Arliss is supported by a company which includes Ernita Lascelles, Margaret Dale—an old San Francisco favorite—Florence Arliss, Lella Repton, Charles Harbury, Arthur Eldred, Henry Carvil and others. Matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

"The Whip" Coming

The world's greatest melodrama, "The Whip," which has broken all records in Europe, Australia and America for long runs and enormous business, will be seen at the Cort Theatre on

Sunday night, October 25. This sensation of three continents has aroused the greatest enthusiasm because of the many startling stage effects that alone would make a wonderful evening's entertainment, aside from the startling dramatic story enacted by a large and competent cast. There is an automobile accident, a stage wreck, a horse race with a number of live thoroughbreds, and a scene in Mme. Tussaud's famous wax works. Altogether the heaviest and most lavish success in the history of the theatre, from a scenic point of view.

Another Week of "Kitty"

Charming "Kitty MacKay" has been winning her way into the heart of theatregoing San Francisco ever since her arrival at the Cort last Sunday night. "Kitty" is in every sense a delight, a refreshing relief from the avalanche of sex and problem dramas. Catherine Chisholm Cushing has written a play that makes an appeal to all classes. It possesses real "heart interest." There are in it the elements of real romance and adventure. And it is dotted with humor. As a matter of fact, "Kitty MacKay" has been called "the love story with a laugh in every line." The producer William Elliott has given the play an interpreting company that is excellent. The title role is played exquisitely by Marjorie Murray. Eleanor Daniels, Wallace Erskine, Marie Stuart,



GEORGE ARLISS

In Louis N. Parker's comedy "Disraeli" at Columbia Theatre beginning October 19

Paget Hunter, James Finlayson, Harriett Ross, Rule Pyott and others are in the organization. The second and final week starts Sunday night. There are popular-priced matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Victor Moore at the Orpheum

Victor Moore, late star of "The Talk of New York" and "The Happiest Night of His Life," and Emma Littlefield, an exceptionally clever comedienne, supported by a thoroughly capable company, will head the Orpheum bill next week in the novel laugh-producing skit "Change Your Act or Back to the Woods," which has become a vaudeville classic. The action of the piece takes place on a stage bare of scenery with no audience present and indicates how "bum acts" are treated by the stage hands. It is a breezy burlesque with a twenty-minute spasm of laughter induced by the drolleries of these well known comedians. Frank North will present "Back to Wellington," a sequel to his immensely successful skit "Those Were the Happy Days." The scene is in the home of the much-abused rube. Fredrika Slemmons and her company will appear in the comedy playlet "Liz" by C. H. O'Donnell, the author of "Flashlight Cragin" and many other admirable sketches. It affords Miss Slemmons admirable opportunity. Lydell, Rogers and Lydell, accomplished entertainers, will introduce a skit called "A Native of Arkansas," which is an excuse for clever and diverting singing, dancing and chatter. Walter S. "Rube" Dickinson will amuse with his original characterization "The Ex-Justice of the Peace." He gets every bit of comedy possible out of his rural type, and for twelve minutes convulses his audiences with laughter. Next week will be the last of Bert Kalmar and Jessie Brown; Chief Caupolican; and Morris Cronin and His Merry Men.

An Indian Marvel at Pantages

A beautiful young Sioux Indian maiden who has been a scientific enigma to the medical profession for the past two years is the novelty on the bill at Pantages next week. The girl is called Lolo and is said to possess almost unnatural powers for delving into the occult. Ethel Davis, one of the best liked comedienues that has ever played the Pantages circuit, Les Copeland, a whirlwind funster from gay Broadway, Lou Davis, a dapper young juvenile comedian, and Miss Davis' dashing ten "pretty pansies," will

be one of the big features on the bill. An under-world playlet with a griping plot is "The Crooks" which will be presented by Harry Cornell and his players. Cornell and his company created a tremendous hit here last season in "Baffled." Gray and Peters, comedy bike riders; the Acme Four, singers; Kelley and Catlin in a ludicrous skit "Fun in a Laundry," and the Alto Duo, classical singers; with a couple of comedy movies, will complete the program.

"The Governor's Lady" at Alcazar

On Monday night Louis Bennison, one of the finest and most popular actors who has ever appeared at the Alcazar, will return in the first

(Continued on Page 19.)

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The action of the London Exchange in forbidding sales of American stocks below the equivalents of our closing prices on July 30 will be a great help in providing for the reopening of the Stock Exchange, and it will also prevent a scramble to liquidate our stocks as holders, realizing bottom figures have been established, will recognize the futility of rushing to sell. The London Exchange has therefore taken action which will go far toward enabling us to pay for our stocks in merchandise and we should be only too happy to buy to the extent we can without the loss of sufficient gold to disturb our reserves. That there is not the slightest chance of losing enough gold to disturb our situation is certain and, as time goes on, it looks as though the opening of the Stock Exchange could be accomplished without danger of a cataclysm or anything approaching a panicky feeling. It is obvious from decrease in the bank clearings that the trade of the country shows a heavy contraction and that business is using less bank capital than ordinarily. There is considerable relief for the banks in sight from the establishment of the new federal banking system and further on we can look for a return of the crop-moving funds. There should be a steady improvement in the condition of the banks for these reasons and there seems also ground for believing that investors are becoming more confident. The only thing now needed, above all others, is a favorable decision by the Interstate Commerce Commission and we can reasonably look for that within a few weeks, unless the majority of the commission are dead to all sense of justice and the best interests of the whole country. Generally speaking there is considerable on which to build a hopeful view of the future even though it will take time to establish normal conditions.

Wheat—The wheat market the past week was a choppy affair. The market was influenced from day to day by the export news and while clearances for the week were again large the actual sales during the week were not as large as the previous week. While a decline may stimulate further purchases of wheat by Europe, it appears that urgent needs are temporarily supplied and price concessions will be necessary for new business. The great absence of outside interest in prices is making it difficult for investors to obtain cash funds even on good collateral, and many who would otherwise invest in food products are out of the market. The closing of the New York Exchange some two months ago makes it difficult to market securities and turn assets into cash. The continued closure of the financial markets is a damaging influence that is beginning to be felt not only by the grain trade but by business all over the country. Until the financial situation improves it will be hard to develop a bull market in food products. We

still believe that extremely high prices will prevail, but unless conditions improve the advance will be very slow.

Corn—After a firmer tone early in the week the market turned lower and established new low records on the active deliveries for the present movement. The Government report was about as expected, indicating an average crop this year and about seventy-five million bushels more than last month. Weather conditions throughout the corn belt, while partially unsettled, were not generally unfavorable, and the new crop is maturing in excellent shape. Receipts of old corn continue to exceed expectations in view of the generally acknowledged shortage of supplies and there is an entire absence of shipping demand which makes the light receipts more than sufficient for our requirements. Argentine arrivals are in better condition, and their offerings are increasing. The undertone appears heavy, but present prices are

not high when we consider that we have had two short crops in succession.


Who's Who Hereabouts

(Continued from Page 7.)

that "Andy" Einsfeld was somebody's tool. "Andy" is perhaps somewhat of a crank, but he's nobody's tool. At first he thought it advisable to run for the Senate himself in order to have Grant recalled, and when he started the petition in his neighborhood it was as a candidate to succeed Grant. He had consulted nobody, but after about four thousand people had signed the petition Einsfeld was advised to let Senator Wolfe take the field and to get behind him. Before consenting he looked up Wolfe's record. He was not to be deceived a second time. He found that Wolfe had introduced some excellent bills in his time, and that he had rendered much valuable service to San Francisco. Einsfeld concluded that Wolfe could be trusted. "I was sure of one thing" said the old man. "I was sure that Wolfe would never vote to make any part of San Francisco 'dry,' and so I got out for him."

"Andy" Einsfeld is well satisfied with his achievement. Indeed he is proud of it. He says he has no regrets, though he went into debt and fell behind in his rent to repair the wrong he firmly believes he committed when he made Grant's fight for the Senate.

An interesting character, as you may judge, is "one Andy Einsfeld."




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Stage

(Continued from Page 17.)

production here, and at popular prices, of "The Governor's Lady," written by Alice Bradley for David Belasco. This double event will mark an epoch in the history of the playhouse. Louis Bennison makes his reappearance after two successful seasons in the role of the doctor in "Damaged Goods." His personal triumph in this play was the talk of the New York and other Eastern critics, and local playgoers will recall the hit he made in the role in this city last summer. Bennison has had many offers to remain in the Eastern metropolis, but the call of the West was strong in him and it was more than he could do to resist it. No finer vehicle than "The Governor's Lady" could possibly have been chosen for his return to the Alcazar. This successful play of American politics and home life comes to us with the resounding praise of long months of triumph at Belasco's theatre in New York. The story is unconventional, and is told in three gripping acts and a unique epilogue laid in one of the famous Child's restaurants in New York. It is a play with a tremendous appeal to every woman and will prove of vital interest to every man. It will be handsomely produced. All of the Alcazar favorites, with Ralph Kellard and Alice Fleming in prominent roles, will be seen.

Dancing at the Fair

Many features will be introduced at the Industrial Fair, which opens next Saturday at the Coliseum and will be under way for nine days. A portion of the spacious building has been reserved for a dance floor, and an International Dansant contest will form one of the amusement attractions. John J. Robinson, the well known dancing artist of New York, has been engaged together with his company of dancers to give an exhibition which will include the Fox Trot, Castle Polka, Troutville Trot and other dances which now are the rage in the East. These artists have been appearing at Castle's home and have scored a big hit. On Monday, Wednesday and Friday there will be competitive dancing between local celebrities, and Professor Robinson will act as the judge. Other novelties include an Irish theatre, Panama Canal, Ye Olde Country Store, Cotton Show, World of Electricity, Hawaiian Village, Roosevelt's Infantile Congress, Japanese Village and a host of other attractions. Space has been reserved by nearly all the large manufacturers and merchants, and this year's show promises to be the biggest event of its kind held in San Francisco in a long time. As the day for the opening approaches interest increases in the contest for queen.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN JOSEPH BAILLE (also called Jean Joseph Baille), Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of JOHN JOSEPH BAILLE (also called Jean Joseph Baille), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN JOSEPH BAILLE (also called Jean Joseph Baille), deceased.

MARIE LOUISE BAILLE,

Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of JOHN JOSEPH BAILLE (also called Jean Joseph Baille), Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 19, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

9-19-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PATRICK RIELLY, also called PATRICK REILLY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Patrick Rielly, executor of the Last Will and Testament of Patrick Rielly, also called Patrick Reilly, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within Ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of John J. O'Toole, Rooms 446 and 447 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Patrick Rielly, also called Patrick Reilly, deceased.

PATRICK RIELLY,
also called Patrick Reilly, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 3, 1914.

JOHN J. O'TOOLE, Attorney for Executor,
446 and 447 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

10-3-5

CITATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, City and County of San Francisco—Dept. No. 9 Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN FANNING, Deceased.

The people of the State of California to: Mary Bridget Fanning, Johanna Fanning, Christina Corcoran Meyers, John Fanning, John Ryan, M. G. Conlin, Rev. Terrence Caraher (for St. Francis Roman Catholic Church), Sisters of the Presentation, Margaret Kirwan, Eugene F. Conlin, Mary Gleeson, Joseph Fanning, Joseph Ryan, Rev. Terrence Caraher, St. Francis Roman Catholic Church, Ella Fleischmann, Peter Fanning, Minnie Fanning, Mary Maitland, James Ryan, Sisters of the Holy Family.

YOU ARE HEREBY cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department No. 9, Probate, thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the 21st day of December, A. D. 1914, at 10 o'clock, A. M. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the probate of the will of the above named deceased, should not be revoked in conformity with the petition for the revocation of the will of the above named deceased and filed in this Court on the 5th day of September, 1914.

BY ORDER of the Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, this 5th day of September, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH A. BROWN,
FRANK J. EGAN,
Attorneys for Contestant,
Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal.

9-19-10

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SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 24, 1914

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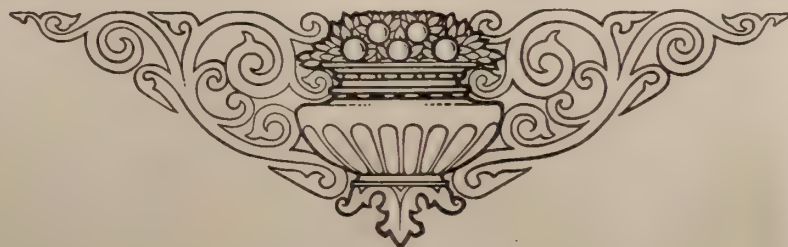
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The Talkative McAdoo

The Secretary of the Treasury has resolved to put more money in circulation if he has to scold somebody every day in the week. Mr. McAdoo is a firm believer in "psychological depression." He is convinced that the country would be prosperous and everybody happy if nobody would retard the progress of a dollar from hand to hand. His pet grievance is against the banks. It will be remembered that about a year ago he charged the bankers of New York with conspiring to depress the market for government bonds in order to cause apprehension and uneasiness. He said there was every evidence of "concerted action." He was challenged to point out the evidence, but failed to do so. The other day he complained that too many bankers were keeping money in their vaults when there were people willing, nay eager, to borrow all they could get. A few days later he complained that people generally were hoarding money, putting it into stockings instead of into banks, and he took occasion to assure them that the banks were all right—sound and safe. Is there nobody in Washington able to perceive that if there is such a thing as "psychological depression" the garrulous Secretary of the Treasury is himself playing the part of an agent of it? Spread the news that bankers are sitting tight, and the timid will immediately conclude that there must be a good reason for it. Again, spread the news that some folk are losing confidence in banks and putting their money into safe-deposit boxes, and others will conclude that the cautious ones have inside information. Secretary McAdoo ought to be shut up before he is allowed to spread any further unnecessary alarm. The gentleman has too much confidence in his own assurances. He should remember that he is only a politician, and that cautious people are learning to distrust politicians.

Heavily Financed Pharisaism

A plague on the Prohibitionists who are now tormenting this downcast State with their villainous propaganda! Why do we tolerate these firebrands who have come among us to spread the flames of fanaticism and destroy our property? Better men are in the penitentiary; no worse have been

ridden out of many a town on a rail. To the uninformed these observations may be regarded as brutal, but bear with us awhile and perhaps it may be perceived that our sentiments are not without justification. We are not at all squeamish in discussing the character of the hired men who are conducting the prohibition propaganda in this State or elsewhere. In view of the record left behind them they have no claims on the respectful consideration of anybody. We treat the I. W. W. as they deserve; why not the men who go about preying on ignorance, setting people by the ears and destroying property? Breeders of intolerance, fomenters of trouble, a constant menace to the prime essentials of government—stability and tranquility—what is the explanation of their immunity from public indignation? The explanation is that behind the movement is a rich and powerful political machine that intimidates the public press and coerces public servants. Consider the silence of political candidates and of our big blustering dailies on the most important question ever presented to the people of California. The only opposition to the prohibition propaganda is that of the great interests threatened with extinction. Meanwhile the agitators are going about as reformers imbued with benevolent and philanthropic motives, and they are taken seriously, either as fanatics or moralists. Now the prohibition agitation is a great American industry, the captains of which, who have their luxurious homes and headquarters in Westerville, Ohio, have organized the influence of the low-brow churches throughout the country. This influence is used for divers political purposes in various States, and thus the sanhedrin of Westerville has many sources of income aside from the vein running through our great fanatical horde which is exploited with true financial genius. The prohibition propaganda has money galore to spread the fictions that it is a moral cause and that all the world is going to a drunkard's grave. It is spending more than a million dollars in this campaign—for the printing and distribution of fantastic pamphlets; for billboard and newspaper advertising; for revolting moving pictures of the horrors of drunkenness; for subsidizing popular authors and magazines, and for "Flying Squadrons" of flamboyant orators from the backwash of politics. Through all these agencies is spread the poisonous paradox of prohibition. Through these agencies inspired by the men of Westerville people are blinded to the truths which experience has revealed, as we shall presently see.

Evidence of Dishonesty

The prohibition agitators would have us believe that a law prohibiting the traffic in all alcoholic beverages would be good for the State as well as for the morals and health of its citizens. On this point they are as dogmatic as though they were affirming the axiomatic. Yet we find them going nowhere for corroboration but to one State—Kansas. Are they honest in ignoring the experience of all other prohibition States?

Here they are urging the people of California to an industrial revolution, striving to impel the people to an immeasurable sacrifice, and giving positive assurance that they need have no fear of consequences, but at the same time they are deliberately suppressing facts that might well give their most enthusiastic convert pause. If there is one State in the Union that has been injured by prohibition then it is not to be gainsaid that no honest man can conscientiously assure the people of another State that prohibition would be of benefit to them. At best Prohibitionists are justified in regarding prohibition as nothing more than an experiment. Nevertheless they insist that we should adopt it for our own good, and they cite Kansas in support of their argument, a State that never produced a quart of wine. Why should the experience of Kansas be regarded as a better guide than the experience of Maine? If prohibition has brought misery and crime to Maine and utterly failed to discourage drinking or drunkenness how can anybody be sure that it will bring peace, happiness and sobriety to any other State? The whole argument of the pestiferous agitators is that compulsory abstinence has proved a success in Kansas, and therefore it cannot prove a scourge to California. Is it to be supposed that these smug reformers are convinced of the soundness of their own conclusion? As a matter of fact they don't believe in their own premise. If they read their own leading organ, the Vindicator, they must know that prohibition is a failure even in Kansas. Indeed it is clear from their own inadvertent admissions that prohibition is not a success in the bleeding commonwealth. For William Allen White of Kansas admits that although there has been prohibition for thirty-four years in that State, there has been no earnest attempt to enforce the law except in the last four years. As late as 1906 the report of the United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue showed that in Kansas there was one retail liquor dealer for every 366 of population. According to the Internal Revenue Commissioner liquor is still sold in Kansas.

The Widespread Evils of Prohibition

But it is not the failure of prohibition to prohibit that matters; rather is it the evil that flows from a law that is at variance with a considerable section of public opinion. Prohibition may deter some folks from drinking, but it converts moderate drinkers into drunkards, makes dope fiends out of others, hypocrites out of many, and grafters and blackmailers out of public servants. These are not gratuitous assertions. They are the positive statements of many prominent publicists and clergymen who have had experience of prohibition. They are the charges made by Dr. Edward Huntington Williams, the eminent pathologist and student of the effects of prohibition not only in Kansas but in every State that has been victimized by the smug rascals of Westerville who have been driving their scourge through the South, and who are now financing the cam-

paign in California. According to Dr. Williams, insanity and crime are on the increase in all prohibition States, and he has the facts gathered from official sources to prove that the increase is due to prohibition. Nobody dares challenge the honesty of Dr. Williams. Nobody questions his ability as a scientist. The agitators prefer to depend on their clamors to drown his voice, and notwithstanding the startling discoveries he has made and published they keep right on circulating their misstatements and appealing to popular ignorance and prejudice. In time of course there will be a reaction as there was fifty years ago when all the New England States, with the exception of Maine, voted themselves "wet" after a disastrous experience of prohibition. But meanwhile is poor long-suffering California to be bitten with this madness? Nowadays people everywhere are subject to fits, and lucid intervals are few and far between. No man is entirely free from crotchets, and each man is able to detect all but his own. The other day President Sproule of the Southern Pacific on his return from the East told us that the people of New York were amazed to learn that the great wine-producing State of California was threatened with the incubus from Ohio. In New York the prospect in California is inexplicable, but here it causes not a wrinkle on the surface of things. We are harboring men who would throttle our principal industries, and we are taking them seriously while they urge us to destroy \$200,000,000 worth of property that we may experience the same kind of torments that Maine has been enduring for more than fifty years. If there is one thing more important to the welfare of a State than any other it is that the people should have a stable government and enduring tranquility. Whatever is provocative of disturbance, of enmities, hatreds and constant change of manners and customs is to be dreaded more than all else. Now these things are the inevitable consequences of prohibition, as may be learned from the experience of Maine where but the other day the people elected State officers pledged to submit to the electors a proposition to repeal prohibition. This question is a perennial one in Maine. It is never settled. In 1910 when the State went Democratic after thirty consecutive years of Republicanism the prohibition issue was the determining factor. And now the same issue is up again. The reason is well known to every agitator in California. All the leading Prohibitionists are well aware that prohibition is the curse of Maine, that it has honeycombed the State with hypocrisy and corruption, but they are saying nothing about Maine in this campaign. It is easier to lie about Kansas, for Kansas is at present in the grip of the hypocrites themselves. And Kansas of all States! Why should California be asked to emulate Kansas? Are we in the Kansas class? Has it come to this,—that what the long-hair reformers of Kansas conceive to be good for their State is fit and feasible for California? It is admitted even by the Prohibitionists of Kansas that they practiced hypocrisy for thirty

out of thirty-four years. What guarantee can they give us that after the industrial cataclysm which they would visit on California, our morals would be any better than the morals of Kansas? And aside from the question of morals there is still the question of health—physical and mental—which the best scientific authorities agree is less impaired even by excessive drinking than by total abstinence. All things considered the average drunkard in our judgment is a better man than the average professional prohibition agitator; for whereas the average drunkard is his own worst enemy the average prohibition agitator is an enemy of society. Nobody can read what Dr. Williams has written of the effects of prohibition without seeing that the Prohibitionist is the advance agent of a terrible scourge.

The German Machiavelli

We hear a lot these days about General Friedrich von Bernhardi, or rather about his remarkable book wherein he advocates war as a German policy and looks forward with eagerness to the state of affairs induced by the Austrian ultimatum to Servia. It is unfortunate for Germany that Bernhardi ever uttered himself in print, for his sentiments are now regarded in many quarters as the sentiments of his country, and they have created a most unpleasant impression. If it could be shown that Bernhardi speaks for Germany there would be justification for a universal demand for the disintegration of the German empire. For according to Bernhardi the principle of the survival of the fittest applies to nations, and it is the duty of Germany, since it is destined to render the highest services to mankind, to insure its survival by making elbow room with Zeppelins and howitzers and reducing the strength of its neighbors. Bernhardi appears to be unaware of the fact that there are other peoples who are convinced that they are quite as important as the Germans, and that if his proposition were universally accepted as axiomatic each of several nations would always regard it as a moral duty to start a war at the psychological moment. Bernhardi is evidently an extremist and a chauvinist. It is clear that he has served the same purpose in Germany as the Navy League serves in England; that is to say, he has been quickening national feeling to make it easy for the Government to separate taxpayers from the money needed for increasing and equipping the army. He may be typical of the members of the General Staff, but is it likely that he is a typical German? His chauvinism may be matched with Hearst's, but Hearst is not a typical American. The man Bernhardi more nearly resembles is Nicholas Machiavelli, and his book is less remarkable for its discussion of the duty and destiny of Germany than for its bold, scientific obliquity of moral principle. In this respect there is nothing to be compared with it in all literature save the book that brought everlasting obloquy on that learned Florentine out of whose Christian name was coined a synonym for the Devil. Most

critics are amazed at the frankness with which Bernhardi outlines the proper war policy for Germany to pursue, but what is most impressive in his work is its revelation of the singular resemblance between the product of modern militarism and the philosopher who reflected the state of moral feeling in Italy during the life of Lorenzo de Medici. Bernhardi is evidently a zealous patriot, proud of his country. So was Machiavelli. Though Machiavelli was a teacher of dissimulation and treachery, his writings abound in observations that exhibit a high elevation of sentiment and a pure and warm zeal for the public good. Bernhardi is at once a moralist and an idealist, and yet with but little circumlocution he would justify in nations the adoption of the principle that the end justifies the means. "It is a difficult problem," he says, "how far, for political objects moral in themselves, means may be employed which must be regarded as reprehensible in the life of the individual," and he confesses that he knows no solution of the problem. He adds, however, that there are times when the relations between two States at peace may be termed a latent war waged in peaceful rivalry and that then it is right to practice "cunning and deception." He says further: "Recognized rights are, of course, often violated by political action, but these, as we have already shown, are never absolute rights; they are of human origin, and therefore imperfect and variable." Bernhardi goes so far as to hold that war is imperative even when "the material basis of power is not threatened" and only the moral influence is prejudiced. He is for war also when the cost of supporting a large army becomes too much of a burden. In this case the rival States must be watched until they are "weakened and hampered by affairs at home and abroad." At the psychological moment, he argues, "it is imperative to use the favorable circumstances to promote its (the State's) political aims." He is a great enthusiast for wars "begun at the right moment;" for history shows that such wars "have effected the happiest results." Bernhardi, it is clear, is afflicted with a species of military madness. It is too bad for Germany that he wasn't suppressed before he published the book which is now creating the impression that Germany deliberately plunged Europe into war by seizing what was conceived to be "the right moment" to expand for the spiritual and material welfare of the world. Bernhardi is perhaps the Jordan of Germany—on the other side of the fence.

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CC—DUC DE MONTPENSIER

By Edward F. O'Day

"There is no crown in the world which could attract me if, in order to win it, I must consent to leave in dispute two titles which are essentially dear to me—those of Citizen and Prince of France."

It is the Duc de Montpensier speaking. He speaks softly and yet resolutely, and he smiles engagingly as he speaks. His speech has the accent of sincerity.

We do not know what words Julius Caesar spoke when he put away the crown that was offered him during the Lupercalia. Doubtless they were words of loftiness, grand words that swept the bauble aside as with a more than kingly gesture. If so, they must have been words like these which the Duc de Montpensier repeated to me, the grandiose words with which he had brought his Albanian adventure to a close. For Julius Caesar had no prouder tradition than the Duc de Montpensier; the house of Caius Julius could hardly inspire a more princely manner of renunciation, a finer language of sacrifice than the house of Orleans.

The words I have quoted were written by the Duc de Montpensier when a web of diplomatic intrigue was being woven about the throne to which Albania called him. They prepared the way for the unfortunate William of Wied who was not wanted by the Albanians, as the Duc de Montpensier was wanted. They are words of which the Duc de Montpensier is not unreasonably proud, words which he is not averse to repeating in sympathetic ears. One does not have to be told that they were well received in France, or that they enhanced the popularity among Frenchmen of the Citizen and Prince of France who uttered them.

He is a young man, this Duc de Montpensier who so grandiloquently put aside a crown. He is only thirty. I cannot think of another prince in modern history at once so young and so superbly the master of his ambitions. The desire for a crown, when it invades a breast that may plausibly aspire to royalty, as the Duc de Montpensier may, is usually an overweening desire, a desire that refuses to brook obstacles, a desire that thrives on intrigue. One might reasonably expect the desire for kingship to go that febrile course in the breast of an Orleans, remembering the history of the house. That it did not do so in the case of this youth indicates that there are certain Orleans traits, the less lovely ones, which he has not inherited.

The Duc de Montpensier is the great grandson of "Egalite," the grandson of Louis Philippe, the Citizen King and the son of the Comte de Paris. His elder brother is the Duc d'Orleans, that "first gentleman of France" who is considered so dangerous to the republic that he may not live in the land where his fathers ruled. He is the cousin of King Albert of Belgium; the nephew of Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria. Queen Alexandra of England calls him nephew too. His oldest sister is Amelia, the widow of the late King of Portugal, so the dethroned Manuel is his nephew. His second sister is the Duchess d'Aoste, royal princess of Italy. His third sister is the Infanta Luisa, wife of Don Carlos, brother-in-law of the King of Spain. And his fourth sister is Isabella, Duchesse de Guise, "the prettiest woman in Europe." Obviously this is a young man to whom a crown may fittingly be offered. That he should approach very close to

wearing one, yet renounce the ambition proudly when obstacles intervened is so much a part of his family history that it occasions little surprise. Nearly every Orleans has desired kingship; few attained it. Those who were disappointed always had a way of ingratiating themselves in popular favor by the manner of the renunciation or the circumstances of the deprivation, as the case might be. Fate would have it that their history should run that way. Fate ordained that the founder of the house of Orleans should be born two years later than the first-born of Louis XIII and Anne of Austria. When that first-born became Louis XIV, the younger son stood beside the throne. Most of his descendants knew the maddening feeling of being "so near and yet so far." Louis Philippe was an exception. The present young Duc de Montpensier might also have been an exception, had not circumstances arisen to balance the throne of Albania against those two prouder titles—Citizen and Prince of France. Fate has ordained that such circumstances should nearly always arise at the crucial moment.

The first Orleans had jet black hair and eyebrows and dark eyes. This youngest descendant has them too. It has been said of the family that "the most illustrious ancestor exhibits the political features of the least remarkable descendant," but I should hesitate to apply the dictum to the Duc de Montpensier. His conduct in the Albanian matter shows, as I have said, that he does not exhibit the less lovely political traits of the family. But if not all a Bourbon in character, or lack of character, he is a Bourbon in face. The salient features of the race are his. Women would perhaps call him a Prince Charming. In dress he is an exquisite, in manner impeccable; grace informs all he says and does.

To hear him speak of the Albanian adventure, waving a curved cigarette holder with a brace-letted arm, is to gain some insight into his character. He recognizes but slights the dangers of the affair. This is no pose, for as a hunter of big game and an explorer of the dangerous interior of Indo-China the courage and intrepidity of his nature have been tested and approved. He is a youth of innate dignity, but a keen sense of humor prevents his carrying formality to the point of oppressiveness. A prince who is quite at home in a duck blind or a jungle is not apt to be too overwhelming in a drawing room. In his apartment at the St. Francis he told the story of the Albanian adventure in those terms of simplicity that characterize the man of action. He told it as it has not, to my knowledge, been told before in print. His story shows that he did not seek the throne, as has been stated persistently; rather, the throne sought him.

It seems, according to the Duc de Montpensier, that when the Great Powers decided that Albania should be erected into a buffer state, a number of Albanian chieftains picked him out as the most desirable ruler. This was at the conclusion of the first Balkan war, at the time when the former allies were flying at one another's throats. Two delegates were despatched to Paris from Valona, then the capital of Albania, to put the matter before him. The Duc de Montpensier thought favorably of the offer, so he started for Albania to investigate conditions and satisfy himself that the offer of the new throne was being made unanimously by the Albanian chieftains, as the dele-

gates had declared. The Duc left Cannes in his yacht, the Mekong, and made his first stop at Naples.

The Mekong is a steam yacht of one thousand tons and fifteen knots, formerly the pleasure craft of Mortimer Singer, the sewing machine man. It carried five automatic quick firers, held a warrant for flying the flag of the Royal British Naval Reserve and bore the burgee of the Royal Southampton Yacht Club of which the Duc is vice-commodore. The skipper was Captain Henry E. Morton, formerly captain of the Pacific Mail steamer Mongolia and one of the best known men in San Francisco. The Mekong has since been commandeered in Chinese waters by the British navy. That is why the Duc crossed the Pacific to San Francisco on an ocean liner.

At Naples the Duc was joined by Prince Ghica of Roumania, an aspirant to the throne of Albania who had relinquished his rights to Montpensier, and after a delay for repairs, the Mekong having been fouled by an Italian transport, the voyage was resumed. At Brindisi there was trouble with the British consul who charged the Duc with being engaged in a filibustering expedition. That difficulty was straightened out by Captain Morton, and the Mekong continued on to Corfu.

Corfu is eight miles from Valona, but Valona had been blockaded for five months by Greek torpedo boats, and it looked as though running the blockade was a hopeless project. However, the torpedo boats went away to attend the funeral of the assassinated King of Greece, and the Mekong surprised the sea port one day by dropping anchor in the bay. Ismail Kamil Bey, the provisional president of Albania, went aboard with his cabinet and staff to pay his respects to the Duc; and the next day the Duc and his entourage visited the "palace," to receive the homage of the Albanian chieftains.

The Duc was not greatly impressed with his future capital. It was not a fragrant place, to put it mildly; and as he was driven over the cobbled streets in a carriage surrounded by Albanian cavalry, all thoughts of kingship were temporarily jolted out of his princely body.

I gather from the Duc's description that one need not be a Montpensier to smile at the "palace" of Valona. It resembled a huge barn, and the uncarpeted audience chamber, reached by a rickety stair, reminded him of a hay loft. The Albanian chieftains must have looked like a gang of desperadoes. They were fierce warriors ranging in height, I am solemnly assured, from six feet six to seven feet two, their huge frames bristling with daggers and pistols. As they all spoke different dialects, the audience made up in vivacity what it lacked in coherence. It came to an end with the quaffing of a fiery Albanian

(Continued on Page 18.)

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Holland in War Time

By T. Edmund Harvey

"Oh! if you could only let them know in England what this neutrality means for us in Holland!" I shall not easily forget the look of intense anxiety with which my Dutch friend spoke. Like most Englishmen, I had fancied Holland fortunate in her lot, at peace, and able to go about her business, whilst her bigger neighbors were doing their best to destroy each other. But even a few days had shown me how wrong I had been. From the train you could see little groups of soldiers bivouacking in the field by the roadside; the time-table had been upset by mobilization; even the hotel omnibus was commandeered for military uses. Placarded on the walls were the notices of the National Relief Committee, which offers to help those who have lost their work through the war—some 45,000 of these there are in Rotterdam alone—and in all the large towns there are branches of the Committee to meet the need. In the Dutch East Indies, goods, they say, are piled on the wharves, but cannot be shipped; the Dutch ships on the water are being turned aside into French or English ports, and corn and coal, which is urgently needed in Holland itself, are held up for fear they should be sent on to Germany. The Dutch army has been mobilized since the outset of the war, and this involves a constant drain upon the national resources; while the financial confusion at first was so great that in Amsterdam and other large towns, paper money, available for a limited period, was issued in place of crowns and florins, and, in one instance, even to supply a temporary shortage in the small currency. Yet, in the midst of the grave commercial depression, the generous hearted people of Holland are giving time and money liberally, not only to the National Relief Committee, but to aid the fugitive Belgians who are constantly crossing their borders. Holland has been stirred to its depths by the sufferings of its neighbors; thousands of Dutch homes have opened their doors to receive, sometimes a whole family, sometimes a woman or a child into their midst. The Central Committee in Amsterdam has established an admirable organization, with branches or corresponding committees in various parts of Holland, and has a large warehouse well filled with clothing, which is sorted out as it is sent in by the donors, by the aid of a band of able women workers. Hosts and guests are carefully classified, card-index and dossier for each insuring against mistakes in assortment. But though such care is taken to secure the rights of Catholic, Protestant and Jew, there are occasional difficulties, as when a party of men whose Catholicism was somewhat negative in character found themselves expected, as the guests of a convent, to be present daily at early mass and at vespers, and to stand up for a solemn prayer before every meal, while the literature sent them was carefully scanned by their good hosts to prevent any danger to faith coming before their eyes.

The Netherland Government is acting as host to a large number of the poorest Belgian refugees. Some 1,200 of these are now housed at Oldebroek, near Zwolle, on a heather-covered ridge, where, in peaceful times, the Dutch army has its artillery school. Hither refugees who cannot be at once received into homes are sent from the frontier towns. It is not for nothing that the camp is so far from the frontier; the temptation to limp back across the border at

night, in order to avenge themselves on the invaders, was too great for some of the men of Vise. It was necessary to safeguard the neutrality of Holland by removing this constant source of danger and irritation along the frontier. Even as it is, the excitement on the borders of Belgium is so great that the troops have to be moved inland at frequent intervals and replaced by fresh detachments. These calm Dutch lads get maddened by the stories they hear from fleeing refugees, and long to be fighting, too. And behind the burden of armed preparation for war, which lies so heavily upon the whole people, there is the weight of dread lest, after all, they should be dragged in. "And the worst of it all is," as one said to me, "we do not yet know whom we must fight. Whichever side violates Dutch territory must bring us in against them, whatever happens to us."

They do not look forward cheerfully to the struggle, but calmly and doggedly they have been preparing for the worst. The water defences are ready, and in three hours' time great belts of country round Amsterdam can be placed under water and made impassable for artillery. "If we have to fight we will drown friend and foe alike; we will let in the sea water, though the land be spoilt for forty years." It was a little reserve lieutenant who said the words: he had been lamenting the horrors of the war, the burden and hardship to his own little business; he hated militarism and aristocracy, and just wanted his country to be let alone. "We may be wiped out, but we shall fight," another quietly said. The response to the mobilization orders showed how ready the peaceful nation was; out of 25,000 men in the Utrecht district all but five were at their place; in eight hours the whole mobilization had been effected. They have no ambition but to guard their own national life and independence, but no one can doubt how dearly they cherish that possession.

In some places, especially round Utrecht, houses have been pulled down to prepare for certain military exigencies. Here and there you can see fine trees cut down; they dare not wait to do it till it might be too late. In a long motor ride of some eighty miles I noticed that practically all the cross bars of the signposts had been removed, the poles being left still standing. These were taken away, I was told, in a single night, as a precaution against sudden invasion.

The German press praise the loyal neutrality of Holland, though, as an Amsterdam newspaper recently pointed out, it was this very virtue which led to the attack on Belgium; but it is very hard, after all, to preserve this neutrality in the face of modern war methods. There was some excitement at the beginning of this week over an incident at Ymuiden. There had been a squabble, the authorities said, between certain Dutch and German sailors. It was noticed that the men of a strange newly-arrived trawler walked with a curiously erect and unfisherlike bearing; also, that they purchased cigarettes at a price not usual to fishermen; the authorities were investigating the case, but mine-laying is probably not an offense with which they have often had to deal, and public opinion would be quicker in giving its judgment. Sometimes the difficulties come from the other side: the Queen of the Belgians sails for England down the Dutch waters of the Scheldt with two adjutants

in uniform to accompany her. Promptly comes the complaint from Germany that Dutch neutrality had been violated. Meanwhile, ugly rumors are spread of England's desire to seize the Dutch East Indies, or of the ambitions of Japan. These suggestions disquiet rather than convince, but they need dissipating. Happily, the free constitution of South Africa has done more than anything else to remove distrust of England's intentions. We have now no British Alsace-Lorraine.

Rumors spread, trade languishes, but the Hollanders are not idle; they have quietly taken their own measures of defence; their Red Cross units are organized along the border, and their surgeons tend the wounded of both sides in the frontier towns; volunteers man the relief committees for their own unemployed, others are giving help to non-combatants in distress, regardless of their nationality; some at the peril of their lives have crossed over into the stricken districts of Belgium to give help to the sufferers there. It is all done quietly, without parade, with no reliance upon "distinguished patronage," and the passing stranger who is allowed to get a glimpse of it will not easily forget the generosity and kindness of the hospitable Dutch nature in a time of great stress.

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Our merchants are engaged in making this city "the fashion centre of the world." Paris is too busy, New York too blase, to laugh.

By the way, why hasn't George Fred Williams, the friend of Albania, attempted to settle this war?

Any troops that happen to be interned in Switzerland will probably be given work shooting holes in Swiss cheese.

"This is a perverse and wrong-minded war," says Benjamin Ide Wheeler. Will Joffre, French, von Kluck et al. please turn over their commands to a few college professors?

When a man says: "I don't read the war news; I only glance at the headlines," he tells all that is necessary for anybody to know about his character.

And when a man says: "I'm going to wait and read about it when it's all over," we suspect that he hasn't a mind above box scores.

Some people are so anti-German that they can't even forgive the Kaiser his withered arm.

What happened to the Hearst peace propaganda?

Let us be grateful that war news has crowded a lot of political piffle out of the papers.

One of the horrors of war, as of peace, is the unleashed tongue of David Starr Jordan.

Judging from the frequency in this war of "decisive" battles, the adjective has lost the meaning attached to it by the late Edward Creasy.

Hobson is with us, campaigning for Prohibition. We suggest that he take for his theme: "Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."

An Examiner "staff correspondent" tells us that an old soldier at the Veterans' Home contributed his pension money last month to Governor Johnson's campaign. The singular feature of the story is that the Governor sent the money back.

Why not fix the streets first, and fix the blame for their wretched condition afterwards?

How is it that Thomas Edison and Luther Burbank haven't had their say about this war?

"Democracy is in the air," says Constitutional John Curtin. It has been ever thus.

"Victory," says David Starr Jordan, "is vain-glory." So is Dr. Jordan.

William Sulzer, one of the meanest hypocrites ever exposed in public office, is now the Prohibition candidate for Governor of New York. It appears to be men of the Sulzer type that appeal to the prohibition mind. Total abstinence is really a terrible thing.

Mr. Woodrow Wilson says: "The Democratic party is the only instrument ready to the country's hand by which anything can be accomplished." And we make Presidents out of men who talk like that!

Who's Who Hereabouts

XXXIII—WELLINGTON GREGG

According to the general conception a banker is a man with a hard-headed liking for, and an innate insight into, the theory of business. We think of a banker as a man whose business it is to know the credit of different persons and to say when and how far they singly, or together, can be trusted. The general supposition is that a banker is an unsentimental person, strictly business, with a mind for nothing but the immense and very powerful machinery for conducting the money of the accumulating class into the hands of the borrowing and using class. But bankers are not all alike. There are as many different kinds of men among bankers as are to be found in any profession or business. Some bankers there are doubtless who just sit around and watch the money grow, but there are others who do a whole lot to make the State grow. You hear it said every little while that times would not be so hard if the bankers were not so tight, but in such times there would be more to complain of if the bankers were loose.

To be a successful banker; that is to say, a banker who knows how to render service to business as well as to himself, a man must have a mind above the principles of political economy and the emotions of the stock market. He must know more about men than is to be learned from a text-book on psychology. The late John Pierpont Morgan was the ideal banker. He was a man of many interests, a man of culture, a man with a love of the things of the spirit, and he testified before a Committee of Congress that he was more concerned about the personal character of borrowers than about the character of their securities. Mr. Morgan was not at all peculiar among bankers.

There are bankers so absorbed in business that they know little of the world or of human nature, and though they may meet with some measure of success it will be due to exceeding caution, and even then they will be occasionally bitten. There is a story told of a shrewd old banker of a town in the interior from whom it was very hard to borrow, but from whom a new resident who

affected to be a man of great wealth had no difficulty in getting money. The banker was hard as flint, and he never got far away from his moneybags. When the new resident wanted money he strolled into the bank with a lordly air and remarked with a lazy drawl that he thought he could use about ten thousand. From his manner and tone it seemed as though in a moment of generous condescension he would borrow just to do the banker a favor. And this was the impression he made on the banker, who speedily and gratefully counted out the money. In time the banker received a terrific shock, for the lordly borrower was a bankrupt.

There is a banker in this town of whom I heard a story the other day which caused me to wonder whether there was as much depth to him as might be supposed in view of his standing in the financial world. He is one of our captains of finance who spends most of his time with the nabobs of finance and seldom gets far away from his club. Shortly after the outbreak of the European war a member of this man's family was heard to remark that she was glad to know he was entirely free from responsibility as he had done all in his power to avert hostilities. The gentleman who heard the remark could hardly believe his ears. It seemed like some kind of joke, but he took the trouble to run into the banker, and at the first opportunity he made the war a topic of conversation. His industry was soon rewarded. "Well," said the banker with the air of one who was talking of an automobile accident, "it's a terrible calamity, but there is some consolation for me in knowing that I did what I could to prevent it."

My friend did not stop to inquire what forces had been requisitioned by this eminent person in his efforts to maintain peace. Perhaps the banker wished it to be inferred that he had thundered against war in every bourse in Europe.

The story is incredible of course, but I am not at all incredulous, not only because my friend assured me it was true, but because I have met some of the high and mighty ones who seldom

get out of their milieu. It is fatal for a man to have restricted interests. Mentally he is no larger than his largest passion.

By these easy stages I have arrived at the subject of my sketch, a banker who is above all things "next," and therefore the antithesis of the gentleman who tried to stop the quarrel over the Balance of Power. Next is precisely the word I would use in describing Wellington Gregg of the Crocker National Bank. Next is one of those words that have more than one meaning, but that in certain context have a flavor which is perceptible to all who keep in touch with the development of our vital and growing language. For the benefit of some of our solemn and most successful captains of industry I will explain that to be "next" is to be level-headed in whatever circle you are dropped, and to have that sagacity of mind that safeguards one against the pretensions of others and the vanity of oneself. When a man is "next" he has that blessed sense of humor which is so often confounded with the ability to see the point of a story. To be "next" is to be worldly-wise and to have that sense of taste that comes from the accumulated experience of life—the best fund a man can have to draw on. All of which credit Wellington Gregg with. It is said of Gregg that he is the only banker who can make a friend of a man while refusing him a loan.

Gregg learned the banking business in a bank. He started life as a messenger in the old Crocker-Woolworth bank in the days before the Clearance House began playing a big part in the banking business. The bank messenger had to go from bank to bank with checks. There are veteran clerks in local banks who remember young Wellington Gregg as the Crocker-Woolworth messenger. He was an active youngster and so full of business that the clerks thought it a good joke to address him as Mr. Crocker or Mr. Woolworth. The jokers were more prophetic than they knew. Wellington Gregg is still a young

(Continued on Page 18.)

"The Regiment That Never Retreats"

Two Hundred Americans Have Joined the Foreign Legion of France, One of the Most Celebrated Fighting Forces in the World

Six weeks ago about 200 American residents of Paris offered their services as fighting men to the French Government. The offer was accepted, but since then the Americans have dropped out of sight of the public. The following account of the movements of the detachment was sent to this country by one of the volunteers:

Camp de Mailly, Chalons-sur-Marne, October 1—At last we are on our way toward the fighting district, and you can expect to get word of lots of action when we finally come up with the Germans.

We are now part of the Foreign Legion, possibly the most famous French fighting regiment; we are proud of the regiment, and I think that the others are proud of us. And there is still room on our famous standard for the names of a few more battles, and if we don't get into them pretty soon France will have more troubles on her hands than Germany and Austria are causing her.

To go back to the beginning, we left Rouen for Toulouse, along with about 2,000 volunteers of various nationalities, on September 1. We felt pretty bad when we heard we were going to be sent in an opposite direction to the fighting, but they told us it would only be for a short time.

They shipped us to Toulouse in box cars. It wasn't so bad, because they allowed us plenty of hay and straw to sleep on, and that made it nice and snug. The trip took three days, and we Americans had lots of fun. At every stop the French, men and women, gathered around our cars, loaded us down with fruit, food of all sorts, and a great deal of wine, and we had a lot of fun cracking jokes with the girls along the road. They regarded us as the saviors of France.

Some of the men with us are pretty well known in America. There is William Thaw, famous as an aviator, although he isn't as famous as his cousin Harry. Before he joined us he gave his Curtiss hydroaeroplane to the Government. Thaw's best friend wouldn't know him now; he has grown a jagged beard, and any stranger seeing him would suspect him of almost any crime which could be accomplished with a blackjack or a knife.

Then there's Charles Sweeney of Pittsburg, a West Point man. He is now messenger to our commander. Rene Phelizot, a famous Congo elephant hunter and one of the finest game hunters living, is one of us, as is Richard Macalester, whose uncle, Charles Macalester of Philadelphia, was for many years one of the best pigeon hunters on either side of the Atlantic.

Charles Morlea, a wealthy San Franciscan, who fought in some of the Mexican revolutions and for the last three years saw service in the Philippines; John Bolligny of San Francisco, who has attained the rank of corporal, and the Towel brothers, members of the National Guard, are also with us. These last two are fine company; they are dry wits.

We got to Toulouse on September 4 and were marched to the new Perignon barracks. The next morning we were surprised to see a regiment of travel stained soldiers marching into our barracks.

At first we thought they were French regulars, as their uniforms were of the usual type, but then we noticed that they wore huge sashes around their waists, and we recognized them as that magnificent regiment of hardened veterans, the Foreign Legion. They were headed by

their famous band followed by their train of mules. They had come from Saida, Algiers.

And let me tell you that there is no better fighting regiment than this same Foreign Legion. It has upheld the honor of France in Algeria and Morocco, and has won its own reputation in scores of desperate battles.

It wages a guerrilla style of warfare that has made it the most feared regiment in Africa; it has never retreated in its history. France may well be proud of it, as we are who serve with it.

It accepts any one who wants to join it, and asks no questions. I have no doubt that there are some expert safe-crackers in the regiment, although it would be hard to pick them out, and for that matter, there are many who are undoubtedly aristocrats, and it would be hard to pick them out.

It never asks questions concerning a man's past; doubtless many of the men are enrolled under names which are not their own. There are princes, cab drivers, barons, waiters, ex-priests, burglars, lawyers and day laborers. One private, named Decocatrix (or using that name), receives one franc a day allowance by command of the Pope, and that is all that we have been able to learn about him.

The day after the Foreign Legion arrived about thirty non-commissioned officers took all of us who had come from Rouen and began to teach us the French drill, which, by the way, is much the same as that used by the American army. Out of the 2,000 volunteers at Toulouse it was decided to pick about 300 and put them into the Foreign Legion.

Imagine our joy when we learned that all the Americans would be picked for this honor. We couldn't have hoped for better luck, for with the Foreign Legion we get all the fighting any one regiment can get—the regiment's reputation for fighting is so good that they couldn't keep us from the front.

There is much less formality with this regiment than with any other. If a private is lying anywhere on the ground and an officer saunters along the private doesn't have to jump up and give a stiff salute. He stays on the ground, smoking his cigarette, and the two men nod, or smile, and "bonjour" each other like equals.

The only thing that counts is fighting ability, and the only thing impressed upon a newcomer is the tradition of the regiment that a man must never surrender or retreat—he must fight until he is killed, no matter what the odds against him are.

In spite of the lack of formality there is no lack of discipline. Officers address men familiarly, but when an order is given I have not yet seen a man obey it except with all the alacrity possible.

Our standard is something to be proud of. Thaw and I are pretty friendly with a grizzled veteran whom we suspect of having been an apache and we got him to tell us the stories of some of the battles the standard bears.

It was something to make your heart throb to hear the old fellow, probably tougher in his day than Chuck Connors ever could have been, describing some of the regiment's battles. He didn't put any color into his talk at all; just droned along in his tough dialect, which at times was hard for me to follow, narrating tales of heroism and desperate fighting which would make your hair stand on end. Tough as he is,

and with whatever past, we could see that his veneration for that standard had penetrated every fibre of his being and that he would uphold the traditions, come what may. And at that, if a throat was all that stood between him and a purse he would get the purse.

And before long we are going to add some more battle names to that old standard, or we'll learn the reason why.

We've been kept busy ever since we were put into the Legion. We drill from 4 a. m. until 5 p. m., marching and shooting without a stop. Many of us have grown beards, and you would have a hard time picking the Americans out from the veterans, except that we are taller than most of the others. But what they lack in size they make up in solid muscle, for a stronger or more hardy lot of men were never got together.

Our uniform consists of the ordinary famous red trousers and the sash that marks us for the regiment we are. We carry the standard rifle, with bayonet. Our pack weighs fifty-five pounds and consists of a canvas sack for our personal effects, on top of which we place our blankets, and then we roll our tents over them both, strapping over it our eating and drinking tins. With the rifle and cartridge belt it makes a pretty heavy load, but after a while we got used to it.

It's been pretty hard work drilling, but that's all over now, and we're off to fight for our lives. We left Toulouse on September 27, and were all heartily glad of it.

And now for a smack at the Germans! Now we can hear firing off in the distance, and it makes us impatient to get into it. It won't be long before we get the command, and when we do—but of that you'll hear in my next. And don't forget that we are going to add some more names to our standard.

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Poems About San Francisco

CLXVIII—NOON IN PORTSMOUTH SQUARE

By Isabella Howe Fiske

(Apparently our singers will never tire of celebrating the Stevenson Monument in Portsmouth Square. There is quite a little anthology on this theme alone. The following was published this month in *Sunset*, a magazine which enshrines a great deal of the best poetry about San Francisco.)

The fountain-galleon in Portsmouth Square
Is Louis Stevenson's; for joy of him
Erected, not as to a memory dim;
And sought as freely as the golden air
Breathed by these toilers, briefly idlers, where
He, too, once seemed to idle, while his mind
On golden galleons sailed far, to find
Its treasure island, for a world to share.

Yonder the strange bright wares of Chinatown
Fair lading for this magic prow might be:—
How would these loungers and his lovers all
Crowd round to hear of ships and sailors brown,
Were he but here to answer to our call,
Three-score and young, back from his Southern Sea!

The Spectator

The Clockwinder Disgusted

"Say, Joe, why don't you tell the Governor to put the crusher on Chester Rowell?"

The speaker was the man who winds the ferry clock.

"What is Rowell doing now?" Harbor Commissioner Dwyer asked.

"He's still writing for the California Outlook, and if that paper is to be maintained as an Administration organ Rowell ought to be suppressed. In the last issue I find under the heading 'Comment Unnecessary' this answer to the charge that the Governor drew \$14,000 out of the secret service fund: 'In one year John D. Fredericks, as district attorney of Los Angeles county, used a secret service fund of \$72,000—18 times as much per annum for one county as Governor Johnson used for the whole State. The figures speak for themselves.'"

"What's the matter with that?" Dwyer asked.

An expression of disgust spread over the clockwinder's mobile countenance. "Joe," he said, "you're as bad as Rowell. Everybody in the State knows what Fredericks spent the money for, but nobody knows what Johnson did with the money he drew out of the State Treasury. So why say that the figures speak for themselves, or that comment is unnecessary? That sort of stuff may be taken for smartness in Fresno, but nowhere else. In politics when you cannot acquit yourself keep your mouth shut. And above all if somebody hints that you're a crook don't suggest by way of self-vindication that perhaps the other fellow is a crook too. That's rowelese."

The Stratton Pull

The man who winds the ferry clock was visited by a delegation of Oakland citizens last Monday in the interest of Fred Stratton. They told the clockwinder that it was reported across the bay that he was working for Judge Richards for the Court of Appeal, and they wished to know if the report was true.

"Of course it's true," said the clockwinder. The spokesman of the Oakland party asked him what he had against Stratton.

"Nothing much," said the clockwinder, "but I think he has been taken care of long enough. Besides I think he has been dabbling in politics

too long to make a good judge. When I first came to San Francisco nearly thirty years ago he was attorney for the Harbor Commission. He was hardly out of school when he got into the legislature, and during all the time Perkins was in the Senate Stratton was in the Federal service. He got out of that to butt into this fight against a man who is a real judge by training and temperament. He has money enough so why doesn't he quit, and let a poor man earn a living?"

The members of the Oakland party were dumfounded by the clockwinder's outburst. When the spokesman recovered from the shock he muttered something about getting the clockwinder's job. The clockwinder smiled. "I thought that's what you were thinking of," he said. "Say, you commuters are as clannish as a lot of Japs. You want all the jobs over in Oakland, don't you? Aren't you satisfied with the Senatorship? If you don't watch out the people on this side of the bay will wake up some day and they'll break up that little parish party over the water."

By this time the Oaklanders were rushing for the boat.

The Flying Squadron

"Pretty building, isn't it?"

I was looking at the new structure on the Embarcadero which is to house Jack Welch's saloon when the question came over my shoulder. I turned to find the man who winds the ferry clock at my elbow once more.

"Jack is very proud of it," he continued. "He was telling me the other day about the fine 'magazine' floor he's going to have. I guess he meant 'mezzanine.' And speaking of saloon keepers, I saw two or three of them at the meeting of the Flying Squadron."

"What's the Flying Squadron?" I asked.

"It's composed of the reformed drunks and others who are paid to conduct the Prohibition campaign in California," the clock winder explained. "Some of them held a meeting at the Y. M. C. A., and I went up there to give them the 'once over.' I told Joe Dwyer I was off on a little political work, and he promised to watch the clock while I was gone. And at that, Joe

and me ain't the only ones in the Ferry Building that watch the clock."

The clock winder winked, and I encouraged him with a nod and a smile.

"They're a fine bunch of long-hair saints, the Flying Squadron," my friend continued. "No wonder they're so strong for Prohibition; most of 'em come from the freshwater colleges."

Knocking the City

"It wasn't much of a meeting," he went on. "There were about sixty-five present, including several saloon keepers of my acquaintance. One speaker complained about the size of the crowd. Said if he took up a collection he wouldn't get enough to pay for the hall. That struck me as queer. Of course I took it for granted that Henry J. McCoy gave them the hall rent free. Another speaker, a dyspeptic fellow, said some very uncomplimentary things about this city. He compared it to Sodom and Gomorrah, though he didn't mention whether those places were wet or dry. He said San Francisco was so rotten that the good Lord tried to dump it into hell in April, 1906; but that it was too strong for the devil's taste and he pitched it back again. I never heard the destruction and rebuilding of this city described just that way before. These long hairs have sweet-scented minds, haven't they? I felt like getting up and suggesting that the old town was too wicked for them to bother about, but I thought better of it. Instead I caught the eyes of my saloon keeper friends, and we went out into the fresh air and washed the bad taste out of our mouths with a quart of lager."

A Straw in Geary Street

Coming down town on a crowded Geary street car the other morning my attention was called to three motormen in uniform seated in the forward part of the car. All were smoking, and although among the several passengers who were standing were three women not one of the motormen thought of relinquishing his seat till the car reached Van Ness avenue where they all got off, probably to go to work on the new 'cross-town road. My friend who called my attention to the three servants of the dear people remarked, "That's a straw that shows how the wind is

blowing through the domain of municipal ownership." And he asked, "Can you imagine anything like this happening under private ownership?" I have been spending my nickels on the Geary street road of late, and I have seen many straws that indicate a general looseness of management and makes it easy to account for what was believed to be impossible—the failure of the road to make money. Several times I have seen motormen breaking in recruits. In one instance the motorman was sitting down smoking a cigarette. In another instance the motorman was leaning over the gate smoking a cigar, and the raw recruit almost crushed a woman in the gate at Fillmore street. I wonder how many superfluous men are working for the city on the municipal railroads and eating up the profits! Surely so fine a means of improving Mayor Rolph's political machine is not being neglected. It's a crime to buy votes with your own money, but it's safe and sure to let the taxpayers pay for them. So let's buy Spring Valley and help the game along.

This Is Unkind

The Eastern press is saying some very unkind things about our Governor. The latest jibe I have seen published was in the Union and Advertiser of Rochester, New York. It is particularly mean because it quotes with approval what a paper in the Northwest has to say about the same august personage. Here it is:

"Holy Hi" Johnson, Governor of California, has got his name in the papers again. Here is the mention the Minneapolis Journal gives him: "California has produced a new kind of peanut. Wasn't Hiram W. Johnson satisfactory?"

The War Feeling in Ireland

Just before England decided to take part in the war we were hearing a great deal about Ireland. There was rebellion in Ireland, and England was threatened by Ireland with civil war. The situation was exceedingly tense in the early days of August, but it relaxed immediately after John Redmond made his thrilling speech in the House of Commons pledging the support of the Nationalists to the British Government. That speech, according to the London press, settled the Irish question forever. Even the Unionists are now for Home Rule, and according to Mr.

James C. Nealon, who returned from Ireland this week, there is enthusiasm for the Allies throughout Ireland. Mr. Nealon was in Ireland some time traveling through the country. Everywhere, he says, where the war was discussed, it was in terms of loyalty to England. Not a dissenting Irish voice did he hear till he got back to New York. Asked about Sir Edward Carson, Mr. Nealon said that the Orange agitator had been hugging the background ever since the opening of hostilities. In London it has been said that the Dublin riot was the result of German intrigue, and Mr. Nealon says that credence is given to the story in Ireland. The Nationalists are saying that Carson bought arms for his followers with German money, and Mr. Nealon heard the story from the lips of Orangemen in the town of Inniskillen which is an Orange stronghold. So it would appear that Carson has come to the end of his infamous political career.

Captain Morton at Brindisi

That gallant skipper, Captain Henry Morton, is regaling his friends with many an interesting story these days. The former captain of the Mongolia is, as everybody knows, the skipper of the Duc de Montpensier's magnificent yacht Mekong. Montpensier crossed the Pacific twice on the Mongolia when Morton was still in command. He took such a fancy to Morton that he finally said he'd buy a steam yacht if Morton would take charge of it. That is why Captain Morton left the Pacific Mail. When the Mekong was on the way to Albania whither the Duc de Montpensier had been invited to ascertain if he'd care to become the first king of the Albanians, a stop was made at Brindisi. The British consul there, one Jose de Cocoto, questioned the Mekong's right to fly the flag of the Royal Naval Reserve of Great Britain. Captain Morton showed him the warrant, but still he was not satisfied. The interview became stormy, and de Cocoto used insulting language. Thereupon Captain Morton brought the conference to a close with "a right clip on the jaw" which sent de Cocoto to sleep. But Jose was a glutton for punishment. The following day he renewed the argument, and showed bad taste once more in his choice of language. Captain Morton repeated his physical argument. This is said to be the only time a British Consul has been licked two days in succession by the same man. Jose immediately communicated the matter to the Foreign Office

in London, and for all Captain Morton knows or cares the correspondence may be going on yet.

The Bearded Sisters

Ong Loon has charge of all the Chinese employed at the St. Francis and other big hotels. Ong Loon is therefore a very important man, in Chinatown and out of it. Political power and financial power—he has both kinds. Incidentally, Ong Loon has a keen sense of humor. Ong Loon consulted Tom Keating, assistant manager of the St. Francis, the other day. It seems that E. O. McCormick, vice-president of the Southern Pacific, wanted a Chinese cook, and Ong Loon was commissioned to provide one. This was a delicate mission, and Ong Loon who was not certain whether he knew McCormick (he knows almost everybody), wanted to place him.

"Why, you know Mr. McCormick, Ong," said Keating, and proceeded to describe the railroad man, laying particular emphasis upon the well known McCormick whiskers. Ong listened attentively to the description of the whiskers, and a light dawned in his oriental face.

"Oh, I know," he said, nodding and smiling. "Sure I know. Alla same Colonel Pippy. Them two sisters!"

An Enthusiastic Clock

This story must be true, because it is told by Senator Key Pittman of Nevada on the authority of his wife. There is in the Pittman household in Nevada a grandfather's clock. It used to run well enough, but for some reason or other known only to itself it stopped telling time on the day of President Cleveland's second inauguration. It seemed to be suffering from an incurable malady, so it was allowed to continue in the household as an object merely of ornament. But lo and behold, on the day Key Pittman took his seat in the United States Senate, that clock started to run again! What's more, it has been keeping time conscientiously ever since! Senator Pittman doesn't pretend to know the inner meaning of this phenomenon. It may indicate that he is a man of destiny, or it may be merely that the clock liked him and decided to pay him a pretty compliment. Mrs. Pittman is inclined to think that the clock is enchanted.

King Albert and Kowalsky

Certain local readers of war news are recalling that King Albert, the brave King of the Belgians, is not unknown in San Francisco. They are pointing out that the then Prince Albert made an extended tour of the United States at the

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS

Are you for a \$3.81 rate? \$2.24 is your present rate; \$3.81 may be your rate if the proposed "Home Rule in Taxation Amendment" is passed.

This amendment is nothing more or less than SINGLE TAX, and is backed financially by Eastern single taxers.

No State in the Union has the single tax system; several of our neighboring States have rejected it at the polls. Do we want to experiment in California for the benefit of the Eastern single taxers?

The proposed measure gives the right to the Board of Supervisors to exempt from taxation all property except land and franchises. SUCH A MEASURE CAN EXEMPT FROM TAXATION \$221,822,375 WORTH OF PROPERTY IN SAN FRANCISCO ALONE.

This would put the whole tax burden on landowners, including those who have been struggling since the fire to improve their property.

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time of the Spanish-American war. He was accompanied by General Jungbluth and by M. Maurice Joostens, then Conseiller de Legation in Washington. He traveled all over the country, visiting numerous industrial plants and work shops, as well as schools, colleges and other institutions, and made himself as familiar as possible with the industries of the country, studying various American questions. He came to San Francisco incognito, and at the Baldwin Hotel he struck up an acquaintance with Colonel Henry I. Kowalsky. This was not strange, for Colonel Kowalsky was as much a fixture at the Baldwin as the register on the desk or the cloves on the bar. Colonel Kowalsky helped the prince to find the worth-while sights of the city, and his hospitality made such an impression that the prince asked Kowalsky to visit Brussels some day and look him up. Colonel Kowalsky visited Brussels at the time the Congo trouble was acute. He looked up his friend, and was much surprised to learn that the young man was heir to the throne. The result was that Colonel Kowalsky became King Leopold's special representative in Washington, a billet which placed him on Easy Street for quite a while. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that if Colonel Kowalsky visited Belgium now King Albert would make him a major general in the Belgian army. But I don't think the Colonel has any intention just now of making the trip.

Not True, of Course

Jack Wolfe who was the proprietor of a poker

club before the police put the ban on gambling, was walking along the Rialto the other day with a friend. They passed a barber shop and noticed just inside the big glass front a very beautiful manicure.

"Who is she, Jack?" asked the friend. "Her face looks familiar."

"Why that," said Jack who knows the history of everybody on the Rialto, "that is Miss Soandso, the daughter of old man Soandso. A mighty decent fellow he was, too. It's too bad his only girl should be a manicure."

"Why so?" asked Jack's friend. "It's a respectable occupation, isn't it?"

"No, no," replied Wolfe; "you've got to have two prior convictions to be a manicure."

Tolerton's Print Rooms

Although Hill Tolerton has been in San Francisco for a year, a great many of our art lovers entered his print rooms for the first time on Monday when there was a private view of an exhibition of original drawings, etchings and lithographs by George T. Plowman. There has been so much talk about that exhibition this week, one meets so many people who have been to see it and are going again, that it is safe to predict that Hill Tolerton's print rooms at 107 Grant avenue will soon become a favorite rendezvous for connoisseurs and amateurs. Tolerton has given us what we are ashamed to admit that we never had before—a shop devoted exclusively

to prints. A very beautiful place it is, and of irresistible fascination. There are on the walls etchings by Durer, Rembrandt, Zorn, Buhot, Whistler and others, while countless portfolios contain other treasures by the greatest etchers and lithographers. Just to inspect Tolerton's fine collection of Pennells, including a number of local subjects is occupation enough for one visit. But those who have gone to the rooms this week have been particularly interested in Plowman, and naturally enough; for Plowman is a University of California boy who studied architecture with John Galen Howard before he went abroad to learn the secrets of the etching needle from the master-etcher, Sir Frank Short. San Francisco will learn to boast that Plowman calls this city home. Inspecting this exhibition of his one feels a thrill of local pride as well as the emotion evoked by a fine work of art. We are indebted to Tolerton for introducing us to one of our own. If I mistake not, we shall be more and more indebted to him in the future, for his plans are interesting, and his unique establishment is destined to make a strong appeal to the discriminating.

The Duc at Techau's

Techau Tavern, always noted for its refined atmosphere and the high standing of its clientele, is receiving more and more the patronage of family gatherings, due, without doubt, to the assurance that at this cafe nothing can ever occur to offend the most fastidious. Many more formal affairs have the Tavern for their environment. Notably, on the 16th of this month a most elaborate dinner was given by the Duc de Montpensier to Captain Henry E. Morton, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Stephens and Dr. P. Poissant de Gerente. The Duc comes frequently to this cafe which is, par excellence, the rendezvous of persons of discriminating taste.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Bavardes Barred from Tea Dances

The society ladies who are sponsors for the tea dances given every Monday afternoon at the St. Francis sent out some two thousand invitations. These tea dances are supposed to be very exclusive affairs, and the lists were prepared with considerable care. No cards were sent to the society editors of the daily papers. At first the bavardes regarded this as an oversight. They had received cards for the tea dances last winter, and had attended as a matter of course, that being part of their newspaper work. The women who attend society tea dances expect to have their names listed and their gowns described in the papers, and it is the duty of the society editors to see that the more prominent women are not disappointed in this respect. So when the first tea dance was given this season, the bavardes were on hand with their pencils and pads. When they sought admission to the tea room they were asked for their cards. They explained that they had received no cards and told the purpose of their attendance. But the door keeper shook his head. He said that he had received strict instructions to admit nobody who did not present a card. The bavardes had to retire.

"Not as Equals"

They sought an explanation from one of the women interested in the success of the tea dances. They learned from her that there had been no oversight; that the patronesses had decided not to admit the society editors. She added that the rule might be modified, but that in no event would the society editors be admitted to the tea dances as the equals of the members. The effect of this statement on the bavardes may be imagined. One of them answered that so far from considering themselves the equals, the society editors were quite sure that they were the superiors of many of the society women who attended the tea dances. She added that there were several women employed on the newspapers who could trace their ancestry back a number of generations without bringing up at the wash tub or the tradesman's entrance. This affair has caused quite a stir. I have heard of one woman, a very prominent and very charming young matron who declares that she will withdraw from the tea dances unless the obnoxious discrimination against the society editors is done away with.

"Bobs" Is Honored

Happily enough, all our society women are not like those who dreaded rubbing elbows with the bavardes. There are, for instance, the ladies who took part in the Invitational Golf Tournament of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club. These ladies felt that they were beholden to "Bobs," or more properly Harry Roberts, the golf expert

of the Chronicle, not only for the fine way in which he reported their play but also for the help he gave them in arranging handicaps, etc. So they presented to him a very handsome gold cigarette case. The gift was suggested by Mrs. Will Taylor, and the idea was enthusiastically approved by Mrs. Henry T. Scott and the rest of the ladies. The speech of presentation was made most charmingly by Mrs. Vincent Whitney.

Plight of the de Grassis

Signor Antonio de Grassi who is remembered by the musical people of San Francisco as a concert artist, and his wife, formerly Winnifred June Morgan, a San Francisco girl, are giving up their London home and returning to this city to live. At least they will stay in San Francisco until the Signor is able to take out his citizenship papers. Before the European outbreak, Signor de Grassi had won recognition as one of the big violinists of London, and his studio was a favorite gathering place in artistic Bohemia. Madame de Grassi is a woman of great personal charm with a host of friends. The future looked rosy for the de Grassis, but fortune intervened. It seems that the parents of Signor de Grassi were shortsighted enough to move from Italy to Trieste in Italian Austria shortly before their son was born. He thus came into the world as an Austrian subject. As a true Italian, the signor hated his foster government and refused service in the army. Yet in the eyes of the English law, not only the signor but his American wife are the subjects of Franz Josef. Obedient to the decree of Parliament the de Grassis had to stand for hours in a line with German and Austrian porters and boot cleaners for registry with the police. Their telephone was removed from their house, as alien enemies are not allowed phones. They had to report periodically to the police. It was a matter of law. Now the signor, who by the intercession of friends has obtained a permit to leave, says the satisfaction of standing under the protecting coats of Uncle Sam is far greater than that of basking in the artistic atmosphere of warring Europe. This view is shared by a number of his pupils, including those in various armies, who intend following him to San Francisco as soon as possible. On his way to San Francisco, the signor who aspires to become a plain Yankee mister, will appear in a few recitals in Eastern cities.

Von Horst's Condition

Another London resident in a bad plight is Baron von Horst, formerly a noted beau of this city, the brother of Clem Horst, the hop king. Word comes from London that the last heard of the baron he was living in a corner of the Olympia exhibition hall, where he had been partitioned off by a rope from some six hundred Germans, Austrians and Hungarians of the lowest type of immigrants, who were less prisoners of war than public charges. An unwashed, barefooted lot they were. In his private corner, since he was the only gentleman in the place, the baron had chairs, tables, books, a coffee machine, special food from the outside and a bed resting on two boards—the commoners got only one board. By this time he is doubtless removed to one of the big detention camps in the country, where the free and independent Britons are allowed to look at the prisoners through the barbed wire fence at a half-crown each in aid of the Prince of Wales charity fund. No one can

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believe the baron is suspected of spying. His business interests are entirely English and American, as were his social connections. But he was known to the government as one of the leaders of the suffragette movement and the backer of a socialist daily paper, which has now suspended. Perhaps that is why the government is making life unpleasant for him.

Embarrassing Place Cards

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pixley have a very beautiful bungalow near Carmel-by-the-Sea. As soon as the author of "The Prince of Pilsen" and his wife decided to make their home in California, they began considering the matter of a suitable site for a summer home. When they discovered the Monterey coast they were enchanted with its beauties and lost no time in building a country home there. Being very hospitable, the Pixleys have done a great deal of entertaining in their bungalow and have won an enviable circle of friends, particularly among the artistic and liter-

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ary people of Carmel. Recently they gave a dinner in honor of Harry Leon Wilson, author of the inimitable "Bunker Bean," and his beautiful wife who is the daughter of Grace MacGowan Cooke, the novelist. Unfortunately the Pixleys were not aware that Harry Leon Wilson's first wife was the brilliant artist, Rose O'Neill, the creator of the Kewpies. The emotions of the guests of honor when they discovered that the place cards were attached to dainty little Kewpies may better be imagined than described.

The Dolce Far Niente

That most interesting of all our dancing clubs, the Dolce Far Niente, held its first meeting of the season Thursday night at the Cliff House. There is nothing like the Dolce Far Niente in San Francisco. There were no dances more enjoyable than those it gave last season at the Cliff House. Evidence of its popularity was given by the number of dancers who sought admission to its charmed circle this season. The lists have been lengthened, but with care, for the Dolce Far Niente is in the hands of men and women who know that if the club becomes too large its identity will be lost and the enjoyment of its members curtailed. Thursday night nearly all the members dined at the Cliff House. The gowns of the ladies were a fine show in themselves, and it was plain that none of the very newest dances has escaped the notice of the members.

Mrs. Darling Entertains

There is no more perfect hostess in San Francisco than Mrs. Clara Darling, so it goes without saying that her tea of Thursday was a most enjoyable affair. It was given at her beautiful home in Clay street, the motif being Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckels. When Mrs. Darling sends out cards, all who are fortunate enough to receive them make haste to respond. There was a very fashionable crush at the Clay street home, and it is only necessary to say that the hospitality dispensed was of the delightful kind that has made Mrs. Darling famous.

Miss Alexander's Popularity

Miss Clara Alexander's "Hueres Intimes" are increasing in popularity and that of last Monday served to crowd Paul Elder's art gallery to the doors. On next Monday afternoon at three o'clock the talented reader will give the fourth of her delightful entertainments, devoting herself entirely to the songs and stories of darkeyland, in which she excels. She will read some stories by Harris Dickson, written especially for her, as well as selections by Ruth McEnery Stuart, Paul Lawrence Dunbar and Sidney Lanier. For this occasion Miss Alexander will wear an especially designed white tarleton crinoline costume, to give her stories a little additional atmosphere and spread the "cotton cult." She will be assisted by Miss Mary Sherwood, a young 'cellist, and Foster Krake, the favorite baritone, who will be accompanied by J. George Jacobson. In response to a large demand on the part of gentlemen who are unable to attend in the afternoon, Miss Alexander will give a special "Heure Intime" at the usual place, next Thursday evening, October 29.

At the Kirlaw Studios

Some of the most delightful events of the early dancing season have been carried out at the Kirlaw Studios under the auspices of Mrs. Willard Brown, Mrs. William Denman, Mrs. G. L. Harvey and Mrs. John Breuner during the last few weeks. Miss Kirby has been fostering the idea of informal afternoon and evening tea dances at which the newer steps could be tried out and passed upon beyond the critical gaze of the outside world, which so often oppresses the large hotel gatherings.

The Charity Ball

The brilliant event of next month will be the Charity Ball on Friday evening, November 20, at Scottish Rite Temple, at Van Ness avenue and Sutter street. The Charity Ball, the one this year being the fourth, is the annual benefit entertainment given by the directors of the Catholic Humane Bureau, an organization that feeds, educates, clothes and often houses hundreds of

the little children of the poor. Last year alone it provided homes for over 800 children. San Francisco has always responded liberally to the appeal of the directorate, and as the ball is always one of the largest society events of the year, its financial success is always assured. Boxes for the ball will be \$50, with single tickets \$5, including the supper as well as the dance. Some of those who have already procured boxes for the occasion are Mesdames William Geer Hitchcock, William A. Sproule, William Smith O'Brien, Joseph A. Donohoe, C. Frederick Kohl, George Whittell, T. T. O'Brien, B. P. Oliver, J. Athearn Folger, Dent H. Robert, Garret McEnerney, J. J. Baumgarten, Richard Queen, Stanley Stillman, John F. Brooke, B. Lacey, C. C. Mohun and the Misses Morrison.

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George Arliss in "Disraeli"

By Edward F. O'Day

Gentle reader, let us look for a moment into the Encyclopedia Britannica. That respectable authority has the following to say about the purchase by Great Britain of the Egyptian Khedive's Suez Canal shares:

"It was a courageous thing to do; but it was not a Disraeli conception, nor did it originate in any government department. It was suggested from without at a moment when the possibility of ever acquiring the shares was passing away. On the morning of the 15th of November, 1875, Mr. Frederick Greenwood, then editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, went to Lord Derby at the Foreign Office, informed him that the Khedive's shares were passing into the hands of a French syndicate, and urged arrest of the transaction by purchase for England. (The shares being private property their sale could not, of course, be forbidden.) Lord Derby thought there must be a mistake. He could not believe that bargaining of that kind could go on in Cairo without coming to the knowledge of the British Consul there. He was answered that nevertheless it was going on. The difficulties of purchase by England were then arrayed by Lord Derby. They were more than one or two, and of course they had a formidable look, but so also had the alternative and the lost opportunity. One difficulty had already come into existence, and had to be met at once. Lord Derby had either to make direct inquiry of the Khedive or to let the matter go. If he inquired, and there was no such negotiation, his question might be interpreted in a very troublesome way; moreover, we should put the idea of selling the shares into the Khedive's head, which would be unfortunate. 'There's my position, and now what do you say?' The answer given, Lord Derby drafted a telegram to the British Consul-General at Cairo, and read it out. It instructed Colonel Stanton to go im-

mediately to the Khedive and put the question point blank. Meanwhile the prime minister would be seen, and Lord Derby's visitor might call next day to hear the reply from Cairo. It is enough to add here that on receipt of the answer the purchase for England was taken up and went to a speedy conclusion."

Pardon, gentle reader, the length of the citation. Perhaps if you have seen George Arliss in Louis Napoleon Parker's play at the Columbia, you have found this bit of history interesting. That it is history I make no doubt, for the Britannica is a careful authority, and the article from which I have quoted was written by Mr. Frederic Greenwood himself. He ought to know whereof he speaks. That being the case we see that the author of "Disraeli" indulged a dramaturgic license when he made the Earl of Beaconsfield the hero of this Suez episode. But what of it? This is one of those rare cases wherein the end justifies the means. Parker has wrought a most delightful play, and it matters little that he has done gentle violence to history in the process. Granted that he has given Disraeli greater credit than he deserves, it still remains true that he has revived him for the drama as Moneypenny revived him for biography. For that we must be very grateful to Parker, and to his collaborator George Arliss. What a fascinating character the dramatist and the actor present to us! Disraeli is of our time, yet he has already become historical. Would a playwright dare to put Peel or Palmerston or Gladstone on the stage? No more than Parker dared to introduce Queen Victoria into this play. It is only the very great of history who can interest an audience. Peel or Palmerston or Gladstone or Queen Victoria would fall flat on the boards. Disraeli walks and talks there with all the colors of life, for Disraeli was one of the few very great men of our time. No

man was more misunderstood in his day; it is the penalty of genius. Even now it is not everybody who does him justice. The acute Chesterton speaks of a "mystical cynicism" in his politics which was "well mirrored in his novels," adding that "he was a man who felt at home in mirrors," a vague and unsatisfactory statement. Parker and Arliss give us firmer ground to stand on. They know this Jew. They give him to us in the most glorious period of his astounding career; yet they help us to understand all that had gone before. Properly to appreciate Disraeli one must remember that his was in all likelihood a family that colonized the shores of the Mediterranean before the Jewish Captivity; that his ancestors were driven from Spain by Torquemada; that they were merchants in Venice before they accumulated wealth in England; that the father was a curiosity of literature as the son was a curiosity of politics. The exuberance of Disraeli, the foppiness, the affectations, the theatricality, the garish extravagance of his dress and the brilliant eccentricities of his demeanor, all are humanized for us in this play. They are made the lesser details of a picture in which the great man stands out with the soul of a prophet and the heart of a patriot. Though he did not conceive the project of safeguarding the Suez Canal for England, he had the imagination to foresee the importance of the step. He found Victoria a queen; he left her an empress. To the end of his life he was "the mystery man." There was a Disraeli legend while Disraeli was still in the flesh. To this day he is commemorated by a flower he never wore. But we are beginning to understand his great worth. Moneypenny helped to dissolve the mystery, to correct the legend. Parker and Arliss are supplying brilliant illustrations to Moneypenny's book.

Gossip of the Theatre

The Menace of the Working Girl

The eternal poor working girl has a narrow escape at the Orpheum this week from the terrible, customary fate that is always lying in wait for her in the theatre. Poor Mary Harrigan (that's her name) was about to go motoring with a young man, the son of her employer. He had given her ten dollars to buy a corsage bouquet, and she was going to accompany him to a tough roadside resort and dine with him in a private room and drink champagne. Obviously Mary was on the greased slope that leads straight to the easiest way. But she didn't know it, she was so innocent, so unsophisticated; in short, so unlike an up-to-date poor working girl. Doubtless while Mary was rushing headlong to her fate there were warm, rugged hearts in the gallery thumping feverish breasts. For presumably the gallery relaxes its brains in the presence of an engaging sentimentality, and lies and wallows in the stuff of which heart-interest dramas are made. But you never can tell. Maybe there were some folks in the gallery who were not quite sure that a girl could be any worse off anywhere outside of Mary's squalid home which is presided over by a drunken father and managed by slangful Sister "Liz." This is a play that might well give a gallery mixed emotions in these days of "advanced thought,"

when so many poor working girls are championed to their advantage. From the roadhouse to the altar is by no means an uncommon way, and surely it was hard sledding for the daughter of the drunkard who spent the dinner money on booze. The author of the play made Mary's lot such a hard one that he might have alienated sympathy from the efforts of Liz to save her sister had he not made the thing doubly inartistic by pointing the way to a marriage between Mary and the young blackguard who had deliberately planned to seduce her. But a happy ending compensates for a world of stupidity. Much more agreeable and less implausible than this working-girl drammer is the humor of horse-play in "Back to the Woods" and the homespun comicalities of "Back to Wellington." Walter Dickinson, the rural politician, has returned to the Orpheum, and is again making the hit of the show.

—Theodore Bonnet.

The Fremstadt Concert

Impresario Greenbaum opened his music season of 1914-15 at the Columbia last Sunday afternoon with Mme. Fremstadt as the star attraction. There was a large audience to greet the famous singer who sang a fine program with supreme artistry. The voices of great singers improve

with time, and Mme. Fremstadt's is no exception. She has not been heard in San Francisco since that memorable night in April 1906 when a big opera season was brought to a close in an opera house that was shattered the following morning. That night Mme. Fremstadt sang "Carmen," but the honors of the performance were almost monopolized by Caruso. Since then Mme. Fremstadt's splendid mezzo-soprano has taken on new beauty in every nuance. It has always been remarkable for its power and brilliancy. Now Mme. Fremstadt can breathe the loveliest pianissimo and achieve an absolutely perfect legato. After a program of Schumann, Grieg, Wolf, Sibelius and some national folk songs she yielded to the demand for a Wagnerian aria. She sang Isolde's Liebstd so beautifully as to leave her hearers insatiably desirous of hearing her in opera. Mme. Fremstadt is a fine looking woman. Her appearance reminds one of Nordica and her manner has something of Mary Garden except that in her gayer moments she has more vigor and less of the inimitable Garden feminine spontaneity.

—H. M. B.

The Claussen Concerts

Madame Julia Claussen, the great Swedish contralto, possessor of a glorious voice, rich and

full from the lowest to the highest note, and with an appearance at once regal and commanding, will be heard in recitals at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Wednesday night, November 4, at 8:30 o'clock, and the Cort Theatre, Sunday afternoon, November 8, at 3:00 o'clock. Madame Claussen who is the leading contralto of the Chicago Opera Company, the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, London, and the Royal Opera, Stockholm, is the most important acquisition to the ranks of the great artists that have taken up concert work. Those who keep tab on things musical are aware of the fact that as an opera singer Claussen has few equals and no superiors.

Forbes Comedy at Alcazar

Next week at the Alcazar, San Francisco's popular and attractive stock house, there will be offered, for the first time at popular prices, James Forbes' irresistibly funny comedy of suburban life, "The Commuters." This play is the work of the man who has written two other successful comedies, both of which have been recognized as top-notchers. They are "The Chorus Lady" which served Rose Stahl as the greatest triumph of her career, and "The Traveling Salesman," one of the greatest successes this country has ever known. This fact alone should be sufficient recommendation for "The Commuters," which is written in the same light, breezy and amusing style as its predecessors. San Franciscans, surrounded as they are by so many suburbanites, should readily catch the humor of Forbes' entertaining comedy and they are going to be treated to a production that no other stock company in this country can rival. First of all the Alcazar production next week will have the

added benefit of the appearance of the new leading lady, Miss Florence Malone, in her original role. Miss Malone created the leading part in "The Commuters" on the occasion of its first production on any stage at the Criterion Theatre, New York, under the management of the late Henry B. Harris. For two seasons she remained with the play and it was stated by the critics in all of the Eastern cities in which she appeared that the success of the comedy was due to her efforts. Miss Malone has youth, beauty, charm and talent and after her achievement in stepping into the leading role in "The Governor's Lady" last Monday night, there would seem to be no limit to her undeniable versatility. Surrounding Miss Malone in the cast will be Ralph Kellard, Louis Bennison, Burt Wesner, Edmond Lowe, C. Norman Hammond, Richard Vivian, John Livingston, David W. Butler, Louise Brownell, Frances Younge and Dora May Howe. A handsome production is promised.

The New Quintet Club

San Francisco is to have a permanent chamber music organization that it may well feel proud of. Next Sunday afternoon, November first, the new organization will make its first appearance in public in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis Hotel under the direction of Will L. Greenbaum. The San Francisco Quintet Club was founded two years ago by Elias M. Hecht, a local music lover, and those who have heard the work of the players in private are most enthusiastic. The program will be one of exceptional beauty and interest. The first number will be a "Terzet" for violin, viola and violoncello by Ernst Dohnanyi whose string quartet was introduced here by the Flonzaley Quartet. This will be followed by the exquisite "Quartet" for flute, violin, viola and violoncello by Mozart. The final number will be a "Quartet" for piano and strings by E. Chausson, a brilliant young French composer who met a sad death two years ago in a bicycle accident. A work by this master was played here two years ago by Eugene Ysaye. It is the aim of Messrs. Hecht and Greenbaum to enable every music student

to hear these splendid and important programs, so a special season ticket for the three concerts can be secured for as little as one dollar at the usual music stores. The box offices are now open.

Rudolph Ganz

Rudolph Ganz, the eminent Swiss pianist, will give his first concert at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Sunday afternoon, November 8, at 2:30 p. m. Ganz is one of the foremost players of the present day and in Europe is considered an authority both on the art of playing and on music in general. He plays the violoncello and violin as well as the piano and is a composer of exceptional gifts. At his first concert he will play the Bach "Chaconne" transcribed by Busoni, Chopin's "Sonata" Op. 58, and works by Haydn, Blanchet, Liszt and the boy composer Eric Korngold. His second and last concert is announced for Saturday matinee, November 14.

Second Week of Arliss

The second and last week of the engagement of George Arliss in "Disraeli" begins Monday night at the Columbia. There will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday, the final performance being announced for Saturday night, October 31. The Wednesday matinee performance is given at special prices ranging from 25 cents to \$1.50.

"The Poor Little Rich Girl"

Eleanor Gates' fantastic comedy, "The Poor Little Rich Girl," one of last season's artistic and popular successes, will be presented at the Columbia beginning Monday night, November 2. The play is in three acts and seven scenes. The first and third acts show real happenings, and the second a visualization of the mental wanderings of a delirious child. In this fascinating second act are shown concrete images which embody vague ideas conveyed to her in the conversation of her elders. For example her father appears to her in the suit that is literally made of money, and her mother goes about carrying an actual bee in her bonnet, and she sees the



JOSEPH JEFFERSON and BLANCHE BENDER

Next week at the Orpheum.



THE HUNT SCENE

In the great Drury Lane melodrama "The Whip" at the Cort.

footman "murder" the king's English. The play has been given a massive and beautiful production by Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger.

Joe Jefferson at Orpheum

The Orpheum announces for next week an exceptionally good program with seven entirely new acts. Joseph Jefferson, whose illustrious father is remembered as the greatest of all American comedians, will head the bill. Mr. Jefferson is an actor of exceptional ability and originality who depends solely on his own merit for his success. He will appear in a laughable farce written for him by William C. De Mille entitled "Poor Old Jim," and will be supported by that very charming comedienne Blanche Bender and a capable company. Music lovers will be delighted at the prospect of again hearing Theodore Bendix and his Symphony Players. Mr. Bendix has secured for his coming engagement Arthur Lichstein, violin soloist and prize graduate of the Stern Conservatory of Music, Berlin; Leo Sachs, a superb 'cellist who has been associated with some of the greatest European orchestras; and for a second violinist Frederic Handte, soloist with Victor Herbert's orchestras last winter. Eunice Burnham and Charles Irwin will contribute "A Song Sketch at the Piano." Jesse Lasky presents "Three Beautiful Types"—a blonde, Kalene Carter; a brunette, Grace Cooper, and an auburn, Georgie Russell. The three girls present a very beautiful posing act. Claude Golden, the celebrated Australian card expert, will perform a variety of feats. Ida Divinoff, a young Russian violinist who has been acclaimed as a rare musical genius in Vienna, Leipsic, Hamburg, Berlin and Munich, will be heard in a carefully selected program. Frank North will present a sequel to "Back to Wellington" called "An Unwelcome Visitor." It will be the last week of Victor Moore, Emma Littlefield and Company in the laughable travesty, "Change Your Act or Back to the Woods."

"The Whip" Arrives

According to European and Eastern authorities, "The Whip," the great melodramatic spectacle from Drury Lane, London, is the most remarkable production that has ever come forth from

that historic playhouse. This unusual attraction, making its transcontinental journey by special train, will play an engagement at the Cort beginning Sunday night. Some idea of the drawing powers of this unique theatrical sensation may be gained from the fact that it ran for two years in Australia, two years in London and one year at the Manhattan Opera House, New York. "The Whip" is frank melodrama and it is packed with thrills from the rise of the curtain to its final fall. There is not a single dull moment in its makeup. The most spirited action dominates every scene. Supposedly blasé New York theatregoers were fairly pulled from their seats at the Manhattan Opera House by the exciting events that took place before them. It would require eye and ear witnesses to convince anyone who has not seen "The Whip" just how excited a white-shirted and evening-dressed audience can become under the stress of honest, primitive emotion.

Orange Packers at Pantages

One of the features of the new bill at Pantages will be an orange packing contest of seven workers from Southern California. The act opens with a motion picture showing the orange trees and the big groves with the pretty girls packing the oranges for shipment. After the "movie" three girls and three men show the audience how the fruit is packed. Ray Adams, California's champion box maker, will give a special demonstration of nailing shucks for the exhibition. The act is a great "ad" for the fruit industry of California. Webber's talented youngsters, comprising fifteen musical boys and girls, are a big hit. The lads and lassies were gathered by Alexander Pantages from the various musical conservatories of the Northwest. William Shilling and his players will repeat their dramatic episode "Destiny," the act which was a tremendous success here last year. "Slivers" Oakley, Barnum and Bailey's noted baseball clown, will give his travesty on the world series. Silber and North in a clever comedy conceit are a laughing hit. Lyons and Cullum in dancing, whistling and imitations, and the celebrated Exposition Jubilee Four, harmony singers from the South, round out the bill.



GEORGE ARLISS

Appearing in "Disraeli" at the Columbia Theater.

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Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, \$1.00.
Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

The Financial Outlook


By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Minimum prices for stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange have been revised by the Committee of Five. Quotations on active dividend payers have been reduced only by the amount of the dividend in each case in pursuance of the resolution adopted on August 12 last. Money is more plentiful and easier to borrow in New York, and the excellent bank statement issued Saturday will tend to improve sentiment because it proved that the shipments of gold to Ottawa in connection with New York City indebtedness abroad and the operations of the gold pool did not strain the resources of the banks. Loans have been reduced partly by the liquidation of the Stock Exchange loans and partly by contraction in general business in New York City. The fall of Antwerp was taken to mean a prolonged war in Europe and checked some lines of trade at the end of the week, but it is significant that the mania for hoarding cash has abated and this news did not revive it. Banks now seem willing to extend all needed accommodation to commercial enterprises and still further improvement in the money markets will follow the opening of the new Federal Reserve Banks at an early date. Railroad traffic showed some improvement but gains were less than expected. The United States Steel Corporation reported a decrease of 425,000 tons in unfilled orders at the close of September which wiped out the gains made since last May. Many large industrial plants are running night and day, while others are running on short time. In some sections of Pennsylvania and the Middle West business is booming and retailers are buying goods more freely than ever before. It is partly the fortune of war, but to no small extent the variations in individual enterprise and courage that account for these discrepancies.

Wheat—The general trade has been convinced for some time that European crop and war conditions warranted higher prices for wheat, but until recently this belief has not been reflected in any considerable amount of investment buying. Early in the week there was a good demand for wheat by exporters and this demand continued right up to the close of the week which resulted in a higher future market at all primary points. With practically all of the foreign countries in need of supplies in excess of their crops and with Russia out of the exporting business for the time being at least, the action of the market is not surprising. The movement of wheat to primary markets in the Southwest, the Northwest and the Canadian Northwest is showing a sharp decrease. The heavy run at all markets has been at the expense of farmers and country elevator stocks. The Liverpool market has shown remarkable strength the past week and prices there have advanced much faster than in our market. Exporters claim Europe is taking everything offered at the asked price and while clearances so

far have not reflected their enormous buying this will show up later when the wheat leaves the ports. The price looks high but when conditions are taken into consideration wheat will look cheap at 140 later on this season.

Corn—Further unfavorable weather last week and the strength in wheat held corn firm last week, although the net gain was not great. Too much rain is reported over a good part of the belt, and this had a tendency to strengthen the nearby futures more than the May. A few scattered husking returns from Indiana and Illinois are disappointing. Eastern demand is reported much improved, but definite figures as to the amount sold have not been obtainable. Argentine was offering corn last week at 62 cents C. I. F. New York, and it looks as if Argentine will again become a factor. Prefer selling on the rallies.




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Varied Types

(Continued from Page 6.)

liquor, the like of which the Duc hopes never to taste again.

The result of the conference was that Ismail and his ministers accompanied the Duc aboard the Mekong, and the yacht steamed back to Italy for the purpose of arranging the boundary lines of the new kingdom with the representatives of Italy, Austria-Hungary, France and England.

All had gone well so far. The Albanians had made it quite plain that they wanted the Duc as their king or "mpret." And the Duc was prepared to accept the throne. But now the curious arts of intrigue as practiced by diplomats intervened. It developed that while France and England were favorable to Montpensier, Italy and Austria-Hungary were not. Inspired articles began appearing in the press of these latter countries. It was charged that the Duc had been trying to force himself upon the reluctant Albania. The Duc demanded an explanation from the Albanians as well as from the representatives of Austria and Italy. The explanation proved unsatisfactory. So the Duc withdrew from the affair. His dream of kingship was brought to an end. It was then that he first made the statement with which I began this article.

Does the Duc de Montpensier regret the throne he came so near occupying? When I put the question to him he shrugged his shoulders and smiled. He feels a little disappointment, I should say. But he would not be an Orleans if he wasted much time in repining over what may not be.

Who's Who Hereabouts

(Continued from Page 8.)

man, but not so young as he looks. Perhaps he would look older if he took himself as seriously as his position warrants, or was at all inclined to live up to the gravity of his name. Some men take on years from the mere circumstance that their indulgent mirror tells them that they look like Napoleon, but here is a man with the name of Wellington who has been steadily conquering his way to the front without turning a hair, and who is still almost boyish in his manner. Yet he solves big financial problems, and heavy is the responsibility on his shoulders. He began playing an important part in the financial world right after the fire, and he has been playing it ever since. It seems as though it were like play to him, but anybody in financial circles will tell you that Wellington Gregg is one of the most level-headed business men in San Francisco.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of NICHOLAS O'LEARY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of NICHOLAS O'LEARY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of NICHOLAS O'LEARY, deceased.

ELLEN BLACKMFR,

Administratrix of the Estate of NICHOLAS O'LEARY, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 24, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Administratrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-24-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 59,610; Dept. No. 10.

E. E. FREDERICK, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES T. SALE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CHARLES T. SALE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 5th day of October, A. D. 1914.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY,

By J. F. DUNWORTH, Clerk.
Deputy Clerk.

ARTHUR BRAND, Attorney for Plaintiff,
817 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-24-10

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Estate of JOHN JOSEPH BAILLE (also called Jean Joseph Baille), Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of JOHN JOSEPH BAILLE (also called Jean Joseph Baille), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN JOSEPH BAILLE (also called Jean Joseph Baille), deceased.

MARIE LOUISE BAILLE,

Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of JOHN JOSEPH BAILLE (also called Jean Joseph Baille), Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 19, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-19-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PATRICK RIELLY, also called PATRICK RIELLY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Patrick Rielly, executor of the Last Will and Testament of Patrick Rielly, also called Patrick Rielly, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within Ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of John J. O'Toole, Rooms 446 and 447 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Patrick Rielly, also called Patrick Rielly, deceased.

PATRICK RIELLY,

Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Patrick Rielly, also called Patrick Rielly, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 3, 1914.

JOHN J. O'TOOLE, Attorney for Executor,
446 and 447 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-3-5

CITATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, City and County of San Francisco—Dept. No. 9 Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN FANNING, Deceased.

The people of the State of California to: Mary Bridget Fanning, Johanna Fanning, Christina Corcoran Meyers, John Fanning, John Ryan, M. G. Conlin, Rev. Terence Caraher (for St. Francis Roman Catholic Church), Sisters of the Presentation, Margaret Kirwan, Eugene F. Conlin, Mary Gleeson, Joseph Fanning, Joseph Ryan, Rev. Terence Caraher, St. Francis Roman Catholic Church, Ella Fleischmann, Peter Fanning, Minnie Fanning, Mary Maitland, James Ryan, Sisters of the Holy Family.

YOU ARE HEREBY cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department No. 9, Probate, thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the 21st day of December, A. D. 1914, at 10 o'clock, A. M. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the probate of the will of the above named deceased, should not be revoked in conformity with the petition for the revocation of the will of the above named deceased and filed in this Court on the 5th day of September, 1914.

BY ORDER of the Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, this 5th day of September, A. D. 1914.

(Seal)

Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH A. BROWN,
FRANK J. EGAN,
Attorneys for Contestant,
Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-19-10

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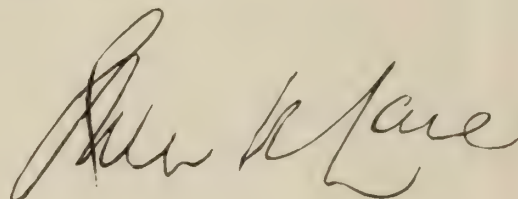
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Commissioner for Hetch Hetchy legislation before Congress to secure a mountain water supply for the cities around San Francisco Bay.
Commissioner to Europe by appointment of President Wilson to support the United States Government's invitation to foreign countries to participate in the Panama-Pacific Exposition.
Secured appropriation of \$500,000 for United States building at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.
Declined ambassadorship to one of the great European nations, preferring service at home.
Led in the fight for a new charter for San Francisco, which insured home rule, civil service reform, responsible government and municipal railroads.
Raised standard of pay for laborers in the city employ.
Head of the San Francisco Relief Committee in the disaster of 1906.
Appointed by the President custodian of the relief fund aggregating \$10,000,000.
Worked and spoke before the Legislature for the enactment of an anti-alien land ownership law.
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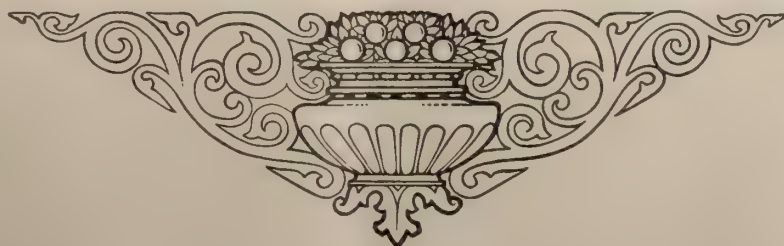
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SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 31, 1914

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The Ballot and the Pamphlet

Fifty questions and propositions are to be submitted to the judgment of the dear people of this enlightened city next week. Fifty—count 'em! And then read the little pamphlet of 110 pages and, approximately, 130,000 words, printed by the State Printer for the enlightenment of all lovers of light literature who have no aversion to the kind of type that has to be read under a microscope. No small task this that is essential to sound and sober judgment. Who, in a world of shirkers, is so conscientious as to perform it? Nowadays when the Ford takes even the pauper far from the fireside and nobody cares for a novel that hasn't a punch, small chance of a hearing has the man who contributes a ponderous message to the ballot symposium. Besides, arguments pro and con by less than half-educated politicians and dull agitators astride of freak hobbies—who would incur brain fag by reading them? Obviously there has been a great waste of printers' ink at public expense. But the dear people are getting precisely what they deserve. They wanted the government brought back to them, and here it is. Here we have what political writers have described as "simple democracy," the kind that makes it easy for the people to play the bull in the china shop, and the people are doing as they have done from time immemorial after tearing down the safeguards—making a farce of government.

A Constitutional Convention

On this spacious ballot there is one proposition which may have been divinely inspired. It is the proposition for a constitutional convention. We are told that the time is not ripe for the casting of a new organic law. The time is always ripe for an opportunity for redemption. No constitutional convention can make things worse than they are at present.

Under our present system of direct government the people resolve themselves into a constitutional convention every time we hold a State election. If we provide for a representative constitutional convention it will be a sign that the pendulum is swinging back; and perhaps we may get a constitution by which we may be able to abandon our follies and make a fresh start under a system somewhat akin to that which was designed by the recently repudiated Founders. A little while ago the people permitted themselves to be guided by the disciples of the New Freedom, and they swallowed all the nostrums prescribed by the illuminati of a degenerate press, and now they see the State threatened with all kinds of cataclysms. There is a single-tax proposition on the ballot (No. 7), a universal eight-hour proposition (No. 3), a proposition to confiscate \$200,000,000 worth of property (No. 2) and propositions to improve the Governor's political machine by giving him new commissions, and propositions to adapt the general scheme of government to the special purposes of individuals and corporations, and whatever may happen the fact is that nervous apprehension has seized nearly every branch of industry, giving capital pause and adding immeasurably to the general dulness of the times. Do the people like this sort of thing? Has not the obsession relaxed? Or is the pestiferous Johnson their darling still? And will they continue to yield their primitive emotions to the spectacular swashbuckler who shrieks defiance to the seven devils that exude sawdust whenever he unpacks them on the bema? We shall not know until next week, but meanwhile be sure we cannot make things worse by voting for a constitutional convention. However slow, the pendulum always swings back.

Hobson a Type

Learned scientists are of the opinion that if mankind were deprived of alcohol something would be required to take its place. Alcohol is generated in the human system in the course of bacterial fermentation, but not always in sufficient quantities to satisfy the physiological and normal craving for some form of stimulation. And so it would appear that total abstinence is not advisable. Some scientists are of the opinion that men who have no craving for stimulation, and who are therefore by nature total abstainers, are abnormal human beings. From recent investigations it appears that certain forms of perversion are characteristic of the congenital teetotaler. Thus we may account for the extraordinary conduct of the men who are agitating prohibition. Posing as friends of humanity, they appear to be utterly devoid of the moral sense, absolutely unhampered by scruple. Let us take Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson as

a shining specimen. There is a screw loose somewhere in Captain Hobson. It is probably a family screw, for in a recent political campaign his brother proclaimed him the most perfect man since Christ, and put him on the same level with his Redeemer. In Congress he earned the contempt of all his associates, and there was general rejoicing among them when he was turned down by his constituents. Now he is an itinerant preacher of prohibition on salary, and he is going about the country lying—not like a gold-brick artist but like a child from a home for the feeble-minded. There is probably no common drunkard anywhere who wouldn't be ashamed to lie so impotently and futilely as Hobson. The Captain has no power of invention. He can do no more for the cause of prohibition than he could for his country when he tried to invent a scheme to bottle up Cervera's fleet. A cock-tail might assist his imagination wonderfully, for there never was man more willing to wallow in prevarication. Here he is telling us that more people die from alcohol in this country every year than were killed in all the wars that have been fought since 300 B. C. The absurdity of this lie has been called to Captain Hobson's attention many times, but he goes right along repeating it, being unable to improve on it. A few months ago it was commented on by the Philadelphia Public Ledger which called attention to the fact that the mortality statistics for 1912 showed that in the registered area representing two-thirds of the entire population there were only 833,215 deaths from all causes. Of this number 204,639 were children under five years of age; 216,184 were persons who had passed the age of 65; 28,000 died between the ages of 5 and 14. The Census Bureau shows that 50,000 deaths resulted from accidents, 51,000 deaths from pneumonia; 46,531 from cancer; 9,000 from tuberculosis; and only 3,000 from alcohol. Captain Hobson is also saying that alcohol causes 3,000 Americans to murder their wives every year, and 2,000 to kill their children. Of course nobody is likely to believe that men are murdering their wives and children at that rate every year. But there is no telling what may happen if prohibition spreads, for the census bulletin for 1912 shows that of the 6,890 murders committed in that year 1864 were committed in nine prohibition States which have only fifteen per cent of the total population while 1,759 were all that were committed in twelve wet States that have fifty-three per cent of the total population. Kansas had 94 prisoners condemned for murder; wet New York only 42; wet New Jersey 70; Georgia, a prohibition State, 715; Mississippi, a prohibition State, 502. These figures apparently bear out the assertion of Dr. Edward Huntington Williams that prohibition is increasing the number

of homicides. Maybe the worst to be said of it is that it is increasing the number of Hobsons.

Some Moral Issues

Dear old Lyman Abbott, national mediator between the spiritual and actual worlds, thinks that the frenzy of the Prohibitionist is the result of divine inspiration and that his dream of universal ecstasy on a soft-drink basis is rushing to fulfillment. "The argument that 'prohibition doesn't prohibit' says the charming transcendentalist, is not basic or moral; the fact of failure to enforce is no argument against even expediency, much less against the moral issue involved." The most remarkable thing about Dr. Abbott is his faculty of unreason. Nobody can lead you to a wrong conclusion with the grace and self-satisfaction of Dr. Abbott. After telling us the argument that prohibition doesn't prohibit is unmoral, he says it doesn't matter if the government is incapable of coping with the liquor traffic problem, for "when the people decide that it must go it will be banished." Here is a curious array of propositions. It is not, he tells us, an argument against the moral issue to prove that prohibition doesn't prohibit. Now which is the more important moral issue—the one between the "wets" and the "drys" or the one as to whether it is better to have a moral law that is bound to be evaded than not to have it? If a moral law is productive of nothing but political corruption; if instead of decreasing the number of drunkards it increases the number of criminals, is its effect to be regarded as a triumph of morality? Dr. Abbott utters the truth when he says that the liquor traffic will be banished "when the people decide that it must go," but the truth also is that until the people have no more use for liquor it will not avail for the government to pass a prohibition law. Nor meanwhile should the mistake be made of regarding Prohibitionists as moral agents. Men who go about trying to ravish the will of their neighbors, to abridge the natural freedom of their neighbors and do violence to honest convictions, are not moralists. They are not even good citizens. They are disturbers of the peace of society. The true reformer is the man who realizes that the one remedy for all ills, the panacea of Nature, is the sentiment of love. The breeder of hatreds and enmities, the maker of factional strife, the domineering busybody who would have no sins in the world save those that are agreeable to his own nature, may really have a spiritual commission, but indubitably it is not from a source that a prudent man would care to be in touch with.

Not a Nietzschean War

How often we read nowadays that in plunging Europe into war the Germans began working out in practice the principles and ideals of Nietzsche! Widespread apparently is the notion that the author of Zarathustra conceived, with the idea of the superman, the idea also of Pan-Germanism. Nothing could be further from the truth. Pan-Germanism is the dream of the mili-

tarists and the bureaucrats of Germany whose sentiments have been expressed by General Bernhardt. These dreamers have faith in German culture, and having this faith they are not in sympathy with the teachings of Nietzsche. "I believe," wrote Nietzsche, "only in French culture, and regard everything else in Europe which calls itself 'culture' as a misunderstanding. As for the German kind, I do not even take it into consideration. . . . Wherever Germany extends her sway she ruins culture." According to Nietzsche the Germans are provincial, they have no breadth of vision, they are political puppets, and "every great crime against culture for the last four centuries lies on their conscience." The prophet of Pan-Germanism Herr von Treitschke, Nietzsche despised. Speaking of the divers kinds of history that are written he said: "There is also history written with an eye to the court, and Herr von Treitschke is not ashamed of himself." To Nietzsche, a culture that was simply national, that had no "voice for the soul of Europe," was not culture at all, and in the nationalization of Germany and the self-absorption of the people he saw Germany's final failure to rise to a conception of spiritual and intellectual values worthy of Goethe and Mozart, who were content with nothing less than the whole heritage of human attainment.

The Looters in Washington

Republican papers in New York are supporting Governor Glynn in this campaign, because, as they explain, the most imperative need of the State is economy. This is what Governor Glynn practices and enforces. He has saved the State millions of money. "His detestation of extravagance," says one New York paper, "is not the empty mouthing of platforms, it is a fact." Governor Glynn, then, is not the typical statesman of his time. He is more in sympathy with the demands of public welfare than the somewhat more conspicuous Democrat in the White House. Of late there has been a lull in public criticism touching our President. We all feel that in the midst of problems that are crowding upon him it should be the general aim to give him the support that bespeaks public confidence and minimizes anxiety. But perhaps it may be well to call his attention to the splendid record for economy that Governor Glynn is making, and to the friends that gentleman is making in consequence. Especially may it be well at this time, as in the general confusion the President appears to be lapsing into forgetfulness respecting the most important pledge taken at Baltimore. In his message asking Congress to vote a special war tax he said that the revenues had fallen off ten or eleven million dollars in August. Now it was not wholly on account of the war that the revenues had fallen off. For the month of January the drop was over five million, and in February it was nearly ten million, almost as much as in August. The drop, as everybody knows, was due to the tariff, and the President, as we all know, thought that the deficiency

would be met by the income tax. If he was disappointed it was not on account of the war, but on account of extravagance. The extravagance of this Administration is the shame of it. And there is no way of evading the responsibility or of glozing the abuse of the great trust that the Democracy was called upon to discharge. At Baltimore the convention that nominated Mr. Wilson said: "We denounce the profligate waste of money wrung from the people by oppressive taxation through the lavish appropriation of Republican Congresses." The convention demanded a return to simplicity and economy and a reduction of "useless offices, the salaries of which drain the substance of the people." Further, it was solemnly asserted: "Our pledges are made to be kept when in office." Unfortunately for President Wilson he made it clear that he was the boss of the last Congress. Our legislators have been eating out of his hand. He has been able to make some of them break bad pledges. But he has not made them keep good pledges. As spenders of public money they have made their predecessors whom they denounced look like pikers. The Republicans spent millions. The Democrats are spending billions. It is so bad that one of their number—Fitzgerald of Brooklyn—has said that "they seem to take it as a huge joke not to obey their platform" and that by piling up public expenditures they have made their party "the laughingstock of the country." President Wilson like Joseph Surface is a man of many fine sentiments, but the finest of all sentiments at this particular time is that the people should be saved from the rascals who have not the decency to respect their pledges. The burdens of government in this country are becoming greater and greater every year, and right now it is more important to regulate big political business in Washington than any other big business in the country.



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CCI—JOHN McLAREN

By Edward F. O'Day

He wears the livery of the year, yet all the changes of the year know and obey his purpose. He is co-laborer with the seasons; "close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;" the rain is his confidant. When "in green underwood and cover blossom by blossom the spring begins," he is abroad to greet her in a language she understands. He is in the good graces of "the glad-some months that bring thick leafiness to bowers." He helps autumn don her russet raiment. Winter and he have made a pact of beauty. All the secrets of the ground are his. He hears life murmur in the seed and sees it glisten in the bud. He cherishes the unborn flower; he reverences the loam gravid with unformed trees; he has a tender care for all rooted things.

He whispers to Nature, and she smiles over all his acres. Golden Gate Park stirs and is fruited beneath his quickening touch. At his persuasion it has grown to old ocean's verge. At his bidding the flowers unfold their party-colored glory, the lawns are emerald with grass, the trees curve their blossomy branches to the caresses of the wind. Sand dunes he has transfigured to posy-dimpled meads, rocky wastes to bowers fragrant with herbs, hot weedy stretches to dewy glades made murmurous with birds and zephyrs.

Golden Gate Park is his darling. He walks hand in hand with it all day, thinking how he may adorn it more and more. For twenty-seven years he has served it with a pure passion, anticipating its wants, coaxing its growth, guiding it along the ways of loveliness. It is sealed to him with a seal that can never be broken. He may say of it in pride: "This is my life work," and who is there that dares take issue?

He observes, not without awe, the wonder of life's renewal; stands, not unabashed, before the deep mystery of change. What man may know of the secret of fruitfulness he has mastered, but the mastery has not made him proud; for Nature yields this lore only to those who woo her with loving patience and in humility of heart. He speaks the language of the flowers; he understands what the brooks are babbling. But most of all the trees possess his soul. The trees are his intimates.

"It takes forty or fifty years to develop the character of a tree," he told me.

I should like to convey the tone in which he said that. He's a rugged man whose homely phrases are tanged with the bur of his native Stirling. Gruff speech usually hides the sentiment of his Scottish character. He is bluff, off-hand, almost careless in his talk. But when he speaks of flowers they seem to glow with color as he pronounces their names, and when he speaks of trees the hearer has a flashing insight of their grandeur, their stateliness, their nobility. "Flowers," he had said, "are for the young.

Their appeal is in their bright colors. Six months—they are gone. But trees," and his voice lingered lovingly on the word, "trees—it takes forty or fifty years to develop the character of a tree."

After talking with John McLaren I visited the park conservatory which I had not entered for several years. I paced the moist flags. I breathed the stifling air in which exotics thrive. I peered through humid panes at gorgeous orchids. I saw the water ripple as the gold fish darted this way and that beneath the nenuphars. I tried to take an interest in lush jungle trailers. But it was all too depressing. I thought of what John McLaren had said about the trees, and I was glad to leave the hothouse for the open air, to turn my back upon the formal lawns and seek the companionship of oaks gnarled and crooked beneath the character-building strokes of forty or fifty years.

Then there came back to me with a new meaning another thing John McLaren had mentioned.

"When I came to the park twenty-seven years ago," he said, "it extended only as far as the conservatory. The band stand was in the conservatory valley. Beyond that the sand dunes stretched to the ocean."

No park of John McLaren's gardening could stop short at a hothouse. I can imagine how that blue eye of his swept past the squat glass pavilion to the free spaces beyond. It takes years to develop the character of a park as of a tree. And in the years since '87 that long stretch of sand beyond the conservatory has taken on the character of John McLaren.

"The wilder region around Stow Lake is my favorite," he said when I asked him what part of Golden Gate Park he liked best. "Conventional landscape gardening does interest me. Every park must have its parterres and formal places, but I prefer wood and rock and water."

This preference, a sound one, we find expressed in the great area of the park which has been reclaimed under the wizard direction of the superintendent.

For he is a wizard, though, strangely enough, only a small number of San Franciscans properly estimated his thaumaturgy until it was exhibited outside his own particular domain. His wonder-working in Golden Gate Park was taken as a matter of course. His miracles of the World's Fair grounds opened the eyes of the general.

The World's Fair has arisen as to the rubbing of a magic lamp. It might be the work of jinns or afrits. It is a creation of glamourie; a marvel of white magic. And in nothing is it so amazing, so distant from the bounds of credibility as in its gardening, the work of John McLaren. Architects have lent it the magnificence of wide-spanded arches and the sublimity of soaring columns; painters have glorified it with mural poems; sculptors have graced it with the white loveliness of the idealized human form; colorists have enriched its walls and domes with the tints of fairyland; but John McLaren has made its soil vibrant with growing trees and its courts fragrant with living flowers. John McLaren is the master-mage who has made the sap flow over all that erstwhile swamp.

There is an old story about an American tourist who went into ecstasies over a plushy lawn at Oxford. She asked the gardener how she

might contrive to have such a lawn on her American estate.

"Well, ye see, mum, it's like this," the old gardener answered while Mrs. Nouveau Riche hung upon his words. "First ye break up the ground. Then ye sow the seed. Then ye rake the ground. Then ye roll the ground and mow it. And then—"

"Yes, yes! And then?"

"And then ye keep on rolling and mowing it for two or three hundred years."

John McLaren by his work at the World's Fair grounds has taken the point from that old story.

"You can make a good lawn in thirty days, if you know how," he says. "That is," he qualified, "you can do it here. I doubt whether it could be done anywhere else in the world in so short a time."

But it will be hard to convince visitors to the World's Fair that its carpet of grass was spread so hastily over a muddy flat.

When John McLaren saw the plans for the World's Fair he threw up his hands.

"These plans," he objected, "call for very high trees. I cannot promise to transplant trees more than thirty feet high."

"Give us thirty-feet trees," was the answer, "and we'll have what no other World's Fair ever dreamed of having."

McLaren went to work. He enriched the garden beds of the Fair with two hundred thousand yards of the most fertile soil from the Sacramento river bottoms. In this soil he planted eucalypti, cypresses, olives, acacias, pines, myrtles, junipers, oranges, bananas and bougainvilleas, selecting them from the richest groves and gardens of Northern California. All of these trees had been prepared for transplanting six months in advance by a system of root-pruning and boxing that had never been tried before, that was in fact the boldest flight of John McLaren's horticultural genius. The World's Fair gardens have plenty of thirty-feet trees; they have many that are fifty and sixty feet high.

"So far," says John McLaren. "we have not lost one."

All World's Fairs have had their flowers, but other World's Fairs have closed their doors before the first blossoms fell. Our World's Fair is to last for ten months, from February to December. That means that John McLaren must reckon with three seasons. He has reckoned with them already.

"The season for our tulips, daffodils, pansies and eschscholtzias will be over by the first of May," he explained to me. "They will give way

(Continued on Page 18.)

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Germany

By an Englishman

Forget for a moment the war and wasted Belgium and the ruins of Rheims Cathedral, and think of Germany and all that she means to the mind among the nations of Europe. She means cradle-songs and fairy stories and Christmas in old moonlit towns, and a queer simple tenderness always childish and musical; with philosophers who could forget the world in thought like children at play, and musicians who could laugh suddenly like children through all their profundities of sound. The Germans of the past were always children, even when they were old and fat and learned; and the world loved, while it laughed at, the contrast between their power and their childishness. All other nations had some wickedness in them, but they kept a kind of innocence that made them the musicians of the world. It was impossible for any other people to produce a Mozart, a genius as high as Michelangelo or Shakespeare but still a child that one would like to comfort when he cried. These Germans of the past were always spoken of as the good Germans; and the world admired their innocence and imposed upon it. It was assumed that they would remain poor but honest, leaving all the prizes of the world to other peoples. And then there came a time when they were no longer content to be treated so, and they made Germany into an Empire so that they might be imposed upon no longer. We cannot complain of that, and when we regret the old Germany, they tell us that our regrets are both sentimental and interested; they have strong practical reasons for preferring the new.

Well, let us confess that they have a right to the German Empire. They have made it and are proud of it; but what has it made of them? Their task, when they took their place among the strong nations of the world, was to put off their childishness; having given up their innocence, it was necessary for them to learn wisdom. This fact they themselves were aware of. They gave up their innocence and set to work to learn wisdom with all their national industry and docility. But still they tried to learn it like children, as if it were a lesson that any school-master might teach. Wisdom they believed was the very opposite of innocence; and this new nation they had made must be the very opposite, in all its aims and principles of the old Germans—the old philosophers who had loved truth, the old musicians who had loved music, the old teachers who had loved learning, each for its own sake. We remember how Mr. Boffin, the Boffin of Dickens' earlier and better intention, resolved to become wise when he became rich, and how he spoilt himself in the process. Well, the Germans now, if only we can have the patience to see it, have spoilt themselves in the same way; and they have some of Mr. Boffin's absurdity even at this moment when they are so terrible. We cannot forgive them now, perhaps, but we still laugh at them a little; and that is the way to understanding, and so to forgiveness. Anyone who had known Mr. Boffin before he was spoilt would have felt the pity of the change and would have seen that, through the change, he still remained the old Boffin. He had always been unworldly; and for this reason, when he made up his mind to be a man of the world, he overdid it. And so the Germans, having made up their minds to be a nation of the world, are overdoing it with

a German thoroughness. They have, as we have said, tried to learn wisdom like industrious scholars, but, being a people naturally simple, they have chosen the worst possible teachers. They went to the Prussians and said to them—Make us a nation of the world; and the Prussians, for their own purposes, did their best, or their worst, with them.

Prussia has gained her power over Germany because she is more utterly worldly than any other nation. We and the French have been worldly enough, but we have always known that there was another world. Prussia has never known that—or rather the other world for her, if it exists at all, is just the same as this one, except that it is more favorable to Prussia. And the Germans, diffident, wavering and credulous in matters of this world, have been overawed by her narrow certainty. They saw that the Prussians, far more stupid than themselves, had gained power; and they went to Prussia to learn the secret of it. So she taught them that all the German virtues, moral and intellectual, had been wasted hitherto because they had not been used in the service of Germany. German thought, German virtue, German culture, must now be all as proudly and consciously German as the German army, and, like that, must be organized for victory. The Prussians taught this because they did not understand the German virtues; and the Germans learnt it because they were still children and Prussia seemed to them to be grown up. Any other people would have seen the absurdity of the teaching; for, when the German philosopher tried to think about the universe in the interests of Germany, he became more consciously German, perhaps, but he ceased to be a philosopher. What Nietzsche said of German music was true also of German thought. "It lost its voice for the soul of Europe and sank into a merely national affair." And the Germans know this and pretend to be proud of it. They have sacrificed what they valued most, and are feverishly determined to value that for which they have sacrificed it. But at the same time they wish to eat their cake and have it. The old disinterested German virtues are gone; but the new German Empire is to be admired because of them. The Spoilt Boffin calls upon mankind to admire him still for his kind and simple heart; and when mankind refuse, he says that it is all through envy of his riches.

For many years now the whole German people have been strained, uneasy and resentful, as if they were maintaining an unnatural attitude and listening suspiciously for the laughter of the world. And it must be confessed that the world has tittered at their awkward heroics, their incessant unspontaneous hoch-hoching, the defiant compliments they pay to their Germany—a Germany they seem to value as a millionaire might value a doubtful and expensive work of art. The world has laughed so at us; but we are thick-skinned and the Germans are not. To them every titter seemed the proof of a dark conspiracy against them. They could not forget their two frontiers or that Teutonic superiority of theirs against which the Slavs are incessantly plotting. Feverishly they saw the world filled with a conflict of races, something more inevitable and inveterate than any conflict of nations, and feverishly they prepared for it. Then at

last and suddenly they forced the catastrophe; they had a right, they thought, to choose their own time for what was inevitable; they had a right to defend themselves by any means. And so the world suddenly discovered how thoroughly they had learnt their lesson. As the old Germans would sacrifice everything to philosophy or learning or music, so the new Germans will sacrifice everything to war. They had always been industrious apprentices in arts and sciences, and now they are industrious apprentices in a systematic devilry. The old German conscientiousness remains to them even if the old German conscience is changed. At this spectacle a purely intellectual being from another planet might laugh; but we see only the horror of it. There is a pedantry in their crimes and in their excuses for them which makes them seem more inhuman than any outburst of brutal impulse.

We have talked of Mr. Boffin, but he belongs to good-natured romance, and we cannot think of him with blood-stained hands. Yet we need to explain the Germans; and we cannot do that if we suppose that by a malign miracle the whole nation has suddenly willed evil. Ask them, and they will tell you that they have a right to their theory of war, as they had a right to all their old theories. But the old theories were in the air, and the new one is being practiced in Belgium. That makes the fatal difference to us, but not to them. They do not know how dangerous theories are when they affect the interests and impulses and brute instincts of men. Some of their own militarist fanatics have said that they have no political aptitude, and they prove that now in their devotion to a theory of self-preservation which is leaving them without a friend in the civilized world. War, they believe, is war, in all ages a return to barbarism; but how if the world has reached a stage at which it will not allow any nation to return to barbarism, at which the conscious barbarian is treated as the enemy of the human race? Then he has no chance unless he is stronger than the human race. And the Germans now have allowed their theory to ride them almost into that desperate pass. They have done what they hoped to do; they have frightened the world, and it laughs at them no longer. But we feel that Providence has played an ugly trick, as Dickens would have done if he had turned Mr. Boffin into a homicidal maniac. And the worst of it is that the Germans are still of the same nature as their fathers, and will some day return to their right minds. That we have always to remember, and to pity them more even than their victims. That old childish Germany of the fairy stories and the cradle songs has been, and it will be again; but the Germans of the future will have memories that no children ought to have.

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Perspective Impressions

The Bohemians gave Michel Weill a blackball and their club a black eye.

Bill Bryan regrets that he cannot talk in California this campaign. But of course the stump is not financially attractive like the Chautauqua circuit.

The Meuse, the Marne, the Aisne, the Oise, the Yser, the Vistula and the San! The official song of this war should be "One More River to Cross."

"Life," says the Rev. Josiah Sibley of Calvary Church, "life is full of positives." Yes, including some very positive clergymen.

The pamphlet sent to every voter that he may be informed as to what it is all about is one of the costly luxuries of direct government. After a while we shall be holding bond elections to raise money to defray the cost of general elections.

Pretty soon we'll have none but superior judges whom everybody can call by their first names.

Election day, then taxes and tunnel assessments followed by Christmas. Life is just one expensive thing after another.

It was noticeable that the people who became excited over the Carman trial didn't take any particular interest in the war news.

If Raphael Weill took back his gifts of paintings and statues the Bohemian would be a cheerless club.

German logic respecting Canada is irrefragable. But until England is driven out of the North Sea it will be somewhat premature to talk about landing a German army in Canada. Meanwhile if Uncle Sam takes but a cursory glance at the fundamentals of Pan-Germanism he will indubitably conclude that it is to his interest to confine it to Europe.

Congress has adjourned, and the English language is beginning to recuperate.

The worst thing about fool election bets is that you can't hedge on them.

Ambassador Marye has at least reached Petrograd. But what of it?

Professor Francke of Harvard says France has been calling for revenge since 1870. True, and Germany has been calling for "a place in the sun."

The Examiner complains that "a ridiculous and mischievous sentimentalism" has taken "the fiber out of manly justice in this State." The Examiner should remember that we are building up the New Kingdom in California—with the assistance of the Examiner. The whole State is becoming emasculate. Even the Barbary Coast has lost its fiber. Everything has something in common with everything else.

Who's Who Hereabouts

XXXIV—RAPHAEL WEILL

With the snobbishness that runs clamantly or subtly through all our social life, to be called a clubman seems to some folks the supreme object of aspiration. For some men there is but one place in the sun, and that is occupied by their club. The club is their refuge from most of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. It ensures them a certain recognition. Perhaps it gains for them a fictitious respectability. Clubs give character to many men who cannot reciprocate. And these men are the snobs of clubdom whom Thackeray branded for us in his immortal Book of Snobs. There has been no change in clubdom since the days of the great satirist. The Sarcophagus Club with its parvenus intoxicated with the pride of membership is still the prevailing type. You will meet therein the man whose only available certificate of character is his membership card, and he always has a blackball ready to keep the club from degenerating. Having got through the portal, perhaps on his knees, and by dint, as sometimes happens, of more horsepower than is required to lift a steel girder to the skyline, he immediately turns to close the door lest somebody else squeeze in and lower the tone of exclusiveness one more degree.

But in all clubs that affect exclusiveness and are consequently more or less ashamed of some of their members, there are men giving away weight, and occasionally you meet a man whose club is his weakness, and who is nevertheless of some consequence. Take for instance Raphael Weill, whose darling was the Bohemian Club until a few days ago. Raphael Weill loved his club. It was to him all that a home is to the happiest, fondest of parents. A bachelor beyond redemption, his deepest love was for his friends, and to him the club was a rallying place of the affections. For many years—more than a quarter of a century—the Bohemian Club was home to Raphael Weill in a very real and definite sense. There were his lares and penates, there was his sphere of harmony and peace where he mingled with his family—such a family of friends as only a lovable and deeply sentimental bach-

elor, kindly and loyal, may grip to his heart with hooks of steel.

Of his club Raphael Weill was very proud. It was to him a hallowed place. He knew it in its infancy, saw it come to maturity and took an active part in the direction of its impulses. In its atmosphere he drank deep of the charm of strange memories. In its traditions is embalmed much of his own personal history.

The Bohemian Club had become a habit with Raphael Weill, a habit that he cultivated through the serene and tranquil years, and now, just as the sun drops to the horizon, bathing him with light at eventide, there comes a sudden change, a chill, one of the crudest of life's cruelties.

Here is a private tragedy that stirs deep, public sympathy. For Raphael Weill is no ordinary citizen of this fair city. He has played a part in the city as well as in his club, a manly part, the part of a generous, open-handed, public-spirited citizen, and his name is a household word. No sorrow can come to Raphael Weill without sending a thrill of sympathy to many hearts.

True, Raphael Weill need not have resigned from the Bohemian Club. But the rebuke he received was little less than an insult. He had proposed his nephew as a candidate for membership. Virtually it was a request that he made, a request that his protegee and relative be admitted to his family circle. The character of the young man he guaranteed by the very act of putting him up for membership. And he was virtually told that his guaranty was not acceptable. So he resigned. What else was there for him to do?

I am of the opinion that Raphael Weill will be missed. He contributed in no small degree to the atmosphere of the Bohemian Club, for temperamentally he is a true Bohemian. A man of taste, he found much of the joy of living in beautiful things—pictures and statuary—and some of the club's choicest works of art were gifts of the veteran member. He is a patron of art, and he has helped along many a needy artist in the club. More than one artist is in-

debted for his foreign training to the enthusiasm of Raphael Weill.

And those Sunday breakfasts in Bohemia! Are they to be woven now into the memories of the past? Must the Old Guard surrender with the warm blood coursing in its veins? Those Old Guard breakfasts were as famous as the mid-summer Jinks, and now that they are to be transplanted by the high-priest of gastronomy there will be hardly anything left to break the Sabbath stillness of Raphael Weill's old home. Not for a long time will there be a new dish discovered in Bohemia. I can fancy Uncle George Bromley turning over in his grave, for Uncle George agreed with Brillat-Savarin that the discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of the human race than the discovery of a planet.

Raphael Weill has set about reconciling himself to the violent change in his habits, and doubtless he will soon recover from the shock, but there is a pathos in it nevertheless.

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Criticising A Critic

By Yorick

(In the San Diego Union)

I am not surprised to learn from himself that the New York Times Book Reviewer does not know who Mr. Theodore Bonnet is, "except that he is a San Francisco newspaper man." No doubt there are others, perhaps many others, as unknown to the New York Times Book Reviewer as is Mr. Bonnet. I am myself free to confess that I do not know who the New York Times Book Reviewer is; and I am sure that he doesn't know me. There are a lot of people in this world who do not know each other. All of which is here uttered to show how absurd even a New York Times Book Reviewer can be when he undertakes, perfunctorily perhaps, to review the work of a man of whom he has never heard, using that negative circumstance (unconsciously it may be) as an excuse for "damning the author with faint praise"—for that is virtually what happens to Mr. Bonnet at the hands of the New York Times Book Reviewer in his review of Mr. Bonnet's play, "A Friend of the People."

It happens that I do know Mr. Bonnet, and I assure the New York Times Book Reviewer that he has lost a very pleasant chapter out of his own life by reason of the misfortune of not knowing the author of "A Friend of the People." Mr. Bonnet is one of those rare products of grudging nature—a cultivated gentleman. To know him is worth the while of even a book reviewer; and his play is a good one notwithstanding the New York Times Book Reviewer's dictum that "Unfortunately, Mr. Bonnet has chosen for the medium of his satire a plot so old that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary (why could not the Reviewer have used an expression more modern?), and of a melodrama so crude that the play could never hope for anything beyond a Broadway success!" Mirabile dictu! Here is a New Yorker who tacitly confesses the provincialism of his favorite town. "Could never hope for anything beyond a Broadway success!" What more could a playwright with an eye to the box office receipts ask? But it is refreshing to find a citizen of New York who is willing to admit that there are "successes" "beyond Broadway." Spruce up, ye cities of the Dog where plays are "tried on"—there's a man down in little old New York who thinks our verdict in current dramatics is superior to the "runs" accorded by the floating population of the American metropolis. Hereafter let playwrights be not discouraged if they fail on Broadway and are acclaimed in Keokuk or Snohomish.

The New York Times Book Reviewer has probably achieved "a Broadway success" on his own account, for he is able to "put over" this platitude, and get away with it—in New York. "People who write may be broadly divided into two classes: those who think life of more importance than literature, and those who regard literature as an end." The Reviewer thinks that "Mr. Bonnet belongs to the first class, and he has not yet learned the game of the second." Oscar Wilde, or even G. K. Chesterton would have handled the epigram more delicately and with less regard for the obviousness of it; and neither of them would have been guilty of the solecism "People who write," for people don't write—persons write; even book reviewers are not "people,"—yet they write. As for the classification, it is indeed "broad" enough to defy analysis except by invidious comparisons of men and

women who have written, and I have no time for that. And to tell you the truth I do not know what the Reviewer means when he says that Mr. Bonnet "has not yet learned the game" of "regarding literature as an end in itself." Literature as a "game" in any sense is a new one on me, although I can imagine Robert W. Chambers or Laura Jean Libby shuffling their cards and dealing diamonds, hearts, queens, heroes and knaves to sentimental schoolgirls and romantic shop-ladies. The "game" of literature! Well, perhaps the Reviewer is right. Perhaps modern literature is just that. But I do not think Mr. Bonnet knew he was expected to "learn the game" when he conceived and constructed his play. I am sure that he thought he was writing something for "an end in itself," whether he considered "life of more importance than literature," or merely tried to produce something which the book reviewers would call "literature."

"A Friend of the People" is a political drama. Heretofore the political drama of the American stage has dealt exclusively with the villainy of the conventional politician, who is a monster of such hideous mien that to be hated needs but to be seen. The conventional politician of the stage is invariably a "boss" or a creature of a boss. Of course he belongs to one or the other of the "old parties." He is as full of tricks as a hand at whist and as prone to devices for the undoing of honest citizens and "the common people" as the sparks to fly upward. He is unscrupulous as a matter of course, and frankly so; he is cynically irreverent of all "ideals," and that is his chief charm of character, because it gives the playwright an opportunity to shoot pungent epigrams at our whole political system; he is supposed to embody all that is detestable in party politics; he is, naturally, a grafter; he is domineering, tyrannical, hateful, yet oftentimes admirable for certain redeeming qualities which the skillful playwright, ever thoughtful of the critics in the fourth row and the book reviewers of Broadway, always inserts as he would punctuate his script with commas, semicolons and dashes. The stage politician of the American drama is a villain indecently successful in his scheming until he is foiled for fair in the climax of the third act and virtue in the form of some honest young hero is permanently triumphant. The curtain descends on the hero and his sweetheart, to whom he "owes so much," in the rite of "sealing their vows with a kiss," or some such vapidly as that—"the happy ending" for which the tired business man yearns and the producing manager clamors unceasingly.

Mr. Bonnet has not used any of this claptrap. He has written a political drama around a "friend of the people," a reformer striving to uplift politics and "the masses" from their political degradation; a "progressive" marching onward like a Christian soldier to Armageddon. Governor Hopkins in Mr. Bonnet's play is everything that we know in this sort of politics in California; and he is true to life if not to "literature" in that he is an arrant hypocrite. He "plays the game" just as unscrupulously as the "standpat boss" or the grafting gangster of the conventional political drama, but with this difference: He masks his villainy under the guise of "a friend of the people;" he is a demagogue trying to fool all the people all the time.

This is something new in the drama; and it is something positively unique in the political drama of the American stage. It is Tartuffe and Uriah Heep and Pecksniff in politics. You may take your choice. But it is the real thing. We see it all around us today in the politics of the campaign now whirling to its close in this State. Aside from the incidents of the plot Mr. Bonnet's play is a replica of existing conditions under the Johnson administration. It may not be as "literary" as the New York Times Book Reviewer regrets, but it is surely all of "life" as we know it in "progressive" politics not only in California but wherever this political hypocrisy is rampant and dominant.

In Mr. Bonnet's play the villain "reformer" is finally ruthlessly exposed, gets drunk and shoots himself. The playwright, true to the traditions of his craft, prefers to show us what ought to be rather than what is; and this is the only fault I find with his play. Imagine any of these uplifters shooting themselves merely because they had been found out! I do not object to the ending because it is "unhappy," for it is not; the villain gets what he deserves; but I would rather see the "reformer" in stripes than in his shroud, and if I ever write a political drama that is the way I am going to dress my hypocritical villain at the last curtain. In this regard, I think I shall be truer to life than Mr. Bonnet has been. This class of politicians do not kill themselves—they "vindicate" their "course;" that is to say, they brazen it out. I fear that Mr. Bonnet has dignified his villain by driving him to drink and suicide. But as a whole "A Friend of the People" is a fine play—the best of its class written for the American stage. For it tells the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

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Poems About San Francisco

CLXIX—THE GHOST CITY

By Mabel Porter Pitts

(The following poem was written while San Francisco was still prostrate beneath the disaster of 1906. It is taken from Mabel Porter Pitts' volume "In the Shadow of the Crag.")

Beneath a shroud of ashen gray it lies
As ghostly still as rose that fateful dawn
Which shrunk to wake the day's o'erbending skies.

Small whirls of powd'ry dust lift now and then
In silent eddies from its pulseless heart,
Then, awed by their own motion, sink again.

Great arms, that scorn the shroud, rise gaunt and bare
Unsteady swaying in the fitful breeze;
Strange flutt'rings, born of nothing, stir the air.

Dark, threat'ning forms start up as if in fright
At one another; things familiar once
Lie desolate and strange beneath the light.

But when the mercy of the night has thrown
A veil across the pleading, tortured face
'Tis then the well-beloved claims her own.

Then life is seen and all her ways of mirth
Give happy greeting; pilgrims from afar
Come back in dream to each familiar hearth.

All follow where their inclinations bend,
All find their joy; no menace rears its head
To hush the word where friend would speak with friend.

Some leave the throng to seek the favored spot
They, only, know; within its sacred calm
The glare upon the night sky is forgot.

O, broken City! Men may leave no trace
To tell the tale of beauty that has been;
And though they set a better in thy place

And though they write thy fall in chiseled stone
'Twill not avail; supreme in loyal hearts
Forever and forever—thou alone.

And thou shalt put aside all hind'ring bars
And rise again to ease the yearning cry
Of watchers dreaming late beneath the stars.

The Spectator

The Weill Affair

Not in many years has San Francisco clubdom been stirred as it has been by the blackballing of Michel Weill at the Bohemian Club and the consequent resignation of his uncle Raphael Weill. This sensation has been under discussion for a week now, and I have yet to hear a single person uphold the action of the election committee or disapprove the stand taken by the head of the White House. The most earnest efforts have been made to induce Raphael Weill to withdraw his resignation, but all without success, and it is plain that the club will be compelled to accept it, despite the reluctance of the board of directors to lose the chief of the "old guard," a man who joined the club forty-two years ago and lived in it for a quarter of a century, a man too who was on its small roll of honorary members. Judging from the comment I have heard everywhere the Bohemian Club has hurt itself terribly. Although, as one prominent Bohemian puts it, "the Bohemian Club can be expected to make a fool of itself at least once a month" such narrow-minded stupidity as is evident in this Weill affair is only exhibited once in a decade.

The Real Reason

Raphael Weill is a French Jew. So is his nephew Michel Weill. And it was on account of his Jewish blood that Michel Weill was blackballed. Everybody in the Bohemian Club knows that, and so do hundreds outside of it. The papers must have been aware of it, though they refrained from even hinting at it. Why they did so I cannot fathom. Their reticence works an injustice to an altogether fine young man, for newspaper readers, ignorant of the anti-Jewish sentiment that is rampant in the Bohemian Club, are apt to conclude that Michel Weill was found personally unworthy of membership. Nothing could be farther from the fact. The young man who was wounded in the service of France and

is once more at the battle front is more than eligible, judged by any standard of Bohemianism (heaven save the mark!), but he happens to be a Jew. That is the alpha and omega of his offending.

A Case of Reprisal

To understand why Michel Weill was blackballed we must go back three years. Three years ago Oscar Sutro was proposed for membership in the Bohemian Club. Oscar Sutro belongs to one of the most distinguished families in San Francisco, a family noted particularly for the fine quality of its intellectual cultivation. Oscar Sutro is one of the most prominent members of the San Francisco bar. He would be an ornament to any club. That his friends should wish to have him a member of the Bohemian was quite natural, for Mrs. Oscar Sutro is the sister of the late Denis O'Sullivan who was one of the best beloved of Bohemian clubmen. But Oscar Sutro is a Jew. That was enough for the bigots of Bohemia. Despite the fact that many of the most influential members of the club urged his election, he was blackballed. That so incensed the friends of Oscar Sutro that they determined to encompass the blackballing of every Jew proposed for membership. No Jew has since become a member of the club. Michel Weill's name is the first that has been made an issue in the election committee. It is quite unnecessary to point out that Oscar Sutro is in no way responsible for this condition. His champions simply embarked on a campaign of reprisals, doubtless for the purpose of salving their own pride. Michel Weill has the misfortune to be their victim.

Weill's Grief

When Raphael Weill started to communicate the news about his favorite nephew to Jean Gallois, his young associate in the White House, Gallois thought that Raphael had received word

that Michel had been killed in battle, his grief was so great. It is indeed a severe blow to the elderly Bohemian. He refuses to believe that the blackballing was due to Michel's Jewish blood, insisting that it was a stroke of vindictiveness aimed at himself on account of his stand in connection with the Portola celebration. Raphael Weill opposed the Portola celebration on the ground that business conditions in the city did not warrant the severe strain on our merchants imposed by the collection of the Portola fund. Certain men prominent in the Portola celebration are influential in the Bohemian Club, and Raphael Weill blames them for what has happened. The famous Sunday morning breakfasts will be continued in the apartments Weill has taken at the Fairmont.

The Wet Land

"There's a man with ideas!" said the man who winds the ferry clock. He was speaking of Gavin McNab, author of the scheme to bring the landless Belgians to the manless land.

Harbor Commissioner Dwyer shook his head dubiously. "I don't think so much of that scheme," he said. "We must keep out the cheap labor of Europe."

"Say, Joe, you always talk as though you were addressing a political meeting," said the clock winder. "Of course we don't want cheap labor, but we do want some common sense, and the Belgians have a lot of it. It would be a great thing for this State if we could manufacture citizens out of raw material from Belgium; enough of them to offset the yahoo votes that have come to us from Kansas and Oklahoma. That was what McNab was thinking about. He knows the State is going crazy. It isn't the soil that needs tilling; it's the electorate. That's clear enough from the things we have to vote on this year."

"Do you think the Belgians are more intelligent than the Californians?" Dwyer asked.

"I know this," said the clock winder; "that people get the kind of government they deserve, and that there is no better government anywhere than the government of Belgium. Here are a few facts for you, Joe: Belgium is a most densely populated country, but the Belgians don't emigrate, and there are no paupers among them; in thrifty Belgium there is thrift of the individual, thrift of the family, co-operative thrift and national thrift, and there is, or rather was before this war, great prosperity in the face of the keenest competition in the world."

"Extraordinary!" Dwyer exclaimed.

"Yes," said the clock winder, "but more extraordinary, if we accept the flubdub of the prohibition agitator, Belgium drinks more beer per capita than any country in the world. Our National Department of Commerce and Labor recently published some comparative liquor statistics showing the per capita annual consumption of liquors in eight countries. In Belgium it is a fraction over 56 gallons. The United Kingdom is second with a fraction over 35 gallons. Germany is third with a fraction over 30 gallons, and the United States is fourth with a fraction over 18 gallons. In Belgium, there are no drunkards. They don't have time to get drunk there. They drink beer as a food. Can you imagine any Belgians emigrating to a dry State? It would seem to them like deliberately going to an insane asylum."

The Misleading Meeting

"That was a fine meeting we had the other night," said Dwyer, by way of changing the subject. "It made Johnson look like a winner."

"I don't know about that," the clock winder observed. "Ever since the Gage-Maguire campaign I've quit taking campaign meetings as a basis of prognostication."

"Why so?"

"Maguire got all the crowds in the campaign, but Gage got all the votes on election day. And it has been the same way ever since. Franklin K. Lane got all the crowds, and Pardee got the votes. And when Lane was running for Mayor against Schmitz Franklin packed the Pavilion the last night of the campaign, but he couldn't pack a booth the next day."

"Oh, but we all know," said Dwyer, "that Ruef packed the Lane meeting to divide the opposition."

"Quite true," said the clock winder. "But say, Joe, what about the Johnson meetings? Who packs them? You know that we are all ordered out at every meeting hereabouts. If anybody on the payroll didn't show up at a meeting he'd lose his job, wouldn't he? Most of the boys bring their sisters and their cousins and their aunts. And the Governor has a good, long payroll to draw from."

"Don't you think he's going to win?"

"It all depends on whether the State will have a lucid interval."

The Status of Phelan

I am told that the word "has gone down the line" for all Democrats in sympathy with the State Central Committee to vote against Phelan, and that the result will be apparent all over the State when the senatorial vote is counted. Phelan is being openly charged by Democrats faithful to the State Central organization with an attempt to wreck the organization to further his own ends. The Phelan program is Phelan first and then Governor Johnson, and the Curtin men are on the warpath. Chairman Fred Hall and Secretary Bob Troy of the State Central Committee waited on Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane the day of his arrival to ask that he speak for Curtin as well as for Phelan. When he flatly refused there was a stormy scene. His refusal is charged up to Phelan's influence. When Commissioner of Immigration Caminetti arrived here he gave out a statement indorsing Curtin and promised to speak for him in his North Beach meeting. But he uttered not a single word about Curtin in that speech. Here again Curtin's friends see the Phelan hand. They see evidence of the Phelan-Johnson alliance in the activity of Olaf Tveitmo in Phelan's behalf. The champion of the McNamara is a good Progressive, and he is taking Progressive program—Johnson and Phelan. All these things are making Democrats of the State organization furious, and they vow that they will have their revenge on Phelan next Tuesday.

The Gambling Carnivals

It is indeed an obscure district of San Francisco these days which hasn't its street carnival. Eureka Valley, Fillmore street and Sixth street are the latest, with plenty more to come. These carnivals are given, ostensibly, under the aus-

pices of various improvement associations; in reality they are promoted by certain wide-awake easterners who make this form of exploitation their exclusive business and do very nicely at it. The improvement associations are drawn in without difficulty because the decorations and lights and contests for queen of the carnival, etc., bring people out and make new business for restaurants, saloons, candy stores, haberdashers, etc. But the big "clean-up" is made by the promoters through the gambling games without which no carnival is complete. The favorite games are the "duck pond," the "teddy bear wheel" and the "cologne raffle." These are patronized principally by children, and the profits are enormous. It is estimated that the promoters make about ten thousand out of each carnival, and that they will be one hundred thousand dollars ahead before they exhaust the carnival possibilities of San Francisco.

The Papers Are Silent

A few days ago a father wrote a letter of protest on this subject to the Chief of Police. He objected to the carnival in his district because he found his children had been gambling for teddy bears. The Chief of Police turned the letter over to the Mayor, and the Mayor read it at the meeting of the Board of Supervisors on Monday. There was an hour's discussion with the result that there was no gambling at the Fillmore street carnival which opened that night. But on Tuesday the embargo was removed for some reason or other, the gambling proceeded merrily and the promoters began raking in the money. If there was any mention of this in the daily papers it escaped my eye. Of course the papers write a lot of special advertising contracts during these carnivals. That may be why they overlooked the protest and discussion of carnival gambling at the meeting of our city fathers. Meanwhile legitimate places of amusement are feeling the effects of these carnivals, and are curious to know why all this street gambling is allowed.

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Are you for a \$3.81 rate? \$2.24 is your present rate; \$3.81 may be your rate if the proposed "Home Rule in Taxation Amendment" is passed.

This amendment is nothing more or less than SINGLE TAX, and is backed financially by Eastern single taxers.

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The Real Estate Board looks upon Amendment No. 7 as a most pernicious measure, and calculated to destroy investments in San Francisco real estate. It is to your interest not only to vote against Amendment No. 7, but to work against it.

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The Misfire Celebration

The first through train carrying the spike-drivers from San Francisco to Eureka was held up for several hours by a slide near a little place called McCann's in Humboldt county. The reporters aboard the train wanted to reach Eureka in time to send their articles to the San Francisco morning papers by telegraph, so Chief Construction Engineer Williams of the road provided them with an engine and a car and sent them through while the ceremonial train waited for the removal of the slide. All Eureka was waiting at the station for the arrival of the train. There were horns and whistles and confetti and fireworks and all the other paraphernalia of such a celebration. As soon as the whistle of the engine was heard, just about midnight, the noisy welcome began. Horns were blown, whistles were tooted, confetti and serpentine filled the air, and as the engine and its one car came to a stop rockets went hissing into the sky and the match was applied to an elaborate set piece, Eureka's chef d'oeuvre of fireworks. And then Fred Bunch, Lem Parton and Ray Taylor of the Examiner and Charley Horne of the Chronicle stepped out on the platform, inquiring the way to the telegraph office! The real "first train" arrived three hours later, and Eureka gave it a noisy welcome, but alas! the fireworks were all gone.

A Silurian Discovered

The celebration at Eureka centered round the exercises in Sequoia Park. While Mayor Rolph was making his address, a feeble, emaciated graybeard touched Lem Parton of the Examiner on the elbow and inquired who the speaker was.

"The Mayor of San Francisco," said Parton.

"I thought the Mayor of San Francisco was in jail," said the graybeard.

Parton was too dumfounded to make adequate reply.

"Ask him about it," he said, referring the oldest inhabitant to Fred Bunch, another Examiner man.

"I thought the Mayor of San Francisco was in jail," said the graybeard to Bunch.

"He was," said Bunch, "but the Governor pardoned him at the request of some very rich men."

"Do you mean Governor Johnson?" asked the Eureka man.

"The same," said Bunch.

"I don't believe he'd listen to a rich man," said the silurian.

"He did in this instance," insisted Bunch.

"Did the Mayor kill anybody?" asked the old fellow.

That was too much. Bunch and Parton retired to laugh. They suppose the old fellow confounded Rolph with Schmitz, but are at a loss to account for his final question.

Larry Harris' Party

Larry Harris gave a dinner followed by two-bit poker the other night, his guests being Police Commissioner James Woods, Chief of Police Gus White, M. J. (Why?) Brandenstein, Melville Marx of the Columbia Theatre, Fred Patek, the wholesale butcher, Roy Carruthers of the Cliff House, Billy Humphrey, lawyer and Olympian,

George Holberton of the gas company and Charles Stewart, mine host of the hotel of that name. These guests were bidden to the Harris home, first by telephone, next by telegram, then by cable and finally by letter. It was expressly stipulated that the party was "subject to strikes, accidents, willingness of wife, health of children, temper of bulldog, disposition of cook, courtesy of tradespeople or any other delays unavoidable or beyond control." Guests were instructed that "anyone appearing with more than a conservative expanse of shirt front will be requested to wait upon the table," the reason being that "this occasion has every promise of breaking up in a row, and I can see no reason for spoiling any dark or openwork clothes." It was also stipulated that "any gentleman detected with a wax finger will be compelled to play with tin cards." In spite of these restrictions the party took place. The dinner part of it was voted a success.

The Decadence of the Game

The real poker players of the party (which designation excludes the host) are seriously wondering whether the great American indoor game has not fallen on degenerate days. Of the ten present three had to be instructed how to play. These were Humphrey, Marx and Chief White. The worst of these was Humphrey. Jim Woods bet Patek that the president of the Olympic Club would lose more money than

Marx, and won handily. Mine host Stewart claimed to know nothing of the game, but as he always "stayed" and invariably had to be reminded to "put in," and as he not infrequently played with eight cards in his hand, his claim was regarded with suspicion. Mel Marx went to the party with a conductor's belt full of quarters, dimes and nickels strapped around his waist; he left with the belt. Jim Woods would have played a better game if he had had time; but as he had piles of nickels and dimes stacked in front of him and had to recount and stack them every time the other players tugged the table cloth and sent them sprawling, he could not keep his mind on the game.

The Playing of Harris

I have interviewed several of the players, and find them all contemptuous of their host's playing while loud in praise of his hospitality. Said Chief of Police White: "Harris couldn't detect a good hand if I lent him my whole upper office." Said Patek: "Harris will be a good poker player when he learns that a flush beats a straight. Some day he may realize that it is bad policy to try to fill a straight that is open in the middle. Meanwhile his playing must disturb the rest of the late Mr. Hoyle." Said Holberton of Pacific Gas and Electric: "If the lights hadn't been so good Harris might have been able to get a hand out of the deck." Said



GERTRUDE COGLAN

The famous legitimate actress who will appear next week in William C. De Mille's farce "Food" at the Orpheum.

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Humphrey: "I am not the best poker player in town, but I'll say one thing. The reason we have no poker in the Olympic Club is to protect men who play just such a game as Harris plays." Finally I asked Roy Carruthers about Harris' playing. "As a poker player," said Roy, "Larry is a good conversationalist. He can play with adjectives, but not with cards. I never saw a man shuffle and deal epigrams more skilfully. It was a pleasure to enjoy his hospitality, but a crime to take his money."

When the News Became Public

Senator Gus Hartman who was married to Miss Lillian Beck, a popular Western Addition girl, in the midst of his fight for re-election to the State Senate, kept the news of his engagement a secret as long as possible. But it leaked out two or three weeks ago, and when the marriage took place at San Rafael his friends were not as surprised as they might otherwise have been. This is how it leaked out: A very prepossessing young lady went into the Emporium where there was a registration booth and asked to be placed upon the roll of voters. She answered the usual questions readily until the registration clerk asked her what party she wished to vote for. Then a blush spread over her face.

"Well," she coyly confessed, "the party I would like to vote for is my fiance Mr. Gus Hartman, but I'm afraid I can't as I don't live in his district."

That is how the news of Gus' romance got abroad.

A Tip for the Police

I am told on pretty good authority that General Kelly, the notorious leader of our late Army of the Unemployed, is back in San Francisco, and that he is laying plans to raise another army in our midst. Kelly was arrested in Sacramento when the unemployed rioted there, but hastened back to this city on his release. The man is an unmitigated nuisance and ought to be abated before his mischief proceeds too far. I give this tip to the police for what it is worth. For aught I know Chief White may have his eye on him already.

Two Important Measures

A measure which should be voted against on Tuesday is that providing for the removal of the cemeteries from Lone Mountain. This is a scheme repugnant alike to common sense and sentiment and is being urged by real estate dealers and other selfish interests indifferent to the hardship which will be worked upon poor people with relatives buried in these cemeteries and to the grave dangers of epidemic that will arise with the wholesale opening of graves. It is to be hoped that a heavy vote will be polled against this measure. On the other hand, a measure calling for support is No. 43 on the ballot exempting

certain property of colleges from taxation. The amendment concerns Mills College, St. Mary's, Santa Clara, St. Ignatius and a few other institutions in the southern part of the State. Voters should not hesitate to support this measure, since every State in the Union except California exempts college property from taxation.

A Candidate Deserving of Confidence

There is no better known man running for office in this campaign than George James, Progressive candidate for the State Board of Equalization. Mr. James is a man of the highest stand-



ing in commercial circles, and he is known throughout the country, wherever amateur athletics are fostered, for he has been identified for many years with the Pacific Amateur Athletic Union, an institution devoted to the preservation of the high character of amateur athletics.

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Her latest gown is rich attire—

Betokening a richer sire;

From golden crown to dainty feet

She's luring, luscious, fair and sweet—

A jewel one would fain acquire.

That gown though bold, does not aspire

To hold her charms concealed entire,

Indeed, 'tis almost too discreet—

Her latest gown.

There is a gown I more admire,

For simpleness, and oft conspire—

But hopelessly—to spy the treat;

'Tis when she seeks her virgin sheet

She dons it, musing by the fire,

Her—er—latest gown.

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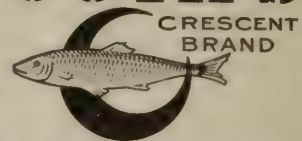
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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Mammy and the Belvedere

At her latest "heure intime" Miss Clara Alexander told a dinky story which sent her audience of women into convulsions of laughter. Miss Alexander told of a wealthy southern family which made a European tour every year. One year they took the old colored mammy with them. During their stay in Rome the mammy accompanied them everywhere on their sightseeing trips, to churches, galleries, museums and ancient ruins. She was with them when they visited the Vatican Gallery, and when they all stood before the Apollo Belvedere she was the only member of the party who did not break into raptures about that incomparable statue. While the others were exclaiming over the symmetry of limb, the grace of poise, the combination of muscular and godlike beauty that make this work of art an unapproachable masterpiece, the mammy remained silent. Finally one of the young ladies of the family turned to her.

"Mammy," she cried, "don't you think it is perfectly lovely?"

"Well, you know, honey," replied the old colored woman, "Ah've been in yo' family a powerful long time. Ah raised all the boys in yo' family, Ah did. When yo' brother Charles was a boy Ah washed him, and when yo' cousin Dick was a baby Ah washed him too. So there ain't much recreation for me in things like this!"

Hearst Still Dancing

William Randolph Hearst is dancing quite as much in New York as he did during his stay in San Francisco, and it will be recalled that he did a great deal of dancing, principally ragging, while sojourning here. Maurice opened a new dancing resort in New York a few evenings ago, and Hearst was very much in evidence, entertaining a party of sixteen. He was one of the most noticed dancers there, dividing attention with Judge Elbert Gary, Ethel Barrymore, Mrs. Ralph Thomas, Clifton Crawford, Donald Brian, Pauline Frederick and our old friend Amy Crocker Gouraud who had Valeska Suratt as her guest.

Our Lost Opportunity

Mrs. Philip Martineau of London, a sister of the Countess of Maitland, has returned to England after a tour of the United States where she gave a series of lectures on gardening and tree planting. It will be remembered that Mrs. Martineau visited this city during her tour of the Pacific Coast. On her arrival in London she was interviewed by the Daily Mail, and had some interesting things to say about this city. Mrs.

Martineau said that she found in this country a widespread interest in flower gardening, both public and domestic. The outstanding exception, she said, was San Francisco. She was disappointed in this city on account of the "haphazard way houses had been set up, after the earthquake, without trees, and without any practical attempt having been made to beautify the new-born city of the West." And she added: "I was filled with regret when I realized what a great opportunity had been lost after the fire to make San Francisco a place of beauty. The city is now simply a collection of houses and shops, and yet it could have been made a city of great beauty, delightful alike to residents and visitors." Portland, Oregon, on the other hand, pleased her greatly. "Here, every year," she said, "one hundred rose trees are given away to the people to beautify the fronts of their houses. It is a magnificent idea. Other cities and towns should copy it." It is interesting to recall that M. Calmette, the editor of Figaro, wrote a special appreciation of the work Mrs. Martineau was doing only a week before his tragic death at the hands of Mme. Caillaux.

A Thoughtful Act

Sidney Starr, one of the most popular members of the Family Club, has been lying ill for several months in a Belmont sanatorium. He is frequently visited by his club fellows, but there are many hours of loneliness for him just the same. To cheer him up one of the prettiest acts of kindly thoughtfulness I have heard of in a long time was performed last Saturday afternoon. The inspiration came to Milton Cook of the H. N. Cook Belting Co., and he was assisted in carrying it out by Louis Haas of the Crown Distilleries and Aleck Young, the accountant. They are all members of the Family. Six automobiles conveyed the members of the club's amateur orchestra with all their instruments from San Francisco to Belmont, and a piano was hauled to the same place from the Family Farm near Woodside. Cook, Young and Haas were visiting Starr at the time; and at a signal from them the musicians began to play under his open window. They gave an elaborate program, and it was not confined to instrumental selections, for Mackenzie Gordon of the splendid voice was there to sing. Starr was deeply affected. He declares that the concert has advanced him far along the road to recovery.

Jimmy Hopper's Discovery

Jimmy Hopper of Carmel, novelist and short story writer, was born in Paris, the son of an Irish father and a French mother. All who know him are aware of the deep pride he has always taken in his French citizenship. To Jimmy Hopper France is the land of all enlightenment, culture and progress. At the outbreak of the war Hopper's pro-French sympathies were aggressively to the fore wherever he appeared. His joy may be imagined when the Saturday Evening Post asked him to go to Europe to write articles on the war. He accepted with alacrity, but he did not forget that he was a husband and father. Before leaving home he adopted the precaution of taking out American naturalization papers at Salinas. He felt that his duty to his wife and children demanded that he guard against being drafted into the French

army. Swearing allegiance to Uncle Sam was a big sacrifice for him, but he considered it one which he was called upon to make. At last reports Hopper was in Paris with Irvin Cobb and other American magazine writers. And lo, the first thing he learned on arriving there was that he had never been a French citizen at all. He found to his great chagrin that he had been all his life a British subject. It salved somewhat the wound inflicted by the step toward American naturalization, but just the same it plunged him into profound dejection. Poor Jimmy, he is on the way to being an American but the way leads from Great Britain, not from his dearly beloved France.

Gowns at the Cliff House

The first dance of the Dolce Far Niente at the Cliff House was a veritable fashion show. Mrs. Harry Scott was gowned in midnight blue net draped beautifully, with red roses under the net.



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Mrs. Stuart Haldorn wore a gown of white taffeta with long slashing bands of jet to accentuate the slim, straight lines. Mrs. Adrian Splivalo was in white satin perfectly straight up and down with a loose overdress of silver net caught to the figure by little wreaths of silver French roses. Mrs. William A. Lange wore a gown of opalescent beads over pink satin with a band of ermine as a sash and touches of black velvet offsetting the ermine of the corsage. Mrs. Lester Herrick was in dark greenish-blue satin with a gold lace overdress and a girdle of cherry red embroidered with blue flowers. Mrs. Edgar De Wolfe was gowned in white chiffon banded with white satin. The dancing of Mlle. La Gai and Quentin Todd was a positive sensation, their Russian dance being applauded with special fervor. Altogether this first Dolce Far Niente augured a fine season for the merry club.

A Charming Wedding

A charming wedding of recent date was that in which Miss Constance McAuliffe became the bride of Mr. Leo Carew. It was solemnized with nuptial mass at St. Agnes Church last Wednesday morning at nine o'clock, the Rev. Father Slattery officiating. The bride was given away by her brother Mr. Florence McAuliffe, and was attended by her sister Miss Katharine McAuliffe, while Mr. Alfred Carew, a brother of the groom, acted as best man. After a wedding breakfast at the home of the bride in Buena Vista avenue the young couple left for a wedding tour of Southern California.

Miss Alexander's Success

Miss Clara Alexander's "Heures Intimes" have become so popular that she has found it necessary to give two a week, one on Monday afternoons and the other on Thursday evenings, the place being Paul Elder's art gallery. Next Monday afternoon at three o'clock she will, by request, give a number of coster stories, appearing in the costume of a coster girl. She will also give several Scotch and negro dialect stories

and a feature of the afternoon will be a complete description of cotton and the cotton industry, illustrated by everything pertaining to the production of finished cloth, from the cotton pod up. Miss Alexander's long residence in the south fits her peculiarly for this talk and she will also tell of the growth of cotton and the industry in California. For this portion of the entertainment she will wear a white tarleton crinoline. Miss Alexander will again be assisted by Foster Krake, the favorite baritone.

A Timely Reminder

How prone we are to put off our Christmas shopping till the last minute! And how sorry we feel at the last minute that we did not take time by the forelock and shop early! And what good resolutions we make for next year! To be reminded of all this is a boon. That is why the Misses Moore and Clarke of 177 Post street are earning the gratitude of their patrons. These eminent photographers have sent out a Christmas reminder to their sitters. It is in the form of advice to make immediate appointments for holiday photographs and thus avoid the December rush and the danger of disappointment. The wise will heed this advice.

Hallowe'en Dance at Tavern

It seems as if everyone of the smart set is found, sooner or later, enjoying one of the Informal Dansants at Techau Tavern. These dances occur on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings and are the most delightful public dances occurring in San Francisco. The ventilation of the Tavern is perfect and the new maple floor a delight, and, no matter how joyous the occasion, there is always noticeable at the Tavern an air of refinement and respectability which is pleasing to the best element of society. This Saturday evening an informal Hallowe'en dance will be given at this cafe.

You can't use cusswords in polite society, but you can always substitute a cursory glance.

Wigg—Do you believe it is unlucky to get married on Friday?

Wagg—Certainly; but why make Friday the exception?

"I hear the sea captain is in hard luck. He married a girl and she ran away from him."

"Yes; he took her for a mate, but she was a skipper."

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Gossip of the Theatre

The Opening Symphony

So fine a performance as the one that marked the opening of the symphony season by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra was not to be expected. It was such a performance as one expects only from an orchestra that takes delight in a program it has rendered many times. The musicians must have come to that opening performance in perfect unison of spirits. Of Mr. Henry Hadley it is certain that he came clothed with a power of control in the nature of an absolutism. Mr. Hadley appears to have grown between seasons, and to have acquired a firmer grasp. Not a nuance escaped him, and with quiet power he restrained the sometimes eager individuality of his virile instrumentalists, while, at times, he got them to sing in embroidered cadence, all without losing any of the composers' musical intention in ensemble. The Kalinnikow symphony was the number of greatest interest. It has that Russian psychic appeal impossible not to feel. There is something in the Russians that renders them susceptible to the intoxication of music. It is a fact that listening to gypsy music in his native country the Russian comes under a tyrannical spell. There is no form of relaxation so dear to the Russian as that which is provided by music. He takes to music as a dissipation. Perhaps it is this ardent feeling for music that expresses itself in the strange works of Russian composers giving them a characteristic and mysterious fascination. The Kalinnikow symphony (G minor) throbs with it in each of its four beautiful movements, making us long for a second hearing soon. The Brahms Variation on a Haydn theme was another exceptionally well played number which revealed the conductor's sense of musical values. The Overture to Sakuntala (Goldmark), a charming and famous composition, was the first on the program, and had the Goldmark effect of leaving the audience exhilarated. The Von Weber number (Overture to Euryanthe) while pleasing and read with intelligence, had somewhat the effect of an anti-climax, but only because the audience had been so far up on the heights earlier in the concert. The excellence of the performance on Friday has been attributed to an unusual number of rehearsals rather than to any change in the personnel of the orchestra. If so, let us cry for a continuation of such rehearsals. The artistic gratification should mean much to that band of really fine musicians, and let us hope will in time result in value of the materialistic sort.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

"The Whip" From Old Drury

Not in the palmiest days of Howard street did a San Francisco audience hiss a villain more cordially than the crowd at the Cort hissed Captain Greavill Sartoris on Sunday night. And never did a villain so deserve hissing. Captain Greavill Sartoris was highborn, and his plunge into villainy correspondingly low. He seduced an innocent maiden and laughed a hollow laugh when she pleaded for marriage. He corrupted a weak clergyman and led him into sacrilege and forgery. He used fraud to get an heiress' indorsement on his note. He wrecked a train. He even tried to keep a sure winner from running in the Two Thousand Guineas. And through all his career of villainy he smoked cigarettes, wore the smartest of evening clothes and with his flashing eyes, his dark hair and mustache managed to look handsomer than any other man in

the cast, not excepting the hero. It was exactly the same with the villainess. Mrs. D'Aquilla was far from being a good woman. The papers had published shocking stories about her, all of them quite true. She had no respect at all for the marriage tie. She valued men for their money only. And yet how splendidly she dressed! And what a handsome woman she was! Lady Di, the heroine, couldn't hold a candle to her in looks. But fine feathers do not make fine birds, and beauty is only skin deep. Retribution overtook Captain Sartoris and Mrs. D'Aquilla in the last scene of the last act. All their villainy was exposed just before the last curtain fell, and they were ordered into the custody of the police. If they got their deserts they are probably doing "hard" in Reading Goal, while triumphant virtue in the persons of Lord Brancaster and Lady Di is presiding over hunt breakfasts at Falconhurst. This may not be life just as we know it, but it is excellent melodrama, far more entertaining than many a serious drama we have been treated to of late. "The Whip" proves that our love of the tank drama is not dead. Let us hope, though, that the managers won't give us too much of it.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Good Music at the Orpheum

The musical numbers are the best at the Orpheum this week. The show is opened by Ida Divinoff, a Russian violinist who has the assistance of her sister Sara at the piano. It is plain to the eye that Miss Divinoff loves her fiddle. When she plays she forgets everything but the music, returning to consciousness of the audience only when it applauds, as it does warmly, for she plays unusually well. She was happiest in a Sarasate number which she rendered with great spirit, throwing her whole soul into the strings. Kreisler's Viennese Caprice she played with feeling and with something of that fine restraint so characteristic of Kreisler both as player and as composer. Her rendition of "Endearing Young Charms" won her a deserved ovation. Theodore Bendix and his three associate players contributed the other musical number. We know what to expect from Bendix and he does not disappoint. Men like him do a great deal to improve the musical taste of vaudeville audiences. It is a pleasure to know that he is appreciated. Leo

Sachs' 'cello solo enraptured the Orpheumites, and so did Arthur Lichstein's violin solo, a lively Spanish dance. Nevin's "Mighty Lak a Rose" was the ensemble number the audience liked best. Eunice Burnham who confesses to being "fat, not plump" and Charles Irwin have an enjoyable act of music and stories. Joe Jefferson gives a far-fetched De Mille playlet which pleases despite its implausibility, no doubt because it is well acted. Frank North is always good because he gives us a real country type which is a relief after the "rubes" we are so accustomed to on the stage. Claude Golden's card tricks cannot be surpassed. But there is no excuse for Jesse Lasky's "Three Beautiful Types." This sort of thing is beneath the Orpheum. It belongs in a sideshow at the Fillmore street carnival.

—E. F. O'Day.

A Case of Destiny at Pantages

The Westerner who has made his pile has a luxurious apartment in New York presided over by the Woman parenthetically described in the program as "a rag, a bone and a hank of hair," so of course their relations are irregular. This vampire has sapped his vitality, and he's a drunken wreck when he discovers the Easterner in the apartment trying to steal the Woman from him. There's a furious scene in the course of which the Westerner discovers that the Easterner is his brother, also that "mother passed away shortly after you left home." You may imagine the Westerner's maudlin grief. All that is left for him is to save the Easterner from his own fate, to preserve him from the clutches of the vampire. And of course he himself must leave her. But she won't hear of this. Another furious scene in the course of which he strips her to brassiere and petticoat and is mortally shot. Then the vampire kills herself. The Easterner who is a reporter, rings up his editor and announces that he has a first-page story. Being a philosopher he informs us that it is all a case of destiny. The audience at Pantages is not very philosophical, but it likes this "powerful dramatic sensation." There are other acts on the bill it likes too: "Slivers" Oakley, the baseball clown, the Exposition Jubilee Four (colored singers hard to beat), Lyon and Cullum in "varied bits," Silber and North, billed as "the



RUDOLPH GANZ

The eminent pianist who will give two splendid programs at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, November 8 and Saturday afternoon, November 14.

bashful man and the maid," and Webber's Juvenile Orchestra.

—E. F. O'D.

"The Family Cupboard" at Alcazar

"The Family Cupboard" is announced for production at the Alcazar next week. The production of this very timely drama by Owen Davis affords our theatregoers an unusual opportunity. It comes direct from William A. Brady's playhouse in New York where it enjoyed a run of one year and seven months. So great has been its success in the East that Brady has not been able to send it on tour to the coast, so he made special arrangements with Belasco and Mayer for a production at the Alcazar where it will be done for the first time at popular prices. It is a drama of domestic infelicity. Undertaking a subject of serious purpose the play treats it in a forceful way and introduces problems that are virile without being vicious.

Rudolph Ganz, Pianist

Next Sunday afternoon, November 8, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Rudolph Ganz, the famous Swiss piano virtuoso who once toured this country with Mme. Sembrich and is today ranked among the world's most important pianists, will give his first recital in this city. At his New York recital two weeks ago Ganz scored a great triumph, and as it has been many months since our music lovers have heard a fine piano recital the Ganz concerts will be welcome. On this occasion the Pacific Music Society has arranged with Manager Greenbaum to have its members attend. The program will include the Busoni transcription of the Bach "Chaconne," the rarely played "Sonata" in D major by Haydn, Chopin's "Sonata" in B minor, "The Elves' Dance" by Korngold and works by Blanchet, Liszt and Rudolph Ganz. The second and last concert is announced for Saturday afternoon, November 14, when the offering will include Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," five Chopin gems, two Debussy numbers and works by Ganz and Maurice Ravel. This program will end with Liszt's

wonderful "Fantasie quasi sonata" inspired by reading Dante. The sale of seats will open at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's next Wednesday morning where mail orders may now be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum.

San Francisco Quintet Club

At the St. Francis Hotel this Sunday afternoon at 2:30 p. m. the San Francisco Quintet Club will make its first public appearance, and Manager Greenbaum is confident that the organization will score a great success, as the players are all artists of the first class and rehearsals have been going on for many months. Here is the complete program: Serenade for violin, viola and 'cello, Dohnanyi, Messrs. Ford, Evans and De Gomez; Quartet for flute and strings, Mozart, Messrs. Hecht, Ford, De Gomez and Evans; Quartet for piano and strings, Chausson, Messrs. Ormay, Ford, Evans and De Gomez. Both season tickets and single tickets are on sale at the usual Greenbaum box offices and will be on sale at the St. Francis on Sunday.

Evan Williams, Welsh Tenor

The next of the great singers to appear here will be Evan Williams, the famous Welsh tenor who will give two concerts at the Columbia, the dates being Sunday afternoons, November 15 and 22. He is said to possess a tenor voice of most unusual beauty and power and to be one of those singers who reach the heart as well as the head. He is one of the "best sellers" in the talking machine records and easily ranks among the five greatest living tenors. Mr. Williams sings his programs entirely in English and it is said that every word can be distinctly understood.

Arrigo Serato

In December Mr. Greenbaum will present the first of the season's violin virtuosi, Arrigo Serato of Bologna, Italy, whose success has been equally great in Germany, France, England and Russia. This will be his first American tour.

The Next Philharmonic

The sixth symphony concert of the People's Philharmonic Orchestra will be given at Pavilion Rink on Thursday evening, November 5. This will be "Scandinavian Night," all the numbers for

the program having been selected from the works of Scandinavian composers. The symphony will be Neils Gade's No. 4 in B flat. On Monday, November 2, Mr. John Harradan Pratt will give a talk on this symphony in the Blue Room of the Hotel St. Francis. This is one of the regular series of symphony talks, and admission is free. Prominent ladies of the Scandinavian societies will assist Mrs. George Sperry and other members of the Philharmonic association on the courtesies committee the evening of the concert.

"Food," a Satire, at Orpheum

Miss Gertrude Coghlan, an actress well known on the legitimate stage, is meeting with great success in vaudeville and will head the Orpheum bill next week. Miss Coghlan has the timely travesty "Food" by William C. De Mille, dealing with the high cost of living. She will be supported by an excellent company which includes J. H. Gilmour and John Osgood. George White assisted by Isabelle Jasen will present an arrangement of songs and dances. Broadway and Mr. White have been warm friends for many moons. Miss Jasen is a clever and versatile comedienne. Those two black-face drolls, Swor and Mack, will give their realistic impressions of southern negroes. They sing coon songs and do eccentric dancing. The standard of animal training is now so high that it is absolutely necessary to accomplish something extraordinary to attract more than passing interest. This is exactly what is done by Meehan's Canines. Next week will be the final one of Theodore Bendix and his Symphony Players; Eunice Burnham and Charles Irwin; Claude Golden; and Joseph Jefferson with Blanche Bender and Co. in "Poor Old Jim."

Two Great Singers

Next week our music lovers will have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the glorious voices and capable art of two of the world's greatest singers. Madame Julia Claussen, leading contralto of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, the Royal Grand Opera Company, Covent Garden, London, and the Royal Grand Opera Company, Stockholm, Sweden, will give song recitals at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Wednesday night, November 4, and at the Cort Theatre, Sunday afternoon, November 8. Madame Claus-



JULIA CLAUSSEN
The great opera singer.



THE TELL TALE FOREST

In "The Poor Little Rich Girl" at the Columbia Theatre.

sen has prepared programs filled with good things including songs by Liszt, Brahms, Strauss, Hildach, Meyerbeer, Ponchielli, Rotoli, Sjogren, Berger, Macfayden, Tuckfield, Saint-Saens, Sibelius, Grieg and Macdermid. Marcella Craft, the California girl who for the past five years has been the leading soprano of the Royal Opera, Munich, will be the "assisting artist" at the concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra at the Cort, Friday afternoon, November 6. Miss Craft's numbers will include "Un bel di vedremo" (One Fine Day) from Madam Butterfly, and Liszt's "Die Lorelei." The symphony will be Schumann's No. 3, "Rhenish" E flat, Opus 97, and Dukas, Scherzo "La Apprenti Sorcier," which will be given its first performance in San Francisco. Seats for the above concerts will be on sale Monday morning at the box offices of Sherman, Clay and Co., Kohler and Chase and the Cort Theatre.

"The Whip" Again Next Week

Capacity audiences are being attracted to the Cort by "The Whip." The production is the original Drury Lane, London, offering, and theatre-followers know what Drury Lane stands for in massive melodramatic presentation. It ran for two years at Drury Lane, two years in Australia and one year in New York. Its success in San Francisco is quite as pronounced. Crowded houses are assured for every performance by the advance sales. Society put the emphatic stamp of its approval on "The Whip" by packing the Cort Monday night on the occasion of the benefit for the Girls' Recreation Club. The second week begins Sunday night. The curtain at the evening performance rises promptly at 8 o'clock and at 2:15 for the matinees.

Eleanor Gates' Play at Columbia

"The Poor Little Rich Girl" by Eleanor Gates, a widely popular fiction writer, formerly of San Francisco, which Klaw and Erlanger bring to the Columbia Monday night for the first time on the Pacific Coast, promises to be a novel joy and delight to the most jaded theatregoer. It is a play for all ages; not merely a child's play. It tells the story of a "poor little rich girl" who has everything that money can buy and little that can be obtained through love. Given an overdose of an opiate by a nurse who wants to go out for the evening the little girl falls into delirium during which she wanders through a fantastic dream land and sees things as they have always been pictured in the idiomatic language of those about her. There is a cast of thirty speaking parts and a gorgeous scenic production. The play's appeal has been universal, and its enthusiastic reception in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston testifies to a popular desire for wholesome, elevating theatrical entertainment. There is but one company playing "The Poor Little Rich Girl" and the title role is assumed by Leonie Dana, a young actress of unusual temperament, elfish beauty and appealing charm. Matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Startling Play at Pantages

One of the most sensational playlets ever staged at Pantages is "Ruin" on the new bill next week. The theme is daring, but handled with skill by Walter Montague who also wrote "The New Chief of Police." A splendid cast has been specially picked for "Ruin." "A Night in Hawaii," revised and more beautiful than ever, will be one of the big features. This is a scenic and singing production with "hula" dances. Colonel Billy Link will introduce a travesty on the war entitled "Custer's Last Fight Outdone."

Blossom Robinson, a charming singer, will assist. Two acrobatic jesters are billed as "Work and Play." A duo of bright songsters and patter comedians are Harrison and Henry. The Vest-off trio in a dancing and musical act, and the Novelty quartet will complete the show.

"But how did he happen to get engaged to the girl if he doesn't love her?"

"Why, he says he was convincing when he merely meant to be plausible."

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Coming—EVAN WILLIAMS, THE WELSH TENOR

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SUPERLATIVE VAUDEVILLE

MISS GERTRUDE COGHLAN in "Food," a Travesty on the High Cost of Living by William C. De Mille; GEORGE WHITE, assisted by ISABELLE JASEN in Songs and Dances; SWOR & MACK, Realistic Impressions of Southern Negroes; MEEHAN'S CANINES, Featuring His Celebrated Leaping Hounds; THEODORE BENDIX and His Symphony Players, Entirely New Program; EUNICE BURNHAM & CHARLES IRWIN; CLAUDE GOLDEN, Last Week JOSEPH JEFFERSON with BLANCHE BENDER & CO. in "Poor Old Jim."

Beginning Sunday Matinee, November 8th

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"RUIN," THE SHAME OF A GREAT CITY, A STARTLING EXPOSE OF A VICIOUS EVIL, written by Walter Montague; "A NIGHT IN HAWAII," Ten Sweet Singers from Southern Seas; COLONEL BILLY LINK AND HIS "HO-BO-CAN" SOLDIERS, in "Custer's Last Fight Outdone"; WORK & PLAY, Two Merry Jestings Acrobats; HARRISON & HENRY, Patter and Songs; VESTOFF TRIO, a Musical Novelty; NOVELTY QUARTET, Four Melody Men; COMEDY MOVIES.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Altogether the last week leaned heavily toward encouragement of optimism in spite of a pessimistic interview with Mr. Chas. M. Schwab, and rather sombre reports from the basic industry. President Wilson spoke to the banking conferees at Washington and again succeeded in driving home some important facts as to the outlook, which indicated how closely the chief magistrate has kept in touch with developments in the business world. In his brief talk to the banking world Mr. Wilson said he believes the only thing lacking now is confidence, and that the way to correct in others the "state of mind" which is holding back the resumption of business is to correct it in ourselves. In Washington the reserve bank convention received reports from the committees appointed to consider all the details relative to the physical organization of the banks. The Interstate Commerce Commission continued to hear the railroads' side of the eastern freight rate increase application, and while the Street found much to commend in the way the case is being handled, it did not feel exactly enthusiastic over the attitude of the Commission. One of the largest Stock Exchange houses telegraphed to the Commission's counsel asking that a day be set aside for "expert testimony as to how this country will be able or will not be able to maintain its gold credit if the railroad rates are not advanced to a point which will reassure investors and especially foreign holders of securities." The telegram pointed out that any flood of foreign-held securities would first drain the banks of gold and then the national treasury. This phase of the situation Wall Street believes has not been considered by the Commission. It is not merely a question of whether the railroads are earning such dividends as they have been able to pay, but on the earning of dividends the credit rating of a road depends. As yet there is no sign of the Exchange reopening and until things are more settled there is no immediate prospect.

Wheat—Export sales of wheat were the principal factors in the grain market the past week. Trade, however, was light and the market failed to respond to the news as readily as it should have, considering the enormous sales reported and the big advance in Liverpool prices. Receipts in the Northwest as well as at Canadian points were very small last week as compared with last year but this may be due to the bad weather as rain was reported every day. Receipts of winter wheat in the Southwest offset the small receipts in the Northwest and with the farmer receiving a dollar a bushel for his wheat he is inclined to let go. Kansas City and St. Louis reported farmers more willing to sell and they expected a continuation of the large receipts as long as prices were kept around the dollar mark to the farmer. Exporters were taking everything offered in the Southwest and cash

prices were held strong. Domestic demand for wheat is very good and there have been some good sales of flour made for export. The market, however, acts a little tired above 120 for the May option and the trade does not enthuse over these large export sales. Around this level it will take some outside demand to keep prices up as the local professional seems to be against the price at this level.

Corn—Wet weather throughout the corn belt nearly all last week and a better demand for corn from the East kept prices firm and there was an advance of from two to three cents from the low point of the previous week. A prominent commission house has been a very heavy buyer of futures and this had some effect on sentiment and likewise forced in a number of shorts. Argentine reported the weather unfavorable for the movement of corn and prices in their market were strong with an advancing tendency. Liver-

pool market was also strong due to the belief that a number of cargoes on the way to Liverpool had been sunk by the Germans. As we see it there is nothing bullish in the situation and we believe corn should be sold on all advances.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 5.)

to begonias, asters, gillyflowers and others. These in turn will be followed by chrysanthemums and other fall blooming flowers. Other expositions have had one planting; we shall have three. There will be a continuous show of color throughout the ten months. And we shall have a larger planted area than any other fair."

It is our climate which makes these wonders possible, John McLaren says.

"Our climate is so fine," he says, "that no other region can approach us for variety of trees and flowers. Even the fog is beneficial. It gives us fuchsias, dahlias and geraniums which cannot be surpassed. Perhaps easterners will be surprised when they see on the Fair grounds orange trees laden with fruit. I am transplanting one hundred and sixty from Cloverdale, Lodi and Niles. But it is well that easterners should know that all the oranges are not grown in the south. It will arouse their curiosity. They may even discover that we send car loads of flowers to Los Angeles every Christmas; and that half the carnations sold in that city come from the north. Nowhere else in the world are there such carnations as are grown about San Francisco bay."

Yes, let us be grateful to the climate for many of these things. But for the colorful glory that is Golden Gate Park and the scented grandeur that is the World's Fair, for the trees and shrubs and ferns and flowers of our public places let us be grateful also to the man who puts the climate in harness, that rugged pal of Nature, John McLaren.


Glorious Uplift

The slum lifter sat down wearily and sighed. "Are you tired as that?" the reporter asked.

"I'm not tired, I'm discouraged," the good man replied.

"Vice too much for you?"

"No, it isn't that. It's the deadly monotony of it all. I know it doesn't seem possible, but in three days nothing whatever has occurred to disgust us, or shock us, or give us material for lurid reports of frightful conditions. Yes, I'm afraid the good old days are gone forever."



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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of NICHOLAS O'LEARY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of NICHOLAS O'LEARY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of NICHOLAS O'LEARY, deceased.

ELLEN BLACKMER,
Administratrix of the Estate of NICHOLAS O'LEARY,
Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 24, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Administratrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-24-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 59,610; Dept. No. 10.

E. E. FREDERICK, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES T. SALE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CHARLES T. SALE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 5th day of October, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

ARTHUR BRAND, Attorney for Plaintiff,
817 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-24-10

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NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS

A special meeting of the stockholders of the Loomis Mortgage & Land Company will be held at the office of the Company, No. 654 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, on Saturday, November 14, 1914, at 2 o'clock P. M. for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and for the consideration and transaction of any other business that may be brought before the meeting.

V. MACDONALD,
Secretary.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PATRICK RIELLY, also called PATRICK REILLY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Patrick Rielly, executor of the Last Will and Testament of Patrick Rielly, also called Patrick Reilly, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within Ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of John J. O'Toole, Rooms 446 and 447 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Patrick Rielly, also called Patrick Reilly, deceased.

PATRICK RIELLY,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Patrick Rielly,
also called Patrick Reilly, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 3, 1914.
JOHN J. O'TOOLE, Attorney for Executor,
446 and 447 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-3-5

CITATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, City and County of San Francisco—Dept. No. 9 Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN FANNING, Deceased.

The people of the State of California to: Mary Bridget Fanning, Johanna Fanning, Christina Corcoran Meyers, John Fanning, John Ryan, M. G. Conlin, Rev. Terrence Caraher (for St. Francis Roman Catholic Church), Sisters of the Presentation, Margaret Kirwan, Eugene F. Conlin, Mary Gleeson, Joseph Fanning, Joseph Ryan, Rev. Terrence Caraher, St. Francis Roman Catholic Church, Ella Fleischmann, Peter Fanning, Minnie Fanning, Mary Maitland, James Ryan, Sisters of the Holy Family.

YOU ARE HEREBY cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department No. 9, Probate, thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the 21st day of December, A. D. 1914, at 10 o'clock, A. M. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the probate of the will of the above named deceased, should not be revoked in conformity with the petition for the revocation of the will of the above named deceased and filed in this Court on the 5th day of September, 1914.

BY ORDER of the Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, this 5th day of September, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH A. BROWN,
FRANK J. EGAN,
Attorneys for Contestant,
Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-19-10

Shall We Elect Phelan or Knowland to Represent California in the United States Senate?



President Wilson



James D. Phelan

WHAT JAMES D. PHELAN SAID OF WOODROW WILSON:

James D. Phelan says that Woodrow Wilson sits in the White House on guard, an ideal public servant, caring for the interests of what he calls the "voiceless body of the people."

From a speech delivered by James D. Phelan at San Rafael, September, 1914.

WHAT THE PRESIDENT SAID OF JAMES D. PHELAN:

President Wilson says: "I was most gratified to hear of the nomination of James D. Phelan for United States Senator. He has been in close touch with the Administration at Washington, and has heartily supported the policies which have been inaugurated for the benefit of the people, policies, which I am pleased to be informed, have met with very general approval."

From a letter written September 11, 1914, by President Wilson.

WHAT JOSEPH R. KNOWLAND SAID OF PRESIDENT WILSON:

Knowland charged the President of the United States, Woodrow Wilson, with secretly meeting emissaries of England on holidays and Sundays and implying that a trade with England was consummated which betrayed the best interests of the people of the United States.

Speech of Jos. R. Knowland in House of Representatives, March 28, 1914.

WHAT THE PRESIDENT SAID OF JOSEPH R. KNOWLAND:

President Wilson said that the speech of Knowland was "just the crowning insult of a number of insults which had been introduced in that debate."

Press interview at Washington, March 30, 1914.

Which Man Can Best Serve You in Washington?

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXIV. No. 1159

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 7, 1914

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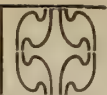
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXIV.

San Francisco, November 7, 1914

No. 1159



GERTRUDE HOFFMAN

Who will appear with her company of fifty next week at the Orpheum

TOWN TALK

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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The Voice of the People

Just before the election the belief was spreading that the war in Europe would cover a multitude of Democratic delinquencies. Not so, however, judging from the Republican landslide. The war has not deranged the perceptive faculty of the people. Evidently there is very little misconception of the consequences of Democratic policies, and it is to be inferred from the returns that the people have not been favorably impressed by academic dogmatism or deceived by a misnomer calculated to justify a tax made necessary by the failure of the tariff. There is much to gladden the heart in Democratic reverses, and there is much that is inspiring in the pulverizing of the Progressive party and the hearty repudiation of the Great Mountebank in New York, Pennsylvania, the New England States and elsewhere. The returns from California may afford some consolation at Oyster Bay, but not much. The only man hereabouts who received the Roosevelt endorsement was the Hon. Francis J. Heney, third in the race for United States Senator, and a bad third at that. Our Progressive Governor we re-elected with Republican votes, not because of, but in despite, his political connection. Political principles had very little weight in this State, as is evident from an analysis of the vote thus far counted. Votes were cast for men not for principles, and thus we find that while the Democratic standard-bearer is running third the Democratic candidate for United States Senator (at this writing) is leading in the race. It is not to be concluded from the Phelan vote that the people were desirous of expressing their approval of the Democratic Administration. Mr. Phelan is an exceptional man. Whenever he is a candidate for office an invisible rod strikes a mysterious rock whence there gushes a pactolian stream as from an inexhaustible fountain, and in its golden waters people souse themselves and become no less tractable than were the sailors of Ulysses in the temple of Circe. No, it does not follow from the Phelan vote that Mr. Wilson is beloved by a very large fraction of the people of California. Mr. Phelan is loved on his own account. On the whole the people voted shrewdly enough. The defeat of Prohibition and the eight-hour law is proof that whatever their stupidities the people are not without a spark of human intelligence.

A Valueless Victory

Federal troops are still in the coal fields of Colorado, but the strike appears to be a thing of the past, for thousands of the strikers have returned to work, and the mines are being operated as before the strike was called and precisely on the same basis. There is little likelihood of a resumption of hostilities, as the war in Europe is now occupying public attention to the exclusion of almost everything else. The Colorado strike was prolonged by the press. While "Mother" Jones, the professional agitator at \$40 a day, was being glorified in the dailies and periodicals, and the susceptible everywhere were being melted to tears by harrowing tales of cruelty, there was much for the demagogues in Washington to shriek about, and while public interest was kept at a white heat the strikers were encouraged to persist in their bloody insurrection. When they ceased to be the objects of misguided sympathy their armed organization began to disintegrate. An important principle has triumphed in Colorado, but at the same time some vastly more important principles have been sadly neglected. The struggle in Colorado involved the principle of industrial freedom. The United Mine Workers of America demanded the extinction of that principle. The bosses of that big labor union entered the coal fields when the miners were enjoying peace and prosperity. More than twelve thousand men were working in those fields under the open-shop system. They were working eight hours a day, and the average daily wage was a little over \$4. There were experienced miners earning as high as \$1250 a year. Nobody was complaining, all were satisfied. The union bosses demanded recognition of the union, not for the benefit of the miners, but for the benefit of the fat and sleek agitators who live off the earnings of union men. These agitators had no economic problem to discuss, no proposition to submit in the interest of the miners. They demanded that the miners be unionized and that the companies agree to deduct from the wages of their men all union dues, fines and assessments. The strike was brought on in the usual way—by importing union gangs and threatening the miners with bodily injury if they did not quit their jobs. Then followed strife, riots, bloodshed, and, finally, open insurrection and defiance of the State authorities accompanied by all those fiendish brutalities that we have been made too familiar with in San Francisco. The facts are quite clear. They are to be found in the public records of Colorado. During the strike the mine owners who refused to do the bidding of the labor bosses were subjected to the most terrible personal abuse—by statesmen in Washington, by newspapers of the character of the Bulletin and those conducted by Hearst, by the magazines and by shameless perverts of the character of Upton Sinclair. During all these outrages the principle of industrial freedom became of minor importance. It was made obvious during that long struggle that some of the really important guarantees of our government have about as

much value as ordinary paper neutrality. And now that it is all over we see no reason to be pleased at the triumph of the mine owners. The principle for which they fought must remain impermanent as long as we have a public sentiment tolerant of the infamies of a demagogic press and the servility of mob-coddling statesmen.

Growth of Pan-Germanism

Pan-Germanism has been the big, dominant factor in European politics for many years, but the world is only now beginning to hear about it. Pan-Germanism has never been a state secret. It has been a German ideal for many years. Orators have been preaching it, poets singing it. It has been the toast of the navy, the dream of the bureaucracy. Be it understood that essentially Pan-Germanism is not material for an indictment of the German people. Pan-Germanism is nothing more than a blend of national self-consciousness and self-interest embodied in a policy of self-aggrandizement. In other countries Pan-Germanism goes by the name of patriotism. Originally this German ideal was quite rational and justifiable. In time in some quarters it became an hallucination and an obsession. Indubitably it has been to the vital interest of Germany for many years to acquire colonial possessions in which to expand her trade and provide space for the industrial energies of her children, but all efforts toward this consummation were in vain. She was not subtle in her diplomacy, she was unfortunate in her choice of territory, and today nowhere has she a suitable slice of the earth on which Germans might enjoy life while developing trade for the Fatherland. Naturally she has been restless, and has felt herself more or less aggrieved. At first she longed only to acquire a good colony in the usual European way; that is to say, by what the diplomats call "peaceful penetration"—getting into a country to finance developments and big enterprises, and then finding it necessary to take hold of the administration of affairs in order to ensure reimbursement. A national ambition of this sort has never been regarded as unrighteous in Europe. It was by "peaceful penetration" that England achieved her glorious empire. France prospered by "peaceful penetration." But it was deemed improper for Germany to play the same game. All the while Germany was growing stronger and more self-conscious; and all the while there were men of the Treitschke type, learned teachers in the universities, firing the German heart with tales of German heroism, celebrating in glowing rhetoric the deeds of German heroes and statesmen since the days of Charlemagne. Most of these men looked with scorn on the lofty pretensions of England, the nation that has spread its empire over one-fifth of the habitable globe. Treitschke loathed England, and he was a man with the ability to communicate his feelings. Now as to what extent Treitschke or Bernhardt influenced German thought it is impossible to say, but it is certain that in recent years there were men in England who were convinced that war between

England and Germany in the very near future was inevitable. These men (among them Lord Roberts) pointed out evidences of the determination of Germany to challenge the supremacy of England, but theirs were voices in the wilderness, and they were drowned by the voices of the pacifists who guaranteed the perpetuity of peace.

Inside Information

On reading General Bernhardt we were inclined to doubt that the great soldier expressed German sentiment, but we have been reading of late Roland G. Usher, professor of history in the Washington University at St. Louis, who is a student of Pan-Germanism, and from him we have learned that while only a few men knew the full details of the plans for the realization of the stupendous enterprise called Pan-Germanism, the whole nation was none the less "fired by their spirit and was working as a unit in accordance with their directions." Now Roland G. Usher is no ordinary American college professor. He did not write his book to influence public sentiment in this war. His book was published eighteen months before the outbreak of hostilities, and though it attracted little or no attention then it has run through three editions in the three months of the war. The work is not a criticism of Germany or of Pan-Germanism. It is a calm, detached, unbiased exposition of an amazing phenomenon. The author is a warm admirer of the German people, and there is nothing that can be said in justification of their viewpoint that he omits. He discusses the justifiability of Pan-Germanism, and the probability of its success, and in view of what has happened it is hard to escape the conclusion that he knew whereof he wrote. According to Usher the Germans "aim at nothing less than the domination of Europe and of the world by the Germanic race." That he had a very clear conception of what was in store for the world is evident from this observation: "A crisis of the utmost gravity is facing Europe, and may at any time result in a war whose consequences would be felt

alike by the farmers in North Dakota, the operators in the Lancashire cotton mills and the savages in the heart of Africa. At the very least it will overthrow boundaries whose permanence has been thought assured; at the worst it may involve the actual destruction of the prosperity and happiness of two or three of the largest countries in Europe and inflict untold misery upon the countless thousands dependent upon European rule in Africa and Asia." Two years ago Professor Usher was scoffed at as an alarmist. Now we see that he knew what he was talking about. The man had an astonishing insight into European affairs. Two years ago he knew what we have only recently learned that for years it was the custom in the German navy to drink a toast "To the Day" and that many people hugged to themselves with glee the "secret" information that the officers were drinking to the day when war should be declared against England. From Usher's book it appears that the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente have been incessantly engaged in a struggle for supremacy for several years, and that the outwitting of Germany was almost a continuous performance. The climax was in sight when England and France ruptured the Triple Alliance by encouraging Italy to go to war with Turkey, a country that had long been a protegee of Germany. The war in the Balkans was the direct result of the colossal diplomatic contest, and the Balkan States embarked in that war at the instigation of the Powers. After reading this wonderful book one sees that in view of the defeats suffered by Germany in the diplomatic game she had reached a point where she had either to forswear Pan-Germanism or plunge Europe into war.

The Blind Specialists

What about our peace propagandists of the tribe of Andrew, the Laird of Skibo? Where were these closet philosophers when Pan-Germanism was in process of evolution? We know they were making war a special subject of study and investigation. Also, we know they spent a lot of time in

Europe right in the midst of the atmosphere that was palpitant with the portents of war. Over Europe lowered the hovering tempest, the air was heavy with the emanations of ill-boding Cassandras, but the Jordans saw nothing, heard nothing that was not of good augury. About the time they were felicitating themselves on having strangled the million-headed hydra, the Imperial Chancellor was making a speech in the Reichstag (Nov. 10, 1912) in the course of which he said: "For months past we have been living and we are now living in an atmosphere of passion such as we have never before experienced in Germany. At the root of this feeling is the determination of Germany to make its strength and capability prevail in the world." It was about this time that General von Bernhardt's book made its appearance, and therein may be found the gospel of Pan-Germanism. Therein are clearly disclosed the ambitions of Germany and they are certainly not compatible with a policy of maintaining an army for ornamental purposes. Bernhardt put war on many tongues. Usher was soon acquainting himself with the facts of Pan-Germanism, Frederic Harrison was pointing to the inevitable and the Triple Entente was in a cold sweat, but all the while the Jordans were saying that war was a crime of the past, and that there could be no recrudescence except through the malign agency of those bad financiers who in some inscrutable way profit immensely when the markets are closed and all the world is in a panic. What fools these Jordans be! The very thing they have made their specialty they know nothing about, but if you dissent from their views you are a person of coarse fibre whom they look on as an epicure looks on a boiled dinner. If you are not an advocate of the preposterous peace plan, or the Hearst scheme for putting an end to the war, it is because you have no sense of the impropriety of bloodshed. These men are fine idealists, but their idealism is somewhat narrow. It is not broad enough to include the love of truth which is probably just as important as peace.

Perspective Impressions

One difficulty about shopping early is that your credit may be exhausted by Christmas Eve.

The people have conferred on Judge William P. Lawlor the degree of B. B.

Here's to John Barleycorn! Long may he tango with the Divinity of the Grape!

The Dutch trawlers who say they netted a submarine must have had a lot of Dutch courage to tell a story like that.

Hereafter any man who runs for a job on one of Rudolph Spreckels' endorsements ought to be able to get into an asylum without the certificate of an alienist.

The Mayor of Bangor, Maine, was hit and almost felled by a keg of beer. My brethren, behold how dangerous beer is, and in a dry State too!

It is pretty certain that all who inspected their new tax bills cast a conservative vote.

Captain Fredericks may now go back to the hay from which he was rudely torn by the leading cits. of Los Angeles. As a campaigner the Captain is some farmer.

We haven't heard any stories lately about turpenite, the paralyzing explosive. Perhaps the "inventor" has been too busy with other reportorial duties.

The defeated candidate whose friends assured him that he couldn't lose will not repudiate old friendships—he'll content himself with a lofty contempt for the intelligence of the electorate.

Were those German princes laughing when they induced the Kaiser to decorate himself with the Iron Cross? Or is the sense of humor put in cold storage in time of war?

A general election may be regarded as the sure basis for a number of recall elections.

Anatole France is at the front. Wonder how he feels when the French troops implore the intercession of Joan of Arc whom he calumniated?

The whirligig of time seems to have brought in its revenges for the Turk.

When H. G. Wells deals with the real instead of the fictitious he writes like a tailor of Tooley street.

Perhaps Governor Glynn now realizes the infutility of his intimacy with the Hon. William Randolph Hearst.

Doubtless there are Christian Soldiers who will regard the resuscitation of Uncle Joe Cannon as one of the Devil's miracles.

Varied Types

CCII—E. D. PRICE

By Edward F. O'Day

"I dislike retrospectives. I'd rather talk of today and tomorrow," said Ed Price, and plunged immediately into the past.

How any should be not then contradict himself? Yesterday is holiday time. It has the beauty of that which is irrevocable, the charm of that which is finished. Some yesterdays were sad and some were joyous, but the emotions they arouse in retrospect are rarely poignant. Today and tomorrow are workaday dates. Today is flurried, tomorrow is big with uncertainties. Both spell struggle, unrest and the disappointment that waits alike upon achievement and failure. Let us live in the present and in the future by all means, but when we talk for talk's sake let our talk be of the rounded past.

Ed Price is here in the Play and Exchange representatives' management "The Poor Little Rich Girl." I need not remind those who knew him in his Alcazar days that he is a fluent conversationalist. His talk is rich with variety of experience, informed by mature reflection. He has the sense of humor and that which Chesterton says is never important still, the sense of pathos. He has also that rare gift among talkers, a considered and charitable reticence. Who has ever heard Ed Price speak ill of any living person? Or, for that matter, of any dead person? With Ed Price the good that men did first after them, the evil is interlarded with their honors.

Woe, unfortunately John McCullough was his friend, yet of the tragedian's weaknesses he says no word and on his misfortune he touched with a gentle tongue that evoked pity in the listener. And pity is an emotion none among us ever casts off often as he should.

"I was writing for a Detroit paper," says Ed Price, "when I first met John McCullough. I was young then, young enough to believe that I was the best dramatic critic in the United States and the greatest sporting authority in the world. I wrote something about McCullough which pleased him, and we became acquainted. A precious friendship grew out of that accident. I became his personal man. I was with him the day of his breakdown.

It was the beginning of the second week of McCullough's engagement at McVicker's Theatre in Chicago. He had been playing 'Virginia,' and was about to present 'The Gladiator.' I sat with him all afternoon of that fine September day in his hotel room looking out over Lake Michigan. He went through his part of Spartan time and time again, each time worse than the time before. For months he had been afflicted with melancholy and suddenly I realized that the end was approaching.

When the play began that night it was apparent to all the members of the company that he was a hopeless wreck. He stumbled over lines, he forgot whole passages, he disregarded cues. The other players did all they could to cover his lapses. Most of them had been with him a long time and loved him. But the audience knew that something was wrong. The gallery thought he was intoxicated and booed him. Nevertheless, there were people in that theatre who sensed a great human tragedy, and when the last act was over they applauded until McCullough was compelled to step before the curtain. The humming of the gallery gradually died and in his poor shattered mind, and all he said was:

"If you had suffered as I have tonight you would not have done this. Good night."

When he reached his dressing room he said "I have never acted better than I did tonight," and after that the dullest could see that it was all over. He called a rehearsal for the following morning, and although the company realized that the engagement was at an end, all attended. It was the most pitiable spectacle I ever witnessed. He started to rehearse "The Gladiator," but changed suddenly to "Richard," a part he seldom played. When the actor who took the part of Baradas spoke the line, "His mind and life are breaking fast," McCullough hurled the great Cardinal's denunciation at him as he had never declaimed it before. Within a year after that he was dead.

He was a great actor, a wonderful man. He had a tender heart and a face of classic beauty. In the theatre of today he would be as eminent as he was in his own time.

Ed Price exhibits an equal reticence when he speaks of Richard Mansfield with whom he was associated for four years. The association began when Mansfield first produced "Prince Karl" by Archie Gunter of this city, a play Price calls the little bridge by which Mansfield crossed to fame. He was with Mansfield when "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" brought him sensational success. He accompanied him to London where "Dr. Jekyll" failed and where Mansfield dared to challenge the supremacy of Irving by producing "Richard III."

"Mansfield," he says, "was essentially a character actor, and Richard is a character part, but it was contrary to precedent for an American to throw down the gauntlet to an Englishman in that way. Mansfield's 'Richard' failed, and it was a failure that never ceased to rankle.

"Mansfield was not only a good actor. He painted well, he wrote good verse, he had the gift of composing lullary stories that went to the hearts of children. He did many fine deeds of charity, and he possessed a tactfulness which made him the happiest host I have ever met. But there was another side of Mansfield which the biographer would have to paint in order to give a true picture of the man, a side which is not shown in Whitatch's admiring life. I should have to show that side if I wrote Mansfield's life, so I shall never write it."

Let me take occasion here to regret this decision. Ed Price is a talented writer, as the older readers of Town Talk should know, for he used to contribute charming essays to this paper, and indeed he writes for the magazine till when the spirit moves him. With his accurate, encyclopedic knowledge of dramatic history and his intimate understanding of the man, his life of Mansfield would be a valuable contribution to American dramatic literature. A tender heart prevents its composition. Price shrinks from offending even a shade.

Ed Price was the great Ristori's manager during her last tour of America. He managed Mrs. Leslie Carter during her first season on the stage when she played Paul Potter's "The Ugly Duckling." David Belasco had been teaching her, and when he went to Price and said "I am willing to stand or fall with this woman because I believe that I can make her do things which no other actress on the American stage can do," Price un-

dertook to introduce her. He managed Anna Held during her first season in "Papa's Wife," he launched Grace George; in fact, as he puts it himself, he has "managed everything from elephants to 'Way Down East,' except only moving pictures, thank God."

That of course includes the management of the Alcazar during the three years from 1903 to 1906, three of the most prosperous years the Alcazar ever had; three years to which Price looks back with affection because he began to like San Francisco when he first came here with McClellan in 1895, grew to like it more and more with each succeeding visit, and loved it as his home during those three years of continuous residence; three years to which he looks back with pride because during that short period at the Alcazar were developed Frances Starr, Ernest Glendinning, John Craig, Charles Waldron, Richard Vivian and others.

"The public should cling to and support stock companies," he says, "and in most of the large cities the public does so. Stock is one branch of the theatrical business which is not going to find limitations. It is an educational force for the development of a healthy love of the drama among the younger theatregoers. There is a new theatre public every seven years, and it is the part of the stock company to instil in this new public a substantial love for good plays and players.

"I am an optimist," he continued, "and optimism is needed just now concerning affairs of the theatre as well as all material enterprises. Theatrical conditions are improving and will further improve. There is prosperity enough in these United States. It will assert itself with financial readjustment and revival of public confidence. This will be a better theatrical season than the previous one, despite the foreign catastrophe.

"The public is growing weary of poor entertainment whose only claim is that it is cheap. This applies to every kind of amusement offering. There will always be an audience for the play that is really worth while. I have never known of a worthy stage offering that went under for lack of support.

"The day has positively gone by for the vicious drama of criminality, looting obscenely across the footlights at dismayed and disturbed audiences. Its disguise was soon penetrated, even when it was masked with the pretense of reforming public health and morals. There are few really prurient minds seeking prurient drama, but there are a few weak minds attracted through curiosity. The play that diverts and entertains is that which a man may take his sister or daughter to see. It is the one with lasting vitality. People who support the theatre are mostly clear minded."

And so after all Ed Price brought our talk down to today. That he is justified in his last remarks has been proved by the discrimination of San Francisco theatregoers who rejected "Any Night" and are taking "The Poor Little Rich Girl" to their hearts. Having brought our talk down to today, Ed Price proceeded to carry it forward to tomorrow. Tomorrow for Ed Price is the day when he shall reason his wife Catherine Countess from whom the width of the continent separates him. We talked a good deal about that tomorrow, but it is fitting that I borrow at this point a little of his admirable reticence.

Who's Who Hereabouts

XXXV—FRANKLIN K. LANE

To make himself a prophet far from home a man needs nothing more than a little talent, but to win distinction as a prophet both at home and abroad one must have genius—no less than Jonathan Wild's. Now a man of genius is always worthy of attention, study and scrutiny. So let us take up the Hon. Franklin K. Lane, a prophet bearing blushing honors in abundance here where he has been known from the dawn of his political career and up and down the land from Alaska to the Canal, from the Sacramento to the Hudson and especially in Washington, D. C. Mr. Lane is a man whose life is worth dwelling on a while.

By profession a politician, Mr. Lane may have his limitations, but for the only serious one manifest in his chosen career the Founders of the country must be held responsible. Having no gift of prophecy, and being unable to see Mr. Lane coming they limited the aspirations of citizens of foreign birth to chairs outside the White House. Mr. Lane was born in Canada. Otherwise his aspirations would have no strings tied to them.

It is inaccurate to say that men rise in politics not because they are weighty but because they are light. Some grey matter is required to steer a straight course through the shallows and amid the reefs and sunken rocks and floating mines of the political seas into safe and cosy harbors. The politician who avoids shipwreck is something more than a sign of his constituents' inattention. A man's constant recurrence in office doesn't look simple when you reflect on the continuousness of the effort that accomplishes it. There are some professions that will stand a reasonable amount of neglect, but the profession to which the Hon. Franklin K. Lane consecrated his talents on Commencement Day is not one of them. This profession has responsibilities, neglect of which is too perilous to be risked. The politician has to keep his wits about him and stay alive. If, like Mr. Lane, he aspires to high office, he is expected to stir the public thought, and he must keep up with the fads and fancies of the times or be run over. Also he must overcome an inherent prejudice against politicians, or, at least, a distrust that is latent in the dear people, who have found so many of them out. Though we vote for them, we don't think much of our politicians. Many of us regard politics as dirty work, and the politician as a man who thinks mainly of the next election, and who is engaged in an incessant wriggle and struggle for office.

When there is anything worth attaining in public life we like to see it go to a business man, and we seldom stop to think of the risk to his self-respect that he incurs by taking the job. Thus we make Rolphs out of men of decent repute and implicate ourselves in the tragic consequences. For foreign ministers we want gentlemen of polish, skilled in letters, and uncontaminated by job-chasing. Hence the bitter criticism of Bryan for degrading the diplomatic service to his own level by putting professional politicians on guard. Our ideal public officer is one who reluctantly permits himself to be dragged into the service of the State. This, by the way, is not to be taken as a description of Mr. Lane. It didn't require a hawser to pull Mr. Lane out of private life. He began training for a job immediately after reaching the age of reason—first by studying law, lawyers being especially eligible to political preferment, and then by getting a smattering of journalism which is a great help to a man who intends through life to be always ready for publication and familiar with the news sense of that most gullible of men, the reporter.

As a lawyer Mr. Lane proved himself an amiable reporter, and as a reporter he made friends around the courts and was soon qualified to run for the job of city attorney. He landed, and immediately proved himself a good politician by writing letters to three men informing them that the man they had recommended had been appointed. To appreciate this masterly stroke it must be explained that each of the three had recommended the same man, and that as a matter of fact he was chosen by his party organization. Mr. Lane never patented this stroke, but being a man of genius he doesn't have to repeat. Twice in his career he suffered defeat, once as a candidate for Governor and once as a candidate for Mayor, but the experience was valuable. It taught him that it was safer to seek appointment to office than to run. He probably suspected something of the kind when he was running, for while going over the State as the Democratic standard-bearer he frequently took occasion to deliver panegyrics on Mr. Roosevelt, who was then a Republican. Later he sought appointment at Mr. Roosevelt's hands, and got it. Who, do you suppose, recommended him for the job? None other than that artless politician and all-round panegyrist of the great, Benjamin Ide Wheeler. This is a secret that has just leaked out. The leak was due to Mr. Lane's halycon

and vociferous activity in the late campaign, which, by the way, is the first indiscretion that he has ever been guilty of. Hitherto he has been known as a politician of invincible willingness to please, a man who would not make enemies rashly, but he came hither to campaign for the opulent Mr. Phelan, and he refused to put in a word for the humble John Curtin, Democratic candidate for Governor. Why this invidious discrimination? Is it that Mr. Lane still wears his party ties with advantageous looseness, being mindful of the potentialities of the Progressive party? Alas, the situation was too complicated for a straddle. Mr. Heney was running, and the wild ass emitted a roar that was heard in Oyster Bay. Then came news from Mr. Roosevelt that Heney was entitled to Mr. Lane's support, because Lane's first Federal appointment was made on Heney's guaranty that Franklin did not wear the S. P. collar. And Heney has been going about complaining to the dogs in the street and telling the whole story. He says it was Wheeler who recommended Lane, but that Wheeler himself was not intrenched above suspicion, for when Paul Morton of the Santa Fe, who was in the Roosevelt Cabinet, objected to Lane on the ground that he was too friendly to the octopus, the Colonel hesitated. Then it was that Heney came to the rescue.

It would seem that Franklin K. has been guilty of a few ineptitudes, but depend on him to repair the damage. Mr. Lane is today of the President's Cabinet, and 'tis said that he is far and away the biggest man in the Cabinet, which, if true (and I think it is), may be taken as a criterion of the brain power of Mr. Wilson's official family. In the Cabinet are to be found some of the simplest types of human life yet known to science. As to Mr. Lane you may come in contact with him with no danger of shock from collision with a mind in motion, but in Washington he has grown so large that he seems allegorical. His early newspaper training, by the way, has done him no harm in public life. The reporters have given him some fine write-ups, and a short time ago when he wrote an apostrophe to Old Glory Norman Hapgood played it up in Harper's as though it were a posthumous, recently discovered essay by Emerson.

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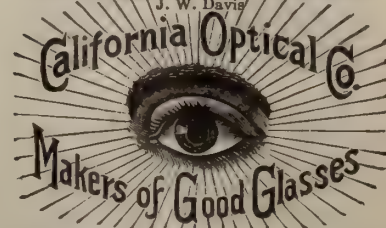
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Germany vs. England

Fragment of a Lecture Delivered in February 19 13 by Professor J. A. Cramb of Queen's College, London, Who Delivered a Series of Lectures Designed to Awaken the People of England to What He Conceived to Be the German Peril

The ethico-political or moral origins of the sentiment of antagonism between England and Germany are thus obvious enough—the confrontation of two States, each dowered with the genius for empire; the one, the elder, already sated with the experience and the glories of empire; the other, the younger, apparently exhausted in resources and energy, baulked in mid-career by "fate and metaphysical aid," and now indignant.

This is the moral, the most profound source of antagonism; and its roots lie deep in European history—German historians as widely apart in mind as Hegel and Treitschke seeing the cause of Germany's frustrate destiny in her pursuit of ideal ends, of "the freedom of the spirit;" in her deep absorption in religion at the period when England, Holland, France, Spain, fired by commercialism, played against each other for the dominion of this planet. This is clear: this is the ethical, the permanent and the real cause. It has the characteristics of all true causes: universality and necessity. And it is worth while pausing at this point to ask the question: What is its historical genesis?

The unity of modern Germany is the work of Prussia and the great Hohenzollern dynasty. What are the stages in the evolution of the relations between England and Prussia? There are four distinct phases: the period of Frederick the Great, the Napoleonic, the mid-nineteenth century, and the later nineteenth century.

The definite relations of England and Prussia as State to State are synchronous with the history of Prussia as a kingdom; and in the first decades the terms are those of friendship. The son of the Great Elector, Frederick I, as first King of Prussia, sends his contingent to support Marlborough and Eugene. During Frederick the Great's time, England's relations to Prussia, beginning in hostility, owing to the sympathy of the English people for Maria Theresa, and their enmity to France, pass through a phase of variegated sullen friendship and alliance, and end again, at least on Frederick's part, in clear burning hostility and contempt when the government of Lord Bute abandons Prussia. Minor German historians have dwelt much on 1762 and the "betrayal" of Frederick by the Cabinet of St. James' in the hour of his darkest fortunes. Frederick,

in his correspondence on the subject, does not spare the character of Lord Bute; but he is too profound an observer of the life of States, and too frequent a student of "Il Principe" and, above all, of "Gli Discorsi," not to know that alliances between States are based on self-interest.

A generation passes. At the time of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars, England is for nearly eight years the enemy of Prussia, the enemy, that is to say, of Napoleon's ally or Napoleon's tributary State. Then in 1813, 1814 and 1815 England stands side by side with Prussia, and this friendship is not interrupted during the Holy Alliance, though it is easy to trace distrust and misgiving in the attitude of actual Prussians or of "nationalized" Prussians, Prussians by sympathy like Niebuhr and Stein. These die. "They see," I have elsewhere said, "the world rushing upon ruin; they see the unchaining of anarchy. But what do they hope from England? England, faster than all the rest, is plunging down the steep."

With the Revolution of February, 1848, with 1870 and 1875, it is possible already to discern the rise of the present hostility. And the underlying cause, the *causa causans*? It is interesting; it is curious; it presents one of those movements, one of those visible-invisible "curves" traced in the Unseen, which in history affect the imagination like the great achievements in art. The workshop is flung open; we seem to witness the very operation of Fate; the Norns are weaving the destinies of men.

This *causa causans* is not England. England is passive. The active agent is Prussia. Stage by stage from the days of the Great Elector Prussia has risen, guarding each advance with a Roman precision and care. Under her first two kings, Frederick I and Frederick William I, as under the Great Elector, Prussia is admirable in her self-restraint. Her aim is to secure the territory extorted from the Swedes at Fehrbellin and to organize the new kingdom. She does not as yet even come forward as Austria's antagonist, despite ultra-Hapsburg treachery, ultra-Hapsburg insolence.

Prussia strikes when her hour strikes, and in 1740, with the accession of Frederick the Great, that hour does strike; and for the next twenty-three years Prussia appears as the great rebel-State, asserting herself triumphantly, measuring herself in battle after battle against Austria and Austria's allies. All Europe cannot break her spirit or the spirit of her king.

It is one of the lofty and exhilarating heroisms of world-history, this conflict of reality against empty formalism; of the substance of Frederick's military State against that phantom, the Army of the Empire; of right and strength against boastful weakness parading as power, unrighteous privilege decking itself with the sanctity of history and right. Nothing is more merciless than Frederick's mockery of that venerable myth, the Holy Roman Empire. We hear already Frosch's song in "Faust:"

Das liebe, heil'ge, Röm'sche Reich
Wie hält's nur noch zusammen?

If the conflict at times is tragic, as in 1759 it becomes tragic, it is always heroic tragedy. Frederick's verses before Rossbach move us as the midnight talk of Achilles and Priam—the sorrow and heroism in things:

"Pour moi, menacé du naufrage,
Je dois, en affrontant l'orage,
Penser, vivre et mourir en roi."

And again we have at once to admire Prussia's irresistible and resolute advance and her strict restraint. Definitely she stands forward as Austria's rival; but the hour for Austria's overthrow has not yet come. Frederick's army and the entrain of success might have led, after 1763, into wars for world-empire which would have recalled those of Louis XIV and anticipated those of Napoleon. The king is not yet old—the age of Marlborough at Blenheim, of Caesar at Munda. In Treitschke's theory, Frederick is conscious in himself of military genius like that of Alexander, yet is content with Prussia. Even when such men as Winterfelt or Dessau propose the Empire, he answers them: "No; it would be too awkward a burden."

Two generations pass. The War of Liberation follows, investing Prussia with a glory such as the wars of Xerxes gave Athens. Blücher, Stein, Gneisenau, Scharnhorst, Arndt, Korner, Fichte, Kleist, Uhland, form a galaxy of heroism on which, between 1815 and 1848, the imagination of Young Germany broods not less ardently than, in an earlier generation, the contemporaries of Goethe and Herder had studied in Plutarch the heroic phantoms of Greece and of Rome. Then, when a century has passed since Frederick's wars, the task which, greatly daring, he declined, Prussia, greatly, wisely daring, now can undertake. The hour has once more struck. And at Sadowa and at Metz, Worth and Sedan, she founds the new German nation and the new German empire.

What is to be the next step? Germany after 1870 finds a greater strength and a sense of more complicated and intricate unity than she ever

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possessed in the days of mediaeval Imperialism; and in the House of Hohenzollern the new nation has found, in answer to all its aspirations, a dynasty not less heroic, not less great than the Ottonides or even the Hohenstaufen.

Now it is just at this moment in her history that Germany comes sharp up against England, as in the eighteenth century she comes up against Austria, and in the nineteenth century against France. Yet in her past relations to England, Prussia, it may seem at first, can find no cause, personal and rancorous, such as animates her in 1760 or in 1870. From Austria and from France she had endured insult upon insult, measureless humiliations. But from England?

England's possessions, England's arrogance on the seas, her claim to world-wide empire—these, Germany answers, are to Germany an insult not less humiliating than any she has met with in her past. And what are these English pretensions? And upon what are they based? Not upon England's supremacy in character or intellect. For what is the character of this race

which thus possesses a fifth of the habitable globe and stands for ever in the path of Germany's course towards empire?

It is from this first recrimination that, during the last three or four decades, largely under the influence of the Prussia School of History, there has been evolved a portrait of England as the great robber-State. In one phase or another this conception is gradually permeating all classes, making itself apparent now in a character of fiction, now in a poem, now in a work of history or economics, now in the lecture-hall at Bonn or Heidelberg or Berlin, now in a political speech.

And the theme is precise. England's supremacy is an unreality, her political power is as hollow as her moral virtues; the one an arrogance and pretence, the other hypocrisy. She cannot long maintain that baseless supremacy. On the seas she is rapidly being approached by other Powers; her resources, except by immigration, are almost stationary, and her very immigration debases still further her resources. Her

decline is certain. There may be no war. The display of power may be enough, and England after 1900, like Venice after 1500, will gradually atrophy, sunk in torpor. An England insensibly weakened by brutalization within the encroachments of an ever-increasing alien element, diseased or criminal, and, by concession on concession without, sinking into a subject province though nominally free, whilst Canada, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, carves out each its own destiny—such an England is easily conceived.

Who is to succeed her? It may not be Germany; some Power it must be. But if Germany were to inherit the sceptre which is falling from her nerveless hands. . . . ?

And, having visualized this future, the German imagination, in a tempest of envy or vehement hate, becomes articulate and takes various shapes, resulting in an almost complete arraignment of the British Empire, of the English character, and of all our institutions and all our efforts as an empire-building race.

Emancipation for Russian Jews

By Robert McTavish

How are we to account for the patriotism of the Jews of Russia? It used to be said that he was the bravest citizen of Rome that did most love and best serve his country; and he the saint among the Jews who most loved Zion. Now whatever the Jews of Russia may think of Zion it is clear that some of them are very ardent lovers of the country that oppresses them, for they are fighting in the forefront of battle. They are loyal Russians. This is hard to understand. The general supposition is that the thing that inspires love of country is justice, and that where national justice is of the highest order there is the deepest patriotism. But Russia is unjust to the Jews. If the bloody policy of organized pogroms has been abandoned in Russia, the bureaucracy has tightened all the restrictions that weigh heavily on the Jewish community, it has narrowed the few apertures by which its most favored members might struggle upwards to knowledge and well-being. Of late the professions once open to Jews have been virtually closed, the schools which were grudgingly open to them have been admitting a smaller percentage, and wholesale expulsions of Jews from towns and villages have grown steadily more frequent. Yet it is Jewish gallantry and valor that the Russian press is now singling out for special emphasis. One Jewish soldier has won a decoration, another has been recommended for promotion from the ranks to a commission. Charles H. Sherrill, formerly United States Minister to Argentina, tells an interesting story of a young Russian Jew whom he met in London at the outbreak of the war. He was the youngest of three brothers. He found himself cut off from all chance of returning home by the shortest route, which was, of course, through Germany. The only way to join the Russian hussar regiment of which he was a junior officer was the long, round-about route via Bergen. He set off at once, but by the time he got to Petrograd his regiment was already at the front, and he was told he must content himself with serving in its reserve battalion near the capital. He was greatly distressed by this order, and at first it seemed impossible to get it changed, even though his eldest brother has served with distinction in the Russian diplomatic service.

Thanks, however, to his family's friendship with a certain important Russian general, plus the

patriotic persistence of the young Jewish officer, he was presently allowed to go to the front. "Just before I left London," says Sherrill, "there came a jubilant telegram stating that he was at last with his own corps again. Although he was not permitted to say so in his telegram, it subsequently proved that he had caught up with his regiment in time to participate in the taking of Lemberg, something to remember all the rest of his life. I became so much interested in the red-blooded patriotism of this gallant young Jew that I was moved to make further inquiries into what stand other young Russian Jews were taking in regard to the present war, as well as what their older co-religionists and compatriots were doing.

"The result of this inquiry was to me very surprising. I use the word 'surprising' advisedly, for at first blush a foreigner would wonder what possible interest a Jew could take in a war so emphatically and unanimously approved by the Greek Church, a church which, rightly or wrongly, the Jews have blamed for their failure to enjoy ampler political rights in Russia. And, remember, this war is, for Russian peasant and noble alike, a holy war. However that may be, the surprising fact remains that even the most orthodox member of the Russian church is no more enthusiastic about this war than are his Jewish compatriots. At last these two religious antipodes have found something in common to both—a bond of sympathy—and there is kindled in both of them the same fire of patriotism, lighted though it is by brands from different altars."

Nowadays the Russian press is saying nice things about the Jews, but the Russian Government has not yet promised legislation to remove Jewish disability. Mr. Zangwill, however, has been busy, and Sir Edward Grey in a letter to him has said that British influence will favor the emancipation of the Russian Jews. Meanwhile it is clear that the Russians want to think well of the Jews, and still more that they want to think well of themselves in relation to their Jews. Mr. Sherrill thinks the emancipation of the Russian Jews is assured. He says that a new era is opening for them, and that the people of this country as well as the Jews themselves will have reason to rejoice. "We are a sentimental folk," he says, "and none would be quicker than we to respond commercially to the better feeling between Russia and ourselves which is

sure to result when we learn of the changed attitude of the Russian people toward their Jewish compatriots, due to the latter's gallant participation in this great war. No matter what may be the outcome of the war, the feeling throughout Russia against Germany will be such as to require that there be substituted goods other than those 'made in Germany' for the vast quantities hitherto supplied by German factories. And who is better equipped or should be readier to step into that wide and wealthy field than we? Where can our manufacturers find richer new markets, or, to view it from another angle, in what better way can the Siberian Railway increase its traffic than by carrying our products landed at Vladivostok from our Pacific ports?"

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Poems About San Francisco

CLXX—THE PATH OF PORTOLA

By George Sterling

(The following poem was written by George Sterling in October, 1913, on the occasion of the second Portola celebration, and was published in the San Francisco Call with illustrations by Albert Herter, the New York mural painter. It does not appear in Sterling's latest volume "Beyond the Breakers.")

When Portola came up from the South,
In the month when the singing-birds depart,
The soldier rode with a song in his mouth
And the silent priest with a prayer at his heart.

North, O North in the cloudless days,
Where the slack Salinas pent her stream!
North on the never-trodden ways
To the land of vision and hills of dream.

Then, as now, fled the timid wings
O'er the reeds where the hungry wild-fowl go,
Where the heron wades and the blackbird sings
In the russet marshes of Pajaro.

Past the marshes the mountains soar
And the redwood sentries, lone and high,
Gaze from their posts to the valley floor—
Dark and still on the autumn sky.

Along the mountains the way is steep,
With voice of sea in valley and pass,
And the Spanish horses seem to creep,
Where the dust came up from the broken grass.

Up the mountains the way is dark
Where the redwood-armies mass their shade,
And the brown-skinned people peer and hark
At the sound of the toiling cavalcade.

Over the mountains the way is long
And the feet of the burdened mules are slow:
Early camp and a twilight-song
Where the firstling waters eastward flow!

Eastward! So from the wooded crest,
Portola, gaze in thy silence down
To the plain where the sunset shadows rest,
Cast from the darkened mountain's crown.

Lo! strange waters! And lo! the gleam
Of mighty waters alien and wide!
A tremor of light at the world's extreme,—
The port where the ships of a world shall ride!

So the hard captain found our Bay—
Toiling hence by the ocean's roar
From the sprawling oaks of Monterey
And the pines that sigh by the granite shore.

So on the San Matean hill
Stood he at sunset, gazing forth
On the secret waters, litten and chill,
That lost their light in the misty north.

The Bay! our Bay! Oh! vacant and vast,
Mystic and virgin, waiting her fate!
But the word was said and the die was cast
And the Key was forged for the Golden Gate.

How could he see it, he who gazed,
That All Saints' Eve, from his mountain-post,
On the gulf where the silent channel blazed
Ere the fog came in like a patient ghost!—

How could he see, what would he say,
Gazing down from the hills again
On the moving lights of the peopled Bay,—
On the groves of masts and rivers of men?

What were his thoughts if he saw tonight
The canyoned streets and the festive throng,—
The jewelled dreams of the lessoned light,
The storm of music and surge of song?

Nay! what were the thoughts of him who trod
This city of ours in a hundred years?
Shall men in those days give thanks unto God,
Or wash her streets with their useless tears?

There is no building, except we build
Our domes and towers to the common good!
Vain is the feast, and the wine is spilled,
Except we gather in brotherhood!

The Spectator

The Discreet Newspapers

"It beats hades the way the newspapers get away with it," exclaimed the man who winds the ferry clock.

"Get away with what?" I asked him.

"Get away with what we boys along the waterfront call the rough stuff," explained my philosophical friend.

Naturally I was all ears.

"I am thinking of the way the newspapers have acted during this campaign to make California a dry State," the clockwinder went on. "The newspapers can spare space on their valuable editorial pages for every expression of public or near-public opinion except those which are likely to give offense to a few long-haired, long-faced, lantern-jawed cranks. During this campaign the newspapers have had their say on pretty nearly every question except the most important question of all—Prohibition. Did they dare take a stand on Prohibition? You bet they didn't. At the last minute a few papers in the State put a cross in the 'no' column when they published a sample ballot. But during the long campaign the editors were too busy with the woes of Belgium and other safe subjects to have any time to write arguments in favor of the wine, hop and barley industries of California. In San Francisco the anti-prohibitionists had to pay for every line of daily newspaper publicity they received."

Gouging an Industry

"Yes, and they had to pay handsomely too," continued the clockwinder. "I suppose you know

that the anti-prohibitionist campaign in San Francisco and throughout the State for that matter, was handled by a committee of the United California Industries. When the members of this committee were preparing for their advertising campaign they were amazed to find that the newspapers proposed to charge them about twice the ordinary rate on all their advertising. They demanded an explanation from the advertising managers of our big dailies. And the explanation was a dandy. The advertising managers explained that they had quoted their usual rate for political advertising, a rate which is about twice as high as the ordinary rate for industrial advertising. The men of the United California Industries were astounded.

"'When we advertise our products,' they said, 'you give us the industrial rate; but when our business is threatened with destruction and we commence a costly campaign to save it, you give us the political rate, do you?'"

"The advertising managers said that was the situation.

"'You place us on the same footing as the professional politician chasing an office, do you?'"

"Again the advertising managers indicated that the committeemen grasped the situation.

"Not if we know it," said the men of the United California Industries. "We'll get along without buying any of your valuable advertising space."

"And they did for about a week. At the end of that time the advertising managers came back with their hats in their hands, got down on their knees and begged the men of the United California Industries to insert their advertisements at

the industrial rate. It would have served the newspapers right if they hadn't got a line of that business. It was the worst attempt to gouge I've ever heard of, and I know of many a one, for I have a pretty good line on what happens in newspaper offices. Why, Black Bart would have been ashamed to try a hold-up like that."

By Way of Contrast

"Just by way of contrast," continued the clockwinder, "consider the conduct of my late friend J. Charles Green. The newspapers used to hold Green up to public execration because he did a big billboard advertising business and thereby cut in on their profitable game. Green fought them like a man and they found they couldn't crush him. Well, at the beginning of this Prohibition fight J. Charles Green was still alive. The men who handled the Prohibition sack in San Francisco went to him to get rates on billboard advertising. Did he gouge them? Did he explain to them that they'd have to pay double the in-

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dustrial rate because they were making a political campaign? No, he did not. J. Charles Green told them to their faces that they were bent on ruining one of the greatest industries of California and that they couldn't rent a square foot of billboard space from him at any price. That's the kind of citizen J. Charles Green was. The dregs did some billboard advertising in this city. You've seen their bills about the "last man hired and first man fired." But those bills are put out by a minor concern called the Outdoor Advertising Company. What's more, the J. Charles Green Co. has given the wets a rate on their anti-Prohibition advertising that is so low that it scarcely covers the expense to the company of pasting the bills. Where is the public spirit, in the gouging newspapers, or in the billboard concern?"

Where Havens Got Some Money

Society folk across the bay are sitting up and taking notice of the attitude of the McDermott heirs to one another. Though the death of Mrs. Flora McDermott occurred only a few weeks ago, the heirs have already appeared in court not in a friendly group. There are indications that the estate will be the subject of litigation. Mrs. McDermott was the only daughter of the late Colonel Main of the pioneer firm of Main & Winchester which did a big wholesale business in harness and saddles in the days before automobiles developed a market for tires. She was the widow of the late Charles F. McDermott, who died about fifteen years ago after a career made eventful by much mining and land litigation. Since her husband's death Mrs. McDermott lived the quiet life in the old McDermott home in West Oakland which remained one of the finest residences across the bay even after the fashionable element began sprawling in luxury among the Piedmont Hills. The McDermott fortune is worth about two million dollars, but about half a million is represented by securities in corporations controlled by F. C. Havens, the somewhat frenzied financier whose Peoples' Water Company is now in the hands of a Board of Trus-

tees. The circumstance that Havens was able to borrow half a million from Mrs. McDermott is at present among the topics of polite discussion in social circles over the bay, for the financier is a social leader, and of his set are the Frank Proctors who must be deeply concerned about the loans made by Mrs. McDermott as Mrs. Proctor is one of the heirs.

An Early Search for a Will

Mrs. McDermott is survived by all four of her children. The eldest is Mrs. Mary Crawford, wife of a retired naval officer with whom she is living in England. Mrs. Crawford is a literary woman and has written several plays. The eldest son of Mrs. McDermott is Louis McDermott, who has a taste for machinery which he indulges in a machine shop in one corner of the McDermott grounds in West Oakland. This gentleman is that rare person, a San Francisco commuter. While he works in Oakland he lives at the St. Francis. He has a brother, Alfred McDermott, the youngest of the family, who has lived the life of a recluse, never having enjoyed good health. The most prominent member of the family hereabouts is the daughter Flora, wife of Frank Proctor who was once identified with the brokerage business in Boston. The Proctors are very "strong" for society. They have done a good deal of entertaining in Oakland and Santa Barbara. Mrs. Proctor was the first member of the family to take an interest in the estate. Mrs. McDermott died on a Sunday and on the following Saturday Mrs. Proctor applied for letters of administration. On the following Tuesday Louis McDermott filed a petition, asking that he be given charge, and last week Mrs. Crawford, through her attorneys, filed a similar petition, though she was on the Atlantic. Up to this time Louis McDermott, as was explained in court, supposed that his mother left a will. He asked the court to order a search of his mother's safe deposit boxes, but Mrs. Proctor's attorney said that no will could be found. He explained that a search of the boxes had been made by an agent of Mrs.

McDermott when she was on her deathbed, two weeks before she died.

Extinguished Stars

An order came out of the East the other day causing consternation among the special writers of the Examiner. A special writer is a newspaperman who enjoys the privilege of signing his name to the articles he writes. The order issued by Hearst was to the effect that henceforth there should only be one special writer on the San Francisco Examiner, to-wit: E. H. Hamilton. As there are a number of bright men on the Examiner who have been accustomed to seeing their names black-faced at the top of the column, it is small wonder that this order filled them with consternation. The more familiar the public becomes with a newspaperman's name, the more valuable that name is in the marketplace of journalism. A reporter need not be vain or egotistical to abhor anonymity. The fact that his managing editor allows him to "sign his stuff" is the greatest asset he has, for it means that his work possesses individuality, that it is out of the common, superior to the general run. The Examiner has a number of such men. But at one stroke of the pen they were deprived of their pre-eminence. The order which left Ned Hamilton "fair as a star when only one is shining in the sky" brought the word that henceforth he should share the distinction only with Winsor McCay, Elbert Hubbard and one or two other luminaries of the Hearst service. But this drastic order was afterwards modified. No doubt editors in various cities protested against its severity. The result was for San Francisco that Redfern Mason, Al Joy and Douglas Erskine have been excepted from its operation. The rest of the Examiner stars are extinguished.

Professor Pope Pontificates

Reader, dost know Professor Arthur U. Pope of the University of California? Dost not? Then make the acquaintance of this sun whose rays dazzle the students in the department of philosophy. Professor Pope made an address on Progressivism to the members of the Los Angeles City Club, an address wherein he showed to his own satisfaction that the voters would be untrue to the principles of the best philosophy if they failed to support Governor Johnson, Jack Eshleman and Jack Neylan. According to Professor Pope the present State administration worships as its ideal "a spiritual monotheism of

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social unity and solidarity," a statement which would gratify Progressives if they understood what it meant. But Professor Pope and Chet Rowell are the only Progressives in the State who understand language like that. Professor Pope reminded the members of the Los Angeles City Club what Plato had said: "Until kings are philosophers, and philosophers kings, states will never cease from their ills, no nor the human race; nor will our ideal polity ever come into being." Even a Los Angeles Progressive might suspect from this saying that Plato was depicting an ideal he knew could never become a reality. But Professor Pope has a stronger faith in human nature than Plato had. The condition Plato dreamed of Professor Pope sees with waking eye. For he said: "Are not Johnson, Eshleman and Neylan philosopher-kings?" The king part of it we shall pass over in silence, but the philosopher part wins our instant agreement. Yea verily, Hiram is a philosopher, the two Jacks are philosophers. They are all philosophers of the tub or trough whose dearest wish is that all others shall stand out of the light and let the sun of popular favor shine full upon them. Like their great master Diogenes they go about with lanterns seeking honest men; unlike the old cynic they have a successful quest, for they find that the only honest men are themselves. As for Professor Pope—well, when we find such infantile minds babbling pseudo-philosophy, we hesitate to vote new appropriations for the University.

What Did Lyman Say?

The new Union Oil tanker Lyman Stewart which was launched at the Union Iron Works last Saturday was christened by Miss Dorothy May Stewart, the charming daughter of the president of the oil company for whom the tanker was named. And it was christened with real champagne. Most vessels are, but persons who know Lyman Stewart might think that there would be no wine used in the baptism of his boat. For Lyman Stewart of Los Angeles is an aggressive prohibitionist, and I doubt not, has helped to finance the "dry" campaign in California. Bearing this in mind J. J. Tynan, vice-president and general manager of the Union Iron Works, went to Mrs. Lyman Stewart before the launching, told her that the vessel was to be christened with champagne and asked her if that fact would prevent her daughter from performing the ceremony.

"It is real champagne, you know," said Tynan. "I don't know it," said Mrs. Stewart.

But what will Lyman say about this equivocation? Your prohibitionist is apt to be strict on such points.

Relief for Belgians

The latest news from Belgium depicts the misery in that country as most appalling. On account of the German invasion, the country has

been laid waste and denuded of its food-supplies, the cattle, the foodstuffs and even the money having been taken from the inhabitants. At present, Germany having denied all responsibility for feeding the Belgians, the people are facing utter starvation. Relief therefore is urgently needed and can be expected almost only from neutral nations. The local Committee of the Belgian Relief Fund makes a most earnest appeal for contributions in money, in order that food may be secured for the unfortunate inhabitants of Belgium. The headquarters of the committee is 628 Montgomery street, room 207, secretary Mr. G. Marsily, where contributions will be gratefully received, as well as at the Consulate of Belgium, 311 California street, or at the uptown office, 136 Kearny street.

The Tavern's Popularity

The perfect ventilation of Techau Tavern seems to be as great a factor in drawing the crowds to this cafe as does that more intangible but no less desirable atmosphere of refinement



EVAN WILLIAMS

The famous Welsh-American tenor, who gives two song recitals at Columbia Theatre on Sunday afternoons, November 15 and 22.

and respectability for which the Tavern is famous. The genuine New Year's Eve spirit of hilarity was prevalent at the Tavern on Halloween and the informal dansant was a tremendous success. The decorations were cleverly conceived in the spirit of the occasion and there were balloons and favors for all guests.

"These long Arctic nights are delightful," said the Eskimo beau, "but I guess I'm staying a trifle late."

"No hurry," declared the Eskimo belle. "That clock is two weeks fast."

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"The pains I have endured were awful," continued Mr. Griffin. "Nothing I took relieved the suffering. I had to quit work; I could not attend my duties. At home I could not lessen the pain. I had begun to think I would have to endure the ailments always. But with the Akoz compound and the Akoz plasters I stopped the pain in three days. By drinking the water for three months I rid my body of the uric acid which caused the rheumatism and today I feel better than ever. I have not from the first three days of the Akoz treatment had a recurrence of pain. I have recommended Akoz to many of my friends and they have reported the same favorable results as I obtained from the remedy. I will gladly substantiate this statement to any one interested or suffering."

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Wait a Bit

Silicis—When is the proper time to congratulate a bride and groom?

Cynicus—After they have lived together for at least a year and are still happy.



Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Amy's Latest Romance

It is not so long ago that Amy Crocker-Ashe-Gillig-Gouraud contracted her fourth marriage, bestowing her hand upon a Russian known as Prince Meskinoff, though his right to the princely designation has been questioned. Amy is now back in New York, war's alarms having driven her from Paris; and they are saying along the Rialto and in those Bohemian circles where Amy moves that divorce is about to restore her to freedom once more. Further than that they are saying that Amy contemplates a fifth alliance, the happy man being described as "a well known musician, for many years accompanist to a celebrated prima donna who died a few months ago in a far distant land." I hazard the guess that the prima donna thus referred to is Madame Nordica who died at Batavia in Java. If I am right the musician who is said to be a candidate for matrimonial honors with our Amy must be Romaine Simmons. Simmons was Nordica's accompanist for years, and was remembered in her will by a legacy of some twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars.

Mrs. Spreckels' Whistler

You wouldn't think that many San Francisco people read the art notes in the New York papers, but there can be no doubt that many do. This is proved by the wide circulation in local society of the news that Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckels has bought Whistler's famous caricature "The Gold Scab." This famous picture was held by a local dealer at what looked like a prohibitive figure, and when it was sold the identity of the purchaser was kept a secret. The secret leaked out in New York and the fact that "The Gold Scab" had been bought by Mrs. Spreckels was mentioned in the art notes of the Times.



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There must be a large body of art lovers in our social circle who read those notes, for the intelligence spread rapidly and has made Whistler the subject of conversation in many gatherings. Many people who knew the picture only in reproduction have viewed it since its installation in the Spreckels home.

A Strange Work

In "The Life of James McNeill Whistler" by Pennell the story of the picture is told in detail. It was painted after his quarrel with Leyland over the Peacock Room, and is one of three



MAJOR GENERAL ARTHUR MURRAY, U. S. A.

Who is chairman of the executive committee for the big military ball.

caricatures of the man to whom Whistler attributed his bankruptcy. "The third, the cruellest," Mr. Pennell writes, "was the Gold Scab or Eruption in Filthy Lucre, a demon-like creature, breaking out everywhere in a strange eruption of golden sovereigns, wearing the now symbolic frill, seated on the White House playing the piano." The hideousness of the strange figure is the more appalling because of the beauty of the color, the decorative charm. A malicious joke begun in anger, Mr. Arthur Symons has described it, "from which beauty exudes like the scent of a poisonous flower." Leyland was an amateur musician and composed his own songs. He delighted to gather a circle of admiring friends around him and entertain them with his own compositions. On the sheet of music Leyland's face is cunningly reflected in the notes on the staff. Leyland was eccentric, and indulged in weird and fantastic costumes copied from old models. Whistler satirizes him in the flaunting gorgeousness of the peacock costume with the claws and peacock tail feathers. Gold sovereigns break out all over Leyland's body. The canvas scintillates with caustic brilliancy, witness of the maliciousness of a man of genius whose pride has been wounded.

The Poloists Are Coming

The crack polo players of the East are preparing to descend upon San Francisco for the

World's Fair polo matches, and Burlingame is intensely excited. Among those who are coming are Goadby Loew, Hal Phipps, Devereaux Milburn, J. S. Phipps, Rene La Montagne, H. P. Whitney, C. C. Rumsey, Watson Tebbs, Thomas de Boutilliers and Ambrose Clark. I do not pretend to know much about these poloists. Their comparative excellence on the field and their comparative social importance are practically unknown to me. I publish their names here for a praiseworthy purpose, to-wit: that my readers may familiarize themselves not only with the polo history of these heroes but also with their family annals so far as these are available. Ignorance of these great men is excusable now; it will be quite inexcusable when they burst into our midst. So one should lose no time in consulting Who's Who, the Social Register and other source books of social history.

The Fox Trot

The Fox Trot is undeniably the "dance of the hour"—one might say "hours," as early morning lessons in the trot have become the fad among dance enthusiasts who can't wait for the opening of dansants in the afternoon. Its very strenuousness has created the demand for a "cooler," so to say, and the schottish has returned in answer. Thalia Weed Newcomb is teaching a schottish that may be danced to fox trot music when the orchestra persists in its program of trot tempo. Mrs. Newcomb predicts a return to the continuous dances, devoid of fancy figures or complicating counts. "It is impossible to execute an intricate figure or stipulated number of counts on a crowded floor," says Mrs. Newcomb. "People want to dance for pleasure and they demand dances that leave them free to enjoy conversation while dancing. That is why the fox trot and cana waltz have leaped to favor. Neither adheres to a fixed routine of steps."

Bobbie's Trot

"Bobbie" Eyre has always been noted for his love of dumb animals. Last season his lame duck was the envy and despair of many of the younger beaux. Now he brings back from New York an Eyredale trot that promises to shame the original fox into trotting madly for his hole!

The New Hotel Plaza

The newest hotel of San Francisco is the Hotel Plaza at the corner of Post and Stockton streets, opposite the plaza of Union Square. Before the process of enlargement and complete renovation which made it practically a new building, it was known as the Union Square. The Hotel Plaza has three hundred and fifty rooms connecting with bath rooms. It will be run on both the American and the European plan, and its manager is John G. Barker, one of the best known, most experienced and most popular hotel men in the United States. The Hotel Plaza will open on the first of December, which will be a particularly opportune time for those who are closing their suburban homes and returning to San Francisco for the winter gaieties. The Hotel Plaza is of Spanish Renaissance architecture, the period of Philip II, and is most elegantly furnished. The main dining room is done in rose damask, a private dining room in mulberry damask; the ladies parlor is in blue and gray damask and has a Chippendale parlor set upholstered in black

and gold damask which is the last word in furniture covering. The lobby furnishings are to be in taupe which is the latest and most artistic scheme. A gentlemen's club room adjacent to the main lobby will be treated in rather an artistic manner, the color scheme being mulberry, the walls hung in damask. Taking it all in all, the new Hotel Plaza is a great credit to its architects MacDonald and MacDonald. It has been fitted up in a fashion to extort the admiration of the most fastidious, and there can be no doubt that it will become one of the most favored hostelrys in this city, the rendezvous of those who demand the very best of accommodations and service at a reasonable rate. Mr. Barker is highly pleased at the number of reservations which are being made daily by people who demand the best there is in hotel service.

The Military Ball

Undoubtedly the most brilliant affair of the winter season because of its pageantry and the personnel of its management will be the Military Pageant-Ball to be given at the Exposition Auditorium on January 15 in aid of the Army Relief Society. This society provides relief in cases of emergency to dependent widows and orphans of officers and enlisted men of the regular army, aids in securing employment for them, creates scholarships for the education of the soldiers' orphans and recently has extended its field to provide for wives and families of soldiers left without funds in the event of a sudden call to arms. The ball for this worthy purpose will be the first real military ball ever held west of Washington and the pageantry of brilliant uniforms, fashionable gowns and elaborate dance numbers depicting the five war periods in American history will combine to make a spectacle of surpassing splendor. These period dances, no less beautiful than significant, will be given on the floor of the vast auditorium between the regular dance numbers and will lend an additional touch of pageantry to a scene in which half a thousand officers of the army and navy will take part. Major General Arthur Murray, commanding the Western Department of the army, is chairman of the executive committee, and Mrs. Murray, social leader of the army set, is chairman of the women's ball committee.

Tea Dances, Hotel Oakland

Invitations are being issued this week to a series of Wednesday evening supper dansants in the ivory ball room of the Hotel Oakland. The first dansant will be given on November 18 and the others will follow on alternate Wednesdays throughout the season. Mlle. Louise La Gai and Mr. Quentin Todd will be present at the dansants, giving exhibition dances and assisting in the direction of the affairs. The list of patronesses is as follows: The Mesdames Harris

Cebert Capwell, William Cavalier, Harry Chickering, John F. Connors, Timothy C. Coogan, Paul Dinsmore, James P. H. Dunn, Minor Goodall, Warren Harrold, Wickham Havens, Stuart Hawley, Edward Howard, Harry Knowles, Oscar F. Long, Irving Lundborg, George McNear Jr., Kendall Morgan, Robert C. Newell, Challen Parker, Isaac Requa, Dennis Searles, George Tyson, Robert Van Sant, Harry Weihe, William Thornton White, Willard Williamson, Raymond Wilson.



REAR ADMIRAL CHARLES F. POND, U. S. N.

Who is on the committee in charge of arrangements for the big Army Relief ball.

The Charity Ball

The annual Charity Ball for the benefit of the Humane Bureau will be given at Scottish Rite Hall on November 20. Those who intend to have supper parties are requested to engage tables in advance by telephoning Wheeler and Hayward. There is of course no extra charge for supper, and this arrangement is solely for the convenience of those who attend.

A Beringer Concert

The Beringer Musical Club announces its thirty-first concert to be given at Century Club Hall on Tuesday evening, November 10. A varied program of vocal and instrumental numbers will make the recital particularly interesting. The following members of the club will take part: Miss Eleanor Alberti, Miss Loie Munil, Miss Myrtle Dow, Miss Thelma Kay, Miss Genevieve Holmberg, Miss Louise Cameron, Miss Maya C. Hummel, Miss Zdenka Buben and Miss Arena Toriggino. Miss Edna C. Horan, Mr. Otto Rauhart and Joseph Beringer will play a trio-sonata by Pugnani in the arrangement for two violins and piano.

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If the morning has been dull—just routine and grind—like countless other days—and if before you looms an afternoon of tiresome sameness—between 11:30 and 2 try the Special 50-Cent Luncheon. There's an immediate picking-up of the spirits that makes the day worth while. There's a memory to take the flatness out of many days to come. It lends a new possibility to daily life—a means of enlivening the dullness of days—the atmosphere of Tait's, with its subtle charm and "difference," drives away monotony. The difference is always there—it makes Tait's the ideal place in which to dine, or to gather after the show.

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"The Poor Little Rich Girl"

By Edward F. O'Day

The audience saw it through a mist of tears. It worked a mood of tenderness that made conquest of the heart and swept upward to express itself in honest moisture. That same mood springs when one looks at the well known painting of the stricken child, the parents prostrated with grief and the doctor watching by the cot. Here the mood is intensified, prolonged. You are spectator at a struggle with death. A precious life sways in the scales. Now there is hope and now there is despair. Your whole soul goes into the uncertain fight. Your entire consciousness is enlisted on the side of the unconscious little girl. Little signs become very important. You look nervously for little changes. Whatever of pity, whatever of affection, whatever of sensibility, of child-love there is in you comes out and is arrayed on the weaker side in the unequal battle. There is less than an hour of this poignancy, but the time seems much longer. In less than an hour you are racked with all the agonies of life's greatest tragedy. Now you know how

mothers and fathers feel when their lives are darkened by that shadow. Perhaps you are a mother, a father. Then this scene must be well nigh unbearable. But it ends in joy. The little life is saved. After a while you regain your calm. The mist dissolves. You have been greatly shaken, chastened. You feel better for the experience. In the theatre emotion of this sort is usually maudlin. There is a wallow of sentimentality usurping the place of sentiment. It is only the too soft heart that responds. Miss Eleanor Gates, however, looked into the depths of human nature to find this play. She does not deal with shams. Her insight is true. It is the stress of life as all know it that makes the eye dim and the lip quiver in "The Poor Little Rich Girl." And wonderful to say, it is life handled with consummate art. Miss Gates was inspired when she conceived this play. The idea was a stroke of genius. Happily, she possessed the ability to execute what she imagined. Her workmanship is everywhere worthy of her theme. She

wrought "The Poor Little Rich Girl" with delicate ingenuity, with homely humor, with satire not too sharp. She unwound a slender thread so deftly, so daintily, with such intelligent care that it never once broke in her fingers. She has peopled fairyland with new denizens, and the feat gives her rank with Barrie and Maeterlinck. "Peter Pan" is indeed unapproachable, but will not many agree with me that "The Poor Little Rich Girl" is better than "The Blue Bird?" Does it not strike deeper roots into the soil of life? Has it not more meaning? For me it has more truth than the Belgian's fantasy, beautiful as that is. I exhausted "The Blue Bird" at one attendance; the second time its charm had vanished. I cannot believe that I shall be disappointed when I revisit "The Poor Little Rich Girl." At any rate I do not shrink from the experiment, for I think that the Columbia is housing an American masterpiece, and masterpieces are inexhaustible.

Gossip of the Theatre

A New Musical Club

Felicitations to the San Francisco Quintet Club, which made its initial bow to the public last Sunday at the St. Francis and gave a concert that cast a spell over an audience of music lovers. Here is a little club of genuine musicians that will earn our gratitude as time runs on. It was organized by that musical enthusiast Elias Hecht. Associated with him are Louis Ford, first violin; C. B. Evans, viola and violin; Victor de Gomez, 'cello; and Gyula Ormay, piano. These musicians make a fine blend. That they have the power to express feeling and to awaken it in others was made manifest in Mozart's C Major Quartet and in Dohnanyi's Serenade op. 10. In all their playing there was that indefinable feeling that comes from the mystery and magic of art. There is a place in this community for the new musical organization to fill, and one feels justified in predicting that its efforts will meet with the hearty response they will assuredly deserve.

The Ganz Piano Concerts

Rudolph Ganz, the famous Swiss piano virtuoso, will appear here for the first time as a recitalist this Sunday afternoon at Scottish Rite Auditorium. Mr. Ganz is accepted by the foremost critics of Europe as a master-player, and his program is so interesting and beautiful that it should attract every music lover. His offerings include the Bach-Busoni "Chaconne," Chopin's glorious "Sonata" in B flat minor, novelties by the young Swiss composer Blanchet, a work by Eric Korngold, the young Viennese composer whose works astonished the world before the lad was twelve years' old, two compositions by Mr. Ganz, and Liszt's transcriptions of his own song "Mignon" and the inspiring national march of Hungaria "The Rakoczy." Next Saturday afternoon, November 14, Mr. Ganz will give a special teachers' and students' program to which the music teachers have been given special rates for their pupils. On this occasion Beethoven's "Appassionata," a group of Chopin compositions and works by Ganz, Maurice Ravel and Liszt will be offered. Tickets for both events may be had at Sherman, Clay and

Company's and Kohler and Chase's as well as at the hall on Sunday. The Pacific Musical Society will attend the opening concert.

Petaluma Concerts

Manager Will Greenbaum has completed arrangements with a committee of ladies and gentlemen in the prosperous town of Petaluma for a series of concerts of the highest class. The artist to open the season will be Evan Williams on Tuesday night, November 17. Later Steindorff and a fine concert orchestra will give a program, and the famous Metropolitan Opera House prima donna Alma Gluck will be the final offering.

Arrigo Serato

Although Arrigo Serato, the Italian virtuoso, is making his first American tour this year, the demand for his services is enormous as his reputation has preceded him. Mr. Greenbaum has arranged concerts for him in both Berkeley and Stanford, and his opening concert in this city Sunday afternoon, December 6, at the Columbia will be for the benefit of the Vittoria Colonna charities. The Vittoria Colonna is a club of one hundred prominent Italian women who do a great deal of good among the poor of this city regardless of nationality.

Evan Williams, Tenor

Evan Williams, the famous Welsh tenor, will make his first appearance in California at the Columbia on Sunday afternoon, November 15. For years our music lovers have heard of the glorious voice of this artist, "the Welsh John McCormack," but the demand for his services in the East and Europe has been such that until now he has been unable to find the time to visit us. Most owners of talking machines however are familiar with the Williams voice and style, for his records rank among the "best sellers." It is a voice of unusual timbre, one of those voices that reach your very heart, and his artistic singing gives great pleasure alike to the mere casual music lover and the serious student. Evan Williams ranks among the five greatest tenors

on the concert stage. At his first concert Mr. Williams will sing three of the Handel Arias in which he stands without a peer, Schubert's "Wandering," Jensen's exquisite "Murmuring Zephyrs," Haydn's "Spirit Song," Ware's "Wind and Lyre" and a group of three Welsh melodies besides the beautiful song cycle "Eliland" by Von Fielitz which has not been heard here in public since Nordica introduced it ten years ago. The second Williams concert will be given Sunday afternoon, November 22, with a complete change of program. The sale of seats for both concerts opens next Wednesday, November 10, at Sherman, Clay and Company's, Kohler and Chase's and the Columbia.

Hadley's Works on Programs

The compositions of Henry Hadley, conductor of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, find representation this season on the programs of many symphony orchestras of America. Mr. Hadley's symphonic poem "Lucifer" which is soon to be given its first New York performance by the Philharmonic Orchestra, Joseph Stransky, conductor, was composed in San Francisco last year. "Lucifer" was written by Vondel, the great Dutch Shakespeare before Milton wrote "Paradise Lost." It was translated into English by von Noppen who held a post as professor at Columbia University. The tragic story which has to do with an uprising of discontented angels who long for earthly Paradise and are jealous of Adam and Eve, and who, under the leadership of Lucifer attempt to wage war in the skies against God's army, lends itself to dramatic musical treatment. Dr. Muck will produce this work with the Boston Symphony Orchestra next April and has invited Mr. Hadley to conduct two performances. Mr. Hadley's name appears three times on the programs of the Minneapolis Symphony during the coming season. The works chosen for performance are the "Angelus" from his Symphony No. 3 and Overture "In Bohemia." Mr. Glen Dillard Gunn of Chicago will produce two of Mr. Hadley's works for orchestra this season, viz: "Salome" Tone Poem, and the "Angelus" from the third symphony. The fairy

story of the Happy Prince by Oscar Wilde has been made into verse by David Stevens of Boston and will be published as a cantata (music by Henry Hadley) for women's voices and orchestra (with baritone and soprano solos) by G. Schirmer in Boston (December 16), under the direction of G. W. Chadwick. Mr. Arthur Woodruff will present the work in January. Mr. Victor Harris of New York and Mr. Paul Steindorff of San Francisco will give the work during the season. It is dedicated to Mr. Steindorff.

Gertrude Hoffman at Orpheum

Gertrude Hoffman, probably America's greatest danseuse, will be the extraordinary attraction at the Orpheum next week. Miss Hoffman will appear with her own company of fifty, mostly girls, in a revue in twelve scenes. The production which runs for over an hour is said to be the most beautiful ever produced in vaudeville. Twelve extra stage hands are required to handle the two carloads of scenery. Miss Hoffman's fame has spread all over the world. She is in a class by herself. Among her new dances are "Zobeide's Dream" and "Blue Danube," both particularly spectacular. Besides she has many new impersonations. Through the medium of the phonograph many who have never heard Will Oakland have come to admire his fine tenor voice. In none of his records however does his merit stand out with such effect as in the musical novelty "At the Club" arranged by Jean C. Havez and George L. Botsford in which he and a sterling quartet are now appearing. Tony Hunting and Corinne Francis will appear in "A Love Lozenger" in which they cause abundance of fun. The holdovers will be Swor and Mack; Meehan's Canines; and Gertrude Coghlan in William C. De Mille's "Food."

"The Woman" at Alcazar

"The Woman," the greatest of all the David

Belasco successes, and one of the Alcazar's triumphs, is to be revived next week, beginning Monday. This revival is being made to meet hundreds of demands made at the box office of the Alcazar. No recently launched play bearing the Belasco trademark has been received with more popular enthusiasm than this stirring exposition of political life in the national capitol, as is attested by the fact that it ran for an entire year at the Belasco Theatre in New York, and almost equally as long at the Blackstone Theatre in Chicago. It was written by William C. De Mille. In the cast will be as strong a line-up as it is possible for any producing company to gather. Ralph Kellard, Florence Malone, Louis Bennison, Louise Brownell, Burt Wesner, Edmond Lowe, Richard Vivian, Norman Hammond and other Alcazar players will be congenially cast. Scenically the play will be a duplicate of the original New York presentation.

Another Week of "The Poor Little Rich Girl"

"The Poor Little Rich Girl" will be given at the Columbia again next week. Matinees are on Wednesdays and Saturdays and performances are given on Sunday evenings. The next attraction at the Columbia will be May Robson, that delightful comedienne who won the hearts of many a theatregoer during the four seasons in which she appeared in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary." Theatregoers of San Francisco will take a keen interest in her reappearance in this city, and it is announced that "Martha, By-the-Day," Miss Robson's latest vehicle, is a worthy successor to "Aunt Mary."

The Claussen Concert

Madame Julia Claussen, the great Swedish contralto whose song recital at Scottish Rite Auditorium last Wednesday night was one of the most enjoyable ever given in this city, will, with Mr. Uda Waldrop, the excellent accompanist, give

the following attractive program at the Cort tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon at three o'clock sharp: Aria from "Samson et Dalila," Saint-Saens; Heimkehr, Strauss; Feldeinsamkeit, Brahms; Wiegenlied, Brahms; Heimliche Aufforderung, Strauss; I drommen du ar mig nara, Sjogren; Till Majdag, P. von Berger; Skogsdungans toner, Merikanto; Fra Monte Pincio, Grieg; Et Syn, Grieg; Drifting, Grieg; Sacramento, Macdermid; Little Playmates, Tuckfield. The seats will be on sale at the box office of the Cort Theatre.

Third Week of "The Whip"

The third and closing week of "The Whip" at the Cort will begin with Sunday night's performance. The original engagement was for two weeks, but so great has been its success and so gratifying the business done that an extension of one week was arranged after considerable manipulation of previous bookings. The evening performances begin at 8 and the matinees at 2:15. Richard Walton Tully's "The Bird of Paradise," produced by Oliver Morosco, comes on Sunday, November 15, for one week only.

Miss Alexander's Hour

Miss Clara Alexander's "Heures Intimes" and "Raconteur" evenings continue to be of great interest to society folk, those of this week having been largely attended. On Monday afternoon at three o'clock, at Paul Elder's art gallery, the sixth of the "Heures Intimes" will be given, when Miss Alexander will, by request, again read August Strindberg's wonderful one-act play, "The Stronger," which she gave so successfully at the beginning of her season. A number of the negro songs and stories which she interprets so delightfully will also be on the program and several vocal and instrumental selections will be given by prominent vocal artists. As usual, tea will be served. At her evening



SCENE FROM
"THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL"

Eleanor Gates' play, which begins the second week of the San Francisco engagement with brilliant success on Sunday night, November 8.

entertainment, next Thursday at the same place, Miss Alexander will offer an entirely new program.

The Supervisors at Pantages

Another of Walter Montague's twenty-minute thrillers will head the show at Pantages next week. "Twenty Minutes With the Board of Supervisors" deals with matters which have come before the city fathers during the past year. Montague has not written a satire or a travesty, but has handled the various discussions in an impersonal manner. A cast of thirty will interpret it. Eighteen actors will portray the members of the board. Special scenery has been constructed. "The Wreck of the Titanic," one of the most spectacular scenic productions that has ever played the circuit, is a big feature. It has created a sensation in the East. The ever-popular Pollard kiddies will return for a special engagement with a brand new operetta "The Election." Teddy McNamara and Queenie Williams are still the leading lights. Saunders and Van Kuntz will offer songs and eccentric dancing. The Rosdells are singers. Lockhardt and Laddie have an acrobatic novelty. Madeline Farilla, a dainty magician, will present a genuine novelty.

Miss Clement's Concerts

One of the most interesting social and musical events of the season will be a series of chamber concerts given by Miss Ida Clement, pianist, and Mr. Arthur Weiss, 'cellist. These mornings of classical music are for the benefit of the Red Cross Society and will be held in the Sorosis Club Hall, beginning November 10, November 20 and December 8. Miss Clement who is too widely known and admired to need advertising, has for soloists secured the services of Miss Esther Mundell, Miss Fernanda Pratt and Mr. Lawrence

Strauss. Miss Mundell will sing some De Boesse music which has never been given before on the Pacific Coast. For those who appreciate the very best we have of music, this morning concert ought to prove a great pleasure as well as an inspiration towards aiding the sufferers in the European war. Tickets for the concerts, single or in group, can be had at Sherman and Clay's, Wiley B. Allen's or Kohler and Chase's music houses. All those who have heard Miss Clement in symphony or solo work, predict a series of packed concerts as the result of her generous efforts and noble talent.

RUDOLPH GANZ

THE SWISS PIANO VIRTUOSO
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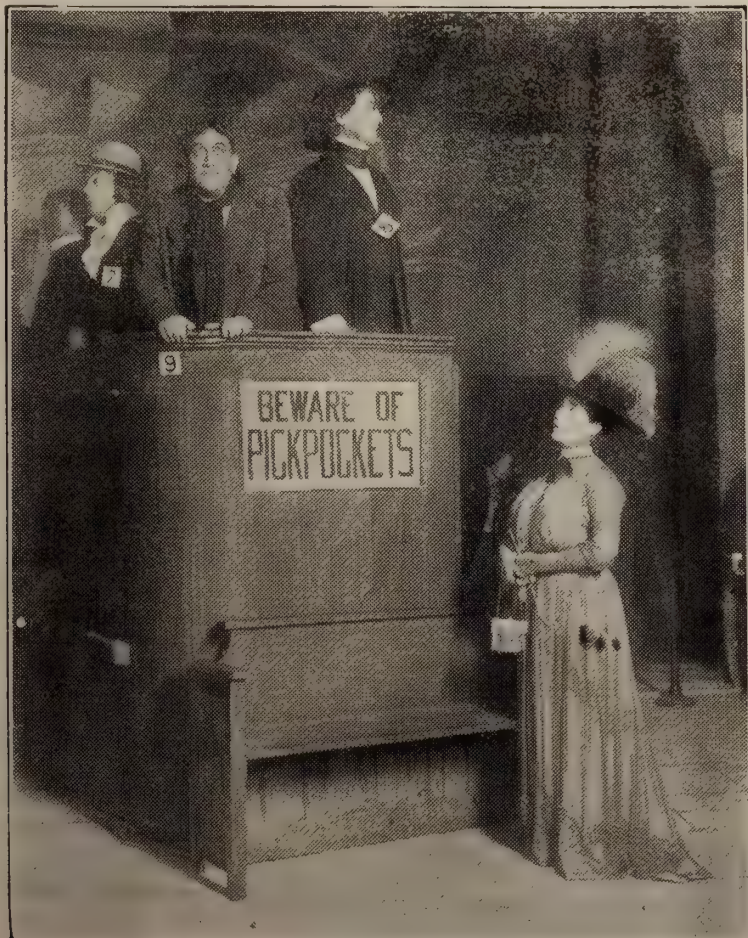
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Next—Sunday, November 15—Return of Last Season's Tremendous Hit—"THE BIRD OF PARADISE."

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Developments in the financial world last week all pointed in the same direction. All reports of consequence laid stress on the progress being made toward the restoration of normal conditions. Foreign exchange rates established new low records since the war began. The announcement that the Federal Reserve system would be inaugurated in earnest November 16 was regarded with favor. The copper market was reported livening up a little. The wonderful expansion of our foreign trade which was looked for with the outbreak of hostilities did not appear immediately, but apparently it has now arrived and is of tidal wave proportions. No other explanation would account satisfactorily for the drop in exchange. The cotton pool is now considered a certainty and within ten days, it is probable, loans will be made which will permit the holding back of the excess of the crop. The call for payments into the pool is expected this week or early next week, and Southern banks will be accommodated with advances from the pool. The exaction of curtailment pledges from borrowers will do more to hold down next year's acreage than all the laws which may be passed by State Legislatures, with the probability that such laws would be held up by injunctions until their constitutionality were determined. By that time the European war would be ancient history. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe made an excellent report for September. It has an excellent wheat and corn territory to serve and also comes in for a good part of the California fruit movement, which began in September and is unusually heavy this year. The steel industry shows little change for the better and the action of the directors in reducing the dividend to 2 per cent was just about as expected. On the whole the general situation looks better and we may have reached the turning point. At any rate conditions would warrant a change for the better from now on.

Wheat—It was a very nervous market in wheat the past week with most of the trade inclined to scalp the market, and prices did not get very far either way. The only new feature was the attitude of Turkey and this gave the market an upturn of a couple of cents, but outside trade is so light that after the first rush of buying on this news the market reacted again. Exporters claim they can sell all the wheat they can get at fancy prices and they have undoubtedly sold millions of bushels for immediate shipment. And while clearances for the week were in the neighborhood of 10,000,000 bushels from this country they would have been larger if vessel room had been available. The farmer is selling his wheat as fast as he can haul it as the price to him is now around the dollar mark and stocks of wheat at all primary markets are large and showed a further increase for the week. Domestic sales of flour have been large and the mills are being

kept busy. Export sales of flour from Minneapolis continue large for immediate shipment and with the situation so strong in Europe it looks as if higher prices are inevitable.

Corn—The corn market was inclined to follow wheat fractionally. Weather throughout the corn belt has been favorable and husking is general with reports from most sections discouraging. This is usually the case following a short crop. Cash demand from the East was somewhat better and stocks of corn at Chicago showed a fair decrease for the week. New corn is not being offered freely as yet and what is coming to the market is being consigned. Outside markets were not as firm as Chicago. Kansas City and St. Louis both went to quite a discount under the Chicago price. Corn around 70 cents looks high taking into consideration that we are on the eve of a movement of corn from the farm which usually has its effect on the price at this

season, and while corn may look cheap, considering the high prices for everything else, still with no export demand and the liberal rules regarding the delivery of new corn this season on December contracts we fail to see where there would be much in the long side at present.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of NICHOLAS O'LEARY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of NICHOLAS O'LEARY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of NICHOLAS O'LEARY, deceased.

ELLEN BLACKMER,

Administratrix of the Estate of NICHOLAS O'LEARY, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 24, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Administratrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-24-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 59,610; Dept. No. 10.

E. E. FREDERICK, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES T. SALE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to:

CHARLES T. SALE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 5th day of October, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

ARTHUR BRAND, Attorney for Plaintiff,
817 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-24-10

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 59860; Department No. 1.

ELIZABETH BRASSEUR, Plaintiff, vs. RAPHAEL BRASSEUR, Defendant.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to RAPHAEL BRASSEUR, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the city and County of San Francisco, this 16th day of October, A. D. 1914.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

GERALD C. HALSEY,

Attorney for Plaintiff,
105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-7-10

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS

A special meeting of the stockholders of the Loomis Mortgage & Land Company will be held at the office of the Company, No. 654 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, on Saturday, November 14, 1914, at 2 o'clock P. M. for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and for the consideration and transaction of any other business that may be brought before the meeting.

V. MACDONALD, Secretary.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PATRICK RIELLY, also called PATRICK REILLY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Patrick Rielly, executor of the Last Will and Testament of Patrick Rielly, also called Patrick Reilly, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within Ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of John J. O'Toole, Rooms 446 and 447 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Patrick Rielly, also called Patrick Reilly, deceased.

PATRICK RIELLY,

Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Patrick Rielly, also called Patrick Reilly, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 3, 1914.

JOHN J. O'TOOLE, Attorney for Executor,
446 and 447 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-3-5

ORDER

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9988, N. S.; Department No. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY JANE BRAGG, Deceased.

Robert Bragg, a creditor of the estate of Mary Jane Bragg, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate and personal property of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said decedent appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 14th day of December, 1914, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department 9, probate, of said Superior Court, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted requiring and directing the executor and the executrix of the will of said deceased to sell so much of the real estate and personal property of said deceased at either public or private sale, as shall be necessary.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of the hearing of said applications be given to Robert Bragg, as executor, and to Rebecca Bragg Martenstein, as executrix of the will of said deceased, by citation to be served on said executor and said executrix at least ten days before the said time of hearing, and that notice be given to Elizabeth Bragg Cumming, who has appeared in the above entitled matter by T. A. Perkins, Esq., her attorney, by service of a copy of this order upon said T. A. Perkins at least ten days prior to said time of hearing, and that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of the hearing of said application to sell said personal property be given by posting as required by law.

J. V. COFFEY,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated: October 30, 1914.
GERALD C. HALSEY,
Attorney for Petitioner,
105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-7-5

CITATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, City and County of San Francisco—Dept. No. 9 Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN FANNING, Deceased.

The people of the State of California to: Mary Bridget Fanning, Johanna Fanning, Christina Corcoran Meyers, John Fanning, John Ryan, M. G. Conlin, Rev. Terrence Caraher (for St. Francis Roman Catholic Church), Sisters of the Presentation, Margaret Kirwan, Eugene F. Conlin, Mary Gleeson, Joseph Fanning, Joseph Ryan, Rev. Terrence Caraher, St. Francis Roman Catholic Church, Ella Fleischmann, Peter Fanning, Minnie Fanning, Mary Maitland, James Ryan, Sisters of the Holy Family.

YOU ARE HEREBY cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department No. 9, Probate, thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the 21st day of December, A. D. 1914, at 10 o'clock, A. M. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the probate of the will of the above named deceased, should not be revoked in conformity with the petition for the revocation of the will of the above named deceased and filed in this Court on the 5th day of September, 1914.

BY ORDER of the Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, this 5th day of September, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH A. BROWN,
FRANK J. EGAN,
Attorneys for Contestant,
Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-19-10

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SAN FRANCISCO

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledge within four weeks are rejected.

The Alameda Parish Spirit

Obviously the people of Alameda County are not grateful for the authorization to contribute a million dollars to the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Alameda is not a county of spendthrifts. By reason of the nature of its relations with San Francisco it is a parasitical county. Every day it sends over an army of commuters—about 40,000 strong—to forage for the folks at home. There is very little reciprocation between San Francisco and Oakland. It is a violation of the unwritten law of Oakland to spend any money in San Francisco, and therefore it was to be expected that the voters across the bay would vote against bonding themselves for the benefit of the Fair. Their policy is to take all they can, and give back nothing. But now that they have given public expression to their paramount sentiment we may look forward to agitation for general recognition on this side of the bay of the selfish parish spirit on the other. For be it known, ever since the fire the army of commuters has been attracting attention, and more than once there has been talk of reducing its size by extending the principle of partiality to home industry to the equally important matter of home labor.

Scaring the Higher-Ups

The twenty-one directors of the New Haven road indicted under the Sherman act are not accused of an offense involving moral turpitude. The indictment charges what is known to the law as a constructive offense; that is to say, it is assumed to be included within the intent or application of a statute hitherto untested by the courts in this particular relation. The defendants are charged with conspiracy to monopolize by means of a combination of transportation lines. There was a time when the processes and methods by which these defendants effected their combination were regarded as proper and meritorious. It was not until

it became popular to excite class hatred and to discipline the corporations by which the resources and industries of the country were developed that anybody thought of making a criminal offense out of a practice that for years had been recognized as legitimate. So the prosecution of the New Haven directors is to be conducted ostensibly for the purpose of eliciting an interpretation of an old statute and establishing new moral concepts, but in reality to prove to the dear people that their darling servants in Washington are doing all in their power to purify big business which every day is becoming more hazardous, and therefore less inviting to the men who have the means and the enterprise to do the things conducive to prosperity.

The Prohibition Industry

The overwhelming defeat of prohibition in California is not to be taken as decisive. Defeat never spells discouragement for the professional prohibitionists of Westerville, Ohio. What these captains of industry really have to fear is too many victories. Contributions to the cause come chiefly from wet States, as it is almost impossible to keep alive enthusiasm for prohibition among people who have had personal experience of its consequences. The propagandists of Westerville take no interest in a State after it goes dry. The business of enforcing the law they leave to the State authorities, and nowhere in this country today is the law enforced. If the Ohio sanhedrim is receiving any money from Maine, which has just elected an anti-prohibition ticket pledged to give the people a chance to vote themselves free from hypocrisy, it must be only from a few hopeless and incorrigible fanatics. Maine has been under the blight of prohibition for fifty years, and the people of that State need not be told of its effect on public or private morals. As in many matters political, the false view of prohibition is greatly the most plausible and to those who have not experienced it the truth is a paradox as contrary, in appearance, to common sense, as the proposition that the earth moves round the sun. Apparently prohibition means abstinence from drink, and assuredly abstinence from drink is excellent from the viewpoint of persons who have been told and who believe that all the demons are imprisoned in all the beverages that contain alcohol. It is useless to reason with persons to whom only the broadest propositions are intelligible. For them to understand what prohibition really means they must live right in the midst of blind pigs, or like the Mayor of Bangor, Me., be hit with a whisky barrel of a Sunday morning in a dry town. It is perhaps fortunate for California that Oregon and Washington have gone dry, for those States will bring prohibition very near to us and

supply us with object lessons that will enable us to appraise the character of the unconscionable rascals of Westerville who are spreading a curse for the money that is in it.

Mr. Wilson's Awakening

Consider the disillusionment of President Wilson last week and the shock that accompanied it. Verily kings are not the only rulers misled by flatterers and dull counsellors. Our President had come to believe that the people of the land carried him in their hearts and the hollows of their hands and that nothing could avail against him. Norman Hapgood and Treasurer McAdoo and other intellectual giants told him so, and he believed them. He had read in the New York Evening Post that he was the principal asset of the Democracy. By magazine editors he has been assured time and again that the people could not resist the fascination of his bland and impeccable rhetoric. From equally well-informed sources came the report that his control of Congress was little short of Napoleonic—as though the ability to keep a lot of provincial jobchasers cutting out of his hand might be taken as a fallible implication of genius! Apparently the former schoolmaster accepted himself at his sycophants' appraisal, for during the campaign he exuded for publication epistles to Democratic candidates by which he made it known that their election was desirable because of their sympathy with his policies. "Do it for Wilson" was the form of appeal made by one candidate in New Jersey who was snowed under. The election must have left the President doubled up and speechless. He had put his ear to the earth, and he had felt the throbbings of the nation, but alas, how inaccurate his interpretation! In the election returns there is much galling provocation to poignant rumination. Perhaps as a result the President may recall his soul from the stars, and quit trying to school the people in the philosophy of optimism. It is clear the people do not agree with him that depression is mainly psychological, or that nothing is good or bad but thinking makes it so. Some of us have asserted in firm tones that all things are very good, and lo! all things remain very bad. We have witnessed the slaughter of the Money Devil, and we have come to the conclusion that it was he and not a goose that laid the golden egg. We have seen big business reformed all along the line save in Washington, D. C., where a certain gentleman exercises a Napoleonic control, but with astonishing indifference to the pork barrel. Evidently the raiding of the national treasury in order to demoralize constituencies with millions of the people's money while new forms of taxation are invented to keep the government going are

not performances that tend to make popular the party in power. President Wilson may be a well-meaning gentleman, but thus far the country has seen no signs of the wisdom of the statesmanship which the sycophants and flunkies of politics and press have been celebrating with all their lungs. If we reckoned the intimation of capital among the highest and noblest achievements there would be no question of the honor due to the man of Princeton, but for the present there is prevalent the notion that capital is not without redeeming qualities or wholly undeserving of encouragement and sympathy.

The Literature of Propaganda

American public opinion has become a matter of the profoundest concern to the warring nations of Europe, and hence the literature of propaganda with which we are being deluged. All the literary men of England, some of whom have long been popular in this country, are supplying our periodicals with essays at once interesting and persuasive, and there are signs indicating that certain American journals are in touch with a British press bureau that is making it worth their while to do what they can toward influencing public sentiment. Germany is not entirely neglecting the American newspaper field, but thus far the triumphs of the Germans have been confined to the war zone. A few of our university professors have contributed to the German propaganda, but unfortunately for Germany the average American professor, if not bromidic, is at any rate no match in debate for a Chesterton, a Wells or a Belloc. These Englishmen have style and wit and satire and irony, and they know how to express themselves in apt epigram and pungent phrase. Even though they had nothing to say, their manner would be worth while. Germany has a number of literary men who are no less skilled in the weapons of controversy than the lights of London, but with the exception of Hauptmann, they have not been heard from in this part of the world. We have seen no contributions

from Sudermann or from any of the German novelists of the first rank. The only German of note with whom Americans have been made acquainted is Bernhardt, and he is circulated by the British press bureau. He is the strongest card of the anti-German propaganda, for he seems at once authoritative and conclusive. In the battle for public sentiment Bernhardt is more powerful than all the big guns on the side of the Allies. For Bernhardt argues not for defense but for aggression and world dominion.

In Defence of Germany

Among the few quotable American college professors who have contributed articles on the war are Professor William M. Sloane of Columbia and Professor McDonald of the Indiana University. Professor Sloane has issued an appeal to the American public to avoid partisanship and to maintain absolute neutrality in thought, speech and conduct. Professor Sloane has no sympathy with Americans who regard a struggle for European ascendancy as utterly immoral. He calls attention to the fact that our own history since independence is an unbroken record of expansion and imperialism. "We have taken advantage," he says, "of others' dire necessity in the case of Great Britain, France, Spain, Russia and Mexico." As to our non-contiguous possessions, he says, "We hold them by right of conquest or revolution, saving our consciences with such cash indemnity as we ourselves have chosen to pay, and even now we are considering what we choose to pay, not what a disinterested court might consider adequate, for the good will of the United States of Columbia—a good will desired solely and entirely for an additional safeguard to the Panama Canal." According to Professor Sloane our foreign policies are dictated wholly by self-interest, and our national character differs in no respect from the national character of any of the nations of Europe. Professor Sloane thinks it absurd for us to criticise German militarism in view of the fact that we maintain

the second strongest fleet in the world. "This is our militarism," he says; "and Great Britain's militarism is symbolized by a fleet twice as strong as any other, and she is allied with Russia, an Oriental despotism." Professor Sloane is of the opinion that the main purpose of German militarism was defense against Slav aggressions. Professor McDonald's war article deals with the so-called "German atrocities." He says that as Germany was the first nation to force her way into hostile territory naturally she was the first to bear the burden of bitter charges. "Had conditions been reversed," he says, "there can be no reasonable doubt but that the position of accused and accuser would likewise have been interchanged." Professor McDonald finds all Germany's arguments in defence of her violation of Belgium's neutrality unsound, but he holds that the characterizations of Germany's action as unjustifiable and unprecedented are also unsound. All the Powers of Europe, he says, have shown scant regard for the neutrality of China. He argues that as the proposition, "The patriotism of nations ought to be selfish," is the basis of international morality, when the life of a nation is at stake it is justified in ignoring treaty obligations. And Professor McDonald sees no reason why England should be praised for defending the neutrality of Belgium, as its defence is not unselfish seeing that Belgium's neutrality is the surest guarantee of Germany's exclusion from the coast of the North Sea. Furthermore Professor McDonald upholds the Germans for their conduct in Belgium. He contends that an army in an enemy's country "is by all standards of warfare justified in using any measure of reprisal which may be necessary to protect itself from attacks by non-combatants." He finds precedents for so-called German atrocities in the history of our Civil War and in the history of the Boer war. While Professor McDonald realizes that some of the acts of which the Germans have been accused are indefensible he charges respecting these acts he does not believe.

Perspective Impressions

New York's Socialist congressman wants to monitor marriage. No doubt his slogan will be, "An eight hour day in the infant industry."

Warned by the fate of his predecessor, Police Judge Crist doesn't reduce bail—he just sets the indelible free.

President Wilson had his eyes examined on his way to the polls. Next morning he probably doubted their evidence.

Dante would have a hard job trying to find a suitable place in his Inferno for the eminent statesmen who drew up the ultimatum to Serbia.

It's a tribute to the ingenuity of women that whether their skirts are long (as they were yesterday) or short (as they are today), they manage to show the same expanse of stocking.

Now let the ministers solve the problem of the street walker.

We haven't heard of Frank J. Sullivan congratulating James D. Phelan.

Perhaps Crist thinks that chemical purity is contagious and sent the buncoman to Los Angeles for the good of his morals.

We are prepared to wink at one violation of American neutrality. In other words, we are quite willing that T. R. should go to the front.

The Bulletin has been moved by the election to self-congratulation. Does this mean that by enabling Johnson to show his contempt for the men who tried to get freedom for Ruel the Bulletin put water on Hiram's wheel?

The atrocities of war! What are the amenities of war?

Two things that make us unutterably tired are "what Sherman said about war" and the river that "runs red with blood."

At first that Krupp siege gun was of sixteen inch calibre; now it is of seventeen inch. But does it exist?

A postal clerk has barred a nude from the mails because he regards it as indecent. In other words the picture conquered his susceptible emotions. To get by our esthetes of the post-office a nude must stir nothing but the intellect and leave the average letter carrier absolutely cold.

Varied Types

CCIII—GEORGE M. MacDOWELL

By Edward F. O'Day

When MacDowell came to San Francisco the insanity was getting under way. The long-haired brisket-thumpers were rolling their eyes to heaven and asking a judgment on "the demon." The pulpit-pounders were beseeching the Lord to forget the miracle of Cana and put a dry curse on California. The professional agitators were marshalling fake statistics and garbled records. The Hobsons and the Pattersons were packing their grips for an autumn sojourn on the Pacific Coast. The malign forces that proclaim themselves the soldiers of righteousness were mobilizing for the war on drink in this poor harassed community of ours, girding their loins for the fight to drive out wine and beer and whiskey so that drugs and degeneracy and law-evasion might put California in a class with Kansas and Maine. It was at this time that MacDowell dropped into San Francisco and opened a suite of offices in one of our skyscrapers.

George MacDowell is a field worker in the cause of common sense, an organizer of rational ideas, an agent of temperance. Where the Anti-Saloon League sets up its standard he plants his banner in opposition. Where the Presbyterian Temperance Society gets busy he is on the job. Where the long-faced fanatics of Prohibition start their propaganda of blue laws he happens along and gives battle. His heavy artillery is a card-index, his ammunition is moulded from facts, his war cry is an appeal for fairness. George MacDowell is a general in the army of personal liberty.

For ten years this tall young man with the broad shoulders, the clear blue eyes, the firm chin and the voice of power has been engaged in hand-to-hand combat with the zealots of prohibition. He started life as a page in the Congress of the United States. No start in life opens young eyes to so much fraud, chicane, pretense, ignorance and hypocrisy. No start in life offers more dangers to an immature mind weak in healthy instincts. It is a start in life that inclines the forming character toward moral carelessness and a cynical outlook. Friends of the people conceive their pecksniffian mission in such surroundings. But MacDowell was fashioned of more durable, sounder stuff. He was saved from the oblique vision, from the crooked outlook by the friendship and help of the honest men in that national omnium-gatherum. When he became a lawyer and went into politics in Ohio he ranged himself on the side of the straight thinkers and the honorable doers. I suppose he had studied some of the Prohibitionists in Congress. Congressional pages have a splendid opportunity to see statesmen with their masks off. They know that cloakroom chat doesn't necessarily square with public oratory. So when Ohio was af-

flicted with one of her numerous Prohibition agitations, MacDowell ranged himself on the side of reason and personal liberty. He dealt such telling strokes against the cranks that he was lured into his present work.

George MacDowell reckoned his Californian task an easy one. California go dry? California root up her vineyards, impoverish her hop and barley growers, shut down her breweries? MacDowell had never worked against the threat of Prohibition in a State that had so much at stake. He counted on an easy victory because he counted on the support of public opinion finding utterance in a united press. George MacDowell will go away from California a wiser man.

A victory has been won and MacDowell is not the sort of man that quarrels with results, particularly when they are satisfactory. He's not a talker anyway; he's a worker. He's busier with his card index than with his tongue. But when I broached this subject of the California press MacDowell did not forbear a word or so.

"We naturally counted on the support of the press," he said. "Why shouldn't we in California? But before the campaign was well under way we realized that we were to receive that support only to a very limited extent. The Sacramento Bee fought well on our side; so did the Los Angeles Times. The Fresno Republican was with us, though in rather a wishy-washy way. There were smaller papers up and down the State that took a stand. But in San Francisco—well, I am really ashamed to say what I think of the San Francisco papers. The Call published a single editorial; the Examiner, Chronicle and Bulletin nothing at all. Perhaps they thought that they were doing their part when they published the recommendation of the Chamber of Commerce at the end of the campaign. But it is the first time in my ten years' experience that the daily papers of a great city persisted all through a campaign in this policy of silence. We expected them to be with us. We were surprised when we discovered our mistake. But we took it philosophically. We made no demand on them. We just went ahead making our own fight in our own way.

"Aside from this unusual stand of the newspapers the fight in California was much the same as it has been elsewhere. The same State-wrecking forces were arrayed against us, the Anti-Saloon League, the Presbyterian Temperance Society, the W. C. T. U. They all worked together under the name of the California Dry Federation. The personnel of the dry agitators was similar to the personnel I have encountered in other States.

"The majority of the active field workers are preachers who no more work for their health than I do. Success is not necessarily a part of their plans. They are out for money. I have never known a Prohibitionist meeting at which no collection was taken up. Passing around the hat and the active solicitation of funds are very important elements of the propaganda.

"The Anti-Saloon League is a curious institution in that it has officers but no members, and the principals officers are magnates whose homes are the show places of Westerville, the Ohio village where the League has its headquarters. The

League does not appropriate money for the campaign in a State; it directs its agents to raise the money in that State. But the officers of the League at Westerville reserve the more important privilege of apportioning the funds. I know a case in Michigan where a collector was employed on the promise of a twenty-five per cent commission on all collections. He raised a hundred thousand, and had to go into court to collect his commission. He dared the Anti-Saloon League to open its books to public scrutiny.

"When a man leaves the League for any reason they declare he was bought off by the liquor interests. Several prominent workers have left the League from time to time. It's no wonder. It is not everybody that can stomach their methods. In a Prohibition fight in Michigan a letter was published showing that the superintendent of the League in that State had devised a scheme for colonizing voters. Collier's exposed in 1912 the rotten scheme of 'Pussy Foot' Johnson to discredit the liquor interests in West Virginia. Johnson is prominent in the Presbyterian Temperance Society, and has been handling the dry fight in Oregon.

"I notice that Dr. Aked, speaking of the fight in this State, says it was 'conceived in un wisdom and managed with gross incompetence.' He is thinking of the result. But as I have said, these agitators are less concerned with results than money-making. They started a fight to make Chicago dry, knowing they could never succeed but knowing also that collections would be big. If we knew how much money the dries collected in this State for their fight and how much they spent we'd be in a better position to say whether they regarded the fight as a success or failure. The measure of success is the sum that was added to the treasury at Westerville after all the bills were paid."



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Who's Who Hereabouts

XXXVI—WILLIAM KENT

Formerly it was the custom of rich men's sons in this country to go to the devil. At present they go to the mob. A good deal of our political reforming of late years has been done by sons of the rich. As a result of this modern tendency we have seen young civic patriots rebuking the very sins by which the fortunes were made which enabled them to develop their swollen conscience. But the spectacle is not one that should provoke to cynical comment. It may be one of the good signs of the times that the sons of the rich are growing less inclined than formerly to float sinward on a flood of dry champagne, preferring instead the milder dissipations of politics. But the signs of the times are difficult of interpretation. We cannot be sure that it is to our advantage to have the sons of the rich cheat the devil and coddle the mob, for obviously the devil is able to take care of himself. Besides it is by no means certain that the sons of the rich who have a thirst for popularity may be depended upon to improve our politics. The passion for popularity is not a safe passion to indulge. Much less harm is done in the world by indulging a passion for chorus girls. The rich man who is bitten with the passion for popularity will go a great distance, and not always in the light, to gratify it. We have just seen a quarter of a million spent in this State to elect a rich man's son to the Senate, but this is a matter of minor consequence. It is easy to pardon a plutocrat for making the electorate prosperous. The evil to be complained of is an ardent sympathy with the prejudices and absurdities of the times. The plutocrat with this sympathy is a dangerous citizen, for he has a certain prestige which helps him to confirm the mob in its stupidities. As a rule he has been through a university, and this is a circumstance that wins

him as much deference and respect as his money, and the probability is that he is saturated with all the very latest isms that are preached by the shallow philosophers of the academic groves. He is the typical Progressive who has not yet learned that spontaneous reform is a delusion and a snare; and that everything new that comes under the sun gives birth to a host of perplexing problems. Of this type of citizen is the Hon. William Kent of Kentfield, Marin County, who was re-elected to Congress the other day.

Mr. Kent is the son of a Chicago pork packer from whom he inherited a huge fortune. How many millions he is worth nobody knows, but current estimates range all the way from five to twenty. Mr. Kent is progressive enough to make the country vertiginous if we were to let him have his way, but the probability is that if we threatened to do so he would instantly be converted into a conservative. The average popular plutocrat in politics is a holy terror only theoretically.

Mr. Kent is true to type in every respect. Preposterously rich and able to make a big noise in classy clubdom he doesn't do anything of the kind. He prefers to skirt the frontiers of the plain people and make a noise like a Democrat. He has a nice home remarkable for its simplicity, and he wears store clothes with no style to them, and on the platform he wears a modest, diffident air, and confesses his many deficiencies. He tells the plain people he has not done much for them, but that he gave them the best that was in him, and that he'd like to go back to Washington, but if they willed otherwise—well, in any event, God bless them. To the clapper-clawing groundlings the man is irresistible. No coquette was ever more subtle or alluring in the business of ingratiating herself.

With all his wealth there is positively nothing of the aristocrat or plutocrat, or even the university scholar about Bill Kent of Kentfield. On the contrary there is about him what George Eliot calls the "taint of commonness," hard to describe as the odor of onions and just as distinctive. He looks more like a Socialist than a millionaire, and he talks like one, too, which is another characteristic of the rich man with a passion for popularity.

Bill Kent first became known hereabouts when he presented Muir Woods to the dear people through his dear friend Theodore Roosevelt. A little later he bobbed up as a reformer in San Francisco. He was frankly displeased with our bad morals in politics. His heart throbbed with political wrath, and soon his morality took the shape of Ambition, and he ran for Congress. Some folks say he floated thither on a pactolian stream, but whether or not such was the case the campaign that ended last week was inexpensive. It is evident that as an intellectual dapperling back in Washington dwelling in the twilight of truth Bill Kent made a hit with his constituents. But from all accounts he's a likable man, and he has some warm friends, men who, recognizing his many fine qualities, have no difficulty in forgiving his vagaries and eccentricities. Some there are who can even forgive him Heney, but they are also for giving him Heney to keep to himself. Apparently he takes Heney as seriously as Heney does. It would be at once interesting and instructive to know how seriously Heney takes Kent, but of course nobody expects Heney to divulge this secret at this time. Kent is really worth cultivating, and the probability is that if Kent decides to run for the Senate two years hence Heney will not betray his emotions.

The Old Guard Comes Back

When the Sixty-fourth Congress is organized in December, 1915, many familiar faces will be missing in the two houses. At the same time some old favorites who were retired to private life as a result of the revolution that marked the birth of the Progressive party will again respond to the call of duty.

What is known as the "Old Guard" in the Republican organization had hard sledding in 1910, and many were left by the political wayside. Still others of the "Old Guard" were beaten in 1912, with the result that in this Congress, which will come to an end by constitutional limitation on March 4 next only a handful of the guardsmen were on the job to harass the enemy.

The punch and spirit so characteristic of Republican leaders in former days was gone for the time, but to the new Congress have been returned men who believe that the pendulum has swung back and that in 1916 conditions will be ripe for the election of an old-fashioned, high tariff Republican President. They are convinced that the election last week furnishes ample proof that the nearly 4,000,000 Republicans who "walked out" with Theodore Roosevelt in 1912 are ready to call it quits and reaffiliate with the Grand Old Party.

So the old guardsmen, all of them sworn enemies of Theodore Roosevelt, are jubilant,

first, because they believe the Progressive party has gone up in smoke; and second, because they accept the returns as foreshadowing the election of a Republican President two years hence.

Among the conspicuous Republican victims of the Progressive tidal wave of 1912 were Uncle Joe Cannon and William B. McKinley of Illinois; Ebenezer G. Hill of Connecticut, Nick Longworth of Ohio, W. A. Calderhead of Kansas, Cyrus Sulloway of New Hampshire and Dan Lefean and Ben Focht of Pennsylvania. Hill, Longworth and Calderhead were members of the Ways and Means Committee which framed in the first instance the Republican tariff law of 1909.

It was for their alleged sins in connection with this tariff law that they were thrown into the political scrap heap, although Progressive candidates had something to do with their retirement. Candidate Roosevelt made a special effort to "get" Mr. McKinley in 1912, and he succeeded. McKinley had committed the unpardonable offence of handling the Taft preconvention campaign of that year, and he was accordingly classified by Mr. Roosevelt as an "undesirable."

Uncle Joe, McKinley and Nick Longworth and the other "reactionaries" mentioned romped home winners last week, and consequently the old guardsmen in and out of Congress are elated.

They regard the return of these veterans of Republican "regularity" as symptomatic of the signs of the times, and a royal welcome awaits their arrival in Washington.

No less satisfaction is taken by the regulars from the re-election of Boies Penrose, Jacob H. Gallinger, W. P. Dillingham and Frank B. Brandegee, Senators respectively from Pennsylvania, New Hampshire, Vermont and Connecticut. It is rather significant that the four men named and most of the other Republican regulars who have been returned made the tariff the dominant issue of their campaigns.

Among the prominent Democrats who will be missing when the new Congress is called in session are Goldfogle of New York, Jerry Donovan, the fighting Irishman from Connecticut, who is to be succeeded by Ebenezer Hill; Korbly of Indiana, an Administration spokesman in that State; Graham of Illinois, Stevens of New Hampshire, Townsend of New Jersey, and Stanley Bowdle of Ohio, who defeated Nick Longworth two years ago.

The Republican old guard will be strengthened in the Senate as well as in the House in the new Congress. Penrose, Dillingham, Brandegee, Gallinger, Smoot, Lodge and Weeks, all regulars of the old-fashioned kind, will be assisted in the

(Continued on Page 12.)

"A War to the Bitter End"

An Interview With a Berlin Banker Who Says That if Germany Goes Down the World Will Long Remember It

By Robert McTavish

What is the feeling in Germany regarding the war—the feeling of men who are not of the bureaucracy? This question has been asked many times, but the German sentiment that comes to us is the sentiment of officialdom. We know what militarists and statesmen think of the war, but what about big business? The answer comes from Richard Whitting, one of the leading financiers of the empire. He has long been identified with the party that demands a constitutional and more democratic form of government. He was once offered an appointment to the Ministry, but refused it because of his democratic views. Recently he retired from the active management of the National Bank of Germany, and he has become the head of the Red Cross in Berlin. He is a high type of the German who has made his own way in the world, and is a man of the people, a keen, shrewd banker, an amiable personality with none of the brusqueness that is characteristic of northern Germans.

This gentleman was interviewed recently in Berlin by Karl Von Wiegand, who was formerly a newspaper reporter in San Francisco. He is quoted as follows:

"It is a fight between England and Germany to the bitter end—to the last German if need be. It is a war of annihilation between these two countries and nations. England has wanted it, so let it be. We want no quarter from England; we shall give none. We shall never ask England for mercy; we shall extend no mercy to her.

"England and England alone brought on this criminal war out of greed and envy, to crush Germany, and now it is death, destruction and annihilation for one or the other of the two nations. Tell your American people that and say that these words do not come from a fanatic, but from a quiet business man who knows the feelings of his people and who knows what is at stake in this titanic struggle brought on by that criminal nation."

The reporter tells us that the banker's frame quivered with emotion as he spoke. He went on: "God, how we hate England and the English, that nation of hypocrites and criminals which has brought this misery upon us and upon the world. And what for? For greed, greed and envy, to crush the German nation because she found herself decadent and felt her dominance and domineering in the world endangered.

"For the French there is no feeling in Germany except pity and regret. We must fight them, of course, but we have no feeling against France. She was forced into it. The feeling against Russia is subsiding, but against England there is

growing among low and high the most fanatical hatred and contempt that one nation ever had toward another.

"Do you think that if England and France had gone to war we would have taken the mean advantage to attack and crush France? Did Germany attack Russia and humiliate that country, as well she might have done, during the Japanese war? No, Germany was too honorable. Only England, the self-constituted champion of freedom, perfidious Albion, stoops to such things and has the effrontery to pose as defender of human rights; England, that country which oppresses more people today than any other nation on earth.

"Tell America not to be misled by peace talk. There is not going to be any peace, not for a long time. It will be a long war. We are prepared for three years. In the end it will develop into a struggle between England and Germany. The English are determined to destroy our Fatherland. We have accepted the challenge. No government would survive in Germany that attempted to make peace upon terms dictated by England. Whether the war lasts one year or twenty-five years, it is to the bitter end even if it takes the last German.

"We have no illusions. We know the English character, but they do not seem to know ours and the spirit of our people. Have they forgotten the Thirty Years war? Have they forgotten Frederick the Great and the spirit of Germany just 100 years ago? It is the same Germany today. That same spirit is in the Fatherland now. England is trying to turn the whole world against us. They may kill us, but they will never conquer Germany. No nation in history ever was attacked by so many Powers as Germany at the present time, yet there is not the foot of a single enemy upon our soil at this time.

"Fearing that all the countries in Europe which it is has been able to arouse against us will not be able to conquer Germany, England has called on the yellow hordes of Japan and India, and France has called upon the blacks of Africa. England thereby has placed herself beyond the pale of the white man's law."

Von Wiegand remarked that it was believed in England that Germany could be starved into submission.

"Never," said Whitting. "We are making all our preparations for three years. Something like 200 factories for turning potatoes into flour for bread are being established. There is plenty of meat. We had an excellent crop and it has all been harvested and put away. You know yourself that there has not been a rise in prices on anything. If the English figure on that they will be doomed to another disappointment."

"And how about the industrial and financial situation?" Von Wiegand asked.

"Yes, I know it was predicted that Germany would collapse financially within a few weeks after the war began. The best answer to that is the taking up of more than a billion dollars of the new war loan. That is an unheard of achievement and something that any nation on earth might well be proud of. The other answer is that of all the countries at war Germany has not declared a moratorium. What need of saying more?

"The war has brought one blessing to Germany. It has removed all differences between high and low. There are no high, no low any more, but one great people. Sorrow has brought us together. We have sinned much against our own people. We have chided, scolded and found fault with them. We should ask our people's forgiveness. We should thank God that we have such a people, such a wonderful people, such mothers willing to give their last son for the Fatherland.

"We need no placards and signs to tell our sons their duty to the Fatherland. We need no page advertisements in the newspapers nor campaign speakers touring the country to arouse patriotism and sense of duty to their country. Our people know their duty and fulfil it with enthusiasm. More than two million volunteers had to be turned away for the time being. As head of the Red Cross, I go through many hospitals and see many wounded. It is impossible to describe to you their eagerness to get well and return to the front.

"I went through the war of 1870 as a fourteen-year-old boy. I have one son fighting against France, the other against Russia, and my son-in-law is in the navy. If they would only take me, I would go again as private soldier, and if the worst comes, I will go."

Von Wiegand asked the banker if there could be any justification for attacking London with Zeppelins.

"The English calls us 'mad dogs,' against whom any weapons are justifiable," he said. "The English are criminals. Against them the use of Zeppelins needs no justification. The sinking of the three cruisers by a single German submarine is not the only surprise that the English will get. Mark what I tell you, London will be attacked. It is a long, long war and will be fought to the bitter end. We still have about three million men to put into the field, and we are confident of winning out. If we go down, the world will long remember it."

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A Symposium of War Poets

TO EUROPE

By George Stirling

I.

Beat back thy forfeit plowshares into swords;
It is not yet, the far, seraphic Dream
Of peace made beautiful and love supreme.
For now the strong, unwearable chords
Of battle shake to thunder, and the hordes
Advance, where now the circling vultures
scream.

The standards gather and the trumpets gleam;
Down the long hillside stare the mounted lords.

Now far beyond the tumult and the hate
The white-clad nurses and the surgeons wait
The backward currents of tormented life,
When on the waiting silences shall come
The screams of men, and, ere those lips are
dumb,
The searching probe, the ligature and knife.

II.

Was it for such, the brutality and the pain,
Civilization gave her holy fire
Unto thy wardship, and the snowy spire
Of her august and most exalted fane?
Are these the harvests of her ancient rain
Men glean at evening in the scarlet mire,
Or where the mountain smokes, a dreadful
pyre,
Or where the warship drags a bloody stain?

Are these thy votive lilies and their dew,
That now the outraged stars look down to
see?
Behold them, where the cold, prophetic
damps
Congeal on youthful brows so soon to lose
Their dream of sacrifice to thee—to thee,
Harlot to Murder in a thousand camps!

III.

Was it for this that loving men and true
Have labored in the darkness and the light
To rear the solemn temple of the Right
On Reason's deep foundations, bared anew
Long after the Caesarian eagles flew
And Rome's last thunder died upon the Night?
Cuirassed, the cannon menace from the height;
Armored, the new-born eagles take the blue.

Wait not thy lords the avenging, certain knell—
One with the captains and abhorrent fames
The echoes of whose conquests died in Hell?—
They that have loosened the ensanguined
flood,
And whose malign and execrable names
The Angel of the Record writes in blood.

WAR SONG

By Fritz von Ostini

(From the German by Albrecht von Montgelas)

The earth is aflame by the War God's hand
And enemies surround our Fatherland!
Enemies East and enemies West,
Latin hatred and Slavic pest.
Be on your guard! Storm waves may shake.
The mighty dam, but they finally break.
Our beautiful land they will never see—
For there are but twice as many as we!

A new foe rushes from England's coast
Powerful, armed, a dangerous host.
He storms through the seas in fearful array;
With cunning he entered the cowardly play.
Forward, ye boys, and on to the fight!
Show them your valor in danger and plight!
We will be the victors on land and sea—
For there are but twice as many as we!

THE OVERSEAS LEGION

By Marie Van Vorst

The children you have nurtured, Empress, see—
They come to float your banners—shore and
shore,

Calm azure coast and islands multiflore
Suddenly teem with living answer: We
Are ready, and if ever fiefs before,
Sons now, henceforth! What orders, Majesty?

Swarthy the bands, dark-browed and fine of
limb—

Lo, like a cloud they rise against the sun.
And men shall hear, before the war is done,
How India chaunts the Empire's battle hymn.
Link upon link, until the chain is one,
They gather from the distant borders dim.

Heavy the wheat fields lie beneath the heat
Of August suns, ungarnered. Strength and
worth
Of vigorous laborer have all gone forth
The warlike tide of foreign field to meet.
Canada sends her farmers from the North
To harvest in for England living wheat.

The sea-brow'd islands hear the rolling drum,
As through the Empire's heart the shock is felt
Of war. And men forget that they have dwelt
Afraid from England, and they turn them home.
Africa leaves her herds upon the veldt.
What orders, England? See, your legions come!

FALL IN!

By Harold Begbie

What will you lack, sonny, what will you lack
When the girls line up the street,
Shouting their love to the lads come back
From the foe they rushed to beat?
Will you send a strangled cheer to the sky
And grin till your cheeks are red?
But what will you lack when your mate goes by
With a girl who cuts you dead?

Where will you look, sonny, where will you look
When your children yet to be
Clamor to learn of the part you took
In the war that kept men free?
Will you say it was naught to you if France
Stood up to her foe or bunked?
But where will you look when they give the
glance
That tells you they know you funk'd?

How will you fare, sonny, how will you fare
In the far-off winter night,
When you sit by the fire in an old man's chair
And your neighbors talk of the fight?
Will you slink away, as it were from a blow,
Your old head shamed and bent?
Or say—I was not with the first to go,
But I went, thank God, I went?

Why do they call, sonny, why do they call
For men who are brave and strong?
Is it naught to you if your country fall,
And Right is smashed by Wrong?
Is it football still and the picture show,
The pub and the betting odds,
When your brothers stand to the tyrant's blow
And England's call is God's?

THE VOICE OF INDIA

By William Watson

Rajah and Maharajah and zemindar
Show forth today the East's Imperial mood.
Gwalior, Mysore, Indore, Patiala, Oudh,
Kashmir, and Hyderabad and Kishangarh,
By prince and princess, Begum and Mehtar,
Guikwar and Nizam, give the free, unwooded
Gifts of an Orient that forgets to brood,
And leaps to follow in tempest England's star.
Nor evermore may England's self forget
How city on city proffered boon on boon,
Delhi, Madras, Calcutta, or Rangoon
Pouring the noble guerdons that have set
Deep in our hearts the joy of noble debt
To hearts more golden than the Asian noon.

"FRENCH'S CONTEMPTIBLE LITTLE ARMY"

By H. M.

Sire, that our army had from you
A little less than honor due
We cannot quite forget;
But now you pay the debt.

You spoke in haste an idle word;
A monarch's heart is lightly stirred:
But deeds not words avow
You honor England now.

The famous Guards, the iron corps
Of Brandenburg, your message bore,
Your mightiest you chose
With England's might to close.

A thousand thousand men thrice told,
Wave upon wave, that onward rolled,
Mid flame and thunder, beat
Upon that proud retreat,

Till French' little army stood
And stayed the devastating flood.
French and his English few
Are famous, thanks to you.

And, thanks to you, they now advance
Leagued with the chivalry of France
For just and equal ends:
Sire, you have made amends.



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Poems About San Francisco

CLXXI—JUNIPERO SERRA AT THE GOLDEN GATE

By Richard E. White

(The following, from the pen of Richard E. White of this city, is published through the kindness of its author who copied it for the editor. It is not to be found in his volume "The Cross of Monterey," but was written for one of the magazines.)

The sun shines bright, the fog is burned away,
The Golden Gate lies open, sea and land
Smile as if touched by the Almighty's hand.
A hundred years ago, on such a day
With saddles shod, in garb of saddest gray,
Did that Franciscan monk, that hero grand,
The good Junipero, the padre stand
And gazing out to sea thus did he say:
"Praise be to God and thanks, for by His grace
We His weak ministers this deed have wrought,
In reaching thus the goal we long have sought.
Further to go is old paths to retrace;
Christ's holy rood to the land's end is brought,
The cord of Francis holds the earth in its embrace."

The Spectator

Redlight Abatement

The latest figures I have seen show that the counties of San Francisco, Sacramento and Alameda gave substantial majorities against the redlight abatement measure. As San Francisco and Sacramento are the only two communities in the State which will be materially affected by the law, the disinclination of a majority of voters in both places to see it put into force has a particular significance. The rest of the State was voting to clean up this city and the capital; but this city and the capital showed by their votes that they had no use for the sort of cleaning up the rest of the State would enforce upon them. Alameda County voted with us, thereby making it plain that Oakland did not want to see the redlight districts of San Francisco and Sacramento abolished. Why did these three counties take this stand? On account of their depravity? Or because they have reasonable objections to the policy of "scatteration" as opposed to segregation?

The Ministerial View

We are getting used to hard words on the subject of our depravity. The ministers tell us how damnably wicked we are every time we vote down a measure they have petted and helped. Doctor Aked is our Jonah, and San Francisco is his Nineveh. So we turn to Dr. Aked for the authoritative statement of the ministerial view on this redlight abatement vote. Extinguished as a contributing editor, Dr. Aked still burns (though with more heat than light) as a pulpiteer, and in his sermon last Sunday evening he explained the vote against redlight abatement in San Francisco. It was the corrupt vote that did the trick. In other words, the forces of corruption are in the voting majority in San Francisco. I make no doubt that the Akeds of Sacramento and Oakland are explaining the vote in those cities in exactly the same way. It would never occur to these wiseacres to look for any other explanation. Impartial thinking is not an exercise they go in for. Rather, they frame the conclusion first and then fit the premises to it, just as school children tackling a hard sum put down the answer first and work backwards from it.

Another View

But there is a saner way of looking at the vote.

San Francisco has had a great deal of education in the subject of prostitution. The fight that waged around the Municipal Clinic brought it before all serious citizens. While most of the ministers took the side of abatement, segregation was ably defended by Dr. Rosenstirn, District Attorney Fickert, Chief of Police White and others who spoke to the practical as opposed to the merely doctrinaire view of the question. So San Francisco was in a position to weigh arguments pro and con. Sacramento was in the same position, for Sacramento has the same problem and has argued it quite a good deal. The situation of Oakland is different, and the difference makes Oakland's vote very interesting. Oakland used to have a segregated district, but it was abolished some time ago. It was abolished despite the strenuous objections of Chief of Police Peterson. Peterson has forgotten more about Segregation vs. Scatteration than all the Akeds ever knew. Peterson fought the policy of scatteration not only because he is a police chief and knows its deplorable results but also because he is very much of a man and despises hypocrisy. Oakland's vote doesn't indicate the depravity of Oakland; it shows that the majority of voters across the bay stand with Peterson in this controversy. But, it may be objected, why didn't the other large city of California vote with San Francisco, Oakland and Sacramento? Hasn't Los Angeles found out the evil of scatteration? The answer is easy. Los Angeles is not dominated by the corrupt. It is the city of chemical purity, of invincible Pharisaism and of the young culture of the Middle West corn belt.

The Galled Jade

Dr. Aked is not the only pulpiteer who talked about redlight abatement last Sunday. The Rev. George Burlingame of the First Baptist Church told his congregation about the responsibilities the upholding of the law laid upon them. "Hundreds of dishonored and sinning women will be dispossessed," he said, and so far he said truly. But dispossessed of what? Obviously, of their cribs and apartments. But that is not the way Dr. Burlingame views or pretends to view the matter. To his mind they will be "dispossessed of their shameful business." In other words they will cease to be prostitutes. If Dr. Burlingame believes that he is a fool, for the effect of scat-

teration in every large city has been precisely scatteration, never abolishment of the social evil. "We who have rightly fought their business and condemned their sin," he continues, "will now have these women asking of us how they are to live and where they are to go—veritable outcasts at the Christian door, and real ones, not fakers, looking for a newspaper story." This of course is a smash at Miss Sophie Treadwell who is now writing in the Bulletin the best conceived and most sanely handled feature story that paper has published since it devoted itself to social uplift. Let me read between the lines of Dr. Burlingame's unkind reference to Miss Treadwell: Miss Treadwell went to Dr. Burlingame for help and didn't get it. Dr. Burlingame was tested and found wanting. It is the jade with wrung withers wincing. I wonder if I am right?

Our Jim Turned Down

The decisive vote against dousing the red lights polled in this city is not merely a rebuke to Dr. Aked and his coterie; it is a turn-down for the Mayor. It was the Mayor who closed the Municipal Clinic. It will be recalled that Rolph expressed himself in favor of segregation and the clinic, and then turned a somersault when the ministers descended upon him showing the whites of their shocked eyes and vociferating words of rebuke. The Mayor promptly swallowed his words, and the order was passed along to the Police Commissioners to shut the clinic. Of course they obeyed, but their alacrity was inspired by political considerations and not by conviction. Mayor Rolph must realize now that he overestimated the importance of the hullabaloo raised by the Akeds. He must see that the voting strength in this city is with the conservatives, not with the radicals—or if you prefer ministerial cant, with the corrupt, not with the godly. We may expect a changed attitude toward the unco guid in the policy of the municipal administration from now on. The expectation is reasonable. But these things do not always go by the rule of reason. And the Akeds die hard.

Ho for Blackmail!

Something we may more confidently expect is the appearance of the blackmailer on the scene. No measure so nicely adapted to the uses of

the blackmailer was ever framed in this neck of the woods. The redlight law places the landlord at the mercy of the unscrupulous wherever it is found on the statute books. The law as enacted in California is peculiarly drastic, as Dr. Rosenstirn pointed out not long ago to the Commonwealthers. Statutory short-cuts to virtue do not change human nature, and I look for some nasty developments when the criminal discovers his fine opportunity. The vindictive person will also find this law a potent weapon of revenge. We know the uses to which scorned females have put the White Slave Act. The abatement law is much easier of manipulation.

The Women's Judge

Some of the women who voted to place Wiley F. Crist on the police bench in place of Judge Weller must have been dreadfully put out to learn that he had set a buncoman free instead of sending him to jail where he belonged. This was an action they couldn't have expected from the nice young man whom they charged with the high duty of elevating the police courts. Magistrates who flourished in the bad days of the past were cast into darkness for deeds not half so raw as this. But the fact is that Judge Crist has been volplaning from the high air of righteousness where he used to ride. He has found the ether too rare for his human lungs. Those who know the goings-on in the Hall of Justice will tell you that Crist has dared stunts that more experienced police judges would shrink from. Those well posted men, the police reporters, can tell you of the letters he sent out during his campaign commandeering the support of men who had appeared before his tribunal and who, as he reminded them in these letters, owed the

dismissal of the cases against them to his mercy. This is not to insinuate that the cases should not have been dismissed—many innocent persons find themselves in the police courts—but the writing of such letters is not within the ethics of a fight for the superior judgeship. I have heard of one man who was dismissed by Crist and who returned to his place of business only a few minutes before a workman who brought a large political sign he wanted to tack up there in the interests of Judge Crist's candidacy. The dismissed man did not regard this as a coincidence. It is also interesting to know that Judge Crist has become "one of the boys." He hasn't that horror of "the gang" that he brought to the Hall of Justice at the time of his victory in the Weller recall election.

Florence's Bad Language

Up in Butte County a proposition to change the seat of government from Oroville to Chico added to the gayety of the election. The attempt engendered bitterness, as all such attempts are bound to do, but it is rather surprising to find Florence O'Brien of the Chico Enterprise forgetting his manners over the affair. Florence is usually suave and good humored. Perhaps the fact that he lost once more in his contest for Frank Jordan's place made him peevish. At any rate we find him firing a sixteen-inch howitzer at the editor of the Oroville Register. "That harlot of journalism whose known practice it is to sell itself for dirty pieces of silver," is the ungentle way Florence refers to the contemporary. "Decency and fair play," he writes, "are not known to that paper. Of these two qualities it possesses as much as a skunk and perhaps less." Florence finds that greed animates the Oroville paper. "Buzzardlike it is perched at the head of its editorial and news columns." And it seems, according to Florence, that the Register will "do anything for money." He elaborates: "It will make itself a lickspittle, a doormat, a whining cur and a despicable beggar that it may get business."

Tut, tut, Florence, a gentle Progressive like you should not talk like this. Leave this blown language to the Governor.

What's in a Name

Speaking of Florence O'Brien reminds us that the first time he ran for Secretary of State many people voted against him because they

thought he was a woman. There's a good deal in a name when you're running for office. Consider the case of the newly elected justice of the peace Frank Deasy. Frank Deasy and Dan Deasy are not brothers, no relation. Frank is a youngster not long out of the law school. He surprised the town by winning the primary election quite handily. Then he won in the finals. And why? Because of that name Deasy. Many voters put a cross opposite a name they know, for no reason at all except that they know it. So Frank Deasy received votes from people who thought they were voting for Dan. That happened once before in the race for justice of the peace. Young James Conlan was a candidate, and got many a vote from people who thought he was the late Judge Charlie Conlan.

The Late Colonel Kirkpatrick

Colonel Kirkpatrick was fifty-eight years old on the twenty-ninth of October, and some of his closest friends arranged a birthday dinner for that evening. His indisposition interfered, but nobody dreamed that his illness would prove fatal, so the dinner was postponed till the fifth of November. The plans for an elaborate banquet had been completed. The menu and place cards were ready. A magnificent punch bowl had been bought as a birthday gift. A great banquet it would have been, with intimates like Joe Chanslor, Charles E. Green, George Pippy, Lansing Mizner, M. F. Michael, John McLaren, E. O. McCormick, John J. Mahoney, Kenneth MacDonald, Dr. William Watt Kerr, John Keefe, John Rothschild, Dr. Grant Selfridge, Fred Sharon and William Sproule grouped about the guest of honor. But on the day of the feast Colonel Kirkpatrick died. The beautiful menu and place cards will be sad souvenirs for the men who expected to do honor to the genial colonel. The punch bowl—the most beautiful I have ever seen—with its line from Burns, "A man's a man for a' that," was a tribute of sincere friendship that carried more meaning by far than most birthday presents.

His Friendship for Woods

When James Woods first came to San Francisco to take charge of the St. Francis Hotel for the Crocker heirs, Colonel Kirkpatrick looked askance at him. He was jealous of the supremacy of the Palace, and the feeling was not the result of business considerations alone. His pride

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in the Palace was the pride a man takes in a child he has adopted and set in the path of a fine career. He was an intensely human man, was Colonel Kirkpatrick, and he feared that James Woods might bring to the St. Francis a policy that would deprive the Palace of its important position. For some time Colonel Kirkpatrick avoided entering the St. Francis. But he met Woods, came at last to know him; and the fairness and kindness inherent in his nature swept away the earlier feeling. The two men became fast friends. When Colonel Kirkpatrick learned that his intimates were arranging to celebrate his fifty-eighth birthday he let them know that he would like to have the dinner given at the St. Francis, although they intended to have it at the Palace. No man mourned for Colonel Kirkpatrick more sincerely than James Woods.

The Spectacular Heinze

Fritz Augustus Heinze was hardly in his grave when there was talk of a contest over his estate. In this instance lawyers will have some difficulty in finding an estate. The death of Heinze brought to an end one of the most spectacular careers in the history of finance in this country. As the promoter of great copper interests in Montana, Heinze carried on for years industrial, financial and political activities on a prodigious scale. He became immensely wealthy. Then he went to New York, eager for the financial fray. Within ten years his fortune had been largely dissipated and for the remainder of his life he was constantly embroiled in affairs that brought him into court again and again. He was born in Brooklyn on December 5, 1869. His parents were able to give him many advantages, and by study and travel he prepared himself for the many roles he was to play. Being graduated from the Columbia School of Mines in 1889 he went out to Montana to seek his fortune. For two years he worked in the mines of the Boston and Montana Company for \$5 a day. Then he and his brother, Arthur P. Heinze, went into the smelting business, leasing mines and taking

out the ore on a percentage basis. Not long after that Mr. Heinze organized the Montana Ore Purchasing Company. From the beginning Heinze was involved in litigation. It was said that ore bodies discovered in the Rarus, one of his mines, ran into the property of other concerns. Suits were brought against him by the Boston and Montana and the Butte and Boston companies. Mr. Heinze had friends in office and in the courts, and it was charged that legislation favorable to him and inimicable to his rivals was passed and upheld much according to his wishes. Anyway he won these suits and others that steadily added to his fortune.

The War in in Montana

Heinze's chief antagonists were the late Marcus P. Daly, Henry H. Rogers and other men representing Standard Oil interests as officials of Amalgamated. Heinze's brother delved into the titles of every company controlled by Amalgamated and whenever he saw a chance he started a suit. The result was that the copper industry in Montana was tied up in a knot, thousands of poor men were thrown out of work and Heinze kept on making money. When the war was settled in 1906 the young man from Brooklyn had a large fortune. During the struggle Heinze had shown his versatility. He published newspapers, he started banks, he played politics, he did anything that would promote his mining interests. In 1902 he organized the United Copper Company and three years later came to New York, a handsome, polished man, willing to wager his last dollar, supremely confident that he would prevail over every obstacle. He established his brothers, Arthur and Otto, in the Stock Exchange firm of Otto C. Heinze & Co. He bought control of the Mercantile National Bank from Edwin Gould and became its president. Working through this bank and the Stock Exchange firm he and his friends established a chain of banks. Things were breaking big in the financial world and Heinze's name was heard wherever bankers and brokers got together. Then came the panicky days of 1907, and when

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every other banker was husbanding his resources Heinze started to corner United Copper. That was the beginning of the end. Great quantities of stock were dumped into the market and were bought by firms commissioned by Otto C. Heinze & Co. Debts came piling up and on October 18, 1907, the Stock Exchange suspended Heinze's brokerage house. The State Savings Bank of Butte, Mon., a Heinze institution, suspended payments. The Clearing House committee compelled Heinze to resign from the Mercantile National Bank presidency and began an investigation of its affairs.

The End

The result was that Heinze and his friends, Charles W. Morse, O. F. Thomas and E. R. Thomas, got out of the banks which had been organized at Heinze's suggestion. Heinze struggled to maintain himself, but he was in too deeply and had to quit. He lost money as easily as he had made it. Then he was indicted and arrested for certifying checks in settling his brother Otto's affairs. The trial went along and while Heinze was freed he was also comparatively moneyless. He went back to Butte. During the last few years he had been in the public eye chiefly as a litigant in actions growing out of his Wall Street career. His most recent appearance was as defendant in a suit brought by Edwin Gould to recover on promissory notes with which Heinze bought his way into the Mercantile National Bank. The judgment for more than a million dollars went against Heinze. During a previous action he had been reported as dying and was unable to appear in court. He had hemorrhages of the stomach and cirrhosis of the liver. At the Gould trial his voice was weak and husky. He gave the outward appearance of health, but his friends declared that he was very ill. Heinze married Bernice Golden, an actress, in 1910. She divorced him two years later. Mrs. Heinze died in April of last year, having become reconciled with her husband on her deathbed. A three-year-old son survives.

Events at Elder's

The two concluding readings of the engagement of Marion Craig-Wenworth will be given next week in the Art Gallery of Paul Elder and Company, 239 Grant avenue, on Wednesday evening, November 18, when Mrs. Wenworth will read Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna" and on Friday afternoon, November 10, "The Master Builder" by Henrik Ibsen.

Mr. Charles B. Turrill will give an illustrated lecture on "The Environment of the Early California Writers" this Saturday afternoon in the Art Gallery. Mr. Turrill has been a collector of Californiana for many years and on this occasion will illustrate his chatty recollections with lantern pictures of prominent persons, scenes and rare views of the period, selected from his col-

lection. His boyhood was spent in the vicinity of the mining region and "Bret Harte Country" and he therefore will speak from personal experience and intimate knowledge of the subject.

The readings of the Modern Drama by Mr. Leo Cooper in the Paul Elder Gallery each Thursday forenoon have proven most interesting and enjoyable. There remain but two more in the series, Thursday, November 19, at 10:30 a. m. and Wednesday, November 25, at the same hour.

The California Writers' Club which numbers among its members many prominent authors, will hold a reception Tuesday evening, November 17, in the Art Gallery. The event is an announcement of the publication of "West Winds," California's book of fiction written by members of the club. The entertainment of the evening will consist of dramatic readings of selections from the volume and other interesting features. All interested in California literature are cordially invited to be present.

Tavern Filled to Capacity

Probably the most popular place in the entire city on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings is Techau Tavern where informal dances are held every week on these three evenings. Everyone knows that the Tavern provides exceptional music for all occasions and when one considers that in addition to this the new maple floor is without a superior anywhere and that the new system of ventilation insures pure fresh air no matter how large the throng, it is inevitable that each dancing evening should find the Tavern filled to capacity.

The Old Guard Comes Back

(Continued from Page 6.)

new Senate by Charles H. Burke of South Dakota, who stood true to the faith in 1910 and 1912, and by James W. Wadsworth of New York, successor-to-be of Elihu Root. The Democrats will be in control of the Senate, but they will be opposed by a live aggregation of Republican regulars.

Four members of the present House will be transferred to the Senate on March 4. They are Thomas W. Hardwick of Georgia, Robert F. Broussard of Louisiana and Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama, Democrats, and Charles H. Burke of South Dakota, Republican.

Mr. Underwood, who has been the Democratic leader in the House for the last three years and who will remain in that post for the rest of this Congress, will leave the lower branch at an opportune season. Under his leadership Mr. Underwood has had the advantage of a majority of approximately 150.

Democrats already are saying that if Mr. Underwood, who is chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, had had his way about it the present tariff law would have been more satis-

factory to the country. They recall that President Wilson insisted on rates being slashed in a number of instances and they argue that weaknesses in the recent campaign that developed as a result of the tariff would not have appeared if Mr. Underwood's views of "moderate" tariff revision had prevailed.

Mr. Underwood will go to the Senate with his party there secure by a comfortable majority. If his successor in the House leadership has only a narrow margin to work on, as now seems assured, Mr. Underwood doubtless will reach the conclusion that he picked out the right time to transfer his activities to the upper branch.

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Fred A. Dauernheim of 380 Fifteenth avenue, San Francisco, leader and manager of the 1915 Premier band and orchestra, who has furnished the music for the policemen's annual balls and parades, and one of the best known musicians in San Francisco, says Akoz the wonderful medicinal mineral, relieved him of a bad case of sciatic rheumatism so he could continue his work. He also found the mineral excellent for treating lumbago. He writes the following:

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F. A. DAUERHEIM

Also a touch of rheumatism in my right shoulder. The pains at times were intense. I tried many things, but got no results. I decided to try Akoz. By drinking the mineral water for three weeks I freed myself from all pain, and after a month's treatment feel as well as ever. I also found that the remedy was good for lumbago, driving the pain out in seven days, after suffering with the ailment for nine months. I was afraid for awhile that I would have to give up my band work, but Akoz has restored me to my normal condition, and I can now walk with any of them. I will be pleased to tell any one interested. It is a great remedy."

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Ambitious Gripman

Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran (the former Ethel Cook) was sitting on the dummy of a Powell street car the other day. As the car began climbing the steep hill she turned to the gripman and asked:

"Do you stop at the Fairmont?"

"No," answered the gripman, "but I would if I had the price."

Miss Doe's Stratagem

The sudden determination of Miss Marguerite Doe and Elliott Rogers to get married last Wednesday afternoon did not greatly surprise their friends. It is the unexpected that Miss Doe's friends always look for from her. But they were surprised at the way she handled the affair. The ceremony took place privately at the Fairmont at four o'clock. Immediately afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Rogers went to the St. Francis for tea. Friends went to their table to chat and offer felicitations on the engagement. Nobody suspected that the marriage had taken place. The bride and groom remained in the tea room for an hour. Then they bade friends goodbye and sauntered out quite nonchalantly. It was only at a later hour that the friends learned of the stratagem Mrs. Rogers had devised to avoid the fuss and flurry that usually attend a wedding. She's a very sensible young lady, is she not?

A Romance Conjectured

So few of our society people remain unwed after the dissolution of an unsuccessful marriage that the granting of a divorce decree is always the signal for excited conjecture as to what will happen next. There is more curiosity shown about the future of the divorced than about the matrimonial prospects of beautiful belles and eligible beaux. There seems to be

more romantic interest attaching to the second than to the first marriage of society people. Society people, apparently, find the love affairs of those who have been to court as well as to the altar more to their taste than the rapturous affections of the unfledged. Take Oscar Beatty for instance. Mrs. Henry Oscar Beatty (Jessie Hooper that was) has just obtained a divorce from him. And already there is talk among his friends about the possibility of his marrying again. Oscar Beatty left for New York the day following the departure for the same place of



MAJOR HENRY H. WHITNEY, U. S. A.

Who is to be chairman of the floor committee at the military ball

the charming Miss Marjorie Josselyn. On this rather flimsy foundation Oscar's friends have been industriously constructing the fabric of a second romance. It would be an interesting match, but may not Oscar Beatty have gone to New York on business alone?

With Mrs. Whitman

Miss Josselyn went to New York with Mrs. Malcolm Whitman to be her guest for three months. Jennie and Marjorie were always close friends, and when Jennie started home in her private car the Mishawaka she asked Miss Josselyn to accompany her. There isn't a girl in Mrs. Whitman's set who would dream of refusing such an invitation. It means that Marjorie Josselyn will have a gay season in the metropolis. She is bound to find many admirers there, and supposing that Oscar Beatty is worshipping at her shrine, it will be all the more to his credit if he wins her in competition with the eligible men she will meet in Mrs. Whitman's circle.

A Studious Matron

Word comes to me from New York that pretty Marie Wells Hanna is taking a course at Columbia College, and taking it very seriously. She is making extra-collegiate studies too, in theosophy and new thought. But Mrs. Hanna has always tried to improve her mind. She is a

linguist of parts, and travel has been a liberal education for her. She is to remain in the East all winter. Marie's sister Mrs. Charles Huse (Juanita Wells) is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Wells just now, and her young son is with her. Her husband is busy on his ranch in Mendocino. I saw Mrs. Huse taking tea at the St. Francis the other day. She wore a beautiful black satin, and looked like a Parisian fashion plate. Her tall, slight elegance attracted much attention.

A Sudden Exodus

The Dolce Far Niente at the Cliff House last Thursday evening was at its height when suddenly all the dancing men disappeared. For the time all the beautiful women in ravishing gowns were wall flowers. It was a strange happening, and all the ladies "registered consternation," as Bert Payne the movie man would say. The explanation was quickly forthcoming. Gertrude Hoffman and her principals were dancing and making merry upstairs. After a little while the men came back. The belles seemed to regard the temporary desertion more philosophically than the wives did.

The Charity Ball

"The great luxury of being charitable," says Mrs. Garret McEnerney, "is too often only the privilege of the rich. The Humane Bureau puts this luxury also within reach of the poor." I am quoting from the article in which Mrs. McEnerney appealed for a generous attendance at the Charity Ball, to be given Friday evening, November 20, for the benefit of this worthy institution. In that article Mrs. McEnerney outlined the work done by the Catholic Humane Bureau for needy children of all sorts, orphans, half-orphans, homeless, neglected, abandoned and ill-treated children. I am sure her appeal will find ready response, and that the motive of charity will impel a record number to buy tickets for the Charity Ball this year. Following are some of the women who will act as patronesses: Mesdames William Gear Hitchcock, Thomas Driscoll, Frank Griffin, Joseph Donohoe, James Athearn Folger, Edward Eyre, Frederick Kohl, J. J. Baumgartner, Eugene Bates, Thomas Graham, C. C. Mohun, John F. Brooke, S. O'Brien, B. P. Oliver, F. M. Pickering, D. A. Ryan, Dent Robert, Harry Stetson, Stanley Stillman, Edward J. Tobin, Joseph Sadoc Tobin, William G. Irwin, Bernard Flood, E. O. McCormick, R. E. Queen, John H. Keefe, R. P. Merillon, J. Nolan, George Whittell, Baldwin Wood, Eugene Murphy, Andrew Welch, Percy Moore, John S. Drum, E. Mejia, Haskett Derby, James



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The Military Ball

Thornwell Mullally and Ned Greenway have been named by Major Whitney to serve as directing managers on the floor committee of the big Military Pageant-Ball to be held at the Exposition Auditorium in January, and both have not only accepted the major's invitation, but have enrolled themselves as enthusiastic workers for the success of the undertaking. All of which means that Major Whitney is greatly relieved. The major himself is not at all inexperienced in matters of floor management, but with Mullally at the left of him and Greenway at the right, he will feel as safe as a German general flanked by howitzers. The personnel of the floor committee will be announced in a few days. Meanwhile Mrs. Arthur Murray, chairman of the ball, is very busy making up her active committees and many of the chairmen will be chosen from the long list of patronesses. The list of nearly 200 civilian patronesses has not yet been completed, but the United States army and navy patronesses form a brilliant group.

The Belles of Tomorrow

The little beaux and belles of San Francisco seem to be rapidly crowding out the grown-ups in the photograph studios of Misses Moore and Clarke. The photograph of many a debutante of the next decade will be found in a most interesting record-book which these ladies are keeping of their little society friends. Child photography is certainly a charming profession for the modern, college-bred woman. Every phase of her educational training, and all her native tact and patience are called forth in capturing the sweet expressions of childhood.

Mrs. Morris' Enlarged Hotel

Mrs. W. F. Morris, finding the capacity of the Cecil Hotel entirely too small for her demands, has taken the Metcalf Hotel in Geary street opposite the Columbia Theatre. The hotels will be connected by a bridge from the mezzanine floor and will be run as one. The new annex is to be called the Hotel Somerton, and will be run on the same plan as the Cecil Hotel. All the lower part of the house has hardwood floors, and there is a beautiful ball room where there will be tea dances and afternoon teas for the ladies. Mrs. Morris is repapering and repainting the Somerton and it will be newly and handsomely furnished by W. & J. Sloane. She

expects to open about December 1. I understand that she is going to open with a grand ball, invitations for which will be out later. Mrs. Morris never had room to cater to guests preferring the European plan before, but she will now, as she will have 200 rooms in the new hotel and 150 in the Cecil, a total of 350. It is interesting to note that the adjoining lots on both sides of the Cecil are being converted in record time from unsightly ruins into beautiful gardens. There is no need to dwell on the popularity of Mrs. Morris. Her patrons are loyal to her, for they speedily come to regard



MRS. ARTHUR MURRAY

Who heads the list of patronesses for the big military ball

her as their friend. Her success is due in no small degree to the high class of the social affairs she gives for the entertainment of her guests. There are already a large number of reservations for the Somerton.

Dancing at Fred Solari's

The banquet hall at Fred Solari's presents a gay scene every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening. These are the evenings when the dansant reigns supreme at this popular "restaurant de luxe" (as it has come to be called), and on these evenings the banquet hall is filled with merry men and women enjoying dinner parties and anticipating with lively pleasure the dancing that is to follow. These dansants are extremely popular with our most discriminating society people, and a list of the dancers to be seen there would read like a page from the social register. There is a spirit of informal gayety about these affairs which appeals to those who too often find themselves "on parade," so to speak, at the big functions. Self-consciousness does not exist in the hospitable atmosphere of Fred Solari's. A great deal of amusement is extracted from the prize dances which have become a feature. Competition is keen, but always good-natured.

A Card Party for Charity

The first of a series of card parties in aid of the free clinic of Mary's Help Hospital will be given Tuesday evening, November 17, in the rose room of the St. Francis. These affairs are given by the Mary's Help Free Clinic Auxiliary.

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Gossip of the Theatre

The Gertrude Hoffman Revue

There is a lot to be seen of Gertrude Hoffman at the Orpheum this week; a lot to be seen of her in more than one sense. She is the most industrious member of a large company in which there is no shirking, and to do all that she is billed to do requires much self-revealing. But Gertrude Hoffman is not to be seen to satiety during the course of an afternoon at the Orpheum. She has learned to be very interesting since the old days when she was a novice in the ballet, among the unidentified at the Tivoli. There are few more so in her line of endeavor, but she is not fortune's wanton. She has something more than a fairy-like beauty and an ethereal lightness of foot. Her charms are not all physical. The white and liquid radiance of half-closed eyes is but an incident of her ardent and magnetic personality. What I mean is that this clever comedienne has brains, and that she made mighty good use of them in her struggle up the acclivity whose summit is the goal of all those that would succeed. Gertrude Hoffman might dispute with the winged statue in Union Square the right to stand tiptoe on the shaft that commemorates one of those quick triumphs that make short public memories. The versatile Gertrude believes in giving people the worth of their money, and so she has come to the Orpheum with a company that puts quite a crimp in the gate receipts, for it costs something to ship so much freight, not to mention transportation of talent. A performance so full of interesting details as this Revue was never before given at the Orpheum. It has a great variety of color, form and movement, with flesh tints predominating, and while there are many pretty costumes, for the sheer beauty of it there is no dependence on the fabrics of commerce. It is the beauty that is produced by unity of melody and movement, and this beauty, some folks will find, ravishes their emotions.

—Theodore Bonnet.

mirers at her concert. She has one of the rare real contralto voices of warm, lovely timbre and extensive range. She is an artist of distinction. When she did not sing in English she was convincing and delightful but many of her great contemporaries err with her in lending their glorious voices to a text to which they cannot do justice. I must speak of Mr. Uda Waldrop's splendid accompaniments. He has charmed be-

mental grasp so great as forever to silence those who would deny orchestral power to the piano. Not only with the force for which he is famous did he electrify his hearers but also with his lovely delicate singing tones. The "Chaconne" (Bach) transcribed by Busoni revealed him on the heights of virtuosity. When he played a Sonata of Haydn, then a sonata and a valse of Chopin, he gave a lesson beyond price to students to whom these are familiar. I don't think that any devotee of the piano can afford to omit Mr. Ganz's concert on Saturday.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

Poking Fun at Our Aldermen

You haven't had your full share of fun this week if you've missed Walter Montague's skit at Pantages. Walter Montague is an indefatigable dramatizer of local happenings. He dramatized Chinatown, the Barbary Coast, Chief of Police White; now he has put Mayor Rolph and the Board of Supervisors on the stage. His "Twenty Minutes with the Board of Supervisors" is the best fun I've had since I attended an actual meeting of the City Fathers. Without exaggeration, the make-believe is just as funny as the real thing. In particular, Montague's Mayor Rolph is a scream; his Supervisor Andy Gallagher a knock-out. If you can imagine Mayor Rolph pictured in the "before and after taking" advertisement of a quack doctor, the real Rolph would be the "after taking" picture and Montague's Rolph the "before taking." It is Rolph in need of a tonic. But for his Andy Gallagher Montague picked an actor who needed little make-up, and so we have that eminent labor leader to the life. Supervisor Gallagher at Pantages smokes a big cigar incessantly and makes speeches on everything that comes up. They are regular Gallagher speeches, full of big words and sounding periods and labored jocosity, and they win applause from the admiring proletarians. The supreme moment comes when he declares for equal rights to all and special privileges to none. But while Gallagher occupies the centre of the stage, there are others. There is Emmet Hayden, almost as keen as Gallagher for the interests of the poor. And there is Bancroft who is not so radical and therefore less interesting. There is also a citizen who comes to protest against an ordinance, and is treated with proper disrespect for trying to interfere with city government. The only celebrity I missed was Sergeant-at-Arms Tiv Kreling. Perhaps Montague was afraid to dramatize him. Tiv doesn't stand for nonsense, and all this skit is nonsense, exactly the same kind of nonsense that enlivens the City Hall every Monday afternoon.

—Edward F. O'Day.



GERTRUDE HOFFMAN

Who will commence the last week of her engagement this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

A Week of Music

Last week was a melodious one. There was music enough to make a week agreeably memorable. On Friday the second of the symphony concerts was given, and on that occasion Schumann's Symphony No. 3, Op. 97, a work genuinely inspired, came off magically. The title Rhenish is derived from the composer's impressions of life in the Rhineland, and many were the elements that induced the mood essential to the glorious composition. Director Hadley got every inch of effect out of it. The other number, the Scherzo from "L'Apprenti Sorcier" of Paul Dukas was a joyous, dominating thing, decidedly French in conception and treatment. Greatly the audience enjoyed the purity and spring-freshness of its delicious bits of melody and the imaginativeness of its colorful thematic basis. Miss Marcella Craft was the soloist. She has a charming lyric soprano voice and a very attractive presence. I don't think her California friends heard her at her best; for besides paying us the compliment of being nervous her selections were not of the happiest. Only the greatest artistes should ever sing "Ah fors 'e lui" anywhere, and I'm sure they wouldn't at a symphony concert. "Butterfly" is hardly more suitable, and besides both numbers have become so familiar to San Francisco audiences through the medium of the greatest singers as to induce comparison even by lay musicians. Miss Craft is said to be delightful in opera and I can well believe it. . . . Mme. Julia Claussen made many friends and ad-

fore as an accompanist but not under such auspices. Not once did he obtrude as a pianist—a great temptation to such an artist—but always he supported and reinforced the singer as the composer intended. One cannot help wishing for him an opportunity to travel in great places with some famous singer. But he is young yet and should be content to reflect that "Fortune is merry and in its mood will grant us many things." A superb program gloriously played by a great pianist is the story in brief of the Rudolph Ganz concert last Sunday. Flawless in his art, a player of most exquisite ease and unaffected grace, his technique is such as to leave aspiring pianists in despair, and his

Third Week of Miss Gates' Play

How quickly the interest of the community is aroused in real theatrical novelty is significantly demonstrated by the enthusiastic crowds that flock to the Columbia to accompany "The Poor Little Rich Girl" in her fantastic wanderings through dreamland. On numerous occasions the attendance has exceeded the seating capacity and late comers have been reluctantly turned away. The third and last week of Eleanor Gates' delightful and novel play begins next Sunday evening. Its appeal is alike to young and old, to rich and poor. It is one of those occasional offerings in the theatre which one cannot afford to miss. It blends humor, humanity, pathos, fantasy, satire, sentiment and spectacle and the delightful act-

ing of Leonie Dana, as the child is irresistible. There are matinees Wednesday and Saturday. The final performance is announced for Saturday night, November 21.

May Robson Coming

The next attraction at the Columbia will be the popular star May Robson who has produced with success this season a new comedy called "Martha-by-the-Day," taken from Julia Lipman's novel of the same name. Miss Robson is bringing to San Francisco her entire Eastern cast.

Miss Alexander's Success

Miss Clara Alexander's "Heures Intimes" have become so popular that next week, in addition to the entertainment of Thursday evening, she will give an afternoon on Saturday especially for children when she will read the "Hump Tree" stories which are very interesting to little folk. On Monday afternoon at Paul Elder's Art Gallery the seventh "Heure Intime" will be given at three o'clock, when Miss Alexander will give any number of the smart new stories which she has been telling with great success at recent drawing room entertainments. On this occasion Hamilton Dean, the English actor and leading man of "The Whip," will assist Miss Alexander, giving imitations of Sir Beerbohm Tree, Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson, Charles Hawtrey, Cyril Maude and other noted actors. Foster Krake, baritone, will be the vocalist of the afternoon and at the conclusion of the entertainment tea will be served as usual.

New Baseball Comedy at Alcazar

Monday night there will be offered at the Alcazar for the first time on any stage a unique comedy. The title is "Batting Bill" and it is the joint work of Charles Kenyon, author of "Kindling," and his brother Albert Kenyon. "Batting

Bill" is founded on the short story "One Touch of Nature" by Peter B. Kyne which caused a sensation among "fans" when published in the Saturday Evening Post. The Kenyons have taken the story and made a rattling good baseball comedy in four acts. A great scene is the grand stand of the Polo Grounds with the game in progress. This is one of the most unusual stage settings ever attempted in a modern theatre. "Batting Bill" will have a great cast of Alcazar players including Ralph Kellard, Louis Bennison, Burt Wesner and Florence Malone.

The Hoffman's Second Week at Orpheum

Next week will be the last of Gertrude Hoffman's engagement at the Orpheum, for owing to previous bookings it cannot be prolonged. The Great Asahi assisted by five Japanese will present an act that excels any exhibition of its kind that has ever come from Japan. They perform a number of magical stunts, but their greatest hit is the Human Fountain. Edward Miller and Helene Vincent will introduce one of the best singing acts in vaudeville. Jane Ward and Billie Cullen will offer a "Pianosongolog." Libby and Barton style their act "Thrills and Fun on Tires." They are skilful tricksters on bicycles and genuine comedians. Tony Hunting and Corinne Francis will repeat their entertaining skit "A Love Lozenger."

Ganz's Farewell Recital

This Saturday afternoon at 2:30 p. m. at Scottish Rite Auditorium that magnificent artist Rudolph Ganz whose absolute mastery of the art of piano playing has been the main topic of conversation in musical circles this week, will give his final program. It will be a special teachers' and students' afternoon and a large crowd is expected. The program will include Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata, a group of four important

Chopin works, compositions by Ganz, Maurice Ravel and Debussy, and Liszt's "After Reading Dante." Tickets may be secured at the usual music stores and at the hall after one o'clock on Saturday afternoon.

Evan Williams, Welsh Tenor

This Sunday afternoon at the Columbia Manager Will Greenbaum will present Evan Williams, the Welsh tenor whose reputation reached us long ago but who has never before had the time to visit the far West. The voice of Evan Williams has been likened to the tone of a rare Cremona violin in its richness and mellowness, and he is ranked among the world's five greatest tenors. He sings his programs in English and like John McCormack possesses the power of reaching the hearts of all who hear him. The program he will offer is most attractive and will include the beautiful song cycle "Eliland" by Von Fielitz in which are depicted the emotions of a young priest who has fallen in love and is compelled to renounce his feelings. Then there will be some Handel arias, a line of work in which Evan Williams stands without a peer, some delightful lieder by Schubert, Jensen and Haydn and songs by Protheroe, Ware and also some in the Welsh language. The second and final Williams concert will be given a week later, Sunday afternoon, November 22, with an entire change of program. If any one loves beautiful song, exquisitely rendered, song that can be appreciated by the serious music lover or just the one who merely likes to hear music he can love and understand, he cannot afford to miss Evan Williams. Popular prices will prevail.

Serato, Italy's Greatest Violinist

Arrigo Serato, the only great violin virtuoso Italy has produced since the days of Paganini, will give his first concert at the Columbia on Sunday afternoon, December 6, for the benefit of the charities of the Vittoria Colonna Club. This organization is composed of about one hundred Italian women who devote much of their



EVAN WILLIAMS

Welsh tenor, Columbia Theatre, November 15 and 22



"BIRD OF PARADISE"

Scene from the charming Hawaiian romance by Richard Walton Tully, which comes back to the Cort Theatre Sunday night, November 15, for one week only

time to doing practical charity work where it is most needed, irrespective of nationality or creed. Many families are beholden to these good ladies for their groceries, milk, clothing and often for their rent. The ladies who are actively interested in the success of this benefit include Dr. Marian Bertola, the president of the Vittoria Colonna, Mesdames G. Caglieri, A. E. Sbarboro, Henry Sartori, F. Martinoni Masoeram, E. Maggini, Mark Fontana, Lovetti, Maria Beronio, Gherini, L. Scatena, B. J. Brun, Chichizola, Zanolini, J. C. Rossi, Emilia Tojetti and Miss Laura Musto. The committee in charge of the Serato concert consists of Miss Eda Beronio and Mrs. Douglast Cushman. The program will be a specially fine one, and every music lover who attends will be assisting a most worthy cause besides enjoying a concert by an artist of whom Fritz Kreisler told Manager Greenbaum: "I have never known a greater talent than Serato's." Serato's final concert will be given Sunday afternoon, December 13.

"The Bird of Paradise" at Cort

Among the many attractions seen in this city last season "The Bird of Paradise," Richard Walton Tully's romance of Hawaii, was received with especially favorable comment. This charming story of the Hawaiian Islands will again be presented at the Cort for one week only, commencing next Sunday evening. Oliver Morosco, the well known California producer, will present the same cast as was seen here last season, headed by Miss Lenore Ulrich, the clever little twenty-year-old girl in the leading role of Luana. Others in the cast are William Desmond, Mary Grey, Laura Adams, Robert Morris, David Landau, Dave Hartford, and the original band of Hawaiian singers and players who, with their weird and plaintive music, lend an atmospheric charm to the play. Scenically the piece is a series of stage pictures conceded to be the most faithful reproductions of views of the island of Hawaii ever seen on any stage. The last scene especially, showing Mt. Kilauea in violent eruption, is one of the most realistic scenes ever attempted. The engagement will be for one week only with the usual popular matinee on Wednesday and the regular matinee Saturday.

Two Fine Singers

The San Francisco debut at the Cort Sunday afternoon, November 22, in song recital of Marcella Craft and the return here Sunday, November 29, at the Cort of Tina Lerner, the beautiful and talented Russian pianist, will be the musical and social features of the next two weeks. Believing that the public attend recitals to be "entertained" and not to be "educated" Miss Craft has arranged the following program of songs, all chosen for their intrinsic excellence: Old Italian songs, (a) O del mio dolce ardor, Gluck, (b) Se Florindo e Fedele, Scarlatti, (c) Violette, Scarlatti, (d) Caro mio ben, Giordano; American songs, (a) Exaltation, Mrs. H. H. Beach, (b) Schlagende Herzen, Strauss, (c) Wieder moecht ich dir Begegnen, Weingartner, (d) Liebesfeier; Operatic Arias, (a) Suzanna Lied, (b) Wolf-Ferrari, Arias, "Madame Butterfly," (a) Butterfly's Entrance, (b) Butterfly's Narrative, (c) Butterfly's Song to the Baby, (d) Butterfly's Farewell to the Baby, Uda Waldrop, accompanist. Eight composers are represented on the program which Miss Lerner will play at her first piano recital. This will be the beautiful Russian pianist's first appearance here for two years as she devoted the past two seasons to a tour of Europe. Miss Lerner's first program follows: (a) Minuttes, (b) Rondo, Padree Martini, (a) Gavotte, Op. 14, Giovanni Sgambati, Ecossaises, Beethoven-Busoni, (a) Sonata in B minor, Liszt, (a) Im-

promptu in A flat, (b) Nocturne in F minor, (c) Three Etudes, Op. 25, Nos. 8, 6 and 9, (d) Polinaise Fantasie, Op. 61, Chopin, Prelude G minor, Rachmaninoff, Humoresque, Tscherepnine, Scherzo, Balkaireff. Mail orders to Frank W. Healy will be filled now and seats will be on sale Mondays preceding the recitals at the box offices of Sherman, Clay and Company, the Cort and Kohler and Chase.



TINA LERNER

The beautiful and talented Russian pianist

Clabby at Pantages

Jimmy Clabby, "the Indiana Cyclone" who wrested the middleweight crown from George Chip at Daly City last week, has been specially engaged for a three weeks' tour of the Pantages circuit. Clabby will bloom forth as a real actor appearing as the hero in a melodramatic effort written by his manager Larney Lichenstein. The champion will introduce a short sparring bout with George Welling, a protege of Clabby's and Lichenstein. The new champion is one of the most popular exponents of the padded mitts that has ever been before the public and it is anticipated that the big theatre will be filled to overflowing at every performance next week. "Sunny Jim" Coffroth will personally present Clabby with a diamond-studded belt at the theatre on Tuesday evening. The regular circuit headliners are "the Colonial Minstrel Maids." The comedy hit will be Hugo Lutgens in a Swedish impersonation. Leon and the Adeline sisters do juggling, dancing and playing. Elwood and Snow are ventriloquists. May Woods, well known locally, sings operatic and popular song hits. Carl Munz, "the Belgian Whistler," and comedy movies complete the bill.

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The Financial Outlook


By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Wall Street displayed plenty of optimism last week. The favorable bank statement disclosing large reserves in place of the deficits that have been reported regularly was unanswerable proof of the improved conditions. So great and so rapid has been the recovery of our export trade with Europe that the gold pool formed by the banks has found itself in possession of more money than it can use in its attempt to put foreign exchange on a normal basis. Exports of foodstuffs and war materials are making exchange very fast and the balance of trade is now running heavily in our favor. It no longer pays to ship gold to Ottawa to be placed to the credit of the Bank of England. If the gold pool did not do very much it at least made some money for its subscribers. If the federal reserve banks meet expectations such expedients as gold pools, clearing house certificates, Aldrich-Vreeland emergency currency and direct treasury loans to individual national banks will be things of a past when the richest of nations staggered for a half century under the incubus of the worst banking laws in the world. Railroad reports for September continue to be very favorable. The improvement in the affairs of the St. Paul was especially encouraging. The worst feature of these railroad reports is the curtailment of appropriations for maintenance which has become necessary to make both ends meet. Such curtailment involves lower efficiency of service and the injury of the steel and equipment industries at whose expense economies are effected. This month will be a period of readjustment to changed banking and currency conditions, in which the cotton and other problems will be pressed for solution. It will not take a long time to digest the results of the recent election and then the business interests of the country can devote their attention to affairs that will affect our progress and prosperity for many years to come.

Wheat—New high levels on the present upturn showed the highest prices since last September. On the advance there was a liberal amount of actual wheat bought from the country and hedging sales, together with profit taking, brought about a fair reaction, but at the end of the week prices were again strong and all the loss was regained. The final figures at the close of the week were right around \$1.25 for May option. Export business continues on a large scale and appears to be limited only by the amount of wheat available and by the ability to secure vessel room. Liverpool continued its advance all week and spot wheat was in good demand at the highest price of the season. The Pacific Coast did a good business with the contingent and sales were reported to Australia and New Zealand. Argentine weather was not at all favorable and there were further complaints from that section with their market showing a fair advance at times, which would indicate some appre-

hension regarding their wheat crop which is not yet out of the way. The freedom with which new wheat is being offered at these levels may result in setbacks from time to time but it should be remembered that Europe's needs are enormous and that our exportable surplus, if we are to carry anywhere near a reasonable amount of wheat into the crop year, is considerably less than the trade has been led to suppose.

Corn—Corn was inclined to follow wheat, although fluctuations were narrow. Liberal Argentine shipments and the Government estimate of 2,700,000,000 bushels were the principal bearish factors. The feature in the news that stands out in greater significance is the fact that new corn has been sold for export. This new corn is being received in Chicago daily and is selling at good premiums over the December options. Should the weather continue favorable, it is probable that the shortage of old corn will not ser-



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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of NICHOLAS O'LEARY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of NICHOLAS O'LEARY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of NICHOLAS O'LEARY, deceased.

ELLEN BLACKMER,

Administratrix of the Estate of NICHOLAS O'LEARY, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 24, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Administratrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-24-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 59,610; Dept. No. 10.

E. E. FREDERICK, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES T. SALE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CHARLES T. SALE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 5th day of October, A. D. 1914.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

ARTHUR BRAND, Attorney for Plaintiff,
817 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-24-10

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 59860; Department No. 1.

ELIZABETH BRASSEUR, Plaintiff, vs. RAPHAEL BRASSEUR, Defendant.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to RAPHAEL BRASSEUR, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the city and County of San Francisco, this 16th day of October, A. D. 1914.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

GERALD C. HALSEY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

11-7-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 59,413.

EDNA M. HEIN, Plaintiff, vs. PEDRO GARCIA and BONITA GARCIA, his wife, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: PEDRO GARCIA and BONITA GARCIA, his wife, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 26th day of September, A. D. 1914.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD LANDE,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

11-14-10

ORDER

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9988, N. S.; Department No. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY JANE BRAGG, Deceased.

Robert Bragg, a creditor of the estate of Mary Jane Bragg, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate and personal property of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said decedent appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 14th day of December, 1914, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department 9, probate, of said Superior Court, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted requiring and directing the executor and the executrix of the will of said deceased to sell so much of the real estate and personal property of said deceased at either public or private sale, as shall be necessary.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of the hearing of said applications be given to Robert Bragg, as executor, and to Rebecca Bragg Martenstein, as executrix of the will of said deceased, by citation to be served on said executor and said executrix at least ten days before the said time of hearing, and that notice be given to Elizabeth Bragg Cumming, who has appeared in the above entitled matter by T. A. Perkins, Esq., her attorney, by service of a copy of this order upon said T. A. Perkins at least ten days prior to said time of hearing, and that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of the hearing of said application to sell said personal property be given by posting as required by law.

J. V. COFFEY,

Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated: October 30, 1914.

GERALD C. HALSEY,
Attorney for Petitioner,
105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

11-7-5

CITATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, City and County of San Francisco—Dept. No. 9 Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN FANNING, Deceased.

The people of the State of California to: Mary Bridget Fanning, Johanna Fanning, Christina Corcoran Meyers, John Fanning, John Ryan, M. G. Conlin, Rev. Terrence Caraher (for St. Francis Roman Catholic Church), Sisters of the Presentation, Margaret Kirwan, Eugene F. Conlin, Mary Gleeson, Joseph Fanning, Joseph Ryan, Rev. Terrence Caraher, St. Francis Roman Catholic Church, Ella Fleischmann, Peter Fanning, Minnie Fanning, Mary Maitland, James Ryan, Sisters of the Holy Family.

YOU ARE HEREBY cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department No. 9, Probate, thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the 21st day of December, A. D. 1914, at 10 o'clock, A. M. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the probate of the will of the above named deceased, should not be revoked in conformity with the petition for the revocation of the will of the above named deceased and filed in this Court on the 5th day of September, A. D. 1914.

BY ORDER of the Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, this 5th day of September, A. D. 1914.

(Seal)

Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH A. BROWN,
FRANK J. EGAN,

Attorneys for Contestant,
Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-19-10

The Crocker National Bank of San Francisco

Condition at Close of Business October 31, 1914

RESOURCES

| | |
|--|-----------------|
| Loans and Discounts..... | \$15,229,256.02 |
| U. S. Bonds..... | 2,030,000.00 |
| Other Bonds and Securities..... | 1,270,373.96 |
| Other Securities to Secure Circulation..... | 1,610,500.00 |
| Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit..... | 426,493.79 |
| Amount Paid on Account of Subscription to \$100,000,000 Gold Fund..... | 125,000.00 |
| Cash and Sight Exchange..... | 6,629,731.84 |

\$27,321,355.61

LIABILITIES

| | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Capital..... | \$ 2,000,000.00 |
| Surplus and Undivided Profits..... | 3,295,071.07 |
| Circulation..... | 1,983,000.00 |
| Letters of Credit..... | 474,246.88 |
| Deposits..... | 19,569,037.66 |

\$27,321,355.61

OFFICERS

| | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| Wm. H. Crocker..... | President |
| Chas. E. Green..... | Vice-President |
| Jas. J. Fagan..... | Vice-President |
| W. Gregg Jr..... | Cashier |
| J. B. McCargar..... | Assistant Cashier |
| G. W. Ebner..... | Assistant Cashier |
| W. R. Berry..... | Assistant Cashier |
| B. D. Dean..... | Assistant Cashier |
| J. M. Masten..... | Assistant Cashier |
| John Clausen..... | Manager Foreign Dept. |

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Wm. H. Crocker
Charles T. Crocker
Frank G. Drum

Jas. J. Fagan
Chas. E. Green
W. Gregg Jr.

A. F. Morrison
Henry T. Scott
George W. Scott

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Anglo & London Paris National Bank

OF SAN FRANCISCO

At the Close of Business October 31, 1914

RESOURCES

| | |
|--|-----------------|
| Loans and Discounts..... | \$21,280,434.00 |
| U. S. Bonds to secure circulation at par..... | 2,500,000.00 |
| Other U. S. Bonds..... | 155,000.00 |
| Other Bonds..... | 5,322,698.46 |
| Other Assets..... | 400,272.00 |
| Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit..... | 1,150,975.57 |
| Cash and Sight Exchange..... | 12,950,761.37 |

\$43,760,141.40

LIABILITIES

| | |
|--|-----------------|
| Capital Stock..... | \$ 4,000,000.00 |
| Surplus..... | 1,500,000.00 |
| Undivided Profits..... | 325,099.52 |
| Circulation..... | 4,150,000.00 |
| Letters of Credit, Domestic and Foreign..... | 1,150,975.57 |
| Deposits..... | 32,634,066.31 |

\$43,760,141.40

OFFICERS

| | |
|---------------------------|-------------------|
| HERBERT FLEISHHACKER..... | President |
| WASHINGTON DODGE..... | Vice-President |
| J. FRIEDLANDER..... | Vice-President |
| C. F. HUNT..... | Vice-President |
| R. ALTSCHUL..... | Cashier |
| A. L. LANGERMAN..... | Secretary |
| C. R. PARKER..... | Assistant Cashier |
| WM. H. HIGH..... | Assistant Cashier |
| H. CHOYNSKI..... | Assistant Cashier |
| G. R. BURDICK..... | Assistant Cashier |
| G. F. HERR..... | Assistant Cashier |

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXIV. No. 1161

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 21, 1914

PRICE, 10 CENTS

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Men's Turkish Baths refitted, enlarged
and with new steam room
added, are now open

The New Women's Baths will
open about November 1st

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Anywhere

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C. LALANNE L. COUTARD

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXIV

San Francisco, November 21, 1914

No. 1161

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

Where Charity Is Found Wanting

Here in San Francisco where Christian clergymen have so much leisure on their hands that to avoid the monotony of existence they spend much time instructing the policeman and advising the legislator, it is to be presumed that the charities peculiar to Christianity lie scattered at the feet of men like blossoms in a springtime orchard. For assuredly our Christian ministers do not neglect the Christian business of supplying relief for every species of distress. It is to be presumed of men so full of zeal for the welfare of humanity, that they are ever ready to soothe and heal and bless. But the most logical presumptions are often misleading. A Bulletin woman has been going about in the guise of a penniless outcast for the purpose of testing the sincerity and zeal of some of our philanthropists, especially among the clergy, and she tells us she was made tired and hungry and sick at heart. It is apparent from her narrative that she fell among Pharisees. Blessed is he that considereth the lowly and fallen, but apparently the average San Francisco pulpit pounder of the evangelical churches has no craving for the blessings to be thus earned. Putting a wanderer in the right road is charity, but where is the right road for a woman with an empty stomach struggling up the road from Avernus? The Rev. George Burlingame is of the opinion that it may be found by "holding hands" and praying. That is what he wanted to do with the Bulletin woman after indicating his fastidiousness by shedding a sack coat and donning his more impressive frock coat. But the Bulletin woman did not want help according to the Burlingame formula. He told her that to get help she must first love Jesus because Jesus had exalted her sex. This is a most remarkable reason for loving Christ, one that Dr. Burlingame will have no difficulty in copyrighting. It did not appeal to the Bulletin woman. Dr. Burlingame left her cold even after calling her attention to the fact that in him she had a big strong man for a friend. Notwithstanding his bigness and his strength the lady turned sick at heart and wandered into the fresh air. Now we suspect that the Rev. Burlingame is typical, and therefore illuminating. It is the Burlingames of the pulpit who are divining (by holding hands or otherwise) the right road in all matters sociological and political, and who are paid the tribute of an attentive ear by coddlers of the church vote in politics.

The Moral Southland

It has been observed that owing to the degradation of words a man may be reputed moral though he merely refrain from keep-

ing mistresses or drinking too much; that by reason of what is now popularly understood as morality men are regarded as moral wholly on account of certain transactions with God which can be carried on side by side with the basest conduct toward men. For the truth of these observations we need go no farther than the southern section of this State where there is more praying from the housetops than in any seven States of the Union, and where there are churches galore providing visible means of sustaining a reputation for having spiritual transactions with God. Below Tehachapi lies what is known as the moral section of California. The jarring sects are thickly represented down there. Also, there is to be found great fertility of treachery, bigotry, rapacity, gross breaches of faith and the hypocrisy that breathes a moral mildew over the finest human sentiments. Consider the meanness exhibited by the moral communities of the southland toward San Francisco at the recent election. We find that in one instance a breach of faith was advocated openly by the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles, and at the same time we find an overwhelming vote ostensibly for the conservation of public morals but in reality for the destruction of vast industries that predominate in the north. Isn't it about time to quit giving away weight to Los Angeles? Why go on deluding ourselves with flubdub about a united California and talk of extending hands across the mountains? It is made apparent at every turn that there is no feeling of reciprocity among a people who are in a class by themselves, who, with all their church-going and psalm-singing and chemical purity are utterly lacking in the generous motives that sustain the charm of social existence. It may seem absurd to indict a people of a whole section of the State. However, the fact is as clear as sunlight that from all sections of the country have been flowing for years streams of men and women of the same temperament, the same cast of mind, folks singularly lacking in the ennobling emotions and overflowing with the vulgarity that makes selfishness and greed one with social virtue.

Going the Pace

If we analyze the world's greatest setbacks we shall find that they were due to intemperate progress. To proceed swiftly is to make progress without due consideration; to create new problems and fresh disappointments. If there is not a law regulating human advancement, at any rate, we may be sure, mankind have not the power to advance by leaps and bounds. It is when they attempt to do so that they grow disgusted at what they have done, and that abdicated grievances are recalled from their exile to repair the injuries caused by undigested improvements. How rash it is to essay the quickening of the millennium

we may perceive by considering the problems that direct government has already given rise to in California. At the recent election, in addition to the task of discriminating between candidates for office we had imposed on us the duty of passing judgment on forty odd propositions touching matters governmental, all deeply affecting the vital interests of the State. Not one man in ten thousand read all the arguments on these propositions. Not one man in fifty thousand had a thorough understanding of them all. Nevertheless several hundred thousand men voted on each of them. Obviously, then, self-government in California under the new system urged upon us by the doctrinaires of the academic political cult is government by guesswork in the stygian dark. By nothing short of a try-out of their ideals could our fatuous counsellors be made sensible of their absurdities; but have they the courage or the decency to plead guilty? Far from it. It would be reactionary to meet the new problems with an extinguisher and to be reactionary is to be damned. No recanting for the doctrinaires. They would go on experimenting. Perceiving that too great a tax has been put on the exiguous mentality of that incredible ass, the average citizen, they would make his civic duties lighter by shortening the ballot. But they would not shorten it by relieving the voter of the task of law-making. They would shorten it by reducing the number of elective officers. In other words, they would give the people popular government under a privately conducted bureaucracy. They are for increasing the political power of the Governor, who, even now, has power enough to destroy the will and independence of the legislature. He has now a political machine of enormous bulk, and we have voted him more commissions, supplied him with more patronage, and next year he will have an army of voters intrenched in public office that will enable him to control the politics of the State for years. The faith of our doctrinaires is in the dear people, but they are for committing us utterly to the rule of one man. Their plan is to bestow all administrative powers on our darling Governor. They would safeguard him from the scrutiny of any other official, make him supreme, surround him with henchmen who would see that he did as he pleased with all funds, and enable him to make his political machine strong enough for all purposes, rectitudinous or criminal. Such is the ideal democracy toward which we are drifting as a result of our abandonment of the old moorings. Our problems have only just begun to multiply, and California is going the pace that kills. The passion for progress has given us a setback of about twenty years.

Reform from Within

In the present apoplexy of our discontent hardly anybody is able to take a complaisant attitude toward the world. As in

the days of the New England reformers that Emerson wrote about the demon of reform has a secret door into the heart of every citizen. Even the man impatient of reformers unconsciously becomes a reformer himself by undertaking to reform reformers. Thus we find the attorney for the wine interests after defending his clients against the prohibition fanaticism turning reformer in the hope of anticipating the fanatics by rendering their complaints groundless. And we find him, like all reformers, by reason of an insufficient understanding of the subject in hand, confounding innovation with reform. Evidently the gentleman has suffered himself to be persuaded by the very men whom he would out-manoeuvre. Their principles he would make his own. For instance he would make it a crime for a man to treat a friend in a saloon. Here we find the gentleman treading on dangerous ground. One of the principal objections to the prohibition propaganda is that it has no respect for the right of personal liberty. Many persons voted against prohibition not because of any concern for the liquor interests, but because they were sensible of the importance of safeguarding the paramount essential to human dignity and human happiness. Surely it would not be wise for the wine interests to alienate intelligent liberty-loving citizens by fathering legislation designed to placate the fanatic followers of the captains of the prohibition industry. As to the captains themselves, whatever happens they will remain implacable so long as contributions flow into the Westerville treasury. Of this fact, apparently, the attorney for the wine interests is not aware, and, though the so-called liquor problem is a matter about which he is imperfectly informed, like all cocksure reformers he flatters himself that he knows what's the matter with the saloon business, and he has remedies to recommend. He would spike the guns of the enemy by reforming the saloon business on lines laid down by the Anti-Saloon League. He proposes, for instance, that we close the saloons on Sunday. This would be a concession to all those fussy

moralists who regard any affectation of virtue as *prima facie* evidence of the conquest of vice. It is the moralist of this complexion that has made hypocrisy the premier characteristic of many American cities. Close the red-light district, he says, and you will triumph over the evil of prostitution. What does it matter if the prostitutes transfer the trade of harlotry to the highway and into residence districts? Having expressed our intolerance of them, he argues, that is sufficient. So with the army canteen, and so with the Demon Rum. Where saloons are closed on Sundays, there is much surreptitious drinking, and many private flasks are in circulation, and there is much visible drunkenness. All of which is precisely what the men who are living off the prohibition industry desire. These men are deliberate promoters of drunkenness. It supplies the main pretext of their activities. If nobody drank to excess there would be no prohibition issue. The attorney for the wine interests having but recently taken up the study of the matter has not yet had time to ponder the subtleties of it, and so we find him playing into the hands of the enemy. He is a most unsophisticated person. Now, what the wine interests should be considering is not how to placate prohibitionists but how to conciliate the public. It is not to be gainsaid that the saloon business is in need of reforming, but in devising schemes of reformation the fact should not be lost sight of that the saloon in this country is precisely what our fanatic Puritans made it. In Europe the saloon problem is unknown. There the public house, or the inn, or whatever it may be termed, is a place of resort for the purpose of relaxation. The business of retailing liquor is not discredited. In some countries men, women and children sit at tables in public houses and drink beer, and without incurring an evil reputation. Here where to drink any alcoholic beverage is, in the philosophy of the ignorant Puritan, tantamount to drinking damnation, the saloon has been given an evil reputation, and as a consequence it has drifted into the hands of men who do not

care much as to what people think of them. The Puritan first contrived to make the saloon business disreputable, and then demanded that it be made unlawful because it was not reputable. And now we find the attorney for the wine interests endorsing the Puritans' views. He would make it unlawful for men who manufacture alcoholic beverages, or who sell alcoholic beverages, to have an interest in a saloon. Why? If the wine manufacturers of this State would establish a few model saloons where the sale of California wines was encouraged they might thus give aid to the cause of temperance and reconcile even the Puritans to the saloon business. Wherever wine or beer is the popular beverage there is little drunkenness, and prohibition is a curse because as a result of it the consumption of distilled liquors is increased. The wine men of California have long been blind to their own interests. They have never done anything to stimulate a demand for clarets or sauternes. They have seen a taste for whisky highballs develop, and they have neglected to educate men up to a preference for highballs of red or white wine. Wine diluted in water is excellent for assuaging thirst, but in this State famous for its wines they are served over the bar rather as a stimulant than as a beverage. Humbly, and with all due deference to our wine men, we would suggest that instead of holding themselves aloof from the saloon they take an interest in the saloon business with a view to reforming it and with the determination to cultivate a palate for the temperance drink of wine and water. Let them not delude themselves with the notion that anything is to be gained by concessions to the pestiferous rascals who have been spreading drunkenness and the drug habit through the country under the mask of benevolence. The fanaticism is to be abated only by education, and even now, though prohibition victories seem to argue to the contrary, the light is spreading, for prohibition is the best of all anti-prohibition arguments. The saloon of course must be reformed, but it is to be reformed only by making it undeserving of public execration.

Perspective Impressions

Los Angeles chemically pure? Pass the chloride of lime!

The "social vagrants" of Long Beach no doubt voted for Prohibition and the Redlight Abatement law.

If Frank Heney doesn't get a new stunt they'll take him off the political circuit.

The great fortress of Thorn is protecting the German left wing in East Prussia. "Thorn"—"flank"—make your own joke.

Berkeley freshmen rotten-egged the actors at the Savoy Saturday night, thereby reminding us that the college hoodlum is always tougher than the boy who lacks the "advantages of higher education."

Frequently the truth should be told not to convert those who do not believe but to confirm those who do.

People who complain that the papers give too much space to war news probably read every line about the big football game.

Long Beach has invented the phrase "social vagrancy," but the sexual corruption it covers is the familiar Los Angeles brand.

President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University has just come to the conclusion that "scholarship alone is useless as a guide to conduct." Here is one of our really bright university men only now arrived at a conclusion that dawned on the perceptions of men who have been dead for centuries.

In France the Government has called for donations of claret for the soldiers. In drunken Russia the Czar has prohibited the manufacture of vodka, which is a distilled liquor, the kind that becomes popular wherever in this country Prohibitionists have made beer and wine scarce.

Almost every time you remove the mask of hypocrisy you find lechery leering underneath.

We have a bone or two to pick with Oakland, but Heney is worse than she deserves.

Judging from his picture the present Prince of Wales would be lost in the Black Prince's armor.

Przemsyl is still holding out, but will probably be captured before it is pronounced.

Apparently in benighted Oakland there are folks who never heard of the graft prosecution conducted in San Francisco by a gentleman familiarly known as Beany.

In the sacrosanct city of Los Angeles, where Virtue utters itself in trumpet tones, a philanthropist is said to have converted an orphanage into a harem. No caprice is incredible that bears the Los Angeles brand.

Varied Types

CCIV—MISS SOPHIE TREADWELL

By Edward F. O'Day

"I didn't dream," said Miss Treadwell, "that the series would bring me so much censure."

"Censure?" I repeated. "How can it have brought you censure?"

"It came from two sources," Miss Treadwell explained. "It came in the first place from those whom I had, from the nature of my investigation, to deceive. That was natural enough, even in the case of those who received me in the true Christian spirit and for whom I had nothing but praise in my articles. Nobody likes to be deceived, even when the deception is harmless. I was prepared to learn that these people were hurt a little, and they blamed me for playing a trick on them. But it also came from the disinterested. I was censured for having assumed the role of an outcast. One of my friends told me that it must now be my aim to make people forget that I had ever done this work, to live down my horrid past, so to say. This attitude surprised me. What do you think about it?"

I could only exclaim about the muddleheadedness of such a view, about the utter mental confusion of those who take it, and point out how needless it was to treat such censure seriously.

Need I say that we were speaking of Miss Treadwell's Bulletin serial "An Outcast at the Christian Door?" I think I need not, for everybody in town has been reading that serial and talking about it. It has made Miss Treadwell's name a household word. From the people whom I have heard discussing the articles Miss Treadwell has received nothing but praise. They have all said that she did a helpful work at just the right time.

Now that the Redlight Abatement Law is in force there is apt to be a number of outcasts knocking at the Christian door. Miss Treadwell has shown them where to go. She has aroused professed charity workers to a new sense of their duties and responsibilities. She has shown some of them, clergymen especially, how unprepared they are. Perhaps she knocked at their consciences as well as at their doors. I can well imagine that some who failed to help her have had bad sessions with their souls, that they have struck their breasts in humility, saying "mea culpa," and have made resolutions not to fail the next unfortunate who comes their way.

Among her own kind, the newspaper people, it is agreed that no other writer on the local press could have handled the work so well. To appreciate that you must know Miss Treadwell. She went to the local room from a brilliant career at college, and the local room has not injured her. Newspaper experience has sharpened her native powers of observation, has helped her to codify her keen judgments of human nature, has provided her with the raw material for thought, has enlarged her vision. It has not, as it sometimes does with women, robbed her of her kindly and generous outlook, it has not dulled the fine edge of her delicacy or perverted to cynicism the rich quality of her humor. Miss Treadwell's mind has taken no hurt from newspaper work; its charm, its healthfulness, its fragrance are unspoiled. Miss Treadwell is as sweetly feminine today as when that deft pen of hers was first put to newspaper service. All who know her know this, so they must regard it as preposterous that she is blamed for playing, in so worthy a cause, the part of an outcast pleading for help at the threshold of Christian charity.

"After all," she said, "there was nothing very distasteful about what I was told to do. I went

about among Christian men and women. I was not always well received, but in only one instance was my experience an unpleasant one. That was when I called upon the Reverend George Burlingame. I am reluctant to discuss him, but after all, why shouldn't I speak of him as I found him? He impressed me as a stupid hypocrite with a prurient mind."

Miss Treadwell would not use this strong language unless she felt strongly. The explanation of her resentment is to be found in her article about Dr. Burlingame. It is plain that he took advantage of her position, supposedly that of an unfortunate girl asking Christian aid for a new start in life, by questioning her minutely about her past life. Miss Treadwell, be it understood, was prepared to answer the questions that would naturally be put to her.

"At many of the places where I applied," she told me, "I was asked certain stereotyped questions about my life. I always answered as I thought the questioners expected to be answered, and I think I was successful, for my answers were received with nods of satisfaction. You see, these people had me classified in advance and it pleased them to find that I fitted in with their data."

But it is easy to surmise that Dr. Burlingame's questions were different. They must have been, for in her article Miss Treadwell told how she asked him indignantly:

"What have these questions to do with Jesus?"

They were obviously not the questions of a savor of souls.

"They disgusted me and made me angry," she says.

Miss Treadwell's anger changed to amusement when Dr. Burlingame left her and changed his clothes.

"He returned," she says, "in faultless clerical garb, with his hair freshly combed. He came in smirking. Really it was funny."

And Miss Treadwell laughed.

"There was one thing he said to me," Miss Treadwell continued, "that I did not put into the story, it seemed too silly."

"What was it?" I begged.

"How I would like to see Jesus shining from those eyes, instead of the evil one," she quoted.

If I may be pardoned a personal allusion, Miss Treadwell has fine black eyes. They danced with mirth at the recollection of the ridiculous figure cut by the Baptist preacher.

Miss Treadwell applied for aid to other ministers. The Reverend C. S. Tanner, a Presbyterian, received her kindly and tried to help her without intruding his religious views upon her. But his wife snubbed her, or so Miss Treadwell thought and wrote. Afterwards she received a note from Mr. Tanner explaining that his wife felt that she was not dressed properly to receive a visitor.

At Trinity Episcopal Church Miss Treadwell applied for help to Dr. Clappett's assistant, the Rev. Mr. Clark, after Sunday morning service.

"He was bewildered," she said. "The situation simply bowled him over. It was a new experience and it proved too much for him. He was all of a flutter. I never saw a man so lacking in the sense of life. He referred me to two women, but begged me not to disturb them on Sunday. I think he had it in his mind to give me money, but when I told him I had a few cents he said that was 'very nice.' When he asked me if I had a place to sleep and I told him I should have to go back to my old haunts he said that was 'very nice' too. When I left—

ordered out by a vestryman or deacon—I had received no help, only the address of a rest room on Sansome street! The test came too suddenly for the Rev. Mr. Clark. If he had had a day or even a few hours to prepare for the situation, he might have been equal to it!

"Then there was the clergyman at the home of Bishop Nichols, whose name I did not learn. He told me that the Cathedral used to have an institution for girls like me, but that it was burned down in 1906. Besides, he said, the lady who had charge of it was now too old for the work! Do such things seem real to you? They astounded me when I heard them. There is about them such futility, such utter failure to come to grips with life, to realize actual living conditions that it seemed to me I was not a real person but a character in a story book.

"The other clergymen I applied to was the Rev. Robert Walker of the Congregational Church on Green near Stockton. He is a Scotchman who lived for years in Italy, and there is about him an air of splendid old-world gentleness, courtesy and true Christian charity. He lives in an apartment over his church, and if ever a gentleman has a right to live in a Christian church it is he.

"In the case of all the others I met in the ten days of my investigation I found it quite easy to preserve the character of 'May Bertin, the outcast.' They treated me as a bad girl and kept me in my place. But the Rev. Mr. Walker treated me as a human being in need of help. In his presence my assumed character fell from me. He was so genuine, so thoroughly sincere and good that I wanted to drop the sham at once.

"The same feeling came to me the last day of my investigation when I went to Sunday morning service at Grace Cathedral. When I entered a lady who saw that I was a stranger came to me and made me welcome in the kindest way. I intended to appeal to Dean Gresham for help, but after hearing him preach I could not. It was a wonderful sermon, and I knew that this was a Christian clergyman who would not fail a girl in trouble. I was so sure about this that I went away without speaking to him. I felt that I could not play a part in his presence."

The institutions which Miss Treadwell visited were not all equal to the test. At the Salvation Army she was told by the woman in charge (whose name she did not learn) that there was "nothing for a woman like you." At the Young Women's Christian Association she was sent away because she lacked references and \$4.50 for a week's lodging.

"I have received letters from all over the State," she says, "from girls who write that they received the same kind of treatment there and are glad that I exposed it."

The Girls' Welfare Club on Hayes street she found dreadfully depressing, a place any girl would fly from. But the Alma Club, supported by the rich and charitable Miss Sullivan, proved a splendid refuge, just the sort of place to set an unhappy girl's feet in the right path. And for Mrs. Berry Goodwin of the Rockhurst Center Miss Treadwell has nothing but praise.

"There was only one disappointment for me in this whole affair," concluded Miss Treadwell. "There was one clergyman I wanted to go to, whose Christian charity I wanted to test. But I could not, because he was out of town."

"Who was that?" I asked.

"Doctor Aked," Miss Treadwell answered with a smile.

Interplanetary Love

By Enrique Labarta

Far away in the mysterious depths of space, not far from the Polar Star and on the right hand as you ascend, there revolves about the sun a modest planet on which life is subject to the same conditions as on the one that we sometimes complain of having to inhabit. Man is mortal there, as here, and is born but to die, but he has reached a much more advanced stage of progress for the simple reason that his planet is older than ours. Children are born there with the degree of Bachelor of Arts and many of them become Doctors of Science before they have laid aside their childish toys.

The thoughtful ones of that far-away world have succeeded in wresting from nature all her secrets, so that now nothing remains concealed from them. They have, moreover, the sense of sight so wonderfully developed, that, without any extraordinary effort, simply by partially closing the eyes, they can distinguish a horse from a cow on the nearest planet, a matter of sixteen million leagues away. This being the case I need not tell you how far they can see with their most powerful telescopes.

For this reason they have mastered more thoroughly than any other people the science of astronomy.

The life, character and behavior of the surrounding planets within a radius of a thousand million leagues is for them an open book; but, since there is an infinite number of worlds and stars revolving in space, they have not yet had time to examine them all in detail.

At the historical moment in which this most truthful story begins, in one of the best astronomical observatories of that distant world, was an eminent scientist, a young man about twenty years of age and of fine appearance, whose favorite diversion was to travel among the stars by means of an enormous telescope. While ranging about idly through the stars and planets, suddenly he became all attention and brought his instrument to a standstill. He had just discovered, many thousand millions of leagues away, a small planet very much like his own—the same seas, the same continents and the same contents.

It was the earth.

After letting his glance wander over the five divisions of our globe, from the head to the tail, or rather from the North Pole to the South, he focused the telescope upon the main promenade of a small Spanish city.

It was Sunday in our planet and at that moment many of the towns-people were walking up and down the promenade, enjoying the fresh air and listening to the music furnished by the municipal band.

It was a curious sight for the young astronomer to see these people, extravagantly dressed, walking up and down between the two rows of shade-trees, turning about and retracing their steps as soon as they reached either end of the promenade. Contemplating for the first time unknown but kindred human beings, whose images, silent as specters, came to the retina of his eye through the solitude of infinite space from a planet separated from his own by thousands of millions of leagues, he was deeply moved. Thanks to the lenses of his telescope, he had often visited many other worlds, but since they were inhabited by beings quite unlike those of his own planet, none of them interested him so much as the one he had just discovered.

*Suddenly his eye fell upon the extraordinary beauty of a young girl seated on one of the chairs at the side of the promenade and his heart swelled with rapture. Tall, graceful, of irreproachable figure, that magnificent brunette was no sooner seen than loved. Through the intervening nine thousand billion leagues or so the winged arrow of love came flying and lodged itself in the susceptible heart of the young astronomer. He fell hopelessly in love with that beautiful young girl of this planet so far removed from his own.

Fascinated, he kept his gaze on her all that afternoon, accompanied her to her home and, spying upon her with his telescope, waited in vain for her to come again into the street or appear at a window; until at last, the Earth in its revolving motion concealing the hemisphere in which she lived, he had to give up the hope of seeing her again until the morrow.

From that day on our young scientist lost all repose and sleep, and, leaving his friends and relatives, transferred his lodgings to the observatory.

Every night, nervous and trembling with excitement, he kept gazing through his telescope, waiting for his adored one to appear at the balcony or go out to the public promenade. After three days of constant observation he discovered to his sorrow that his distant idol had another and more fortunate lover, who haunted the street in which she lived and by means of signs from a porch opposite was apparently coming to an understanding with her.

Furious jealousy added fuel to the flame of his love. He was at first tempted to hurl his telescope at the head of his favored rival, but second thoughts showed him the futility of this. A somewhat complicated mathematical calculation convinced him that even though he should take true aim at his rival's head and hurled the telescope with the whole strength of his soul, it would take one million seven hundred and twenty-one thousand six hundred and thirty-one years for it to reach its destination! At the end of that time neither the girl nor her lover would be living and perhaps even the planet they dwelt on would be no more.

Sad and desperate, our young scientist spent his time near his telescope and whenever the revolving motion of the Earth permitted him to do so, gazed incessantly at the house of that beautiful woman who, nine thousand billion leagues away, was receiving the attentions of his favored rival. Had she been aware of the impossible love that she had inspired in the unknown inhabitant of another planet, perhaps from time to time she would have sent a glance of pity towards the distant stars.

The friends and colleagues of the astronomer wondered much at his sudden change of character. Instead of the lively and light-hearted young man they formerly knew he had become diffident and taciturn. They wanted to find out the cause of it, but it was useless for them to question him about the mysterious trouble that was gradually consuming his life.

At last, unable to endure any longer in silence the hidden grief that was gnawing at his heart, he decided to tell his secret to another astronomer, his most intimate friend, for sorrows shared with another, if they are not healed, are at least rendered more endurable.

His friend listened to his story in open-mouthed

wonder and, as soon as he had heard the end of it, exclaimed:

"That is a strange case, upon my word!"

"Strange, indeed!" answered the enamored one, brushing away his tears.

"If you love her so much, why do you not send her a formal declaration of love accompanied by your photograph?"

"But how?"

"In a ray of light, of course."

"I have already thought of that, but it is impossible. I am very much afraid they are not acquainted with that means of communication on the Earth, and even though they were, to reach its destination, my telegram of love would require some fifty years."

"You are right. How slow light is compared to thought! The best it can do is three hundred thousand kilometers a second. This being the case, then, you can do nothing by letter. Besides, it is much better to handle such matters personally."

"But how can I manage to go in person? Even were I to undertake the journey in a vehicle that traveled at the uncommon speed of six thousand kilometers a minute, it would take me one hundred and fifty thousand years to reach her planet. I need not say I should be dead of old age at the first stage of the journey. This is terrible!"

"Ah!" suddenly exclaimed the other astronomer, slapping his forehead. "What fools we are not to have thought of it sooner! Why, you stupid fellow, you are in love with a phantom! That woman does not exist!"

"Does not exist?"

"At least, if she does, she is already an old woman and not worth while thinking about."

"In heaven's name, explain yourself, man! My brain is in such a whirl that I don't understand you."

"Well, then, given the great distance that lies between our planet and hers, light, at the rate of three hundred kilometers a second, takes exactly fifty years to come from there to us. That is, therefore, the time required for you to receive upon the retina of your eyes the image of your beloved one; so that, at the present moment, you see her as she was half a century ago. How old do you take her to be?"

"Twenty years, or thereabouts."

"Well, then, she is now, if she is still living, seventy years old. You are in love with a toothless old woman, or else with a corpse, for she may already have died."

"Heaven have pity on me! You are right! I had not thought of that."

"Suppose that you could transport yourself to that planet in an instant, with the rapidity of thought. It would still avail you nothing. Instead of the young woman you adore, you would find nothing but a mere phantom, living or dead."

With livid countenance and bewildered brain the poor young astronomer listened to the rational and scientific explanation of his colleague. Then the blood rushed violently to his head and he fell to the ground like one struck by lightning. His friend approached and touched him; he was cold. He put his hand to his heart; it was not beating. Life was already extinct.

Poor astronomer! Science, showing him prosaic reality in all its nakedness, had deprived him

of life. For many months he had endured the keen torment of a hopeless love; but he could not survive for a single instant the crumbling and disintegration of his ideal.

If there is any sceptical reader who doubts the veracity of this story, there is still time for him

to verify it; for he still has fifty years ahead of him in which to invent an apparatus by which he may be able to see the planet in which this little drama took place and this planet is to be found, as I said in the beginning, not far from the Polar Star, on the right hand as you ascend.

Yes, within half a century you can witness this tragic death, within half a century, I say, the time required by light to bring to us his pale image. In the meantime, suspend your judgment, and, provisionally at least, believe what I have told you.

General Joffre, Scientific Soldier

A Sketch of the French Generalissimo of Whom the World Knew Very Little When the War Started

By an Englishman

Someone declared that Joffre is of the school of Napoleon. It is a generalization no more accurate than other generalizations. Nothing could be further from the wars of Napoleon than the great battles on the Marne, on the Aisne, and now in the North. In themselves they do not present anything like the tactical interest of those examples of military skill of a hundred years ago. And the aeroplane is responsible. It sees everything from its elevated vantage point; from it nothing is hidden. It looks behind the screen of cavalry masking the enemy's front; it sees troops on the march or being carried in trains; it notes the numbers of Army Corps, the proportion of the different arms, and all the details of a vast machine.

Thus the art of war has been robbed of that element of surprise which afforded Napoleon dramatic opportunity for the display of his genius. His object was to discover the weak spot in the enemy's lines, and, having discovered it, to hurl upon it all the forces at his command. His success depended upon the speed and sureness with which the great blow could be struck. A premature revelation would have spoiled all. But a coup of the sort is no longer possible, for a manoeuvre on the one side is met, instantly, by a manoeuvre on the other. War now consists in a series of parallel movements; its art has changed. It would be scarcely an exaggeration to say that it does not exist. The two armies turn about each other like boxers in the preliminary phases of a fight. They pivot clumsily to catch each other at a disadvantage, and that is practically all the art of it.

The rest is a ding-dong battle of resistance, of marching and counter-marching. Anything less like Napoleon's way of making war it would be difficult to imagine. It is like playing bridge with your opponent looking over your shoulder. He knows when you are finessing and when you are playing for an opening. In those conditions, how is it possible to gain a brilliant victory by great crushing blows, having calculated the "psychological moment?" This is as far from present realities as Napoleon's canter on his white horse along the line on the eve of battle on a visit to the outposts. You could not imagine Joffre cantering from Dunkirk to Belfort before breakfast at the moment of beginning the

battle which lasts weeks and not merely a single day.

Thus all the conditions of warfare have changed, and with them the mentality and methods of commanders. Joffre is rarely seen on horseback; but he has much the figure of the Corsican—short and stout, and giving the impression of power. He spends a part of each day in a long, low, rapid motorcar visiting the lines. It is impossible to visit all the points—much must be left to the corps commander after the general plan is settled; this robs a generalissimo of personal contact with his troops; he is more or less unknown to them, and Joffre probably has to show papers to his sentries. He wears out two chauffeurs a day in his rush from point to point.

But beyond that Joffre must hold the wires in this tremendous system. You have to imagine him passing long hours in an unpretentious room with a receiver to his ear. His assistant generals bend over maps and examine attentively the lie of country; but Joffre has no need of that: rivers, mountains, valleys are engraved deeply in his brain. His chief characteristic is calmness. He is as calm in war as in peace. And that quality has bred confidence. He has confidence in himself, and has given confidence to others. His staff never for a moment doubts his capacity to win, and that conviction has percolated through to the masses of the troops. It has made him popular, though he has done nothing to engender that; on the contrary, he eschews popularity. He lives apart from press "reclame;" he does not seek it and he dislikes it. To those who attack him and to those who defend him he shows an equal indifference. Junior officers sometimes take up the cudgels for him in a newspaper—for Joffre has made enemies like most strong men—but he disregards their good offices just as he disregards criticism. None can say that he owes his promotion to having defended Joffre. Military merit is the only quality recognized by the generalissimo.

But if he appears to take no notice of attacks, particularly in the popular press, he is none the less very open to ideas, and listens attentively when a likely plan is presented to him. He knows how to combine the best in his own and other people's projects. He is modest as he is unassuming. His readiness to accept suggestion has fostered the belief that he is an adapter and organizer rather than stratagist. He is both. His campaigns show the soldier as well as the engineer and organizer. But his great maxim is that in war nothing can be improvised. Every detail must be thought out; that marks his superiority over other modern commanders. A long preparation has gone to each success. He succeeds because he takes the infinite trouble necessary to secure it.

His achievement is the formation of the General Staff. He has brought together the best military brains in France and co-ordinated and

controlled their efforts. He has exorcised politics, that bane of the French army. It is the more to his credit, for his own political opinions are opposed to those of his chief coadjutors. A Republican and Freemason, he is surrounded by men who are Catholic and disposed to cavil at the present Constitution; but it makes no difference to his appreciation of them. His chief confidence is given to Generals Pau and de Castelnau, neither of whom belongs to his school of politics; and when he arrived at power—on Pau's recommendation to the War Council—he soon showed that politics meant nothing to him; his advent as Commander-in-Chief was followed by the departure of the "Parliamentary soldiers," who should never have been drawn from their natural obscurity.

The result of his firmness and singleness of purpose is that he commands the greatest fighting machine in the world, from which every other consideration than that of efficiency has been obliterated. When it was necessary to break the careers of five Generals who had shown weakness in manoeuvres, he did not hesitate. His own career has been one of great rapidity. He was Bachelor of Science at 16 and entered the Polytechnique (the French Woolwich) at 17. Then came the war of 1870, in which he distinguished himself as second lieutenant, and then work on fortifications. He managed those of Paris so well that MacMahon made him captain at 22. He became such an expert in constructing defences in various parts of the world that he feared to be doing that and nothing else for the rest of his life. "I want to command troops," he said, and the chance came in Cochin

(Continued on Page 14.)

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Poems About San Francisco

CLXXII—ST. FRANCIS AT SAN FRANCISCO

By Rodman Gilder

(It is unnecessary to explain that this is a poem of 1906. It is a simple little poem, but with something about it that impresses the mind.)

I met old lean St. Francis in a dream,
Wading knee-deep through the ashes of his town.
The souls that he was helping up to Heaven
Were burnt or wrung out of the writhing flesh.
Said I, "When near a thousand are engulfed
In sudden indiscriminate destruction,
And half a million homeless are, I know
This rotten world most blackly is accurst."

"When heroes are as countless as the flames;
When sympathy," said he, "has opened wide
A hundred million generous human hearts,
I know this world is infinitely blessed."

The Spectator

Dr. Jordan Under Indictment

Chancellor David Starr Jordan, come into court! Come in, or I'll send my bailiff after you! Before my readers I wish to arraign you as a higher-up of the academic world, for you are under indictment, sir, for a petty offense. The indictment is to be found in the pages of that dignified monthly review of culture and criticism known as *The Nineteenth Century and After*. It is in the October number. Therein it appears that you have borrowed some of your thunder as a peace propagandist from Norman Angell, the noisy English pacifist. But this is neither a crime nor a misdemeanor. It is not thus that you, Dr. Jordan, have offended. Borrowing from Angell is but an error of judgment, for Norman is not a dependable person. Like many other enthusiasts intent on having their views accepted he has a literary conscience that is off color. He has been caught in many sins of omission and commission. Now one of Mr. Angell's favorite theories is that war "roots out the best" leaving the unfit to propagate. This, Dr. Jordan, is also a favorite theory of yours. Some time ago Mr. Angell quoted Otto Seeck in support of his theory. Seeck, according to Angell, attributed the downfall of Rome to her foreign wars. But the fact is that Seeck never argued that the eliminating process was due to international warfare. On the contrary he is at great pains to show how the barbarous German tribes, during three hundred years of perpetual warfare, grew strong enough to crush at one stroke that great Roman Empire which had enjoyed three hundred years of a peace unparalleled in the ancient world. So far as Seeck condemns Roman militarism as responsible for the elimination of the most manly elements it is because the imperial army, by relying on voluntary enlistment, gradually segregated, and to a great extent sterilized, the most adventurous elements of the nation. "In other words," says the writer in *The Nineteenth Century*, "if we are to believe Seeck, it is conscription and war that strengthen a race both physically and morally, while nations are not only weakened but demoralized by a long period of peace defended by the swords of a hireling soldiery."

The Jordan Blunder

Be patient, Dr. Jordan, I am coming to your case presently. The author of your indictment, Mr. G. S. Coulton, says that you recently gave

a public address at Cambridge on "Eugenics and War." "Instead of the scientific arguments which one might have expected from you as a biologist," he says, "you based a great part of your address on the Angell-Seeck blunder, and when, during the ensuing discussion, Seeck's actual words were brought to your notice you were 'too confused by this shock to put up either a defence or an apology;'" further, you "preferred to allow one of your main points to go by default." This is not all. According to Mr. Coulton, you are the author of an article in the *Eugenics Review* "in which this same misuse of Otto Seeck's authority occurs," and he says, "I am not aware that the author has since offered either explanation or apology to the public."

Now, Dr. Jordan, stand up and enter your plea.

Another Los Angeles Scandal

Once more the chemically pure community of Los Angeles is wallowing in the unsavory details of a hideous scandal. But you are not permitted to read anything about it in the San Francisco dailies. Nothing can happen in San Francisco unfit to print in the local dailies, but far be it from them to advertise Los Angeles as anything but a model community. Solicitude for the reputation of this city never gives them pause. On the contrary occasionally they will furnish cause for shame, as, for instance, in the case of the hungry, desperate, maddened Italian Lococo, whom they have fashioned into a hero for murdering a man who owed him money. They have given space to the Los Angeles orphanage scandal, but probably for the reason that two San Franciscans were indirectly and somewhat remotely implicated.

The other scandal, however, the one at Long Beach—of that they have hardly scraped the surface. A revolting scandal, this one, but it bears the Los Angeles label, the one we have been made familiar with of late by reason of the frequency of lecherous episodes in the citrus belt. The Los Angeles press drew no veil over this scandal notwithstanding its revolting features. They printed time, place, circumstances and names, and rejoiced at the large sum of money it yielded to the municipal treasury. Why the reticence of our dailies? They were not reticent when a similar scandal was uncovered in the midst of the Y. M. C. A. of Portland, or when Oscar Wilde was sent to Reading gaol.

A Plea for Disclosure

It is hard to find justification for open discussion of any scandal, but the average, characteristic Los Angeles scandal has a deep scientific interest, and it should be scrutinized for the significance it may have. Whatever of the nature of this Los Angeles scandal is gendered in the atmosphere of the southland should, for obvious reasons, be called to the attention of all people capable of deriving instruction from psychological phenomena. The most obvious reason is that the county of Los Angeles and its environs are packed tight with militant reformers who abhor all the commonplace practices indicative of kinship with the natural frailties peculiar to the normal sons of Adam. It is the Puritans of Los Angeles who are for prohibiting all the ordinary diversions that contribute to the joy of living. They are intolerant of all methods of relaxation for which they have no appetite. They want us all to pray as they do, drink as they do, observe Sunday as they do, and, doubtless, they would have us sin as they do. Consequently it is of scientific interest to know that the militant intolerance of Los Angeles seems to breed certain vices and perversions. In Los Angeles more than elsewhere is felt the necessity of a blue-sky law, for crooked financiering is peculiar to the Christian soldiers down south, and the whole State is made to suffer as a consequence. In Los Angeles where saloons are under strict regulation there are vastly more arrests for drunkenness in proportion to the population than in San Francisco; also for rape and for all crimes conclusive of abnormality of sexual passion. Are these facts not of scientific interest? Is there not food for reflection in them? Then why suppress the fact that a club of fifty perverts was uncovered in Long Beach the other day? Thirty of them were arrested, and all but one pleaded guilty, and fines were imposed and collected, ranging from one hundred to five hundred dollars. One of them had sufficient decency left to commit suicide. Several of them are prominent, active churchmen. How many of them are militant Puritans, I do not know, but my guess is that not a few neither drink nor smoke, and that all voted for the abatement of the red-light district.

Showing Up the Rev. Burlingame

Mrs. William O. McGeehan, or Miss Sophie Treadwell (for she writes under her maiden name), is hereby extended a vote of thanks for

showing up the Rev. George E. Burlingame, the pastor of the First Baptist Church. When I found last week that this minister had hit at Miss Treadwell from the vantage point of his pulpit I hazarded the guess that his was the case of the galled jade wincing, that he had been tried by Miss Treadwell in her role of "an outcast at the Christian door" and had been found wanting. Less than twenty-four hours after that guess of mine had gone to press the Bulletin published the fourteenth installment of Miss Treadwell's very interesting serial and lo! it was even as I had surmised. I take no credit for having penetrated the secret of the Rev. Burlingame's pulpit outburst, for a mind like Burlingame's is singularly easy to fathom.

Aiding an Outcast

When the "outcast" knocked at the "Christian door" of the Rev. Burlingame's study and asked for help the first thing she received was an apology. The minister apologized for his blue sack suit and took the first occasion that offered to retire and exchange it for a garb of ministerial black. He told the "outcast" the story of Kate, an Australian girl who had sunk into depths of sin but was rescued by a sermon and died in the odor of sanctity. "My sister, have you sunk as low as that?" he asked, and he lingered on "each succeeding step in Kate's degradation with a sort of loving insistence." He told the "outcast" that her "face was scarred with sin." He begged her to love Jesus. "My sister," he said to her, "does it not comfort you to know that you have a big strong man for a friend, a good Christian man, a man who is near to Jesus?" When she showed a disinclination for further conversation he said to her: "That is because you do not know the joys of sweet converse. Let me talk with you. . . . Or if you do not want to talk, let us sing together. . . . Oh, my sister, before you go let me just take your hand and let us kneel together and pray." Miss Treadwell left, "perhaps because I was tired and hungry, perhaps for many other reasons." These last five words appeared in the first edition of the Bulletin but were deleted in later editions, no doubt because they were thought to reflect too strongly on the Rev. George Burlingame.

Chadband Redivivus

When I read this account of Miss Treadwell's call upon the Rev. Burlingame it seemed to me that his words were like the echo of words I had heard before. I puzzled over the matter for some time, and the more I puzzled over it the more certain I became that I was not hearing this snuffling ministerial cant for the first time. Light began to dawn when it occurred to me that perhaps I was struggling with some dim memory of a canter in fiction. But who could it be? Mr. Brocklehurst in "Jane Eyre"? Or the Shepherd whom Tony Weller ducked in the horse trough? No, it was neither of these. Finally it came to me. Mr. Chadband in "Bleak House!" So I looked him up. Sure enough, Mr. Chadband is "a large yellow man," he "moves softly and cumbrously," he "never speaks without first putting up his great hand, as delivering a token to his hearers that he is going to edify them." Mr. Chadband, you remember, had a way of intoning "O let us be joyful, joyful! O let us be joyful!" I turned over the pages and came to the place where the Rev. Mr. Chadband preached at poor Joe of Tom-All-Alone's: "My young friend, it is because you know nothing that you are to us a gem and a jewel. . . . I will not let you alone. And why? Because I am a harvest-laborer, because I am a toiler and moiler, because you are delivered over unto me, and are become as a precious instrument in

my hands. . . . You are devoid of the light that shines in upon some of us. What is the light? It is the ray of rays, the sun of suns, the moon of moons, the star of stars. It is the light of Terewth." Again I thank Mrs. McGeehan for showing us Chadband Redivivus. How Dickens would have delighted in the Rev. George E. Burlingame!

Heney in Oakland

Harbor Commissioner Dwyer was thinking aloud. "I wonder," he said, "if Heney is able to come back."

"In Oakland, yes," such was the emphatic assertion of the man who winds the ferry clock. "Even the Rev. Charles R. Brown can come back in Oakland. Oakland doesn't wake up more than once in ten years, and then it has no recollection of what happened before it fell asleep."

"Do you think," Dwyer asked, "that Heney could make good in Oakland?"

"I should say not."

"Why not?"

"Well," said the clock winder, "if anybody started stirring things up in Oakland the effluvia would threaten to suffocate the town, and they'd organize a Committee of Safety and drown him. Oakland is like Los Angeles. Oakland doesn't want to be cleaned up. The best people in Oakland are always for cleaning up San Francisco. They want to be let alone. Even the unattached reformers over there got cold feet when Heney talked about the gamblers. Do you suppose the people of Oakland are in favor of driving the Chinese back to San Francisco? Not on your life. The churches of Oakland used to ring with denunciation of the people of San Francisco for tolerating the vice of Chinatown, and presently the Chinese became tenants of the church people of Oakland, and ever since gambling has become one of the principal industries of Oakland. Joe, there's nothing doing for Heney in Oakland. But anyway what could Heney do without Burns? By the way, have you heard of Burns lately?"

Dwyer said he had lost track of Burns.

"Burns," said the clock winder, "has reached his level. Read this, and you'll understand." He handed Dwyer a clipping from the New York Evening Sun. This is what Dwyer read:

The Great Detecatif

William J. Burns, the Great Detecatif, gives advice to girls in the current number of the Ladies Home Journal. Says the Great Detecatif:

"Never under any circumstances make chance acquaintances, especially while traveling."

Mr. Burns is extraordinary; we hope some day he will expand that great idea into a volume which will find its place in every household and in every girls' school in the land. He continues:

"Never get excited over any demonstration on the street; a person fainting on the street is a much used ruse of pickpockets."

To which, may we not add, never accept the personal attentions of a strange pickpocket while traveling alone unless he shows you a letter from his pastor. And even then be careful; he may also be a forger, he may not really have a pastor.

But the most priceless pearl follows:

"Never fail to take a careful look at the face of a person attacking you so that you can identify him later."

If the person attacking you is masked snip off a piece of the mask with a little pair of pocket scissors, which you should always carry with you, and forward the sample at once to William J. Burns.

The Great Detecatif will do the rest.

The Strategy of Hiram

"You've got to hand it to the Governor," said the man who winds the ferry clock.

"Why so?" I asked, sitting down beside him on a stringer.

"For strategy," explained the clock winder. "Why he's got Joffre and von Kluck looking like a couple of tea-dancing lieutenants. Take this Telfer appointment for instance."

I intimated that I'd gladly take it if he'd give it to me from the beginning.

"I suppose you noticed that the Governor appointed Bob Telfer of San Jose Superintendent of State Printing in place of Friend Richardson who was elected State Treasurer?" said the bilge water know-it-all.

I nodded.

"Doesn't it strike you that the Governor has been rather hasty about the appointment? You know it has always been his way to wait till the last minute before making an appointment. Well, there's a reason, a strategical reason, as the war experts would say. And that reason is Dan Sullivan. Dan Sullivan is the foreman of the press room at the State Printing shop. He's a power in union printing circles, especially in his home town of Sacramento. Some time ago the union printers went to Governor Johnson and complained about Friend Richardson. They said he was anti-union and was trying to make an open shop of the State Printing office. They asked the Governor to remove him. Hiram pointed out that while he didn't like a hair of Friend Richardson's head—and that's no lie—it wouldn't do to give the Administration a black eye by removing him. But he promised not to reappoint him in January, 1915. Of course Richardson heard about that. It was the reason he

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ran for State Treasurer. Well, the union men had a candidate for Richardson's place in the person of Dan Sullivan, and when they failed to get Richardson's scalp—this was several months ago—they began laying wires to get the job for Sullivan in 1915. They started a petition, and got loads of signatures from men in good union standing in the printing trades, all urging the Governor to appoint Dan Sullivan to the job. That petition was filed at the Governor's office right after the election. It was no sooner filed than the Governor announced that he had promoted Chief Deputy Bob Telfer to the head of the State Printing shop. That's what I call strategy."

"Where does the strategy come in?" I asked.

"I didn't think you were so dense," said the clock winder. "The Governor and his friends are explaining that Telfer was appointed before the Sullivan petition came in. They are saying that if the Governor had only known that the printing trades wanted Sullivan, things might have been different, etc., etc. You see, it was a regrettable affair, for the Governor dearly loves all union men, and here was a chance to show his love in a substantial way."

"Did the Governor know that petition was being circulated for Sullivan?" I asked.

But the only answer the clock winder gave me was a glance of commiseration.

The Result of Prohibition

Denver has known hard times for quite a while, and does not look forward to prosperity as a result of the election which made Colorado dry. The feeling in Denver is one of pronounced depression. As a straw to show the way the wind is blowing in the Rocky Mountain metropolis: After the election a realty firm inserted an advertisement in the Denver News stating that they owned an improved corner in the heart of the business section. They stated that the block had been assessed for \$110,000 which was way below what it would bring in good times, but that they would be pleased to sell it for \$75,000, taking part of this amount in trade. They added that they made this offer in spite of the declaration of the Prohibitionists that good times would return with the State dry.

Lathrop's Amazing Statement

In an interview he gave to Pauline Jacobsen on the subject of the Redlight Abatement Law, the Rev. Charles N. Lathrop, rector of the church of the Advent, indicated the manner in which the measure would be used as a moral agency in the following words: "If a certain floor of a certain large hotel in this city persists in being given over for immoral purposes I would hate to close down that hotel for one year, in view of the coming Exposition, but if such conditions existed still the bill gives me the power at any time as a private citizen to take such action." That this was not an idle statement we learn

from Miss Jacobsen who wrote that there was a look of grim determination on the rector's face when he uttered it. On its face the statement is an indictment of some large hotel in this city. It is also a threat against that hotel.

Looking for Information

The reputable hotels of San Francisco are all members of the Northern California Hotel Men's Association. The active men in this Association read the statement of Father Lathrop with interest. When they pondered it their interest became amazement, for they interpreted it as all readers must have done, as an indictment and a threat. The Association is very proud of the hotels of San Francisco which belong to it. It is jealous of their good name. It wants to keep the hotels clean. It is glad to co-operate with anybody who shows a willingness to help them do this. So a representative of the Association called on Father Lathrop for information. He went to him to find out what hotel he had in mind, what large hotel in this city gave over a certain floor to immoral purposes. He was seeking light on a matter of the greatest importance to the Association. The first time he called and stated his business the representative of the Association was told that Father Lathrop was too busy to see him, but that he would be accorded an interview if he called the following morning. He went the following morning, but did not see Father Lathrop. He was told that Father Lathrop was about to leave the city and was so busy that he could not spare time for the interview.

Indignant Hotel Men

The result is that the members of the Association are indignant. They are exceedingly wrathful with Father Lathrop. They take the view that Father Lathrop is avoiding them, that Father Lathrop is unwilling to meet their representative face to face and explain what he meant by that statement. One member suggested that Father Lathrop be summoned before the Grand Jury to make an explanation. That shows how strongly the hotel men feel on the subject. They are recalling that at their last annual banquet Dr. Clappett, Rabbi Nieto and Father McQuaide were among the speakers and had none but words of praise for the cleanness of the San Francisco hotels. One of these clergymen, it is recalled, spoke of the big hotels as being "wholesale homes" with all a real home's orderliness. The Association meets in Sacramento this Saturday, and it is expected that a resolution on this subject will be passed, a resolution framed to "smoke out" Father Lathrop. The hotel men are not going to let the matter drop.

New Police Judges

Mayor Rolph complained the other day that the slowness of the Election Commission in

making the official count was keeping him in hot water. "I am very anxious to appoint police judges," he told the supervisors, "but I can't." I can understand the Mayor's anxiety. Never has there been such strenuous clambering for appointments as for the two places on the police bench made vacant by the elevation of Judges Shortall and Deasy. The Mayor has already signified his intention of giving Civil Service



MAY ROBSON

Who will appear in her latest comedy success, "Martha-by-the-Day," at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks beginning Monday night, November 23

Commissioner Matt Brady one of the places. For the other place the contest is fast and furious. The Mayor had about made up his mind to appoint a certain young lawyer whose claims are urged by two Jewish rabbis when circumstances arose to give him pause. I understand that Dr. Martin Meyer, one of the clergymen in question, wrote a letter to the Mayor withdrawing his support from the candidate, which of course was a severe blow to the young man's candidacy. The Mayor is said to be seriously considering other timber.

The Reformer and the Fighter

Attorney J. E. White occupied a seat on a Hayes street car a few nights ago. So did Al Kaufman the pugilist. The car filled up, and many women could not find seats. An elderly woman found a strap in front of Attorney White. Another elderly woman found a strap in front

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of Al Kaufman. Now J. E. White is a great reformer. He is the lawyer for the Church Federation. For years he has fought boxing and the saloons. He was very active during the recent campaign in support of the amendment to prohibit prize fights. He even debated the question with Sam Berger at the Young Men's Christian Association. Al Kaufman is not a reformer. He has never come within the uplifting influence of the Church Federation. He is just a boxer. And yet I noticed that Al Kaufman arose and gave his seat to the elderly woman standing in front of him. What did J. E. White do? J. E. White retained his comfortable seat. He let the elderly in front of him stand. Perhaps he was too engrossed in thoughts of reform to notice her as she swayed in front of him.

The Latest Cocktail

"Cocktail Bill" Boothby, the literary mixologist of the Palace, was listening to a heated argument between a German and a Frenchman in the wineroom the other afternoon. In the interests of neutrality he asked the debaters to try the latest cocktail of the hotel. They were willing. While they were exchanging angry words and threats Boothby mixed a cocktail with the following ingredients: English gin, Russian vodka, German kummel, Hungarian apricot brandy, Italian Vermouth brandy, manufactured in Ghent, Belgium, and a dash of French Amer Picon. The German and the Frenchman stopped their argument long enough to try the cocktail. They liked it and ordered another, and then a third, and then a fourth. Their argument became less and less heated.

"What do you call that new drink?" asked the German.

"Peace cocktail," replied Boothby.

The German and the Frenchman departed arm in arm.

A Wise Appointment

A most felicitous appointment was that of Miss Mary Wagner, principal of the Sutro school, to the office of deputy superintendent of schools.

Miss Wagner is one of the ablest women in the school department, and one of the most beloved of the representative women of San Francisco. A woman of broad views and a cultivated mind, and withal of a sweet womanly nature, she has long been depended on for wise counsel in social, civic and charitable affairs, but always she has been unobtrusively active. Her many friends and former pupils who know of her life of noble deeds rejoice at the tribute paid to her efficiency by Superintendent Roncovieri.

Edwards With Western Banker

The Western Banker and Financier has strengthened its position by the acquisition of Dr. Clarence E. Edwards as managing editor. Dr. Edwards, formerly connected with the Coast Banker and widely known throughout the West as a writer, has acquired an interest in the Western Banker and Financier, and will devote his time, in conjunction with Mr. W. G. Taffinder who has brought the paper to a high standard, to making the publication one that will be an authority on matters pertaining to business along all lines, paying especial attention to the correction of evils that beset business and the man who wishes to invest his money in legitimate enterprise.

The College Men at Techau's

Last Saturday evening was certainly marked by a tremendous outburst of enthusiasm at Techau Tavern. The occasion was the football celebration with dancing, college songs and yells and a general spirit of jollity such as is known in most cafes on New Year's Eve only. There is such a genial atmosphere at the Tavern that all celebrations take on a spontaneous joyousness, yet so thoroughly has the atmosphere of refinement and respectability become a tradition of this cafe that it always maintains its reputation as an ideal family restaurant. The ventilation of the Tavern is perfect—a boon to dancers—and is accountable for the fact that it is always crowded on dancing nights.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Heirs in Conflict

The MacDermot heirs have put an edge on the curiosity of the Oakland smart set. Last week when they met in the superior court the lid was lifted just a little bit, only enough to quicken the imagination of the polloi, and to start conjecture as to whether in the course of events light would be shed on certain pecuniary transactions, especially those in which Frank and Wickham Havens have a deep personal interest. There might have been more satisfying revelations had not the court called a halt and summoned the attorneys to his chambers. What was said therein is more or less a secret, but emerging therefrom, Mrs. Proctor, who had insisted that she be appointed sole administratrix of her mother's estate, executed a change of front. She had turned down the suggestion of her brother Louis MacDermot that he be appointed her associate, but she was now quite willing to yield to his proposal. Presumably the talk in chambers had induced a spirit of compromise.

Who Took the Bonds?

Somewhat startling were the revelations made in court before the adjournment to chambers. The attorney for Louis MacDermot elicited the information that within a few days of the hearing the estate had received an accession of \$300,000 worth of bonds of the gilt-edge variety and \$28,000 in currency, all of which had been abstracted from Mrs. MacDermot's safe deposit boxes in this city shortly before her death. It appears that several persons had access to the boxes, and that whoever took the bonds and currency was in no hurry to make restitution until after Louis MacDermot began evincing some concern about the estate. He obtained orders of court directing that the safe deposit boxes be

opened. He also obtained orders for the taking of depositions, and these orders were set aside and they were renewed and the depositions were taken, and thus did Louis MacDermot get trace of the property which was presently restored to the estate.

The Havens Notes

During the hearing in Oakland it was hinted that the estate had shrunk somewhat in recent years owing to the cost of social splurging. The Proctors, it appears, are right in the swim and on the most intimate terms with the Havens



MRS. FREDERICK FUNSTON

One of the active patronesses of the brilliant ball to be given for the Army Relief Society

clan. Also it appears that Frank of that ilk, one of Oakland's social leaders, has had the good fortune to become indebted to the MacDermot estate in the sum of \$405,000. He has neglected to pay the interest on this debt since last March, but apparently without losing anybody's friendship. It was in March that Mrs. MacDermot became ill. During Mrs. MacDermot's illness some folk were giving very close attention to her affairs. Without any authority from her somebody prepared assignments covering all the personal property, except the bonds and currency which somebody took without an assignment. The other personal property consisted of cattle on the MacDermot ranch in Santa Clara county and several small notes and mortgages and the Frank Havens' notes indicating his indebtedness of \$405,000. These transfers which were all drawn in favor either of Mrs. Proctor or Alfred MacDermot, were presented to the dying woman for her signature two weeks before her death. But there was nothing doing. She wouldn't sign. Curiously enough in those busy days preceding Mrs. MacDermot's death a Wickham Havens' note was mislaid. It was not till three days before the hearing that any trace was found of any note executed by Wickham Havens. And it was while on the subject of this note, and during inquiry as to what security had been given, that the judge decided that the hearing of Mrs. Proctor's petition to be appointed sole administratrix had proceeded far enough. It was then to the chambers.

Justice for the Duke

The large human heart of me goes out to Duke Heinrich of Mecklenberg-Schwerin. The duke has been treated unkindly. The duke has been swatted in his most sensitive part. The duke has been accused of ungallant behavior. I feel that I must defend him. Let me not be suspected of currying favor with Duke Heinrich. There are few dukes in my list of acquaintances and I do not care to increase it. Dukes are not very interesting. They may even be insignificant. But they are human, and nothing, not even a duke, is alien from me, as Horace would say. I feel that I must therefore protest against the language the Examiner has used about Duke Heinrich of Mecklenberg-Schwerin. "The blond young German who was formerly an officer in a crack regiment," says the social editor of the Examiner, "apparently finds California far more salubrious just now than his native land where bullets have such a nonpersonal way of singling out peasant boys or aristocrats, regardless of rank or station or wealth." This is wrong. This is hasty. This is not to think. This is to write without a broad grasp of the subject. Must the Duke of Mecklenberg-Schwerin go home to serve the Fatherland? Are all patriotic Germans at the front? Are there no loyal men doing other duty? Must a man strap on a revolver or shoulder a rifle, storm a trench or lie in one to serve the government?—How does the Examiner know that Duke Heinrich is idle? He may be serving the Fatherland to the Fatherland's entire satisfaction. The Examiner was cruel. I hope the Examiner won't do it again.

At Hill Tolerton's

I dropped into Hill Tolerton's Grant-avenue print rooms Monday night to look at the Maynard Dixon exhibit. I intended to stay half an hour, but I actually remained two hours, not on account of the pictures alone but also because the company was congenial and (shall I confess it?) the punch was a most seductive brew. Hill Tolerton hasn't been here very long, but it is plain that he has already taken his place in our midst. The artists and art-lovers are rallying around him. The lovers of fine prints and etchings are acquiring the habit of dropping in, bringing a friend to look at this Whistler or that Rembrandt. The company Monday night was very representative. The artists were out in force to look at Dixon's admirable work. I saw Xavier Martinez, Charles Dickman, Chris Jorgensen, Mrs. F. Bordwell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rollo Peters, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Coulter and of course the Maynard Dixons. Porter Garnett and his charming wife were there, receiving congratulations on the fine appreciation of Dixon Porter Garnett wrote for the beautiful catalogue of the exhibition. There were several other writers including Michael Williams and his wife, Mrs. Sophie McGeehan of the Bulletin, Miss Gene Baker of the Oakland Tribune and Mr. and Mrs. Herman Whittaker. Professor William Dallam Armes and Garnett Holme were over from the University. Tom O'Connor was there, parrying questions about his plans of defense in the Lococo case. Others I noted were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Havens, Mrs. John McNear, Mrs. Harry Maxwell, Mrs. Zona Morse, Mrs. Laura Bride Powers, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Fessenden, Dr. Arthur Wallace, Mrs. Solly Walters, Mrs. James Hopper, Mrs. Mary Illia,



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Miss Betty Barstow, Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Taylor and Miss Elizabeth Holmes. It was a congenial gathering, and it was charming to see with what ease Mr. and Mrs. Tolerton, assisted by Mrs. Carrie Sterling, made those who were strangers feel perfectly at home.

The Dixon Pictures

The pictures which Maynard Dixon is showing at Tolerton's are drawings, most of them sketches or studies for the Indian panels and the jinks room murals he was commissioned to paint for the residence of Mrs. Anita Baldwin McClaughry. As Porter Garnett pointed out in his introduction to the catalogue, they are characterized by that element of improvisation or inspiration which distinguishes the artist's preliminary studies for paintings and which gives them an interest not always found in the finished work. Here are splendid Indians in charcoal showing, to quote Garnett, "no mere studious copying of the model, but rather the disciplined hand urged by an emotion which seeks to interpret as well as to express in line and tone." Here are also studies from the nude, "as much a part of the artist's individuality as the sound of his voice." Garnett dwells on the individuality of Dixon's work, and it must be apparent to all who examine these drawings that he has sound reason for so doing. In the mural paintings for the jinks room (by the way, twelve of these water color sketches are reproduced in the catalogue) Garnett finds "a poetic fancy and a vein of whimsical humor" that show the artist's sympathy with the romance of medieval England from which he drew his themes. This exhibit continues until the first of December, and it is one no art lover can afford to miss.

A Dinner-Dance

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Barrett gave a delightful dinner dance at their charming home in Jackson street on the twelfth. Besides a sumptuous dinner beautifully appointed, the gracious hostess provided some novel and surprising diversissements for her guests. Between courses the company danced all the new dances to entrancing music, the arrangement of the rooms being well adapted to indulgence in that popular pastime. There were also specialties in songs and the dance by several of the guests. Afterwards there were clever speeches. Mr. Barrett's wit kept everyone in merry mood and his gaiety was as usual infectious. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bostwick, Mrs. Helen Lemon, Mr. and Mrs. Guido Musto, Judge and Mrs. Thomas F. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Abbott, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Lange, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Bonnet, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Kingston and Mr. William F. Humphrey. The many friends of this much admired and beloved couple are looking forward with pleasure to the series of home affairs they plan to give during the winter.

The Vogue of the Ukulele

San Francisco has always been fond of the plaintive melodies of Hawaii. It has long since taken the ukulele to its heart. So there is a great deal of satisfaction in musical circles at the announcement that the Keech brothers have opened a studio here. Kelvin Keech and Alvin Keech scarcely need an introduction. The many San Franciscans who mingle from time to time in Honolulu society know them well. They are Hawaiian-born Americans, with special prominence in college and fraternity circles. In the Islands they operate the largest ukulele factory of the world. The Keech ukulele is famous because it is the genuine Hawaiian musical instrument, and not an imitation. So it is very inter-

esting to know that the brothers have fitted up two stories of the building at 435 Powell street as a studio for handling these beautiful instruments. The Keech brothers are prepared to give instruction on the ukulele, either to individuals or to clubs. They furnish native Hawaiian singers and players for dances, teas and concerts, and naturally their talent is the very best procurable. Kelvin Keech, by the way, has just completed a ukulele instruction book. This is a noteworthy achievement as he has standardized the ukulele and Hawaiian music.

The Last "Intimate Hour"

This Saturday Miss Clara Alexander will give the first of two afternoons to be devoted to the kiddies, the time being three o'clock and the



COLONEL HAMILTON S. WALLACE

Chairman of the reception committee for the Military Pageant-Ball

place Paul Elder's art gallery. She will read several selections from Joel Chandler Harris' "Uncle Remus" stories, including the adventures of "Brer Rabbit," "Tar Baby" and other quaint creatures. On Monday afternoon at three Miss Alexander will give the last of her "Heures Intimes" at the art gallery, and for the occasion her program will be made up of request numbers and will include songs and anecdotes of the sunny South, coster and Scotch dialect stories and odd tales of child life. Foster Krake, the favorite baritone, will be the vocalist of the afternoon, and tea will be served as usual. Miss Alexander will give a supplementary season of "Heures Intimes" in the near future, and in due time the dates and place will be announced.

The Military Ball

Judging from the large number of inquiries for boxes received by the management of the Military Pageant-Ball to be held at the Exposition Auditorium January 15, the enthusiastic women of the Army Relief Society think that there will not be enough boxes to go round. Everybody who "belongs" seems to be planning to attend. Major H. H. Whitney and Thornwell Mullally, chairman and directing head of the floor committee, will shortly announce the personnel of the committees in charge of the spectacular pageant dances which will portray the social life of the five war periods in American history. Colonel Hamilton S. Wallace, chairman of the reception committee, will be ready in a few days to announce his committees

also. Armed soldiers will be on guard at all the entrances and sergeants with side arms and in full dress uniforms will serve as ushers.

The Press Club Helps

Mayor Rolph has promised to open the art auction at the St. Francis on the evening of November 25 by auctioning off the first painting. The sale is arranged by the Press Club, and the proceeds will be added to the Belgian relief fund. The paintings and sculptures have been donated by the artists and sculptors of the Pacific Coast, or contributed by local dealers. A feature of unusual interest is the offering of Walter I. Cox who has promised to paint a portrait of a subject to be selected by the highest bidder. The name of Cox ranks high among portrait painters, so bidding on this offer will arouse a lively interest. The exhibition will open in the rose room on the afternoon of November 23 and will continue to Thanksgiving eve when the auction will be conducted by Arthur Bennett, a well known member of the Press Club and a writer whose short stories have gained him national fame.

For the Red Cross

San Francisco society and clubwomen are working hard to make a success of the big benefit for the local chapter of the American Red Cross. The extravaganza "Butterfly Isle" will be given for this purpose by the Footlight Club

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at the Savoy Monday night, December 7, and the afternoon and evening of the next day. This is the only venture of the kind yet undertaken here with the approval of the Red Cross.

Miss Tuchler's Success

Miss Alma Grace Tuchler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Tuchler of this city, whose stage name is Alma Grace, has won her way to success since she left here to undertake dramatic and musical engagements in the East. Tuchler has just received word that his daughter has signed an engagement to play leads in musical comedy for three years for Samuel Baerwitz, one of the big producers of Chicago.

A Night o' Nights

Not even in the memory of Tait's most enthusiastic frequenters was a jollier scene ever enacted, and no greater proof of cosmopolitan popularity was ever shown in San Francisco, than the great overflowing crowd which taxed to the utmost even Tait's wonderful organization last Saturday night. The evening of the big game drew, as it always does, a large and hilarious crowd to San Francisco, of whom it would seem a very large majority found their way to Tait's, where with music, song and repartee, the happy hours passed on flying wings. Tait's was glad, and always will be glad to be the center of San Francisco's collegiate and social evening life, and cordially invites its Bohemian sons and daughters to make themselves at home under all circumstances and on all occasions.

General Joffre

(Continued from Page 7.)

China and the Sudan, where he avenged the massacre of the Bonnier column and planted the Tricolor on Timbuctoo the mysterious.

Few of his pupils at Fontainebleau, where he became Professor of Military Construction, thought of him, I imagine, as the future Commander-in-Chief. He has no parade, no pose, and is not at all the type of "beau cavalier" dear to the hearts of romantic French demoiselles. He is just a plain soldier, modern and scientific.

He is a savant without the faults of a savant. His mass of theory is leavened by a high sense of the practical. He understands the common soldier and what to expect from him. He knows how to praise him on occasion, and his Order of the Day at the battle of the Marne was of the stuff of revolutionary generals. "You must be prepared to die rather than yield ground," he said; "weakness will not be tolerated." He is more direct, you see, and less rhetorical than Napoleon calling the Pyramids to witness.

Joffre was not known to the world at large when, in 1911, he was placed in command of the French army. Few had heard his name. He had worked silently all these years, and he continues to work as silently as is compatible with his high position. In this he is aided, it must be said, by the Republican prejudice against the notoriety of generals. Joffre's Order of the Day giving praise to de Castelnau, on his elevation in the Legion of Honor, was suppressed in the Bordeaux papers by the censor, apparently because it was considered to be against the interests of the Republic that a general should become popular.

That is better than the practice in 1870, when generals' names were bandied in drawing rooms and attached to imaginary exploits. Today it is a war of silence and anonymity. It accords with the genius of Joffre, which flourishes best removed from publicity. And the very nature of the fighting favors inarticulate war. It is a war of fatigue and resistance; he who wears the longer wins. It is a soldiers' war in which quality and equipment play the leading role; it is "scientific" war—German made—as opposed to "artistic" war of Napoleon, and Joffre has become the master of the new system, which he did not invent.

Invocation

Let me be faithful, Love. If any day

He seeks the solace of my loving hand,

Or stumbles to my threshold for relief,

Let me give all his yearning may demand.

Let me be fearless, Love. If any night

He flings my idol to the sordid dust,

Or breaks the dream of him I hold so close,

Let me love more, and clothe my soul with trust.

On THANKSGIVING DAY

Serve

Golden State

Extra Dry

California Champagne



It is naturally fermented in the bottle, according to the French process, and was awarded the "Grand Prix" at the International Expositions at Turin, Italy, October, 1911, and at Ghent, Belgium, July, 1913.

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Explained

"What's yours?"

"Coffee and rolls, my girl."

One of those iron-heavy, quarter-inch thick mugs of coffee was pushed over the counter. The fastidious person seemed dazed. He looked under the mug and over it.

"But where is the saucer?" he inquired.

"We don't give no saucers here. If we did some low-brow'd come pilin' in an' drink out of his saucer, an' we'd lose a lot of our swellest trade."

Money talks, but it doesn't always say what it means.



Scene from "Martha-by-the-Day," May Robson's latest comedy hit in which she will be seen at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks beginning Monday night, November 23

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"Batting Bill" at The Alcazar

By Wililam A. Lange

(Formerly of Chicago White Sox)

Charlie Kenyon kindly invited me to see the dress rehearsal of his baseball comedy which is now being produced at the Alcazar Theatre. Charlie and his brother Albert undertook something that has been tried quite often, and that is, to produce a satisfactory baseball play. Up to date this had not been done. Charles Hoyt wrote "The Runaway Colt" for Captain Anson, Christy Mathewson wrote a baseball play a few years ago, and a few others tried, but did not succeed in producing anything lasting. The main reason I think a baseball play is a hard thing to produce in such a way as to make a hit with the public is that the game itself cannot be played on the stage. You really cannot enjoy baseball by reading about it, seeing moving pictures or trying to get the idea of a game supposed to be going on off stage. After seeing the dress rehearsal I was very much impressed with the play and took pleasure in seeing it Tuesday night. I really think that the Kenyon brothers have something that all the former baseball playwrights lacked. Just what that is I cannot say, but the whole show is very interesting, and after it is raked over a little I am sure it will become a play that will have a long run in New York and can then go on the road and make some money. The scene of "Coogan's Bluff," sometimes known as "Poverty Hill," is sure to make a big

hit with every baseball fan that ever visited the polo grounds in New York. You hear a lot of good baseball phrases pulled off. The "dyed in the wool" fan who thinks enough of a ball game to see it from "Coogan's Hill" with a pair of opera glasses is the one that can get off more good baseball slang than you would hear from a crowd of ten thousand in the grand stand. All the original sayings start from "Poverty Hill." The grand stand is very realistic, and if "Batting Bill" was called out on strikes by Mr. Umpire instead of coming through with a safe "bingo" and winning the game in the tenth inning after his father and Bill's stenographer sweetheart had become publicly reconciled, as the shrewd New York manager schemed they should, I am sure that the umpire would have been mobbed. But fortunately Bill is the hero of the game, and the act ends with father and son on good terms once more, and father right glad to accept Leonora as his daughter-in-law. The imaginary catching and batting of the ball are so handled as to make the audience think they are at a real game instead of a theatre. It reminded me of what the big leaguers pulled off here when they went through the act of "shadow practice," pretending throwing, catching and fumbling the ball just as they would in a real practice game, but without the ball ever being

used. It is too bad the show cannot be played longer than one week as a longer engagement would enable the actors to bring it down to a finer point. I look for "Batting Bill" to make a big hit in New York as the scene and players are supposed to be of the New York and Philadelphia ball clubs, playing the deciding game for the world's championship. The moving pictures produced while the stage setting is being arranged would be very important if they were films really taken at the games, but those now thrown on the curtain were taken at a practice game for the benefit of the moving picture company. The genuine films can no doubt be had each year after the world's championship games are played, and if produced in good shape would be worth the price of admission without counting the good show that this is bound to be after being dressed up and put on in a more professional baseball manner. I noticed that Batting Bill, after winning the game, wore a pair of tan shoes instead of baseball shoes. I am sure that on his way to first after making that hit he would have slipped and fallen on the base paths and no ball player would ever get out of his way if he tried to slide into a bag without spikes. That would result in a bone-head play as bad as when Merkle forgot to touch second base in the big New York game against Chicago that decided the championship.

Gossip of the Theatre

A Singer With a Cold

What worse misfortune could befall a singer than to be seized with a cold on the day of a concert! Such was the fate of Evan Williams, the tenor, famous for his singing in oratorio and church choir, who appeared at the Columbia last Sunday. It requires courage for a singer who has a cold to give a concert, but Mr. Williams would not disappoint the audience. He gave his concert with the understanding that those who wished might get their money back, and those who remained might return next Sunday to hear two concerts for the price of one. To many this was satisfactory, and those who remained were agreeably entertained, as notwithstanding his cold Mr. Williams revealed his art. His voice has beauty of timbre, and his enunciation is a delight. After all it was not the audience that suffered, but Mr. Williams, for sick at heart is the singer who realizes that he is not giving of his best. "Total Eclipse" (Handel) which Mr. Williams gave with a touch of the tragedy of despair that might arouse sympathy in a heart of stone, and Metcalf's "Absent" sung with appealing simplicity and tenderness, were his best numbers. He gave some of the "Eliland" cycle in a pale, passionless way. Perhaps his conception is that after all it was but a weak shadow of love that fell upon the path of the young nun Irmengard. Mr. Williams predicted his complete restoration of voice by Sunday. He is worth hearing.

—H. M. B.

November 3. This was Miss Lerner's first appearance in America in two years. The reviews of the concert by the very exacting New York critics were extremely complimentary.

Arrigo Serato

A tour that has attracted the attention of the entire musical world was the recently completed one of Germany by two Italian artists Ferruccio Busoni and Arrigo Serato. To have two masters of the Latin race giving joint concerts of

the standard sonatas most of which were composed by Germans was indeed a novelty to the Teutons. Busoni as a pianist and composer is well known in this country, but the violinist Serato is now visiting America for the first time and made his debut in Boston last week, meeting with a great triumph. Last Sunday he played in New York as soloist with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Serato will be the first great violinist of the present season here, and Manager Greenbaum announces his first appear-



JOSEPH SANTLEY AND DANCING GIRLS

In the musical comedy of youth "When Dreams Come True" at the Cort Theatre

Miss Lerner Wins Praise

Tina Lerner, the beautiful and talented Russian pianist who will be heard in recitals at the Cort Sunday afternoons, November 29 and December 13, gave her New York recital at Aeolian Hall,

ance on Sunday afternoon, December 6, at the Columbia, for the benefit of the Vittoria Colonna Charities. Then he will play in Los Angeles, Berkeley and Stanford universities, returning here for a farewell program on Sunday afternoon, December 13. It was on the hearty recommendation of Fritz Kreisler that Mr. Greenbaum secured Arrigo Serato, the Austrian master assuring the manager that he considered him a master of his art.

Evan Williams' Concert

At the Columbia this Sunday afternoon, November 22, Evan Williams will give his farewell concert with a specially arranged program which will include such interesting numbers as "If With All Your Hearts" from Mendelssohn's "Elijah," "How Many Hired Servants" from Sir Arthur Sullivan's "The Prodigal Son" and the "Flower Song" from Bizet's "Carmen," besides a dozen or more of the most delightful English and American ballads. At last Sunday's concert, despite a cold, Mr. Williams proved his worth and particularly as a singer of oratorio arias. After a week's rest in our glorious climate we may expect to hear Evan Williams at his best and that means singing that will arouse any audience to the utmost enthusiasm. Tickets may be secured at the usual music stores and at the Columbia.

Ruth St. Denis and Dancers

Manager Greenbaum has arranged with the management of the Alcazar to secure that charming little playhouse for the engagement of Ruth St. Denis, the famous Indian and Japanese dance interpreter who will open a short engagement on Monday night, December 7. With Miss St. Denis will come Ted Shawn, often called the "American Mordkin," and Miss Hilda Beyer, late premier danseuse at the Berlin Royal Opera Company, and a number of other classic and modern dancers, Hindu musicians and a splendid concert orchestra under the baton of M. Edmond Roth. The programs will consist of Indian and Japanese dance plays and a series of classic divertissements quite out of the ordinary. Miss St. Denis and her associates will also present their ideas of the modern ball room dances.

Miss Craft's Recital

Marcella Craft, leading soprano of the Royal Opera, Munich, assisted by Uda Waldrop, accompanist, will be heard in song recital at the Cort Sunday afternoon. Miss Craft's program, which is a most excellent one, follows: Old Italian songs, O del mio dolce ardor, Gluck, Se Florindo e fidele, Scarlatti, Caro mio ben, Giordano; American songs, Exaltation, Song of Love, Mrs. H. H. Beach; German lieder, Du meines Herzens Kronelein, Schlagende Herzen, Strauss, Wieder Moecht ich dir Begegnen, Liszt, Liebesfeier, Weingartner, arias "Secret of Suzanne," Wolf-Ferrari, arias "Madame Butterfly," Puccini. Seats are on sale at the box offices of the Cort Kohler and Chase and Sherman, Clay and Co.

"The Red Heads" at Orpheum

The Orpheum announces for next week another great new headline attraction in the musical comedy "The Red Heads" in which James B. Carson enjoys featured prominence. "The Red Heads," from a sartorial standpoint, are gorgeous. The book of "The Red Heads" is by William Le Baron and the music by Robert Hood Bowers. Casson, the principal actor, is a character and dialect comedian who has won fame with Gaby Deslys, "The Motor Girl," etc. With him is associated a bevy of beautiful and talented girls. Elphye Snowden, a handsome girl who dresses beautifully and sings in a lively and engaging manner, will, with the assistance of Walter Ross, present several of the latest

ball room dances. Trovato, the eccentric violinist who holds his violin as though it were a 'cello, will demonstrate his musical genius. Ann Tasker, one of the best ingenues of the legitimate stage, will appear in a new comedy by Frank Pixley entitled "Taming a Tartar." The Three Brothers will present their diving seal. Cornett, Shepard and Donovan are three boys who can sing. Next week will be the last of Edward Miller and Helene Vincent, also of the Asahi Quintette.

"When Dreams Come True" at Cort

Joseph Santley, a young actor-dancer who has established himself as one of our most popular musical comedy stars, will be seen in the Philip Bartholomae-Silvio Hein success, "When Dreams Come True," at the Cort beginning tomorrow night. "When Dreams Come True" is a musical comedy of cleanness, youth and wholesome romance. Mr. Santley is seen to better advantage than in any of the roles in which he formerly ap-

peared. He will have the support of an unusually good company which includes Cathryn Rowe Palmer, Mignon McGibeny, Ruth Randall, Ada Sterling, Josephine Kernell, Richard Taber, Edward Hume, Clyde Hunnewell, Frank Russell, Otto Schrader and that very talented Russian violinist, Saranoff. The music is by Silvio Hein, composer of many attractive scores for the musical comedy stage. "The Bird of Paradise" will be seen for the last time tonight.

May Robson at Columbia

"May Robson in her happiest mood" is the way the star is described by those who have seen her in her new comedy, "Martha-by-the-Day," written for her by Julie M. Lippman, the author of the famous "Martha" books. May Robson in this play will be the attraction at the Columbia for two weeks commencing Monday night, November 23, with matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays and a special holiday matinee Thanksgiving Day. It is said that in the drama-



MARCELLA CRAFT

The California girl who is the leading lyric soprano of the Royal Opera, Munich. She will be heard in Song Recital at the Cort Theatre this Sunday, November 22, 1914

tization of "Martha-by-the-Day," one of the recent "best sellers," May Robson has secured for herself a comedy that contains even greater possibilities for humorous characterization than did "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" which for several seasons past has faithfully served Miss Robson, both artistically and financially. It has for its central character a matter-of-fact, but extremely lovable maid-of-all-work who radiates optimism, interspersed with flashes of quaint philosophy. Martha does not confine her good deeds to words alone, but lends a helping hand to all unfortunates who come her way. Miss Robson is surrounded by a splendid company which includes Jane Heron, Langdon Gillet, Emily Lorraine, Henrietta McDannel, Edwin Brandt, Coates Gwynne, Mary Mersch, Roy Ardmore, Elizabeth Warren and others. The production is unusually elaborate for a comedy offering.

Local Favorites at Pantages

After a triumphal tour of the Pantages circuit Landers Stevens and Georgia Cooper will return to the local Pantages with Walter Montague's one-act sensation "The New Chief of Police." The playlet was the furore of last season here. By popular request Alexander Pantages will present the act for one week. It deals with the problem of segregation in a restricted district. The Great Allan, one of the most daring motorcyclists in the world, will present his thrilling novelty "The Cage of Death." A nifty dancing offering will be shown by the York Trio, two young collegians and a girl. Another classy singing specialty with new songs and smart chatter will be shown by Prince and Deering. Bruce Richardson will present a comedy called "Moving Day." Togan and Geneva have a novelty they term "Tangoing on the Tight Wire." Frank Lydell and George Hughes in an eccentric talking act and comedy movies will round out the show. Commencing Sunday continuous performances will be given on Sundays only. The schedule for week days will remain as before.

RECITALS, CORT THEATRE SONG RECITAL, Today, Nov. 22, 3 P. M. MISS MARCELLA CRAFT

Steinway Piano
Uda Waldrop, Accompanist

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SEAT SALE AT USUAL PLACES
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NOTE—Interval of one week only between Concerts
Soloist at Both Concerts

MISS TINA LERNER

(Brilliant Russian Pianist)
First Concert, Tchaikowsky Program; Symphony, after Byron's "Manfred," Opus 58; Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra, No. 1; Overture—Fantasy, "Romeo and Juliet."
(No Encores)
Tickets, 75c to \$2. Box, Loge Seats, \$3. Sale opens Monday, November 30, at box offices, Sherman-Clay, Cort Theatre, Kohler & Chase.

Even when you ride a hobby it doesn't always respond to the spur of the moment.
The man who is blind to his own faults is also apt to be deaf to his own conscience.
Some people make their money go a long way, while others experience considerable difficulty in letting it go at all.

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Book by Philip Bartholomae, Music by Silvio Hein
WITH THE MOST YOUTHFUL DANCING CHORUS
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Nights and Saturday Matinee—50c to \$1.50
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In Her New Comedy Success
"MARTHA-BY-THE-DAY"

By Julie M. Lippman from her "Martha" Books

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ANOTHER GREAT NEW SHOW
"THE RED HEADS"

A Vividly Colored Musical Comedy with James B. Carson and an Aggregation of Beautiful Girls; ELPHIE SNOWDEN in Songs assisted by Walter Ross in Dances of the Hour; TROVATO, the Humorist Violinist; ANN TASKER and COMPANY in Frank Pixley's Comedy "Taming a Tartar;" DIVING SEAL presented by THREE TRAVILLA BROTHERS; CORBETT, SHEPARD & DONOVAN, "Three Boys Who Sing;" EDWARD MILLER & HELENE VINCENT; ASAHI, assisted by the Asahi Quintette presenting feats of Magic, Mystery and Risley

Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, \$1.00.
Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

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ANOTHER WONDERFUL EIGHT ACT SHOW!

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The Caruso of the Violin
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 6
and SUNDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 13
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Tickets, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00 Knabe Piano

AND THEN! JOHN McCORMACK



"THE RED HEADS"

Who come with James B. Carson next week to the Orpheum

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The financial situation continues to improve and there seems to be a better demand for bonds as well as a better feeling in regard to stocks. The opening of the Cotton Exchange was also a help and conditions generally are so much improved that the opening of the Exchange does not look very far off. There appears to be a growing feeling in railroad and investment circles that the Commerce Commission will see fit to grant an increase in rates to the Eastern carriers as a result of the reopening of the matter by the roads a few weeks ago. In the main it is stated that shippers are in favor of the proposed 5 per cent advance in rates, as it is realized that the sympathetic effects of such an allowance will result in an improvement in business conditions throughout the country. At the same time it is thought that an advance in rates will stimulate confidence in American railway securities in Europe and that the offerings of them for sale, when the Exchanges resume operations, will be much smaller than might otherwise be expected. Those who have made a careful study of the railroad situation believe that the day of "high finance" in connection with railroad operation has passed and that there will be fewer scandals in connection with their operations than heretofore. With the elimination of these objectionable features it is contended that marked benefits will accrue to the individual properties. The railroads at present are undergoing a period of readjustment to meet the new condition of affairs which has arisen as a result of investigations which have been made and are being made into the affairs of certain systems. The time has come when the financing of roads will be more closely scrutinized, not alone by the bankers providing new funds, but also by the regulatory bodies in the different States and the Interstate Commerce Commission. This fact has already been evidenced in recent operations by a few of the companies that had financing to accomplish.

Wheat—The continued big receipts of wheat at the primary markets finally caused some liquidation toward the end of the week. The export demand continues good and in ordinary years would be extremely bullish, but the trade is so used to hearing of a million bushels of wheat being sold for export daily that anything less than that fails to attract attention. The outside buying power was not sufficient to hold the market in face of the profit taking by longs. Wheat is piling up quite freely at gulf ports owing to the lack of vessel room. There is no difficulty in selling wheat for export but vessel room is scarce. The export clearances of both wheat and flour for the week were large. If more vessels were obtainable, the exports would be much greater. Reports are that in the near future vessels will be more numerous, because many which were in the South American trade are now

coming to our shores for cargoes. Wheat has now had a fair setback. We advise customers to watch the market closely with the view of making purchases. Some advices from both the Northwest and Southwest indicate a falling off in receipts. There is no question in our mind but that the export demand will continue; therefore if the movement should let up the situation would quickly become quite bullish.

Corn—Sentiment seems to be turned to the theory of lower prices, due to the threatened increase in receipts of new grain and prospects of accumulation. The assurance of a reasonably large crop of excellent quality and the development of a unique disease among cattle rendering them unfit for use and necessitating the extermination of thousands, has undoubtedly had its influence for liquidation in corn. We are liable, however, at any time to run into an export demand for corn or an oversold condition,

for this market has many friends who will not permit it to be unfairly depressed and we therefore suggest keeping short commitments well in hand.

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June 30th, 1914:

| | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------|
| Assets | \$58,656,635.13 |
| Capital actually paid up in Cash | 1,000,000.00 |
| Reserve and Contingent Funds | 1,857,717.65 |
| Employees' Pension Fund | 177,868.71 |
| Number of Depositors | 66,367 |

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of NICHOLAS O'LEARY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of NICHOLAS O'LEARY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of NICHOLAS O'LEARY, deceased.

ELLEN BLACKMER,

Administratrix of the Estate of NICHOLAS O'LEARY, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 24, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Administratrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-24-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 59,610; Dept. No. 10.

E. E. FREDERICK, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES T. SALE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CHARLES T. SALE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 5th day of October, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

ARTHUR BRAND, Attorney for Plaintiff,
817 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-24-10

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 59860; Department No. 1.

ELIZABETH BRASSEUR, Plaintiff, vs. RAPHAEL BRASSEUR, Defendant.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to RAPHAEL BRASSEUR, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 16th day of October, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

GERALD C. HALSEY, Attorney for Plaintiff,
105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-7-10

ORDER

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9988, N. S.; Department No. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY JANE BRAGG, Deceased.

Robert Bragg, a creditor of the estate of Mary Jane Bragg, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate and personal property of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said decedent appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 14th day of December, 1914, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department 9, probate, of said Superior Court, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted requiring and directing the executor and the executrix of the will of said deceased to sell so much of the real estate and personal property of said deceased at either public or private sale, as shall be necessary.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of the hearing of said applications be given to Robert Bragg, as executor, and to Rebecca Bragg Martenstein, as executrix of the will of said deceased, by citation to be served on said executor and said executrix at least ten days before the said time of hearing, and that notice be given to Elizabeth Bragg Cumming, who has appeared in the above entitled matter by T. A. Perkins, Esq., her attorney, by service of a copy of this order upon said T. A. Perkins at least ten days prior to said time of hearing, and that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of the hearing of said application to sell said personal property be given by posting as required by law.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated: October 30, 1914.
GERALD C. HALSEY, Attorney for Petitioner,
105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-7-5

CITATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, City and County of San Francisco—Dept. No. 9 Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN FANNING, Deceased.

The people of the State of California to: Mary Bridget Fanning, Johanna Fanning, Christina Corcoran Meyers, John Fanning, John Ryan, M. G. Conlin, Rev. Terence Caraher (for St. Francis Roman Catholic Church), Sisters of the Presentation, Margaret Kirwan, Eugene F. Conlin, Mary Gleeson, Joseph Fanning, Joseph Ryan, Rev. Terence Caraher, St. Francis Roman Catholic Church, Ella Fleischmann, Peter Fanning, Minnie Fanning, Mary Maitland, James Ryan, Sisters of the Holy Family.

YOU ARE HEREBY cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department No. 9, Probate, thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the 21st day of December, A. D. 1914, at 10 o'clock, A. M. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the probate of the will of the above named deceased, should not be revoked in conformity with the petition for the revocation of the will of the above named deceased and filed in this Court on the 5th day of September, 1914.

BY ORDER of the Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, this 5th day of September, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

JOSEPH A. BROWN, FRANK J. EGAN, Attorneys for Contestant,
Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-19-10



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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

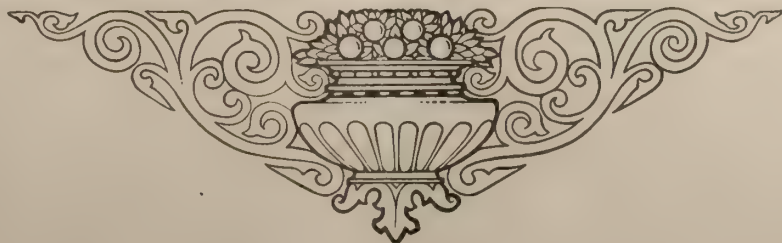
Vol. XXIV. No. 1162

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 28, 1914

PRICE, 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXIV

San Francisco, November 28, 1914

No. 1162

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledge within four weeks are rejected.

Swapping Horses

It is too bad that as a consequence of the exigencies of Bryaniac politics in our State Department a co-worker of the great Chautauquan should have no difficulty at this time in having himself substituted for so excellent an American representative in Paris as Mr. Herrick. These are parlous times, and it would be well for Mr. Wilson to extend his policy of watching and waiting to European affairs. We cannot afford at present to incur the risk of being represented anywhere on the globe by a meddling busybody even remotely akin to the Superman who undertook the rehabilitation of the Balkans. So Mr. Bryan should be urged to let up for a while, else before the war is over even the Turcos will be able to appreciate the story about the man who never heard of Mark Twain. At present the story is only for American consumption. The man was in a book store looking for a book to read, but he knew nothing about books. The clerk suggested that perhaps he would like to read one of Mark Twain's works. He had never heard of Mark. "What," exclaimed the clerk, "never heard of 'Huckleberry Finn'?" "No," said the man, "never heard of him." He confessed that he had never heard of "Innocents Abroad," or "Tom Sawyer." Surely," said the clerk, "you have heard of 'Pudd'nhead Wilson.'" "Oh, yes," said the stranger, an expression of gloom spreading over his face, "I voted for him months ago."

Looking Out for Bryan

Mr. Bryan's appointment to the Cabinet has been described as a "brilliant stroke of political strategy" designed to render the perennial candidate innocuous. This may be so, but it is not easy to perceive that it gives promise of success. The man who handles the patronage is the man that controls the machine, and Mr. Bryan is the dispensator of jobs for this Administration. As a Cabinet officer he is far from becoming either innocuous or lean. He may not be dictating the President's policies, but in whatever concerns his own interests he is Johnny-on-the-Spot. His fat, prehensile hand may be detected even in national legis-

lation; as, for example, in that remedial measure known as the "war tax law." That law imposes a tax on all theatres and places of amusement according to seating capacity. It applies to all public exhibitions, shows and performances for money with certain exceptions, thus: "Provided further, that this paragraph shall not apply to Chautauquas, lecture lyceums, agricultural or industrial fairs, or exhibitions held under the auspices of religious or charitable associations." Now the Chautauqua circuit is in nowise different from the Orpheum circuit save that instead of lectures of the Hubbard type the Chautauqua has for its star performer William J. Bryan. The Chautauqua has but one of the many features of a lyceum. It corresponds in some respects to a vaudeville show, having in addition to the lecturer yodlers, acrobats, negro minstrels and song and dance men. Mr. Bryan gives it something of the character of a circus. There is of course no reason for the special exemption of Chautauquas from a tax, unless it be the indulgence of Mr. Bryan whenever the greedy and unashamed Secretary of State wishes to make a show of himself.

The Rev. Lathrop's Threat

One of the strongest of the many objections urged against the Redlight Abatement bill was the objection that it would facilitate blackmail. The soundness of this objection is not to be gainsaid. So obvious are the means by which blackmail may be practiced under this bill; so ready to hand are the weapons which it supplies to persons who would not hesitate to enter into a conspiracy for the extortion of money by means of a "frame-up," that it would not be unreasonable to speculate as to whether the authors of the bill regard blackmail as a justifiable aid to militant morality. Therefore it would seem to be advisable for all honest, untainted reformers, sincerely desirous of triumphing over evil, to see that the law is not made to serve the ugly purposes of facile rascality. In justice to themselves they should seek to preserve the law from a prostitution worse than the kind which they hope to abate. These suggestions were inspired by the somewhat impulsive yawping of that most unsophisticated and solemn clergyman, the Rev. Charles N. Lathrop, who hinted last week that he knew of a big hotel that has one floor reserved for immoral purposes, intimating at the same time that he might get busy and put the hotel out of business. The Reverend Lathrop, we submit, should not utter himself in this vague and minatory fashion. It is not becoming a clergyman of the church over which Bishop Nichols presides. His is the sort of talk that is indulged in by men whose purposes are less pure, and it might inspire the more sordid

clergymen of other churches, or men who are not at all concerned with saving souls or scrupulous in their methods of advantaging themselves. There is something to be said, however, in extenuation of the Lathrop indiscretion, and it is this,—an austere and ascetic man temperamentally, physically and spiritually, and somewhat of a recluse, he knows little of the world or of the ways of coarser clay, and consequently he is far from proof against deception. Perhaps like other unsophisticated ascetics he takes a morbid interest in stories akin to the one about the purple floor for the votaries of vice. At any rate we are sure that the Reverend Lathrop means no harm, and that he is sincerely desirous of enabling us all to approximate to himself in the virtues that thrill the angels above.

An Amazing Phenomenon

Once more some of our public servants are advising us to vote for a bond issue that we may have money to buy Spring Valley. And nobody has a word of criticism to utter. The only comment we have to make is that the taxpayers of San Francisco have become curiously complaisant toward taxeaters. There was a time when it was somewhat hazardous for a Supervisor to expose himself to the suspicion that he was on friendly terms with a public utility corporation, but now it appears that a Supervisor is above suspicion. In the bad days ago any Supervisor who voted to increase the water rate by a cent or two was pronounced a boodler. Further the characterization was generally, but not always, correct. In the course of time the water company quit boodling, and the result was that it couldn't get money enough to run its business. Then the owners of the company thought it advisable to get out of business, and now there are Supervisors and other officials going about exhorting the people to vote thirty odd millions of dollars out of their pockets and into the pockets of certain estimable gentlemen with a passion for the pastime of cutting melons. That they are able to do this without exciting suspicion or causing invidious comment is proof of a blissful state of the public mind. Of course it is not to be intimated that the exhorters are working for an octopus, or that the property is not worth the money the people are being urged to pay. We are not sufficiently informed to discuss intelligently the value of the property. We are only informed as to the utter incompetency of a lot of mediocrities in public office to handle the business of a big public utility; and we are merely discussing an amazing phenomenon—the amiable, quiescent attitude of a community once prone to suspect not only its servants but its public service corporations. This phenomenon becomes all the more amazing when we reflect that these

taxeaters who have already depressed real estate values under a burden of taxation are asking us to put on a little more pressure that they may have more money to throw to the birds and to increase the efficiency of a colossal political machine.

The Carnivorous Sinner

In the Y. M. C. A. of New York has been raised a voice of protest against eating meat. Listen:

"Juicy steaks are good for the palate, but an overindulgence will keep more than one man out of heaven. Irritable, high strung, quarrelsome men cannot live as Christians should on a meat diet."

In other words meat, if good for the palate, is bad for the soul. For this apocalypse long have we been waiting. Preliminary of it have come from many a cult of vegetarianism. What more natural in this day and generation than that folks who have no stomach for strong food should discover that meat is immoral? All hobbies are holy nowadays, and they that do not embrace them are of the family of Belial, and proselytes are made by legislation. So let us prepare for a ban against the butcher. The carnivorous appetite must be restrained. There must be no compromise with either the world, the flesh or the devil. Dyspeptic preachers will soon be telling us that he that toucheth meat shall be defiled therewith, and that the spirits of just men are to be made perfect by a combination salad or an alligator pear. Perhaps we shall learn that Nebuchadnezzar was sent to graze on the lawn that he might be purified on a grass diet. The Prohibitionist, whatever the sign of his derangement, is always able to interpret Scripture to his purpose.

Winged Words From Los Angeles

We are in receipt of the following:

Editor Town Talk: You do us of Los Angeles injustice. We are not all hypocrites; nor are we all implicated in the vices of the secret society of Long Beach. As a community, it must be confessed, we are Puritanical—very much so, but we are really trying to make the State better, and we hope to improve the morals of San Francisco which, as you know, is a licentious town and in need of correction. We find that it pays to regulate vice, and we are sure it doesn't pay to maintain a plague spot like the Barbary Coast. The rapid growth of Los Angeles is due to its reputation as a home city. This is a hint gratis to San Francisco.

Yours truly,
—A Los Angeles Reader.



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At first blush we were inclined to regard the foregoing as a piece of irony from the pen of a wag sensible of the smug pretensions of the metropolis of the southland. But we have concluded that our correspondent means precisely what he says. On the whole his letter has the ring of sincerity. Indeed, the tone is such as one might expect from the typically proud citizen of the city that preens itself on its purity. "We find that it pays to regulate vice." An excellent motive for regulation in the philosophy of a sordid Puritan the image of whose God is on the coin of the realm. The quest of purity leads to Los Angeles. But it appears that in proportion as the city is purified its morals deteriorate. It seems that regulation of the vices which men are not utterly ashamed to practice is conducive to episodes of unspeakable perversity. For in very truth the over-regulated county of Los Angeles is a place where men in their morbid frenzies abandon themselves to every freak of sensuality. The police records show that the vices which are the real perils to a community have more practitioners in Long Beach, a Los Angeles suburb of forty thousand people, a village of austere and glowing fanatics, than in the big bad city of San Francisco. There was a great row in Long Beach a short time ago over the nudity of a statue. There was also an uprising of the citizenry recently when it was learned that wine was being served at a banquet given to the delegates from all parts of the country to a big convention. The inhabitants were outraged, and demanded that the police do their duty. Now while outward purity may pay, a reputation for inward depravity is not a communal asset. And hence, as we observed last week, we are of the opinion that in consequence of excessive Puritanism the county of Los Angeles has become an object of scientific interest. Civic reformers should study it with a view to ascertaining whether too stringent regulation tends to demoralization, or whether the demand for it is the sign of an innate hypocrisy that masks certain forms of degeneracy.

Why We Are Losing Factories

"The Greater Needs of San Francisco," is the title of an address delivered before the Downtown Association by President John W. Mason of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association. It appears that the principal need of San Francisco is more factories. All our commercial bodies are sensible of this need. They have done a lot of talking on the subject, and they have passed resolutions expressive of their purpose to get more factories, but all the while factories have been moving away from the city. Now according to Mr. Mason there are no more factories coming to San Francisco until labor conditions are somewhat altered. "San Franciscan factories," he said, in the course of his address, "cannot compete with other factories in this and other States when controlled politically, industrially and commercially to a large extent by the organized labor oligarchy exist-

ing in this city." Mr. Mason told the members of the Downtown Association that their plans for an active campaign to induce the building of more factories were in the nature of a joke to himself and associates.

"Do you gentlemen know," he asked, "that my concern the Western Pipe and Steel Company of California whose main office is on Market street, with a branch office and factory in Los Angeles cannot erect a dollar's worth of our products in San Francisco because the organized labor oligarchy forbids it?" "Our factory," he said, "was moved from San Francisco to Richmond for no other reason than that we could not exist and compete with other cities under the labor conditions made for us by this same oligarchy." He asked the gentlemen of the Downtown Association if they knew that many factories had moved from San Francisco on account of labor conditions and that others desirous of coming in the last year or two, on finding out the state of affairs decided to expand in another direction. And he asked them if it was their intention to continue to blink the facts. The punch was in the Mason talk, and it took more than one unsophisticated citizen off his feet. The speaker said in conclusion that if the gentlemen were really desirous of doing effective work they should join the Merchants and Manufacturers Association, which is actually doing something toward redeeming the city from an oppressive and destructive tyranny. We fear that recruiting is slow work in this important field of endeavor, for though all our merchants are well aware of the injury that our labor masters are doing not many are willing to lend a hand in throwing off the yoke. Our merchants are principally what the matter is with San Francisco, and the disciplining of some of the most prosperous and greedy of them is a task that must be performed before much headway can be made in the main enterprise.



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CCV—CHARLES A. COOKE

By Edward F. O'Day

The late Colonel Kirkpatrick used to say that the most wonderful memory he knew of belonged to Charley Cooke. The Colonel was an expert witness. His own memory was of amazing retentiveness. It has been said of the Colonel that he never forgot a fact, a figure or a face. So when the Colonel paid homage to the retentive powers of his friend Charles A. Cooke, he was paying him a high compliment indeed.

The new general manager of the Palace Hotel Company has been noted for his memory these many years. It is the characteristic of his which comes first to the minds of his friends when they think of him, just as his snowy white hair is immediately present to the inner eye when they visualize his physical makeup. Charley Cooke? Oh, yes. The hotelman with the flawless memory! That is the way men are apt to speak of him.

Obviously a hotelman could not possess a more valuable characteristic. A hotelman without a good memory is a contradiction in terms. The traveler who goes to a hostelry regularly expects to be remembered by the man behind the desk. Even the tourist who puts up at a hotel for the second time is disappointed if his first visit is not recalled. This is a peculiarity of the traveling public with which hotelmen must reckon. A stony stare expressing lack of recognition or an imperfect recollection dashes the spirits of the man who stands before the register pen in hand. The successful hotelmen are those who can conceal the fact that a guest's face or name has escaped them. The most successful are those like Charles A. Cooke who don't have to take refuge in polite evasions or concealments, who do actually recall the face and the name and thereby make the guest unreasonably but thoroughly happy.

Charles A. Cooke probably started life with a natural power of retentiveness. All his life he has been improving this power in the only way in which it can be improved, by constant exercise. For nearly thirty years it has been an important part of his work to remember names and faces, first in the tourist business and later as a hotelman. From 1886 to 1909 Cooke was with the Raymond and Whitcomb tourist agency. This agency does in the United States what the famous Cook's does in Europe. While working for Raymond and Whitcomb it was Charley Cooke's business to conduct parties of tourists all over America, taking complete charge of their transportation, their hotel arrangements and their sightseeing trips, paying all their bills for them and attending to the thousand and one things, important and trivial, which people who travel en masse are unwilling or unable to attend to themselves. It was nothing for Charley Cooke to handle as much as \$80,000 of tourist spending money in a winter's work. Because he was tactful, patient, efficient and resourceful in every

emergency, Cooke made a success of this work. Because he had a memory that never slipped a cog he made an outstanding success of it.

For eight years, from 1901 to 1909, Cooke's work with the tourist agency brought him to San Francisco for six months on end. He grew to be half a San Franciscan and half an easterner. His conspicuous abilities became well known to Colonel J. C. Kirkpatrick, the general manager of the Palace Hotel Company. The result was that in 1909 Colonel Kirkpatrick asked him to take charge of the Fairmont Hotel. As he had been taking care of travelers for many years Cooke saw no reason why he should not make a success as a resident hotel manager. He took the position, and his confidence in himself was fully justified by the result. Under his charge the Fairmont became one of the best conducted and most popular hotels in the country. No man or woman ever entered its lobby expecting a smile or a word of recognition from Charley Cooke, to be disappointed.

When Colonel Kirkpatrick died everybody felt that the succession of Cooke to his position as general manager of the Palace Hotel Company which conducts both the Palace and the Fairmont was a foregone conclusion. And they were right.

So now Charles A. Cooke is running two of the country's biggest hotels. His is now a feat of ambidexterity. He runs the Palace with one hand and the Fairmont with the other. He bestrides the town, so to speak. He has one foot in the big white caravansary on the hill and the other in the big hostelry downtown. He keeps one eye on Nob Hill and the other on Market street. It's a big job, and it needs a big man. But Charley Cooke is a big man.

The tax on his memory has been doubled almost overnight. He must be ready to know the travelers who put up on the hill and the travelers who put up in the canyon. If the responsibility burdens him there is no outward sign of his trouble. Certainly it cannot turn his hair white, for his hair is snowy white already. It cannot affect his disposition, for his good nature is invincible. It cannot drain his resources of tact, for his supply of that article is inexhaustible.

"A hotelman," says Charles A. Cooke, "must be a diplomat. He must know how to meet all sorts and conditions of people, so he must possess adaptability. From the viewpoint of the guest he must be a good fellow, but he must never forget the viewpoint of his board of directors either. He must be wide awake in the front of the house and vigilant in the back of the house. You know, it is through the back door of a hotel that the money comes and goes. He must know his guests, not merely their names and their businesses but also their characteristics, their peculiarities, their habits, the little things of seeming unimportance that make all the difference in the world because they constitute individuality, personality and so cause one person to be different from everybody else."

Cooke was speaking generally, but the recipe for hotelmen may be applied to himself. He fulfills the specifications.

And Charles A. Cooke is a good citizen. His standing in his own business is indicated by the fact that he is president of the Hotelmen's Association of Northern California. His standing in this community is shown by his activity in every good cause. He is proud of this city.

"There isn't in all the world," he says, "a cleaner seaport city than San Francisco."

He is jealous of this city's good name. That is one reason why he stood up and determinedly fought the Redlight Abatement measure. He thinks in common with many other men who really think instead of going through the motions of that difficult exercise, that this measure will work a great deal of harm to the city.

"It is a blackmailing law," he says.

Just as jealous of the good name of our hotels as of the city's reputation he was quick to resent the statement in which the Rev. Charles N. Lathrop aspersed the character for morality of a large unnamed hotel. At this writing he is one of a committee which is seeking to elicit from the elusive clergyman the information on which that extraordinary statement was based. As Charley Cooke, in common with the other hotel men on that committee, usually gets what he goes after it is pretty certain that Father Lathrop will be compelled to explain himself.

We are standing on the threshold of a World's Fair. Pretty soon the gates will be thrown open, and we'll have the world as our guests. Charley Cooke will be one of our most important welcomers. I'd like to bet that no man in town will be able to call more visitors by name, to inquire for the rest of the family back home and to supply those little personal attentions which surprise and delight travelers when they are forthcoming, as they always are from Charley Cooke of the Palace and Fairmont.



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War Pictures

One at Ostend and the Other in the British War Office in London.

By J. M. Allison

The few persons who remained at Ostend to see the Germans enter witnessed a perfect exhibition of the marvellous discipline and organization of the Kaiser's army. Any one who saw it will agree to one thing: If the Allies are to win this war they've got a lot of fundamentals to look after first.

The real important personages of the day arrived when two big gray motor cars spluttered up to the Hotel de Ville, filled with officers who all looked more or less like the Kaiser. The cars contained Field Marshal von der Goltz, German Governor-General of Belgium, and some of his staff. About this time the scene began to resemble an afternoon tea.

Every one was saluting every one else and smiling, and saying pleasant things, and the iron-busted old Von der Goltz the busiest of the lot.

At 4 in the afternoon, at the hotel in which I was staying, a soldier appeared and said that he desired to look at the rooms. The place had been deserted by all but the porter, an English cinematograph photographer, James M. Downie and myself. It was an especially cheerless resort on account of its emptiness, and the porter's frequent expressions of deep conviction concerning what the Germans were going to do to the daring Mr. Downie when they caught him with a British passport and a camera.

The soldier who looked at the rooms had a brief interview with the porter.

"Your two guests will be undisturbed," said he. "You will have thirty men and five officers here tonight—the officers on the second floor, the men on the third. Clean sheets for the officers. None for the men. They will be too dirty. They may have clean sheets on the second night, if they stay. They will be here at 9 o'clock. One of the officers will pay you for the rooms in the morning."

Then he swiftly chalked names on the bedroom doors and went away. At precisely ten minutes of 9 o'clock a battalion of the 36th German Infantry marched up to the Rue de Chappelle and into the Place d'Armes. It was headed by a fife and drum corps, and the men were singing as they finished their fourteen mile march from Bruges.

The battalion deployed by companies in the brick paved square, the hob-nailed boots of the soldiers beating rhythmically on the bricks. Each company halted with perfect precision, sounding the final half-step and stamp of the left foot which is peculiar to German drill tactics. The transport wagons came briskly around the left of the front and drew up in perfect alignment three abreast.

At the command of dismissal the companies broke into squads and each squad under command of a non-commissioned officer moved swiftly and certainly off to the hotel or other building to which it had been assigned. There was no hesitation, no asking of directions. The Germans knew the town as if they had lived in it.

Even the transport drivers, leading their horses, went off at a jog trot straight to the places where stables had been found for them. Upon my solemn word it was 9 o'clock to the very second when the thirty men and five officers assigned to our hotel tramped up the stairs to the rooms which had their names written on the doors.

It took them about forty seconds to drop their

packs on the beds and come down and ask for beer. I felt almost a personal sense of inhospitality when the porter told them we hadn't had any beer for four days. He offered them spirits and bottled lemonade and other things. Only four accepted. The rest went uncomplainingly to bed without anything.

The officers, sitting in their own corner of the cafe, had champagne. They politely invited me to join them, and sat until 11 o'clock discussing with the utmost apparent frankness the progress of the war and the plans of the Germans. Confidence was not the word to define their conviction about the outcome. Their faith in the German arms was like that of the zealot in his God.

"We shall hold Ostend," one of them said, "and make it our base in operations against England. We shall put our heavy siege guns behind the sea wall and hold off the English battleships. Then we shall bring submarines by rail from the east and put them in the harbor here. Under the protection of our guns on the sea front they will sink the guardships in the Channel one by one. A dreadnought to our submarines is merely a better target than a smaller ship. We shall be in London in four weeks."

In the morning as I was leaving Ostend for the Dutch border I observed an incident which gives a striking illustration of the system on which the wonderful German army proceeds. For twenty-four hours traffic on the tram line had been completely suspended. A few almost hopeless refugees dismally inhabited the tram station, wondering if the cars would ever run again.

At 10 a. m. a single tram car appeared in place of the usual train. It was driven by a German soldier. Several soldiers and one officer were inside. A few people attempted to board it.

"No passengers," said the soldiers. "This car is for the military only." The officer dismounted at the station and gave directions briefly to the ticket seller and the other functionaries there. Then the car moved on. The ticket seller posted a new time card, showing a schedule for three daily trains, beginning at 2 p. m. The Germans had arranged and printed the schedule since their arrival on the previous afternoon. The car with the officer and soldiers aboard had gone out over the tram lines to Knocke, nine miles away, to convey instructions and copies of the new schedule to the station masters along the line.

I have seen the German occupation of Ostend. And now I believe unreservedly in the saying that only three things have ever been completely organized—the Catholic Church, the Standard Oil Company and the German army.

Once outside of the German lines my traveling companion, Mr. Downie, discarded the cloak of American citizenship which he had worn and discovered that he had a duty to perform. As a loyal Briton he felt that it was incumbent upon him to apprise the British Vice-Consul at Flushing of what we had seen and what the Germans had told us at Ostend. Very considerably he asked if I objected. I did not.

The vice-consul was much excited after Mr. Downie's communications. He telephoned the consul at Rotterdam and the military attache at some other town and then he requested us to visit the War Office in London and impart directly to officials there the information we had

gathered about the condition of the German forces and the plan upon which they seemed to be operating along the Belgian coast. It was Mr. Downie's opinion—and the vice-consul concurred—that no conscientious scruples need bid me hesitate about joining in his proposed communications to the British War Office.

"The Germans didn't tell us anything confidentially, you know," said he. "Of course, if they had, it would have been different."

I didn't stop to weigh the logic of this argument. I wanted to see the inside of the British War Office and it looked like a good chance. I agreed to become a co-informant with Mr. Downie.

A Dutch officer, in command of the detail of soldiers guarding the station and keeping the crowds in order, called the attention of all newcomers to a line of people extending one block from the steamship ticket office.

"I regret, gentlemen," said he, "that it is necessary for every one to stand in the line. If you take your places now, you will reach the ticket office in about three hours. You are late, however, and everything may be sold before you get an opportunity to buy. In that case it will be necessary for you to wait until the next boat sails, day after tomorrow."

This officer had made precisely the same remarks to Mr. Downie and myself when the line of people was even longer. Yet Mr. Downie and myself were at that moment smoking two excellent cigars at a table in front of the hotel, while the porter, at a respectful distance, solicitously observed us. In our pockets we had two first class tickets to Folkestone and also reservations for two single cabins, with permission to sleep on board—which was a matter of moment, since there was no other place to sleep. It was all due to the positively hypnotic effect which Mr. Downie has upon hotel porters.

I felt a sense of elation when Mr. Downie and I were driving to the War Office on the morning following our arrival in London. I was to have a special and exclusive view of the inner workings of the great machine which is performing the most stupendous task in the world's history. I was, so to speak, in the midst of things which were tremendous and magnificent.

As we pushed through the hurrying crowd on the sidewalk and importantly passed a giant policeman at the iron gates of a courtyard we were obliged to step aside for a woman who apparently did not see us. Her eyes were fixed in an unseeing gaze which seemed to lead off across the roofs of the buildings opposite. From her lips came a sustained, monotonous note, which one did not recognize at first as a sound of grief.

She was not a tidy looking woman. In fact

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she was not even clean. Tears had washed streaks in the grime upon her face. A ragged little boy, whose hand she clutched, stumbled along beside her, looking up to ask unanswered questions in a dialect so broad that there was but one word I could distinguish, and that was "feyther."

At the inner gate of the court I paused, with a sensation something akin to the first sudden qualm of seasickness. The whole place was filled with people, mostly women and children—slatternly, untidy, red-eyed women and ragged children, who wept or stared about in stupid wonder.

All around the court and on pillars in a centre space there hung long printed lists, the dead and missing in recent battles. Each list had its little knot of readers, but for the most part the great crowd sat or stood motionless, hopeless, inert. From its thousand lips rose an unending, mournful murmur.

Here and there one saw an old man with the solemn dry eyes of patriarchal grief, or a soldier soberly threading his way through the throng. The women, sodden in their misery, barely moved to let them pass. At intervals came sounds which echoed in one's own breast with something like physical pain. A single voice would be raised in a shriek, a shriek which was still a sob. Then you would see some woman who had found the name she sought raise her hands above her head and throw herself face downward upon the stones. Nurses wearing the red cross would lead this one away.

Instead of sentries in gorgeous uniforms there were policemen, dozens of them, guarding the doors which opened from the court. Now and again the crowd surged upon them and was sternly checked. As I looked there emerged between two of these policemen a lady—a lovely lady, tailored and groomed and gowned and gloved until she was a pleasure to the eye, and bearing herself with the grace of pride and breeding.

Only now her head was a little bowed and her hand rested as if for guidance upon the arm of a tall officer in the uniform of the General Staff, who walked beside her. Together they crossed the court, the officer directing her footsteps between the slattern women, whom she seemed not to see.

Across the court she turned to look up into the tall officer's face. And then you saw that her eyes were blinded in a flood of tears and that though she tried to speak no sound came from her quivering lips. She stumbled into a smart motor car with crests upon its doors, and as it sped away with her—alone—her face was buried in its fawn-colored cushions.

"It isn't so bad today," said my companion. "These lists are two days old. But when they put out new ones it's awful. See, over there's the hospital they had to open for the women who faint."

I did not answer. At the gate where I had thought to enter into intimacy with war's pomp and splendor, I stopped, chilled and choking, at the sight of its dreadful, unreckonable price.

Here finally died my last conception of the glory of war. Another thing had already shaken it. That was the carrion scent which stains the air for miles and miles in what was beautiful Belgium.

At last we passed into the enormous building. A crowd was clamoring at windows and railings, while confused and weary clerks mechanically responded. They had one formula for everything. It was: "Please be seated for a few moments; we will find out about it."

Mr. Downie's insistence took us through three anterooms in the course of an hour. Then Mr. Downie threatened that we would go away, and

two harried clerks engaged in a controversy as to what should be done about us.

"The gentlemen say they are here by special appointment," said one. "They will not wait."

"We can't do anything more," said the other. "Their paper is on the table. Nothing can be done until it goes forward."

After another half hour a courteous bustling young man, who seemed to be a clerk of higher position, came out to see us.

"These gentlemen are to see Major Buckley," he said.

He hastily filled in the blanks of a printed form and gave it to one of a dozen Boy Scouts who sat on a bench awaiting orders. We followed the little chap—bare kneed and clad in the black and gray uniform which the king has approved—through what seemed like miles of corridors.

We were at last received by a dignified major in khaki in an office furnished with Spartan simplicity. He spoke to us in a perfunctory, tired way, but grew more interested when he read the vice-consul's letter. He called in another officer, a lieutenant-colonel, and after they had conferred a moment the second officer led us to an office which seemed one of the important bureaus of the intelligence department.

Two captains were in charge here. Several stenographers sat at desks, and papers with elaborate filing marks were scattered over large tables. For two hours the officers questioned us and referred to maps, one of them meanwhile making notes in quick, nervous shorthand.

At the beginning I was intensely interested. Before they had finished I was amazed. The German line officers I had talked to in Belgium seemed to know everything that was going on in England—how many lights were burning in Piccadilly, what was playing in the theatres, what ports were closed, how many recruits were in each of the training camps. These officers, specialists in the British intelligence department, knew very little about a hostile army which, though over seas, was yet almost near enough for England to hear the sound of its guns.

Did the German seem tired? Did you notice if they wore iron crosses on their caps? Where did they get their food? How many do you think there were? These and similar questions they asked.

I endeavored to cover ground quickly. "The Germans we saw did not wear crosses," said I. "They were young soldiers of the first line, not of the Landsturm. They were in the fittest possible condition. The mounts of the cavalry were fresh and well fed. The transport and commissary were excellent. The infantry had fought at Metz, Nancy, Liege, Louvain, Brussels and Antwerp."

"The first two infantry regiments in Ostend were the Thirty-sixth and Thirteenth. They had marched from Bruges on that day, but they came in singing and with fifes and drums playing. There were no stragglers. About 20,000 troops of all arms passed through Ostend and about 600 with three six gun field batteries remained to hold the town."

"The troops which passed through are intrenching at Nieuport. The objective of the army is Dunkirk and then Calais. The officers report that big guns are being brought to be placed behind the sea wall. They are the guns which were used at Antwerp, 11-inch Howitzers. There are none of the 17-inch Howitzers with this army."

"It is expected that the harbor at Ostend shall be used as a base for the operations of submarines. The Germans are treating every one well. They are urging the refugees to return and assuring shopkeepers of protection. They have started the trams running and have left the Belgian flag flying over the city hall."

"You summarize quite clearly," said one of the officers. "May I ask, have you given this information elsewhere?"

"I've sent it to my paper," said I.

"Ah, yes," said he. "Thank you. Now how do the Germans expect to take submarines to Ostend?"

"By rail," said I.

The silence which followed was so dense that it was almost language. The officers politely refrained from pursuing the subject. So did I. I knew what they thought.

One more question which was asked fairly stunned me.

"Do you think the Germans have sufficient railroad equipment at Ostend to move a considerable number of troops?" one of the officers asked.

"I think they have," said I.

One of the sights in the railroad yards at Ostend since the beginning of the war has been the 300 locomotives and long lines of cars which were gathered there from all over Belgium so that they might be safe—there—from capture by the Germans.

"Did the Belgians blow up any of the railroads or bridges when they left?" was the final question.

"They did not," I answered. I think this question more than any other astonished me. It was five days since the Belgians had evacuated Ostend without blowing up any bridges or railroads.

As the officers courteously bid us good day the little boy scout came forward from the gloom of the corridor.

"I've got your paper here," said he. "You can't get out without it."

I read the Daily Mail at breakfast the next morning. In a prominent position I found an article by the Mail's military expert commenting upon the story given the paper on the previous day by Mr. Downie and myself. It explained at length and with an array of figures that it would be impossible to transport submarines by rail—except, perhaps very small boats, built especially for the purpose, which could be carried on single cars.

The expert concluded that it was improbable that the Germans would attempt such a thing. The British public was assured that there would be no submarines at Ostend and that Britain's supremacy of the sea would never be endangered.

On the same page under a modest heading I found an official bulletin of the War Department. It announced that British destroyers had been engaged by German submarines off Ostend and that the submarines, after ineffectually discharging torpedoes, had withdrawn within the harbor mouth.

The expert was game, however. On the following day, when a second official bulletin described an attack by the submarines from Ostend upon the British monitors shelling the German trenches at Nieuport, he explained how the submarines had got to Ostend. They had come down the North Sea, through the British fleet, submerging when they were in danger of discovery. That is, without being discovered, they had been near enough to British battleships to torpedo them, but instead of doing so had sailed on secretly to an empty harbor.

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Perspective Impressions

We don't expect to hear much from the Rev. George Burlingame for some time to come.

Ed Corrigan, the sexagenarian horseman, has married a girl of "sweet-and-twenty." A Garrison finish in the matrimonial stakes.

Afterthought: If we had elected Heney to the United States Senate we'd have gotten him out of California.

An improvement club is kicking because the new municipal street cars have no storm curtains. Obviously the members of this club are unscrupulous enemies of municipal ownership.

As a result of our watching and waiting in Mexico it has become advisable for us to be not too impulsive when the American flag is insulted.

One reason for thanksgiving is that the aged jests connecting Turkey and turkeys will be shelved until Christmas time.

Bryan to leave the Cabinet? We'd believe it readily if there were any way he could keep on drawing the salary.

In his sermon last Sunday Rev. George Burlingame spoke of the "passionate effort at winning souls." Gazing into the eyes of the feminine sinner and holding her hand must be part of this "passionate effort."

The municipal sewer workers get five dollars a day, but they want the city to buy their shoes for them. By all means! And why not present each with a wrist watch so he may not get a crick in his neck watching the clock?

Apparently Von Hindenberg is the name of an obstruction on the road to Berlin.

By the way, Huerta wasn't such a bad fellow after all.

Doubtless that veteran monarch Snow King will preserve a strict neutrality this winter.

The Examiner is of the opinion that if judges were appointed the bench could hardly be any worse than it is. Our contemporary is exhibiting symptoms of reaction.

It may or may not be true that Owens River water will poison the citizens of Los Angeles, but recent events seem to indicate that Los Angeles has a lot of citizens whose corruption might infect the water.

Italy and The War

By Thomas Okey

Italy, in her foreign relations, was once cynically compared by Bismarck to a bella donna at a ball who gives her hand now to one partner, now to another. Never in the course of her history has that fair lady's favor been solicited so pressingly; never have so many enticing and flattering offers been made to her as during the past two months of European convulsion. And never, be it said, has Italy maintained an attitude more calm, more dignified, more self-possessed. Whatever changes in the grouping of the Continental Powers may result from the clash of empires now reverberating throughout the civilized world, one important factor in European politics—the Triple Alliance, with its accumulated thirty years of popular hatred in Italy—has disappeared for ever. Despite irritation at Italy's refusal to help her partners in their titanic struggle, they still profess to regard the Alliance as intact, and a chastened Austria, swallowing her anger, asserted in an inspired article in the official *Fremdenblatt* of August 27th, that "if the Italian Government, after carefully weighing the reasons for and against, has arrived at the conclusion that it would be more opportune for her to remain neutral, such decision by no means implies the end of the Triplice, whatever may have been whispered in Italy and elsewhere. The bond between the three Powers exists, and will continue to exist even after the war, since it corresponds to their interests, and an Austro-German defeat—if, indeed, anyone is credulous enough to believe in that possibility—would be a national disaster for Italy, whereas a victory would mean the victory of an orderly and modern element of culture in Europe, and would be therefore to Italy's interest." A similar line has been followed by the *Reichspost*, and also by the *Kölnische Zeitung* and other officially inspired German papers.

Although the terms of the Alliance have never been made public—and there have been Italian Foreign Ministers who were ignorant of its precise conditions—enough is known of its general tenor, from official speeches and inspired communications to the press, to prove that the famous compact was, so far as Italy was concerned, non-aggressive in character, an instrument of defence against a possible attack by France,

and, in its later aspect, an act of mutual renunciation on the part of Italy and the Dual Monarchy of any aim of territorial aggrandizement in the Balkans or in Albania. And this, it is generally believed, in return for an agreement on Italy's part to help Germany if she were attacked by France; or in the event of Austria-Hungary being assailed by Russia, involving the intervention of Germany and a consequent counter-attack by France, Italy was also to stand by her allies. The Alliance, said Count Robilant, on its renewal in 1887, surrounds Italy with a circle of iron, so that no Power would dare to insult her dignity. It implied, said the Marquis San Giuliano in December, 1912, a mutual renunciation of territorial ambition, or of occupation, or partition, of territory in the Balkans. The treaty was, however, the work of the Italian Court and Foreign Office, and from the day when King Humbert came back from Vienna an Austrian colonel, from the day when the return visit to Rome due from the Emperor Francis Joseph was announced to have been abandoned, the alliance with the traditional oppressors of Italy has never been popular. Even in the Italian Chamber, Austria has been openly referred to as the ultimate enemy, and Italian supremacy over her nominal ally at sea has been the avowed aim of her recent naval programs. Each has eyed the other in Albania with bitter jealousy, and incidents in the competition for nursing the new Albanian State have bordered on the ludicrous. More than once in comparatively recent times the two countries have been on the verge of war, and a call to arms for Austria's sake in a war provoked without Italy's consent and against her will and interests would have swept away the Italian Government in a tempest of popular indignation. An immense sigh of relief, therefore, went up throughout the length and breadth of Italy when, on July 31st, the proclamation of her neutrality was published—a proclamation hailed throughout the peninsula as equivalent to the final collapse of the Triple Alliance. Whatever delusions may be cherished at Vienna and Berlin, Humpty Dumpty has tumbled over the Alps, and all the Emperors' horses and all the Emperors' men will never set Humpty Dumpty up again.

But other considerations of a more material nature have doubtless swayed the royal counsels at Rome. Italy is essentially a Mediterranean Power. With a coast line, including the islands, of 4300 miles, to which have been added nearly another 1000 miles in North Africa (not to speak of Rhodes and the islands of the Aegean), all singularly open to an attack by a hostile fleet, it is inconceivable that Italy could have viewed without grave apprehension the danger of offending the allied Powers, whose fleets have swept the Middle Sea from Gibraltar to Malta, from Malta to the Dardanelles. Nor is it credible that French and British squadrons would have entered the Straits of Otranto and steamed up the Adriatic to bombard Cattaro while the Italian fleet lay in their rear at Taranto, without a previous understanding with Rome. Moreover, Italy has no coalfields; imported coal is vital to her industries and to the mobility of her fleet, and of the 9,600,000 tons imported in 1911, no less than 8,770,000 tons came from the United Kingdom. So far, then, as the situation in regard to Vienna and Berlin is concerned, popular sympathy and reasons of state coincided.

But how far will popular sympathy with the cause of the Allies, bound up as it is with the principles of nationality and freedom to which Italy has owed her re-birth, and which always find a responsive echo in Italian breasts—how far will this generous sentiment avail to influence her future action? There can be no doubt of its range and intensity. True, there were signs of wavering in certain circles of opinion when the vacillation and divided counsels of the French Government in the earlier phase of the war made unhappy contrast with the potent efficiency of the German army smiting its way from victory to victory with fulminating rapidity, even up to the trenches outside Paris. For it should be remembered that in Italy the official bulletins of the German War Office at Berlin are published in the press impartially with those emanating from Paris and London. Nor have strenuous efforts at a pro-German propaganda been lacking. German agents have been busy; Professor Kohler of Berlin, well known in Italy as a translator of Dante, issued a manifesto in

(Continued on Page 12.)

A Symposium of War Poets

SALVATOR MUNDI By Edith Hume Stewart

Bring the fragments of the Tree,
Build again My Cross for Me.

Hither let the nails be borne,
Weave again the Crown of Thorn.

Bring the scourge and bring the spear;
You who scoff, assemble here.

On My Body once was hurled
The agony of all the world;

On My Soul one day was cast
Every sin from first to last;

"It was not enough," you say,
Christ! come forth again today!"

Bring the fragments of the tree,
Build again My Cross for Me.

Rulers in Jerusalem
To crucifixion did condemn

God, in one man manifest;
Now a multitude, His guest

Has gone up to Calvary,
God in many men to die.

Who are the conscripts of this host
That joyfully give up the ghost?

The holy flag of blood's unfurled,
Who shall now redeem the world?

I, saith Jesus, I alone
Am incarnate, can atone.

I am the boy that left his home,
Amid the shrapnel shell to roam,

I am she who watched him go,
I am friend, and I am foe.

When the hero bows his head,
Jesus of Nazareth is dead,

When in lust man slays his foe,
Through My hands the great nails go;

When they bring the mother word
Of death, Mary embalms her Lord.

O, my children, now, today,
Let tender Pity have her way!

O, my children, now at last,
Let your enmity be past!

When the Lord of Pity rose,
Did he take vengeance on his foes?

Did he stare Pilate out of face,
Or bid Caiaphas leave his place?

Victor, when you sheathe the sword,
Follow still your lowly Lord!

THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS By Rev. P. F. O'Brien, M. A.

Ho! bandoliers

For the Volunteers,

Good powder and ball galore.

Not for England's might,

But for Ireland's right,

And to guard her native shore.

By the deeds that shone,

And the brave men gone

And the dreams of a thousand years,

From cabin and hall

They spring to the call—

The Irish Volunteers.

No cannon have they,
No mines they lay,
No actual war they wage,
They have only their drill,
And their stalwart will,
And a heart for the battle gage.
Should the fleet succumb,
Should the foeman come,
Within our island sphere,
By Saint Bride, he would feel
In his breast the steel
Of the Irish Volunteer.

Let others boast
Of a countless host,
And deadliest panoply;
Let them clash in air,
Or from ambushed lair,
With pondered strategy;
But in open field,
Where a man may wield
The old-time sword or spear,
There is not a foe
That would stand the blow
Of the Irish Volunteer.

That such is the case,
And such the race,
Right well does England know;
And now, in her need,
She is paying heed
To him, who, for weal or woe,
Stands by her side
In her new born pride,
And bids her be of good cheer;
For, given his due,
There is none so true
As the Irish Volunteer.

FAREWELL By Henry Newbolt

Mother, with unbowed head
Hear thou across the sea
The farewell of the dead,
The dead who died for thee.
Greet them again with tender words and grave,
For, saving thee, themselves they could not save.

To keep the house unharmed
Their fathers built so fair,
Deeming endurance armed
Better than brute despair,
They found the secret of the word that saith,
"Service is sweet, for all true life is death."

So greet thou well thy dead
Across the homeless sea,
And be thou comforted
Because they died for thee.
Far off they served, but now their deed is done
For evermore their life and thine are one.

THE POOR LITTLE GUY By William Samuel Johnson

While the legions are locked on the dead line,
While the dreadnoughts are glooming the seas,
While horrors of rumor and headline
Give a tang to an evening of ease,
Let us kneel in the dust of all faction,
Let us pray to the Peace from on high
For a small, unspectacular fraction—
The poor little guy!

In the fangs of the tangling wire
He slips in the slime of the dead;
He blinks at the spume of the fire
And the scream of the stream of lead;

And yet—he knew nought of the plotting,
And nought can he profit thereby;
But his is the dying—and rotting—
The poor little guy!

Let us pray for his kine in the stable,
For his ox and his ass and his swine,
For his chair and his plate on the table,
For his cornfield and orchard and vine,
For the tilth where the women are plying,
For the bed where he never shall lie,
For the ache that is worse than the dying—
The poor little guy!

A pitiful pawn of Vienna,
Of Kaiser, of King or of Czar,
He is pushed to the pit of Gehenna,
To the slide of the Great Abattoir.
He goes as the wailing denial,
As the infinite, travailing cry
Of the Peace to be born from his trial—
The poor little guy!

The Peace of the pure consummation
Foretold in the ages before
When nation shall strive not with nation,
Nor shall they learn war any more.
But, Jesus!—the carrion faces
That glare at the pestilent sky
And the trench at the foot of the glacis—
The poor little guy!

IN WAR-TIME By Katharine Tynan

Now strikes the hour upon the clock,
The black sheep may rebuild the years;
May lift the father's pride he broke,
And wipe away his mother's tears.

To him, the mark for thrifty scorn,
God hath another chance to give,
Sets in his heart a flame new-born
By which his muddled soul may live.

This is the day of the prodigal,
The decent people's shame and grief,
When he shall make amends for all,
The way to glory's bloody and brief.

Clean from his baptism of blood,
New from the fire he springs again,
In shining armor, bright and good,
Beyond the wise home-keeping men.

Somewhere tonight—no tears be shed!
With shaking hands they turn the sheet,
To find his name among the dead,
Flower of the Army and the Fleet.

They tell with proud and stricken face
Of his white boyhood far away—
Who talked of trouble or disgrace?
"Our splendid son is dead!" they say.

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Poems About San Francisco

CLXXIII—THE GOLDEN GATE

(The following verses by "Caxton," as W. H. Rhodes used to sign himself, are to be found in "A Collection of Verse by California Poets" just brought out by Augustin S. MacDonald.)

By "Caxton"

Old Thebes could boast of her gates of brass,
As they grated on hinges hoary,
And loosened their bolts for a monarch to pass,
On his errands of guilt and glory.

But their portals were closed on a nation of slaves,
Kneeling low at the foot of a Pharaoh,
And the Nile now waters an Egypt of graves,
From sepulchral Philae, to Cairo.

Remorseless Time, in his journeyings on,
Like Samson, at Gaza, of old,
On his shoulders her hundred gates have borne,
And covered their sheen with mold.

But further than Ind, in the western world,
Unknown to the sages olden,
Young Freedom, at length, has her banner unfurled,
In a city whose Gate is Golden.

Its glittering bars are the breakers high,
Its hinges are hills of granite,
Its bolts are the winds, its arch is the sky,
Its corner-stone a planet!

Inside of its portals no slave bows his head,
To priestess of On or of Isis,
Or covers the ground a monarch may tread,
With the slime of a minion's kisses.

But proud of his home in a city so fair,
Enthroned on her hillocks seven,
He stands like a Roman, and breathes the free air,
And kneels to no God, but in heaven.

No giant can tear from their pillars away,
The Golden Gate of his glory,
For as long as the winds and the waters play,
It shall swing on its hinges hoary.

The Spectator

Heney's Object

Once more the dailies are suppressing good news. They are not telling what they know about the eruption of Heney in Oakland. Ostensibly Heney is in a spasm of virtuous indignation induced by the rottenness of politics across the bay. This isn't what the matter is with Heney at all. The irascible wild ass is on the trail of his old partner in the business of self-popularization—Hiram W. Johnson. This is a secret only inasmuch as the dailies have kept it out of print. The only man who doesn't know precisely what Heney's game is, is that emotional molecule of the body politic, the average citizen. Pursuing his own affairs with the pertinacity of a respectable ant, A. C. hears of things that concern him no sooner than the neglected husband learns of the flirtations of his enterprising wife.

Why Heney Is After Him

All of Governor Johnson's political associates are well aware of Heney's aim. For though he made no allusion to his old associate, the Governor found himself involved in a controversy about a certain report almost as soon as Heney broke loose. Besides Boss Kelly, whom Heney has been threatening to "get," is the boss of the Johnson machine across the bay, and the crooked registration in Oakland was in the interest of our impeccable executive. So it is not difficult to distinguish the figure of the higher-up that looms in the background. The fact of the matter is that Heney is on a fishing expedition with the expectation of hooking a big trout. He believes that Governor Johnson gave him the double-cross in the recent campaign by throwing all the votes he controlled to the Hon. James D. Phelan, and ever since the election the Hon. Francis J. has been going about exhausting his vocabulary of personal abuse in vituperating the darling of the people.

Genesis of the Feud

The revengeful Heney, it should be explained, has not curbed his ambition since his latest defeat. On the contrary the big vote that was his, notwithstanding the treachery of the Johnson

machine, has given him fresh hope. It should also be explained that the Governor himself is looking forward to a campaign for the United States Senate two years hence. As we all know, just before the gubernatorial campaign he talked of running for the Senate, thus evoking a threat from Heney to run for Governor and steal the Johnson machine. This was lese majeste with a vengeance, but the Governor, seeing the point, thought it advisable to keep the machine out of Heney's hands. He also saw fit to let the Progressive party candidate run for the Senate without the assistance of the machine. Of course Heney well knew how the wind was blowing and so now we are all observing

"The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong."

And it ought to be worth while to watch developments in this political feud, for when two distinguished patriots fall out the humble citizen may learn something to his advantage. The Governor and his former associate are well matched in some respects; that is they fight according to the same rules, or defiance of the same rules. The Governor has an advantage by reason of his place and political power, but Heney, it is said, has some strong backing.

Mayor of Long Beach in Disfavor

Mayor Whealton of Long Beach is in danger of recall. He has been too zealous. According to reports from Los Angeles, the consensus of opinion in the model, blushing community of Long Beach respecting the police raid on the club devoted to revivals of Oriental orgies was ill advised. At first Mayor Whealton was very proud of having enriched the public treasury. Several thousand dollars were collected in fines from the members of the popular club who pleaded guilty to "social vagrancy," which is the euphemism invented in the chemically pure county to mask the eccentricities of its citizens. Mayor Whealton assumed that he had greatly improved his record. He was in error. The people of Long Beach are very jealous of the reputation of the town for respectability and it

pains them to have it compared with Sodom and Gomorrah. Besides there is no shortage of money in the Long Beach treasury. Of the forty thousand citizens about thirty-five thousand are doing nothing but cutting coupons and going to church. If they abhor the common vices of the proletariat, and are for abolishing redlight districts, they have no enthusiasm for a spy system employed to expose the ritual and perversities of a private club. So Mayor Whealton is in disfavor.

Some of the Guilty

Here is a partial list of the men arrested in Long Beach: John A. Lamb, banker, 40 years of age; John A. Hayden, wealthy apartment house owner, 65 years of age; Ray Lybarger, realty operator, 39 years of age; C. E. Espey, retired capitalist, 44 years of age; W. L. Mead, retired merchant of Los Angeles, 50 years of age; George Grim, assistant manager, Broadway department store, Los Angeles, 42 years of age; Leonard Flint, music studio proprietor, 37 years of age. Several of the men who pleaded guilty are prominent in church work in Long Beach. Since these men were arrested it has been learned that arrests for the same offense have been of frequent occurrence in Long Beach for years, and that a short time ago a campaign was conducted in Los Angeles resulting in five hundred arrests for "social vagrancy" in six weeks.

References and the Y. W. C. A.

In writing of her experiences as "An Outcast at the Christian Door," Miss Sophie Treadwell of the Bulletin told how she was turned away from the Young Women's Christian Association because she had no references and could not pay \$4.50 for a week's lodgings. Interviewed in Town Talk last week, Miss Treadwell further stated: "I have received letters from all over the State from girls who write that they received the same kind of treatment there and are glad that I exposed it." Comes now John D. Barry of the Bulletin with an article on the Y. W. C. A. based on a talk with the secretary, Mrs. Evelyn B.

Keck. Among the things Mr. Barry learned were that "when a girl applied for admittance she was never asked for references" and that "if a girl could not afford to pay the \$4 a week, which was the minimum charge for room and board, she was nevertheless taken in." Here is a striking conflict of evidence. Are we to believe Miss Treadwell or Mrs. Keck? It is worth mentioning that one of the ministers Miss Treadwell applied to for help, the Rev. C. S. Tanner, wrote a letter to the Bulletin in which he expressed amazement at the minute exactness of Miss Treadwell's report of her interview with him. He jokingly suggested that Miss Treadwell must have had a dictagraph concealed on her person. So I am inclined to think that Miss Treadwell reported accurately what happened to her at the Y. W. C. A. But perhaps Mrs. Keck was telling Mr. Barry of a new policy put into effect as a result of Miss Treadwell's article.

A California Anthology

"A Collection of Verse by California Poets," edited by Augustin S. MacDonald of Oakland is perhaps the first Californian anthology ever published. It was a splendid idea Mr. MacDonald had when he set about making this collection. It is a wonder nobody thought of it sooner. California has had, and still has, poets of exceptional worth. Can many States boast of inspiring such poets as Bret Harte, Rowland Sill, Joaquin Miller, Louis Robertson, Ina Coolbrith, George Sterling, Herman Scheffauer and Ambrose Bierce, to name only a few? So one might imagine that an anthology of California poetry could not help being a most satisfactory volume. But alas! this is a disappointing book in more ways than one. In its eighty-five pages there are things unworthy of preservation. There are verses by verse-smiths, not poets. There are omissions that seem inexcusable. And there are mistakes which no editor of such a work should be guilty of. Mr. MacDonald had the opportunity to skim the richest cream of California poetical inspiration. To a regrettable extent the opportunity was lost on him. This is not the book by which we should like strangers to judge the quality of our poetry.

The Editor's Weakness

Mr. MacDonald is a writer of verse himself. We know that because he has included three little efforts of his own in this volume. One of them is called "A Nosegay" and consists of the following six lines:

Of mignonette, a soft sweet spray,
Violets smile a sunbeam's ray.
Pansies mingled, for a thought—
Something that cannot be bought.
All delicately as the fragrance,
Exhale his love's heartfelt cadence.

I do not understand what Mr. MacDonald is driving at in this. His meaning is plainer in "The Difference," which runs:

Commerce, born of selfish struggle,
Once met Worship as a saint,
With his bluff he sought to juggle,
God's truth won without restraint.
And here is his third offering, called "California":

An abundance of sunshine,
A tincture of rain,
Rare atmosphere fine,
Make life thrill again.

When an editor so loves brain-children like these that he cannot resist putting them into an anthology he shows a weakness which unfits him for the task he has undertaken.

Miller, Twain and Stevenson

Joaquin Miller is represented in this volume by his immortal "Columbus." That is well. But unfortunately Editor MacDonald did not go to the authorized edition of Joaquin Miller's complete works for his version of the poem. He gives "Columbus" in its earlier form. Like most exacting poets Miller changed and improved his poems. Editor MacDonald seems unaware of this. So we have here six departures from the authorized text. The chorus line is given in its incorrect form four times. In addition there is one line with a typographical error in it. So eleven lines of this forty-line masterpiece are not given correctly. This is sad treatment for one of the best-known poems America has produced. Mark Twain is represented by "Lines on His Wife's Tombstone." They are the familiar:

Warm summer sun,
Shine kindly here.
Warm southern wind,
Blow softly here.
Green sod above,
Lie light, lie light.
Good night, dear heart,
Good night, good night.

Now Mark Twain did not write these lines which were engraved on his daughter's (not his wife's) tomb, enclosed in quotation marks. They are by Robert Richardson and may be found in his book of poems, "Willow and Wattles," published in Edinburgh, 1893. And why should Stevenson be represented in a California anthology? Is he a California poet? If he is, so is Kipling.

Favorites Present and Absent

There are, of course, some very fine poems here. There is Bayard Taylor's "California"; there is Stephen Massett's "To My Mother"; there is Bartholomew Dowling's "Hurrah for the Next That Dies"; there is Bret Harte's "The Angelus"; there is Daniel O'Connell's "Sweethearts and Wives"; there is Richard Realf's "Indirection"; there is Sill's "Christmas in California"; there are good poems by Stoddard, Ina Coolbrith, Helen Hunt Jackson, Urmey, Keeler, Alexander, Robertson, Bashford, Smith, Lafler, Steele,

Sterling, Nora May French and Miss Blanding. But there are names one has never heard before attached to verses one is not eager to read again. There are verses by writers of what may be designated as the uninspired or MacLafferty school. And there are omissions that surprise. Where is Charlotte Perkins Gilman? Where is the Mrs. Meynell of California, that most noble poet Agnes Tobin? Where is W. O. McGeehan's "Little Bronze Ship"? And where, oh where, is Ernest Thayer's "Casey at the Bat"?

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A Little of His Own Medicine

"Charged with using the names of judges and courts without authority," says the Bulletin, "J. P. Bobo, a politician was given an unpleasant half hour in Judge Dunne's court" the other day. One of the judges, whose name Bobo had used without authority, was none other than the thersitical Dunne. Evidently a change has come o'er the philosophy of this popular jurist. There was a time when the courts were not, in his opinion, exempt from either criticism or calumny. It was all right according to Judge Dunne to go so far as to indulge in mean insinuations for the purpose of exciting prejudice against the very



JOSEPH SANTLEY

Youthful star who appears in "When Dreams Come True" at the Cort Theater.

highest tribunal in the state. He went that far himself and won some grateful applause from persons whose interest it was at the time to intimidate the court that Judge Dunne calumniated. How natural that Judge Dunne should wince when his withers are wrung.

Dedicating the Press Building

The fine Press Building erected on the Exposition grounds for the benefit of the newspapermen who will be detailed to report the Fair next

year was dedicated last Saturday. The dedication was preceded by a lunch at the Palace Hotel. In connection with these two functions George Hough Perry, director of publicity for the World's Fair, is coming in for a lot of adverse criticism from the newspapermen of this city. For the newspapermen of this city feel that Perry has slighted them. They learned that the press building was about to be dedicated when the news reached the local rooms with other news sent out by the Fair's publicity department. It struck them as strange that they should not be invited to a ceremony in which they were so particularly interested. They noticed with surprise that the ceremony was scheduled for a Saturday afternoon, the busiest time of the whole week for working newspapermen in this city. There were forceful comments on the matter and they must have reached Hough Perry's ears, for at the last moment he sent typewritten invitations to some of the local newspapermen. The result was that only two local newspapermen were present at the ceremony.

Italy and The War

(Continued from Page 8.)

the press, calling on Italy "to remain with us." Dr. Sudekum and other prominent Socialist members of the Reichstag have essayed to woo their Italian confreres by appealing, in the name of the prophet Marx, for sympathy; an edition of the Berliner Tageblatt, giving the "truth about the war," was published in Italian, and circulated throughout Italy. But in vain. The envoys cut a sorry figure, and their propaganda met with almost universal derision. The historian, Guglielmo Ferrero, well known in England and America as the author of the Greatness and Decline of Rome, protested that, in common with other Italian students of his generation, he had received a too Prussian education from the Uhlans of science and literature, which a stupid government allowed to invade the universities and schools of Italy, falsifying the signs of the times and drenching them with foolish prejudices against France. The eloquent historian urged his compatriots to free themselves from the obsession of German culture, and learn what Latin genius has meant to the democracies of Europe.

The shelling of Rheims Cathedral and details transmitted by Italian correspondents of the nature of the German terror in Belgium have so revolted the national conscience that, for the time being, resentment against Germany has overshadowed even the traditional aversion for Austria, and republican leaders such as Signor Barzilai have vigorously protested against the shame of remaining indifferent in the face of a colossal conflict where the liberties and the civilization of Europe are at stake. Militant journals such as the Idea Nazionale and the Vita have increased their circulation. Radicals, Reforming Socialists and Syndicalists have been moving, and at a meeting of the Reformist Socialist Deputies at Rome on September 6th, Signor Bissolati, one of the best-informed among the Socialist party on foreign affairs, and once invited by King Victor Emmanuel III to form part of an Italian Cabinet, carried, amid enthusiastic cheers, a resolution to the effect that, since the attempts of the two Empires to make Italy an accomplice in their designs of violence and rapine had happily failed, and that consequently the Triplice had been rendered worthless, it would be impossible for the Italian people to remain indifferent to the eventualities of the conflict; that the triumph of the central empires would be a menace to democratic progress in Europe and injurious to Italian interests; that the Italian Government should not in-

terpret its neutrality as an absolute renunciation of all intervention, but indicate its right to freedom of action at the opportune moment, for the infallible consequence of a victory of the central empires would be the abasement of Italy to the condition which, by her ultimatum, Austria had sought to reduce the Kingdom of Servia.

The feeling in Milan is that the triumph of Italy's quondam allies would mean an omnipotent Prussianized military state in Central Europe, and a powerful Austria-Hungary dominating the Balkans and Albania, and commanding the Straits of Otranto—an Austria cherishing no gentle feelings towards her self-regarding and neutral neighbor: if victory should incline towards the Powers of the Triple Entente then would arise a huge Russian hegemony in the Near East, and a Greater Serbia, absorbing Montenegro and the four-and-a-half million

(Continued on Page 18.)

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Mrs. Darling on Army Manners

"The epaulet is a sign of rank, but not necessarily of gentility. Gold braid does not make a gentleman. West Point should have a chair of politeness."

These are the sentiments of Mrs. Clara Darling, widow of Colonel John A. Darling, a gentlewoman who scorns idle words, who always aims her verbal shafts unerringly at the heart of the matter in hand. Mrs. Darling points these remarks by narrating an incident which happened last Saturday during the dansant which followed the dedication of the California Building at the World's Fair. It is an illuminating incident, for it sheds light upon manners in our army. It is an incident which Mrs. Darling has told to several of her friends, not without indignation; an incident I am sure Mrs. Darling will be glad to see published. Mrs. Darling attended the tea dance at the World's Fair with several friends. Among them was a sweet and beautiful girl of seventeen who has not yet made her formal debut in society. This young lady is the granddaughter of a general formerly in the engineers' corps of the "old army." I say the "old army" because it happens to be Mrs. Darling's phrase. Mrs. Darling distinguishes the old from the new army.

"In the old army," says Mrs. Darling, "the officers were men of good breeding. In the new they are too often lacking in the qualities of refinement."

Mrs. Darling should know, for she has been identified with army circles all her life. It was one of these officers of the "new army" who excited Mrs. Darling's indignation, who caused her to remark that the epaulet does not always argue gentility, that gold braid does not make a gentleman, that West Point should add a course in politeness to its curriculum.

Testing a Lieutenant

Mrs. Darling has an affection for young girls. A woman of most generous nature, she has a whole-hearted desire to make girls happy. She loves to surround herself with young girls, and young girls love to be with her, for she understands them and sympathizes with their innocent aspirations. So Mrs. Darling was anxious that the sweet girl of her party should enjoy herself at the dance in the California Building. She was particularly anxious in this case, the sub-debutante being the granddaughter of her old friend, the general in the engineering department of the "old army." Mrs. Darling noticed that this girl had no dancing partner. She also noticed nearby a group of three army officers

who were not dancing. She sent a boy to them to ask them to come to her.

"Tell them," she said, "that the widow of a colonel of the army would like to speak with them."

Mrs. Darling, by the way, is the widow of two colonels.

The boy delivered the message and one of the three officers responded. He was Lieutenant Faymonville, on the staff of General Wissler.

"I wish to present you," said Mrs. Darling to Lieutenant Faymonville, "to Miss Blank, the granddaughter of General Soandso. Miss Blank would be pleased to dance, I am sure."

In the days of the "old army" when all West Pointers were distinguished for their gallantry such a suggestion emanating from the widow of an officer would have been heeded as an official command, but it would seem to be no longer so. Lieutenant Faymonville acknowledged the introduction and presently withdrew. He did not ask the sweet girl to dance. He never returned.

"West Point," says Mrs. Darling, "should add a manual of etiquette to its list of text books. West Point needs it. It did not need it in the old days."

The Dancing Oldsters

The Charity Ball was notable for the number of older men who were seen on the floor, footing it hour after hour with no show of fatigue or boredom. When I say "older men" I mean just that, for the men I have in mind are not old men or even elderly men. They are simply older than the young men. I say this so that my remarks may not be misinterpreted. I realize that men are just as sensitive about their years as women are, and sometimes more so. One of the older men who had a great time was Will Crocker. Every time I saw him he was dancing, and I saw him a good deal. And he dances the new dances very well. Then there was the irrepressible, the perennial, the never-say-die Ned Greenway. To say that Ned danced and danced well is to waste words, to express the obvious, to give space to what all the world and his wife knows for a truism. And there was Downey Harvey. I don't believe Downey missed a single fox trot, and yet Downey was suffering from a boil on his neck. Henry Torchiana seemed a little uncertain about the steps at first, and so did Frank Deering, who danced as though he had a boil on each foot. But long before supper the president of the Bohemian Club and the Dutch consul were shaking a sure and an expert leg. Others who took my attention were Clem Tobin, Athearn Folger, Mountford Wilson and Doctor Bailly. The youngest beau there was not more active than these. Senator Phelan did not dance much, but he had the time of his life. Rudolph Spreckels and Fred Kohl did not dance at all, but they appeared to enjoy themselves very much. Decidedly, the older men have been rejuvenated by the dancing craze.

When Gertrude Appeared

There was great excitement when Gertrude Hoffman appeared. She had engaged a box and brought a party that included Miss Carr, one of the dancers of her company. As she entered she spied Selby Oppenheimer, one of the chief aides of the ladies in charge of the ball.

"I remember you," she exclaimed to the blush-

ing Selby. "You got me a job in the chorus of Matthews and Bulger when you were the manager of the California Theater."

That settled it. From that moment Selby Oppenheimer was the most popular man on the floor. Every man there besought him for an introduction to the great dancer. It was impossible to accommodate them all, but quite a number had the pleasure of dancing with her, among them Bill Lange, Bobby Eyre, Jimmy Kelleher and Dudley Gunn. Meanwhile Max Hoffman, Gertrude's husband, was "dancing his head off."

Whoe Tore Her Dress?

The great mystery of the ball was, "Who tore Gertrude Hoffman's dress?" One of her dancing partners must have put his foot through the gauzy draperies, for there was quite a rent and it took her some time to repair it. I asked Bill Lange if he was the awkward one, and if looks could kill I'd have died on the spot. Bobby Eyre, Jimmy Kelleher and Dudley Gunn were also emphatic in repudiating the suspicion of clumsiness, so it must have been somebody else.

The Best Dancers

Who were the best dancers at the ball? I should hesitate to say even if I were competent to decide so difficult a question. But certainly Mrs. Fred Kohl (who didn't miss a dance), Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Jimmy Kelleher, Anna Peters, Mary Donohue and Josephine Redding were among the very best.

A Baccalaureate Sensation

What a buzzing there was in all the boxes when Senator Phelan made his first appearance. It was his first appearance in society since the campaign. But that was not the reason of the buzzing. It was because he escorted into the ball room one of the Misses Morrison of San Jose. He escorted



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her in the fashion of old-time gallantry, holding her firmly by the arm. The other Miss Morrison followed on the arm of an army officer. The question that buzzed up and down the room was: Is the oldest bachelor in the eligible ranks to succumb to the charms of one of the Misses Morrison?

The Happiest There

I think the happiest person at the ball was Mrs. Garret McEnerney. Always radiantly beautiful, Mrs. McEnerney was at her best as she sat with friends, thoroughly enjoying the merriment. All night long she was acknowledging the congratulations of friends who entered the box to express their appreciation of the ball and their gratitude for her splendid efforts on behalf of the Humane Bureau. It was in the nature of a personal triumph, though I know Mrs. McEnerney is too modest to regard it that way. She would prefer to see the credit go to the good ladies who worked so unselfishly in seconding her charitable endeavor.

A Blue Room Dinner

Mrs. Margaret May gave another one of her charming affairs last week. This time it was a dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stock, her life-long friends. Covers were laid for twenty-one in the blue room at the St. Francis Hotel. The decorations were yellow chrysanthemums,

and the place cards were clever miniature telegrams, appropriate and mirth-producing messages. During the delicious dinner Mrs. Roger Lennon now and then left the table to sing. Her voice is a lovely and well-trained lyric soprano, and it was a delight to hear her. Other guests gave musical numbers and recitations. Then there were speeches by every one present. The eloquent attorney, Mr. T. J. Crowley, was toastmaster, so it goes without saying that that part of the program was a shining success. After dinner the guests danced the new dances.

A Popular Bud

A charming little bud who has but recently appeared in society is Miss Doris Kilgarif, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Kilgarif. Besides being pretty and chic, she has very attractive girlish "ways" and has already become very popular. Miss Doris Ryer, Mrs. Fletcher Ryer's young daughter, will be a welcome addition to the debutante set this winter as they are to remain here at the St. Francis or the Fairmont. Miss Ryer was presented last season at the English court.

A Montessori Talk

Miss Irma Weil gave a talk on the Montessori method at her school on the thirteenth. Miss Weil is a graduate of U. C. who went to Italy to take the Montessori course, and her little school has been established at 3923 California street for some months. Besides giving a short outline of the famous method, Miss Weil illustrated her remarks with anecdotes of the school events of her own little pupils. Next month Miss Weil will give another talk on this same popular question so interesting to the parents of children from three to six or seven, the period when it is possible to lay a firm foundation for repose and progress.

At Paso Robles

Among the arrivals at Paso Robles during the last few days were: Dr. and Mrs. Gardner and W. W. Hathaway of Hollywood; Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Case and Mr. and Mrs. George S. McMurtry of Los Gatos; Mrs. E. A. Rang and Mr. and Mrs. S. F. McClung of Los Angeles; Rev. and Mrs. George Willett of Berkeley; Mr. and Mrs. J. G. O'Connor and Mrs. J. Vidler of Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. H. Menel of Tahiti; Mrs. J. C. Horton, Miss E. Horton and L. O. Orton of Medford; Mr. and Mrs. N. Hamilton, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. Thomas Sanford and Mr. and Mrs. George Newell of San Francisco; Mrs. Adela T. Bobothan, Miss Edith Smith, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Smith and John Dresser of Burlingame.

A Dinner to Miss Craft

One of the most enjoyable social and musical events of the season took place Sunday evening, a dinner given by Mr. Henry Hadley at the Bohemian Club for Miss Marcella Craft. After the dinner a short musical program was given by the Ensemble Intime, consisting of Mr. Puyans, flute; Mr. Arthur Hadley, cello, and Mr. Attel, harp. The trio had the assistance of Mme. Puyans, who sang delightfully. Mr. Hadley's guests were: Miss Marcella Craft, Mr. and Mrs. Kohl, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Dr. and Mrs. Stillman, Dr. and Mrs. Selfridge, Mr. and Mrs. Landfield, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney, Mr. Raoul Duval, Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Mallock of Riverside, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. Richard M. Tobin and Mr. Thornwell Mullally.

The Over-Seas Club Concert

Some of the leading musicians of the city have offered their services for the Benefit Concert at Scottish Rite Hall this Saturday night under the

auspices of the Over-Seas Club. Mme. Andre Ferrier Gustin, whose husband is at the front, will sing two numbers. Mme. Ferrier is well known in the city through her work with the French Opera Company and the Theater Francais last season. Miss Myrtle Donnelly has a large circle of admirers who predict a brilliant future for her. She is a pupil of Mme. Cailleau and has sung in concert two or three times lately, notably at the French Benefit Concert last month. Mr. Wiedermann is a newcomer in the city, but is widely known in the east, where he has appeared in opera and has sung in a number of oratorios. Mr. Godfrey Price, the well known basso, came to this city a few years ago with the Mountain Ash Choir of Wales and was so charmed that he has made his home here.

Prof. Beringer to Lecture

The semi-annual examination of the music students of the Ursuline College in Santa Rosa will be held next Thursday, December 3. Joseph Beringer, head of the well known Beringer Conservatory of Music in this city, who is the official examiner, will devote the day at the college to the interest of pianoforte playing. The examination will be formally opened with a lecture on the subject, "Creators in the Realm of Music." The remainder of the day will be given to examination of the pupils' work.

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Gossip of the Theatre

The Symphony Concert

The Wagnerian concert by the Symphony Orchestra last week proved a popular attraction. On this occasion I was able to appreciate the observation that in concert Wagner is heard at his best because there is neither time nor place for the unspeakable boredom of Wagner at his worst. At a Wagnerian concert one is undisturbed by the tedious moral which the great Richard loved to preach through the symbols of the drama, and may revel in the subtle beauties of the music. Seven numbers were played at this concert. There was, as there always will be when a Wagner program is played a difference of opinions upon which was the best achievement. For as Wagner depicts everything abstract as well as concrete, it depends upon whether the hearer revels most in the phenomena of nature or the subtleties of psychology, or prefers a riot of the emotions. I thought the orchestra excellent in all except "Die Walkure" where there seemed to be something the matter with the brass too suggestive of machinery. It brought one violently into the Cort Theatre entirely eliminating all thoughts of Valhalla. Tannhauser was superbly done as was also Murmurs of the Forest (Siegfried). In Bayreuth, by the way, the problem of the obtrusiveness of the brass is solved by putting it under the stage. Perhaps a similar expedient might have improved the concert at the Cort.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

Wholesome May Robson

A wholesome actress in a wholesome play—that expresses the situation at the Columbia. "Martha-by-the-Day" was written by Julie M. Lippmann who must be a wholesome, whole-souled woman. Perhaps it was written to the order of May Robson, for it fits this clever exponent of wholesomeness with made-to-order trimness. It is a play of homely philosophy, of unsophisticated humor, of sentimental appeal. Its author was not afraid to be obvious. She knows that the commonplace has its charm. So she succeeds where less ingenuous playwrights would fail. She did not write this play for the blaze. She was not looking for the approval of the tired business man, but for the appreciation, the sympathy of the tired store keeper and his tired wife, of the tired clerk and his tired best girl who works in an office or a shop. The laughter at the Columbia Monday night was not the laughter of the usual firstnighters. It was the sort of laughter that goes round the table in homely households after the dinner dishes have been cleared away. It was the laughter of May Robson's admirers. For May Robson has her own particular following of men, women and children who never miss her when she comes to town. She has a right to be proud of that following. She has earned it by hard and conscientious work. May Robson is a good actress, and she is seen, to good effect in "Martha-by-the-Day."

—Edward F. O'Day.

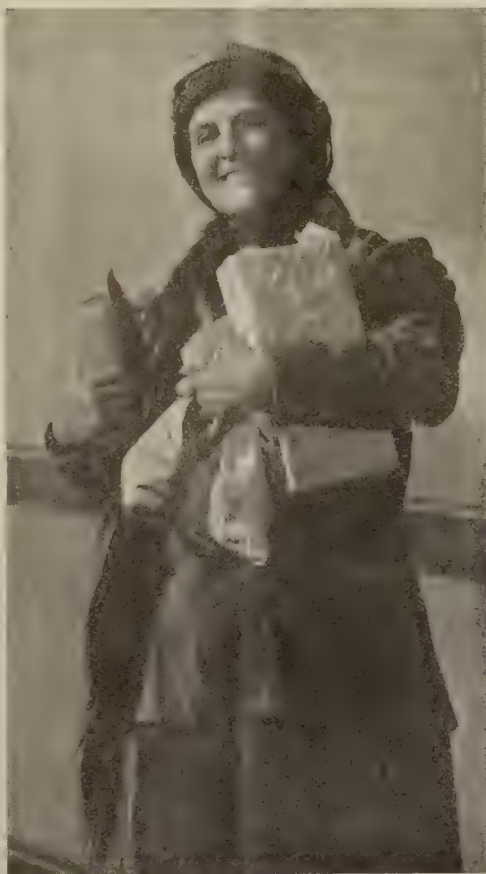
Female Hercules at Pantages

Direct from a continental tour Annie Abbott, widely known as "The Little Georgia Magnet," has been engaged by Alexander Pantages for a tour of the coast cities, opening at Pantages Sunday afternoon. Miss Abbott is a frail little woman but her prowess is that of Hercules or Sampson. One of her feats is a test that baffled Sandow before royalty several years ago. Before she came to the States Miss Abbott appeared by royal command at Sandringham Castle and

displayed her act for King George and the royal family. The added attraction is Walter Terry and his ten Fiji Girls in a rollicking skit "Cannibal Isle." Terry is a nimble-footed comedian and his support is far above the average. The fastest and most sensational jugglers who have played the circuit are the Five Mowatts whose specialty is club tossing. The "Two Kerns" have an acrobatic number entitled "After the Fair." The La Touraine Four are harmony singers. Dick Gardner and Anna Rivers have a jolly skit. Moyden, the musical magician, with reels of comedy will round out the bill.

The Serato Concerts

Although two weeks ago the name of Arrigo Serato was unfamiliar to the concertgoers of this country, excepting such few as had heard him abroad or heard his friends Kreisler, Gerardy and Ysaye extoll his virtues, he is today recognized as one of the greatest violinists who have ever



MAY ROBSON

Who has achieved a big success in her latest comedy "Martha By-the-Day" at the Columbia where she appears for a second and final week beginning Monday night, November 30.

visited America. Two weeks ago he made his debut in Boston and a week later appeared in New York as soloist with the Philharmonic Orchestra under Strinsky. Within thirty minutes after he had finished the directors re-engaged him for another appearance on his return from the west. Long before Serato was known here Will Greenbaum had him under contract and as usual our local impressario was right. When Will Greenbaum announces a new artist it is pretty safe to wager that the promises will be fulfilled, for he makes a study of his business and has the record of about every concert artist in Europe. Serato will play for us twice at the Columbia Theater. On Sunday afternoon, December 6, he will appear for the benefit of the charity work

of the Vittoria Colonna Club and on Sunday afternoon, December 13, will give a farewell concert, leaving here on Monday for an engagement as soloist with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. At his opening concert the artist will play the old classic Italian sonata by Veracini, the brilliant concerto by Wieniawski and works by Tartini, Simonetti and Sarasate. The sale of seats will open next Wednesday at Sherman Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase and the Columbia. During the week between the concerts the artist will appear at Berkeley and Stanford University. Mail orders for the city concerts may now be sent to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.

The Quintet Club

Never before has a chamber music organization worked as do the members of the new San Francisco Quintet Club. They rehearse as if they enjoyed every minute of it and that is the only way to succeed in work of this character. The San Francisco Quintet Club has certainly come to stay. The second concert will be given at the St. Francis on Sunday afternoon, December 20.

The Ruth St. Denis Engagement

Manager Will Greenbaum, who is responsible for such exquisite dancing performances as those of Pavlowa, Adeline Genée and Maud Allan, announces that he has secured that glorious artiste Ruth St. Denis and her company of Hindu actors and musicians, assisted by Edmond Shawn, "the American Mordkin," a classic dancer of unusual qualities, Hilda Beyer of the Berlin Royal Opera, Miss Evan Burrowes-Fontaine, a decorative classic dancer, M. Renee, character dancer and others, for a special engagement of six nights and two afternoons at the Alcazar, commencing Monday night, December 7. A magnificent concert orchestra, under the baton of the composer-conductor M. Edmond Roth, will assist and the costuming, scenery, light effects, etc., will be most artistic and beautiful. Mr. Greenbaum promises that the productions will be as fine as any ever seen in this city. They were all prepared for an extensive European tour which was cancelled on account of the war. The program will include Miss St. Denis' wonderful interpretation of "The Snake Charmer," the Indian romance of "The Peacock," the charming idyll "In Old Japan" and the Indian legendary dance, "Rhada." A novelty will be an Oriental dance play, "Aureida," a romance of the desert. Mr. Shawn will give some special numbers, one of which is the "Indian Dagger Dance" music from the Herbert-Redding opera "Natoma," and Miss Burrowes-Fontaine will offer some gems in classic dancing quite original in character and conception. There will also be some beautiful combination divertissements by Misses Beyer, Fontaine and Mr. Shawn. One part of the program will be devoted to modern dances, the artists interpreting the "Hesitation," "Maxixe," the "Pierrot" and the "Butterfly," "The Little Quaker Girl's Awakening," the "St. Denis Mazurka" and other novelties. The sale of seats will open Wednesday, December 3, at Sherman Clay & Co. and the Alcazar. Mail orders will receive careful attention if addressed to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co. The matinees will be Thursday and Saturday afternoons.

"Damaged Goods" at Alcazar

"Damaged Goods," the big and serious problem play about which so much has been said and

written during the past season of theatricals, is announced as next week's attraction at the Alcazar. The engagement begins on Monday, November 30, and will be limited to seven night performances and four matinees. It will be presented by Richard Bennett's co-workers. The public will remember Louis Bennison, that clever and popular actor who is again essaying the heavy and important role of the Doctor, a part he created and made nationally famous last season. There will be regular matinees on Thursday, Saturday and Sunday while on Friday afternoon December 4, there will be a special matinee for women only. Regular Alcazar prices will prevail during this engagement.

The Next Philharmonic

The seventh symphony of the People's Philharmonic will be given at Pavilion Rink on the evening of December 3. The program will be a delightful one. Among the prominent women on the courtesy committee are: Mrs. Adolph Uhl, Mrs. Edna Van Winkle, Mrs. Charles D. Blaney, Miss Anna Easton, Mrs. A. M. Elkins, Mrs. Campbell Ford, Mrs. E. K. Fernald, Mrs. Julia Hamilton, Mrs. William Hamilton, Mrs. M. H. Heynemann, Mrs. A. S. Kellogg, Mrs. Alma Keith, Mrs. W. J. Martin, Mrs. George McGowan, Mrs. Edgar Preston, Mrs. Milton U'Ren, Mrs. F. E. Short, Mrs. P. H. Sturdivant, Mrs. E. A. Spozio, Mrs. M. G. Roberts, Mrs. I. Lowenberg, Miss Alice McChesney, Miss Laura McKinstry, Mrs. Burns McDonald, Miss Anne Gray MacLennan, Miss L. M. Mailliard, Mrs. Josephine Martin, Miss Blanche Partington, Mrs. Richard Rees, Mrs. Alexander Russell and Mrs. Alys Scribner.

The Symphony Concerts

There will be an interval of but one week between the next subscription concerts of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Friday afternoons, December 4 and 11. Miss Tina Lerner, the beautiful and accomplished pianist, will be assisting artist on both occasions. The men

of the Boston and Chicago Symphony Orchestras and the patrons of the concerts have grown to be staunch friends. The patrons know the tone of each instrument as they know the voice of a friend and the great interest shown in this season's series of subscription concerts of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra has caused the music committee of the Musical Association to believe that the same happy state of affairs will soon prevail here. In order that music lovers, excluded by employment or otherwise from the Friday afternoon concerts may have an opportunity of enjoying the musical feasts provided by the orchestra, the music committee has arranged a special concert with Miss Tina Lerner as soloist at the Cort Sunday afternoon, December 13. As the purpose is educational as well as entertaining the prices will be popular and the program such as to appeal to everyone. Miss Lerner will appear twice, playing the Grieg Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra in Part 1 and a group for piano in Part 11. Seats for the next two regular subscription concerts and the special concert will go on sale next Monday at the box office of the Cort, Kohler & Chase and Sherman, Clay & Co.

Miss Lerner's Concert

Tina Lerner, the beautiful and talented Russian pianist, who so deeply impressed the patrons of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra two years ago and gave further pleasure at her recital, will be heard at the Cort this Sunday afternoon. In order that those who do not find it convenient to attend the Friday afternoon concerts may have an opportunity of hearing Miss Lerner with orchestra it has been decided to cancel her second recital of December 13 and substitute a special concert at the Cort on that date for Miss Lerner and the entire symphony orchestra. This concert which will be given at a popular scale of prices will undoubtedly fill the theatre to overflowing.

Santley's Second Week at Cort

Next Monday evening at the Cort Joseph Santley will begin his second and last week in the musical comedy, "When Dreams Come True," one of the most enjoyable entertainments of the season and an established success in this city. Local playgoers are taking a great interest in this different musical comedy, a condition due as much to the modern dancing of the young star as to any other feature of the piece. Mr. Santley presents most of the latest dance steps, his fine exhibition of "The Waltz Aviation" and "The Chinese Fox Trot" being fine examples of the clean dance. This young star is an unique figure on the present-day stage. During Mr. Santley's farewell week there will be two afternoon performances—Wednesday and Saturday—the former at popular prices. Le Roy Talma and Bosco, the great magician, come to the Cort on Sunday, December 6.

David Warfield Coming to the Columbia

May Robson continues at the Columbia in Julie M. Lippman's comedy, "Martha By-the-Day." The second and last week of the engagement begins Monday night. There will be matinees Wednesday and Saturday. David War-



DOROTHY TOY.

The girl with two grand open voices, soprano and tenor, who will be heard this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.



RUTH ST. DENIS

The famous dancer who appears at the Alcazar under the management of Will L. Greenbaum during the week of December 7.

field will appear at the Columbia in a revival of "The Auctioneer." Mail orders are now being received; the advance sale of seats begins Thursday, December 3.

Double Voice at Orpheum

Dorothy Toye, the phenomenal double-voiced singer, will be the headline attraction at the Orpheum next week. She sings tenor and soprano. Charlie Howard, with the assistance of Bobbie Watson and Dorothy Hayden, will present a singing, talking and dancing melange called "A Happy Combination." Sascha Piatov and Kitty Glaser will combine the gracefulness of the modern dances with the difficult whirlwind dances of Russia. Charles Cartmell and Laura Harris will present an entirely original offering of exclusive songs and dances. Elida Morris, fortunate in the possession of youth, beauty and talent, will furnish recent song hits and clever dancing. Next week will be the last of Trovato; the Three Travillas and their diving seals; also of "The Red Heads."

The Dance Floor at Techau's

Fresh air and plenty of it are essential to the enjoyment of an evening of dancing. Good music is desirable; a good floor a delight—but without good ventilation the joy has gone out of dancing. Techau Tavern always had good music. When the dancing craze began the management promptly laid a fine, polished maple floor in the veranda of the main cafe. And then, that nothing might be wanting to the comfort and enjoyment of its guests, a scientifically perfect system of ventilation was installed and an abundance of fresh air assured. And so, each Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights finds more and more dancers at the Tavern—the most popular place for public dancing in the city.



ARRIGO SERATO

The noted Italian violinist who will give two Sunday afternoon concerts at the Columbia, December 6 and 13.

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and SUNDAY, DECEMBER 13TH AT 2:30

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Everybody seems to be optimistic in Wall Street, but as yet there has been no definite date set for the reopening of the Exchange. The most encouraging bit of news last week was the letter of President Wilson to Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo in which the President compared the plight of the railroads to that of the cotton planters. Had the Stock Exchange been open this would have caused quite an upturn in the general list. As it was, some of the better stocks were lifted up to the July 30th closing basis. Railroad bonds and short term notes were helped and the offering price of New York Central notes was again advanced by the bankers. Any improvement in New York Central notes is significant because they have been under a cloud for months. In railroad circles the general feeling prevailed that the Interstate Commerce Commission would grant the increase of 5 per cent in freight rates at once. Some of the officials predicted that the majority report of the Commission would be strongly in favor of the railroads on the ground that they cannot finance their immediate requirements while their credit is impaired by decreased net earnings which threaten the solvency of some important systems. They also predicted that the minority report of the Commission would state that the Commission had yielded to pressure from without which culminated in the letter of President Wilson to Mr. McAdoo saying that the case of the railroads should be treated with candor and justice. If the Commission puts the railroads on their feet financially by authorizing the small increase in rates which they have proved they need, a great improvement in steel and the equipment stocks will follow and the liquidation of railroad stocks by Europe will not be feared. Enthusiasm was aroused in banking circles by the successful launching of the Federal Banks which are receiving deposits from member banks in excess of legal requirements. On the whole, everything looks more cheerful and a speedy reopening of the Exchange is confidently predicted.

Wheat—After a week of comparatively light trade, wheat closed right around the final figures of the previous week. The news was more evenly balanced between the bulls and bears with nothing startling on either side. Kansas City wired that farm deliveries all over Kansas had fallen off considerably in the last ten days indicating smaller receipts. On the other hand the weather in the Northwest turned decidedly cold and this was expected to mean an increase in the movement from that section as the roads have been almost impassable. The receipts are running less than last week but are nevertheless big. The export clearances for the week were a trifle smaller than the previous week, but were large as compared with last year. Liverpool reported a sale of a cargo of wheat to go to South

Africa. Australian advices agree that there will be very little if any wheat for export this year and some say it will be necessary to import. The Argentine outlook is at present good, but the bulk of the wheat crop has a critical period ahead of it and it is not safe to figure on present prospects being realized. The export business was handicapped by the difficulty in obtaining vessel room. The export clearances will for a long time continue to be the full total of the vessel room available, therefore on all breaks we advise the purchase of wheat because this steady, persistent, big, outward movement of wheat from this country must eventually put the price to a higher level.

Corn was in a narrow range all week. The local crowd are very optimistic and are predicting higher prices later on, but the favorable weather for curing the crop and the improved receipts held the market in check and toward the close of the week prices were allowed to slip off. The weather could not be more favorable, clear and cold all over the entire belt, and the grading was much improved. Eastern call was fair although not urgent and stocks show some increase for the week. Until there is a better demand for current receipts we believe corn will drag lower as the movement will be at its height in the next ten days.

Italy and The War

(Continued from Page 12.)

Southern Slavs—Serbs, Croats, Slovenes—divided from her in religion, it is true, but speaking the same tongue and sharing the same aspirations. There is little hesitation, however, in the popular mind. Sympathy with the aspirations of the Slav races in the Balkans has been a popular tradition since the time of Mazzini. Apart from other possible Balkan complications, it is by no means certain that a Greater Serbia, flushed with victory won by her own hand, would consent to be an appanage of Russia. A friendly Slav State on the opposite shore of the Adriatic, eager for social, intellectual, and economic development, and predominantly agricultural, would form an excellent market for Italian manufactures, and would serve Italian interests better than a monstrous Pan-Germanic military despotism, striding across Europe from the Baltic to the Aegean.

And the Trentino and unredeemed Italy? The generous youth of Italy are asking, what will be the position, when the final issues of the war are settled, of a Laodicean Italy, who in a supreme crisis made a great refusal, an Italy spiacente a Dio ed a' nemici sui? "Never," said a young Italian professor to the present writer, "will arise again so favorable an opportunity of settling old scores with Austria. Ah! if but we had in our national coffers the milliard-and-a-half, the

two milliards of lire flung away in the desert sands of North Africa!" Unhappily, the financial and economic situation in Italy, already a source of some anxiety before the European war, has been aggravated by the evils war brings in its train. Unemployment has become a grave problem of national importance, complicated as it is by the influx of some 400,000 poor Italian laborers and their families, driven across the frontiers from the war area, to swell the ranks of the workless in the already congested labor market at home. Food riots or demonstrations have occurred at Este and Venice; the autumn tourist season is practically ruined, trade is suffering, and so seriously has railway traffic fallen off that no less than five hundred goods and passenger trains were cancelled by the management of the State railways on September 1st. The national finances, too, have been weakened by the heavy cost of the Libyan war, which has been largely met by increasing the floating debt, and by hypothecating estimated future budget surpluses which the most optimistic Finance Minister can now hardly expect to see realized. Nor is the drain of the Libyan adventure yet staunch. The cost of civil administration, of public works, of the army of occupation—desultory fighting is still in progress in Cyrenaica and the Fezzan—are likely to be for many years a considerable charge on the national exchequer. But Italian credit stands high. Even before the outbreak of the war it stood higher than that of Germany or Austria; her army has proved its efficiency during a two years' campaign in North Africa. How soon her present attitude of vigilant neutrality may be influenced by future events, or her rulers impelled by national sentiment to intervene in the momentous European conflict, it would be futile to forecast. One thing is certain. If her people is launched forth in battle array it will not be on the side of the hated Tedeschi.

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In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 59860; Department No. 1.

ELIZABETH BRASSEUR, Plaintiff, vs. RAPHAEL BRASSEUR, Defendant.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to RAPHAEL BRASSEUR, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the city and County of San Francisco, this 16th day of October, A. D. 1914.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

GERALD C. HALSEY, Attorney for Plaintiff,
105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

11-7-10

ORDER

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9988, N. S.; Department No. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY JANE BRAGG, Deceased.

Robert Bragg, a creditor of the estate of Mary Jane Bragg, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate and personal property of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said decedent appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 14th day of December, 1914, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department 9, probate, of said Superior Court, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted requiring and directing the executor and the executrix of the will of said deceased to sell so much of the real estate and personal property of said deceased at either public or private sale, as shall be necessary.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of the hearing of said applications be given to Robert Bragg, as executor, and to Rebecca Bragg Martenstein, as executrix of the will of said deceased, by citation to be served on said executor and said executrix at least ten days before the said time of hearing, and that notice be given to Elizabeth Bragg Cumming, who has appeared in the above entitled matter by T. A. Perkins, Esq., her attorney, by service of a copy of this order upon said T. A. Perkins at least ten days prior to said time of hearing, and that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of the hearing of said application to sell said personal property be given by posting as required by law.

J. V. COFFEY,

Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated: October 30, 1914.

GERALD C. HALSEY, Attorney for Petitioner,
105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

11-7-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 59,413.

EDNA M. HEIN, Plaintiff, vs. PEDRO GARCIA and BONITA GARCIA, his wife, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: PEDRO GARCIA and BONITA GARCIA, his wife, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 26th day of September, A. D. 1914.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD LANDE, Attorney for Plaintiff.

11-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 59,610; Dept. No. 10.

E. E. FREDERICK, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES T. SALE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CHARLES T. SALE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 5th day of October, A. D. 1914.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

ARTHUR BRAND, Attorney for Plaintiff,
817 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

10-24-10

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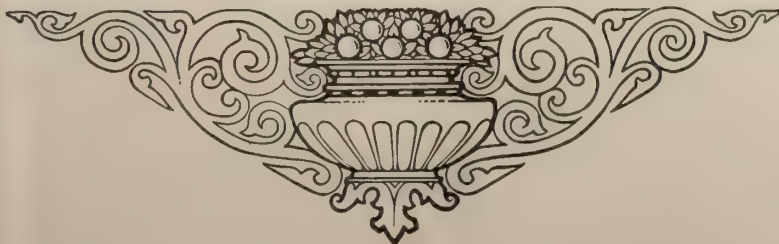
Vol. XXIV. No. 1163

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 5, 1914

PRICE, 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXIV

San Francisco, December 5, 1914

No. 1163

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledge within four weeks are rejected.

An Administrative Prayer

Uncle Sam, according to Secretary Lane's Thanksgiving Day address to the Almighty, has many things to be thankful for, but a full dinner pail is not among them. It appears that to induce the grateful mood Uncle Sam had to become retrospective and ponder the glories that are gone. A singular conception this, that the heart is full of thanks when the mind is full of memories grown dim. It's a long, long way to Bunker Hill, but with Mr. Lane Uncle Sam trudged backward into the abysm of time there to recall a blessing to inspire him with gratitude. It's a long, long way even to Gettysburg—on an empty stomach. Wouldn't it have been more to the point, and more comprehensive, to thank God that we are the heirs of all the ages? Pondering the glorious events that have passed into the cold Valhalla of our own history is conducive to melancholy, especially in the holiday season, and more especially if trade is stagnant and the winter is cold. There is a thrill in beholding an Assyrian bull brought to light, or an Etruscan king lying in state, but it is depressing to leap across a few intervening years to find only a contrast with our own day and generation—and such a contrast! Mr. Lane's prayer gave us all a chill. By his reticence he emphasized the things we might have been thankful for, and said nothing about the one great blessing that has come to us through the agency of our distinguished President—the New Freedom with its high moral tone and the scare it has thrown into Big Business. This is the one great, salient achievement of a most decorous Administration notable for its ideals and its illusions. We may not be prosperous, but at least we are pious, and is not that something to be thankful for? This year Uncle Sam washed down his breast of turkey with grape juice, and like the Pharisee he was conscious of his spiritual elevation. According to Secretary Lane Uncle is also conscious of a "willingness to fight." The

grape juice must have gone to his head. For as a matter of fact Uncle Sam has been cultivating an inordinate love of watchful waiting. He may look back through a halo of fond memory to the battlefields of other days, but there is nothing he is so proud of as his unwillingness to fight. Peace for him at any price. War is a hazardous game, and if anarchy approaches our borders, let all good citizens get as far away as possible lest they be shot.

Who Is Looney Now?

Wisconsin deems it inadvisable to take on the complexion of California. From the official count of the complete election returns made public last week it appears that the people of Wisconsin have decisively rejected the ten constitutional amendments advocated by that once Favorite Son, the Hon. Robert M. La Follette. These amendments were known as the "Wisconsin idea," because the principles they embodied were at one time the fundamentals of the La Follette platform. As Battle Bob, with the aid of a political machine, had risen to the position of foremost statesman of Wisconsin it was generally assumed that he was the mouthpiece of the dear people. Battle Bob was taken as the symbol of Wisconsin vagaries. But fortunately the people of Wisconsin are somewhat less impulsive than the people of California. The people of Wisconsin were not to be rushed off their feet by the enthusiastic lunatic who contrived his way to the Senate. His ideals they kept in cold storage, and meanwhile these ideals were realized in poor, unhappy California, in eccentric Oregon and Washington, in wild and wooly Arizona. What was once the Wisconsin idea is now the Far Western madness. The initiative and referendum are ours. They were beaten in Wisconsin a few weeks ago by 64,645 votes. A proposed amendment authorizing changes in the constitution by a vote of the people after the submission of propositions to them by the legislature was beaten in Wisconsin by 87,429 votes. The recall Battle Bob's intelligent constituents defeated by 62,468 votes. They gave a majority of 81,135 against requiring the legislature upon petition to submit constitutional amendments to the people. So we see the people of Wisconsin are not so crazy as Battle Bob led us to believe. It cannot be justly said of them that they are reactionary, for apparently they were never really progressive according to the California idea. Poor old California! Once as sane a State as there was in the Union, but now how sadly metamorphosed! The dumping ground, as it were, of the surplus fanatics of all the territory lying between the Missouri and the Mississippi, California is the great experiment station for direct

government, and in nothing is it so rich as in horrible examples for the people of other States. Is it a divine punishment that has been visited upon us for boasting of our sunshine and climate as though they were of our own manufacture? There is certainly something of irony in the circumstance that folks with unsound bodies have flocked to California in quest of sunshine and climate, and that these folks have shown us how true it is that the state of mind depends on the state of the body. It is the feeble mind in the frail body of the southland that is dictating the policies of California today.

Masqueraders of the Pulpit

It is a pleasure to receive letters from censorious readers who wish to tell us of our imperfections and delinquencies. We have received much good advice from unknown correspondents, and more than once when threatened with brain-fag, through the mail has come a suggestion by which we have been unburdened of the task of searching for a topic of discussion. Here for example is the query, "Why do you speak disrespectfully of ministers of God?" Gladly we make reply in the Hibernian fashion: What is a minister of God? Is a man a minister of God wholly by reason of his having been pronounced a clergyman according to the formula of one of the jarring sects? Now according to our notion a man may be of the clergy, and not of the divine ministry. We are not bound by the superstition that we owe a certain respect to a man merely because he occupies a pulpit. We have some very positive opinions on this subject. We believe that a great deal of harm is done as a consequence of the respectful attention accorded to clergymen who stir up mean passions rather than religious devotion. Wild visionaries who strive to bring all the world to one standard of living are not, we are sure, sensible of what God requires of His creatures. We cannot believe that Christ is pleased to be misrepresented in the pulpit. Why should we affect to respect clergymen who have neither charity nor forbearance, who appear to be unaware that there is a higher decalogue than the purely prohibitory one of Sinai that was given to the ancient Israelites just as they were emerging from semi-barbarism and slavery? The conventional preacher employed by a sect must do something more than parade his ego in the pulpit to command our respect. We have great respect for the holy office, but the man who fills it, if he is only a maker of mischief with a personal creed of salvation which he would inculcate on others rather than spread the Christian message or create religious enthusiasm, of him we are somewhat impatient. There are cer-

tain spiritual gifts which we have come to recognize as the credentials of the Christian ministry, and when they are absent from the pulpit the occupant impresses us as one who has not felt the divine commission in the mystic deeps of his soul. These credentials are always manifest in the minister whose nature has been spiritualized by Christian faith and practice. In himself he illustrates the spiritual grandeur of his office. Come to think of it, what a great lot of fakers there are masquerading as servants of the Most High! How they torment us with their agitations for the abatement of temptations that we may live on better terms with angels and seraphs than with our friends and neighbors! A noted divine once remarked that he knew of nothing which, as a thought, is more superficial, or which, as a feeling is better entitled to be called hatred of men, than that which disregards the influence of the gospel in its efforts for social good or attempts to break our faith in its living power. Some of our preachers have more faith in the policeman than in the gospel. It is as easy to speak disrespectfully of them as of the equator.

Roosevelt's Criticism of Wilson

The ninth of Colonel Roosevelt's series of syndicated articles on the lessons to be

drawn from the European war is a merciless impeachment of the Wilson Administration. It is evident from this article that the Colonel regards Messrs. Wilson, Bryan and Daniels as a trio of boobs, and that it is difficult for him to preserve anything like a philosophic calm while discussing the muliebrity of their attitude in foreign affairs and in matters relating to national defense. Nevertheless he has given us some very sound criticism of the "Professional Peace Prattlers," as he calls them, who preach the gospel of milk-and-water virtue with the "shrill clamor of eunuchs." He makes the point that ours is a "timid and spiritless neutrality" that concerns itself only with what threatens to affect our own interests. If we had lived up to our national obligations to strive to protect unoffending nations, says Colonel Roosevelt, we might have averted a great deal of trouble by protesting against the invasion of Belgium. But instead of insisting on the inviolate character of Hague conventions, and putting ourselves in a position for effective protest against every case of violation of the rights of neutrals, we indulged in the hypocrisy of signing a "couple of score of all-inclusive arbitration treaties pretentiously heralded as serving world righteousness." The Colonel also touches on the subject of the demoralization of our

navy as a result of the mismanagement and stupidity of that veteran laughingstock of journalism the Hon. Josephus Daniels. The Colonel is so earnest about these matters, and writes so forcefully and so sincerely in criticism of the Administration, that we cannot but think of the saddest words of tongue or pen. For had the Colonel always possessed a noble sense of the dignity and prestige of his position as a former President of the United States great would be the potency of his current criticisms. His treachery to the Republican party, the fruit of which is now in the White House, we might be able to extenuate had he availed himself of the privilege of commanding in private life the confidence and respect of all the people. The power he once wielded over the imagination of the people, with what great benefit to his country it could now be exercised! Alas, the esteem in which Colonel Roosevelt the prophet was once held has somewhat diminished. So often have the people listened to the voice of the eagle and found it off key that they have grown ashamed of their early applause. His personality is not the vital influence it once was. The bewitched disciples are no longer in sympathy with the master's humors. It is too bad, for he is really an excellent critic of statesmen.

Perspective Impressions

War bulletin: There is a great deal of lying along the Vistula.

So gold is going out of circulation here. Well, we shan't worry provided we get plenty of currency in its place.

Careful investigations conducted at safety stations show that not many women are wearing cotton stockings.

There is a kind of man who feels a new sense of superiority when his friend marries an unattractive woman.

We have found with considerable surprise that some of those Russian battle names are not as hard to pronounce as they look.

The preachers are not overlooking the advertising opportunity presented by their controversy with the Advertising Association.

If the Allies ever occupy Constantinople what a lot of regimental competition there will be to patrol the seraglio district!

There is talk of a boom for Governor Johnson for President. But as the Governor prefers a job to a boom, he will run for the Senate.

To all our friends who belong to the Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving we wish to state that we regard hand-painted slippers, brass-bound desk calendars, safety razor sets and silver-mounted roller blotters as perfectly useless, but not pawnable jewelry, merchandise orders that run to three figures or cases of good wine.

Now that all hands are becoming better acquainted we don't hear so much about atrocities.

The German fighting machine has the habit of coming back.

To Father Lathrop Supervisor Gallagher is a handy Andy.

When last heard from the Prince of Wales was on his way to the front. Perhaps he picked up a nail en route.

So the Kaiser has put Moltke in jail by way of rebuke for criticising the Crown Prince! Wonderful are the vicissitudes of Moltke's career according to the artists in flubdub who are catering to the American appetite.

Under the Redlight Abatement law it is so extremely hazardous to house a prostitute that it would seem to be logical to chloroform all our priestesses of humanity.

Secretary Bryan says that churches are taking the wrong side of moral questions. Is Bryan the infallible head of the American Church Federation?

The London footballers refuse to enlist for active service. No doubt they are getting even with Kipling for calling them "muddled oafs at the goal."

Nobody should take an irreverential pleasure in turning a man's character the seamy side out, but when he does the trick himself who so divine as not to take a peek?

Why don't the cranks who advocate the commission form of government extend their propaganda to Mexico?

Is it a motive of pure science which prompts the use of pictures of naked or nearly naked women with newspaper articles on eugenics?

The news from Mexico continues to remind us that the state of the country is the result of applied idealism.

Dr. Aked regards it as offensive to be confounded with drummers. How do drummers feel about being confounded with Aked?

The Rev. Josiah Sibley says that the automobile is one of the "most serious rivals of the pulpit." Perhaps that's why it's called a devil wagon.

The next time a strong man gets into the Presidential chair of Mexico nobody in this country will bother about inquiring as to the morality of the means.

A newspaper headline: "King George goes to the front in France." It appears that "the front" for George is somewhere in the neighborhood of the Bois de Boulogne.

The Examiner thinks it an outrage that Mayor Rolph's Board of Public Works should not take proper care of the streets. Isn't the remedy more public ownership?

Varied Types

CCVI—LEWIS E. HANCHETT

By Edward F. O'Day

Reading a short time ago in one of the local papers that Lewis E. Hanchett had just acquired a large parcel of land in Los Angeles and contemplated the removal of a large manufacturing plant from this city to the southern metropolis, I experienced mixed emotions of surprise and curiosity. Why should a man who has always been so loyal to Northern California move a large manufacturing plant across the Tehachapi? Did Lewis E. Hanchett intend to desert the city he has always shown such fondness for? What was the nature of the transaction in Los Angeles land?

I went to Hanchett and put my questions. Most of them he answered very frankly and very fully. He is not the sort of business man who shrouds his doings in an unnecessary veil of mystery. At the same time I found him to be that *rara avis*, a man of large affairs who shrinks from personal advertisement. Lewis E. Hanchett has a genuine dislike for that press exploitation on which most business men thrive. He is not too busy doing things to stop and talk about them, but most decidedly he won't talk about himself. To the interviewer such men are very, very refreshing.

I learned from Lewis E. Hanchett that the Los Angeles real estate deal was one of very large proportions. He has invested two and one-half million dollars in land covering several acres in the immediate neighborhood of the old plaza. His holdings are hard by the Pico House, the adobe church and the new Post Office. In the faraway times when Los Angeles was a pueblo this section was the centre of population, and strange as it may seem, it remains the centre of population still not only for the city but also for the county of Los Angeles. This curious fact which is not instantly apparent to those who know Los Angeles was discovered and announced by our old friend Bion Arnold who studied the street railway situation of the southern city in much the same way that he studied ours. Obviously this was a very good place to buy land.

Hanchett's intention is to make this an industrial centre. At the present time the industrial districts of Los Angeles are pretty far out. None of the factories or warehouses of Los Angeles has quick access to all the railroads, the result being that a loss of twenty-four hours in switching is quite a common thing. Hanchett will remedy this with his new industrial centre, for he is going to bring the tracks of the three big railroads, the Southern Pacific, the Santa Fe and the Salt Lake, right up to the doors of the manufacturers. He has spent two and one-half millions already; he is going to spend a million more in building, some of it San Francisco money. Just what the manufacturing plant is which he will move from this city he does not feel at liberty just now to state.

Hanchett loves San Francisco. A native of

San Jose he is loyal to Northern California. But business is not founded on sentiment, and he has excellent reasons for embarking on this big business deal in Los Angeles. Some of those reasons may contain a lesson for this city, for though there are many things about Los Angeles which excite our righteous indignation it must be admitted that we can study certain of its methods with considerable profit.

There is in Los Angeles a civic enthusiasm not always displayed here. For instance, when it was made known that Hanchett had acquired a large parcel of land and meant to improve it, the Los Angeles papers voiced the satisfaction of the community, devoting pages to the news. There was so much publicity that three large concerns immediately made application for space in the new industrial centre.

"If you bought twenty-eight acres in the neighborhood of Lotta's Fountain," says Hanchett with an exaggeration that is pardonable because it drives his meaning home, "you could hold it till San Francisco bay froze over without receiving one such application."

I learned from Hanchett just why Los Angeles lends itself to an investment of this sort, and incidentally, why San Francisco does not; why manufacturers are going to Los Angeles every day while at the same time they are not only not coming to this city but are actually leaving it. He pointed out to me that a manufacturing concern seeking a factory site in the old district south of Market street, a district which has remained woefully unimproved since 1906, would be met with demands for such fabulous rentals that paying interest on an investment there would be practically impossible. The land values are so high that they are prohibitive for the manufacturer seeking the site for a big factory; so high that after paying taxes the earning of six per cent on an investment becomes problematical. Obviously the manufacturer will not try to solve the problem. He will simply look elsewhere for more reasonable valuations.

"In Los Angeles," says Hanchett, "land values are high in certain districts, but they are not high when you go just outside those districts. I paid less for the land I have bought than I'd pay for residence property in San Francisco."

It is Hanchett's opinion, as it is the opinion of many others, that our high rentals help to account for the removal of manufacturing concerns from San Francisco to districts on the outskirts of Oakland, to Fruitville, to Pittsburg, to all the region around Martinez and to Richmond whose growth within the past few years has been quite marvelous. The same thing applies equally to the establishment in these districts of new manufacturing concerns which would have entered San Francisco if conditions were favorable here. If all this business had been saved to San Francisco our manufacturing district would have expanded down the peninsula. Perhaps it would have grown in that direction anyway were it not that there is no satisfactory outlet from San Francisco to that region.

"You see," said Hanchett, "I do not lay San Francisco's failure to grow in manufactures entirely to labor conditions. At the same time it must be admitted that Los Angeles has better labor conditions than we have. No clique of union leaders and agitators has Los Angeles by the throat. Los Angeles is not unfair to labor. Wages there are not much lower than in San

Francisco. But the employer of labor can choose his workingmen and he can demand a full day's work from them. When a man is inefficient he can discharge him. With no limit placed on a man's output and the wage scale almost the same as ours, the amount of work done in Los Angeles in a given time is greater than here. And the conditions of employment are an incentive to hard work, to honest work, to quickness and efficiency on the part of the individual workingman."

I asked Hanchett about the commercial future of Los Angeles as compared with the commercial future of San Francisco. He disclaimed the gift of prophecy. But he pointed out some interesting things. Los Angeles is of course not a sea port, so it cannot enjoy the terminal rates given to San Francisco and San Diego. At the same time, Los Angeles has had the foresight to secure a sea port at San Pedro and while freight consigned to Los Angeles must pay a terminal rate to San Pedro and a local to Los Angeles, the additional charge is not large and will be minimized if Los Angeles builds the proposed railroad along the "shoe string." So Los Angeles merchants will be able to absorb the difference in freight rates, and will be serious competitors of the merchants of this city.

"Canal traffic will make a material change in the trade zones," says Hanchett. "The probable effect will be to interfere seriously with through transcontinental business. Goods will be brought through the canal to the sea ports and distributed inland. San Diego, for instance, will supply the territory east of San Diego until the rate by sea is equalized by the rail rate from Kansas City or Chicago. So with Los Angeles and San Francisco. In this connection it must be remembered that Los Angeles and San Diego are a good deal farther east than San Francisco. A look at the map will indicate their advantage in this respect. They can get to some big inland markets quicker than we can. Of course San Pedro harbor is not to be compared to our harbor. But do we make the best use of our harbor?"

That was a poser. I had no answer, and very discreetly I attempted none.

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Napoleon and Moltke

A STRATEGICAL STUDY OF THE PRESENT WAR

By Lieutenant-Colonel F. N. Maude of the British Army

For forty years I have been a close student of the invasion of France by Germany, and have followed step by step the regeneration of the French armies, and the development of German numerical strength. I may claim to have read every important work written by either side on strategy and tactics, and until some ten years ago firmly believed that Moltke and his school had said the final word on both subjects. Further, when the decisive moment arrived it seemed certain, to me, that France was doomed, unless a great sea-Power came to her assistance, and protected her Atlantic seaboard from disembarkations.

I had, indeed, written a book on The Evolution of Strategy, which had been translated into German, and received most favorable appreciation from friends on their Historical Staff, when unexpectedly I met an officer of the British army, closely related to the principal thinkers of the French Staff. It was from him that I learned the key by which to interpret the real meaning of the French strategical doctrine, then being taught at the French Staff College; a doctrine that was, in fact, nothing less than the long-lost secret of Napoleon's victories; a secret only recently discovered by the members of the Historical Section of the French army. It was the personal magnetism of the man himself that converted me in the first instance. I had read several of the works to which he referred me without noting more than that they were clearly written accounts of the campaigns of which they treated; interesting in themselves, but containing nothing that was not already fairly well known. I imagine this to be the reason why so many of my contemporaries and fellow students appear to have attached so little importance to them. But with my friend's eager explanations to throw light on the books in question, I began to see the continuity of the idea running through the whole series. I then and there took up the entire subject afresh, writing three long studies of the campaigns of Ulm, Jena and Leipzig, in order to fix the whole idea in my mind, and to form a basis for our military education.

My friend, Colonel Charrier, of the Munster Fusiliers, was, I believed, destined to attain the highest distinction, when at length the great storm we had so long expected burst upon us. But the fortune of war has shown his name among the "missing" in the first casualty list, and I know too well what that must mean in his case. This paper is a tribute to his memory, for without the help he gave me I doubt very much if it would have been possible so to imbue our own Staff with the French doctrine as to make our intelligent co-operation with our allies a practical proposition. That I did not easily yield my acquired standpoints can be understood. No man over fifty who has concentrated on his subject ever can, for the whole mind has to be bent in a new direction, and it takes very convincing evidence to do this. But at last I came to the conclusion that under all and every circumstance, after 1902, the French army was capable of fighting Germany singlehanded, whether the latter violated Belgian neutrality or not. Let me briefly relate the steps by which this discovery came to be made, and what, in fact, the secret of Napoleon's successes really amounts to.

It is common knowledge that the French armies of 1870 were very badly handled, but few

except experts realize how completely the whole apparatus for the conduct of large armies in the field had deteriorated since the days of the Great Emperor. The General Staff had no idea of how to draft orders for the march in such a manner as to ensure the columns following the prescribed route without confusion. It was the realization of this almost hopeless inefficiency that finally decided Bazaine to remain in Metz at all costs, rather than risk certain defeat in the open field by the march to Chalons which his opponent, von Moltke, confidently assumed that he must make. Bazaine, as we know, was tried and condemned by a court-martial for this decision, the court being composed of the very men whose incompetence had compelled him to decline the dangers implied in leaving the shelter of the fortress. Curiously, it was to this chain of cause and effect that the rediscovery of the Napoleonic secret is ultimately to be traced.

Immediately after the war of '70-'71 the ablest of the surviving officers, thoroughly conscious of the mistakes that had been made, took in hand the reorganization of the Staff services. Almost as a first step they obtained from the Government a decree for the formation of a Military History Department, endowed with ample means for research into all the documents of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic epoch, which existed in the archives of the War Ministry. In this department they then tested every applicant for Staff duties, and carefully selected those who showed any capacity for research, combined with the power of adequate literary expression. By degrees they gathered together a very exceptional body of writers. Then suddenly arose among them the genius.

I have no documentary evidence to produce on this point. I tell the story as I received it from my French friends, and especially Colonel Charrier. According to my informants it was a Captain Gilbert of the French Engineers, who (whilst collating the Napoleonic campaigns, with Moltke's practice always at the back of his mind) suddenly noted the fact that until the outbreak of the campaign of 1805, the first stage of which ended at Ulm, there had never been in history anything even remotely resembling the strategical method employed by Napoleon, and for the very good reason, that until that moment the problem of combining on one battlefield the action of several corps moving on more or less parallel roads under a single undivided command, had never arisen. This was because circumstances for the first time compelled an army to distribute itself into many columns, thus risking defeat in detail, in order to find food for men and horses numbered by the 100,000, and marching without organized transport service. To meet the difficulties these proceedings involved, Napoleon devised the following expedient, though he well understood its dangers. To guard against the risk of a concentrated attack upon a single column he adopted the quite commonsense solution of sending cavalry as a screen far in advance of his main army, to give timely warning of his enemy's whereabouts, so that his scattered columns could be closed within supporting distance before the enemy could overcome the resistance inherent in any one of them. In this manner he marched to Ulm, where at length he succeeded in more or less surrounding some 20,000 Austrians, and inducing their surrender. A singular-

ly inadequate result to obtain by the employment of nearly 200,000 troops for the period of nearly two whole months.

Moreover, it was only by accident that he found even these 20,000 within the sweep of his net, because, but for unexampled bad luck, the Austrians should have cleared out of the trap with their last baggage wagon a good five hours before the trap closed on them. Now, Captain Gilbert noticed that this march half across Europe to Ulm served Moltke and the Prussian Staff as the model for their great advance from the Rhine to the Moselle, which resulted in the investment of Bazaine in Metz. With regard to this event both Captain Gilbert and his colleagues possessed information of which at that date (about 1885) no one in Berlin had even a suspicion. Further he noticed that, whereas Napoleon never afterwards repeated this particular method, yet invariably hereafter secured a crushing numerical superiority at the decisive point on each battlefield, Moltke and his Staff continued to develop the Ulm model, and eventually hypnotized themselves and their whole army into the conviction that they had at last secured a royal road to victory, a means which only needed ruthless energy in its execution to bring about an unfailingly decisive result; and from this result of auto-suggestion they have never since deviated.

Pursuing his investigations, Gilbert was next struck by a letter written by the Emperor to Marshal Soult on October 5th, 1806, in which he explains his designs against the Prussian army in Thuringia. In the letter there occurs the following phrase: "Vous pensez que ce serait une belle affaire que de se porter autour de cette place en un bataillon carré de 200,000 hommes." Probably many hundreds of eyes had read this paper before Gilbert came upon it, but it took the intuition of his genius to discern that it was no mere figure of speech, but contained the whole of an extraordinarily wide ranging idea. Plotting the position of the troops Napoleon was leading, in diagram form, one notices at once that they are grouped at the four angles of a square, one diagonal of which is directed towards the enemy. About 60,000 are in each group, and can be readily formed for action to meet an unexpected attack coming from any direction. Under the tactical conditions of those days, it was quite beyond reason to suppose that 60,000 French troops under a picked Marshal could be overwhelmed by any force in Europe in less than forty-eight hours' fighting and manœuvring; therefore, if these groups were not more than thirty miles asunder, according to the condition of the district, fresh troops could appear on the battlefield in ample time to avert anything in the nature of a disaster—and victory generally

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falls to the man who has the last fresh reserve in hand. So it would have happened at Jena, had the Prussians attacked Napoleon's "bataillon carré," or had they even elected to receive its onset united. But their Staff and Generals, being in fact beaten by the terror of Napoleon's name, even before his advance guard appeared, obligingly separated themselves into two portions, each of which could be dealt with by the nearest groups of the French square, without calling on the mass of the reserves at all.

The Prussians, however, were the last army of the old school, viz., one organized to march as a single unit, living from its own transport and not from the country, which Napoleon encountered in person before Waterloo. From this time forward his enemies were compelled to move against him, and for the same cause, in lines of parallel columns, exactly as he himself had done against Mack at Ulm in 1805.

Now it was that the Emperor perfected his method, inventing the phrase: "on ne manœuvre pas qu' autour d' une pointe fixe," in plain English: "you must have a pivot to swing on." It became the duty of his strong advance guard, cavalry, infantry, and artillery, to attack the enemy wherever it met him, and hold him by fighting, retreating or manœuvring, whichever best suited the situation and circumstances, whilst the square in rear, i.e., the three remaining groups, wheeled round to either flank as convenient, and delivered with fresh troops a smashing blow upon the enemy at a point of the Emperor's own choice. Thus not only did he secure the employment of unwearied men against those already worn out with much fighting, but in addition he destroyed all power of initiative on his enemy's side, while preserving the secret of where his blow was to fall until it was too late for the latter to bring up reinforcements to meet it: and this advantage proved greater in proportion to the total number of troops on either side.

It was a clear appreciation of these last points which first fixed the attention of the French Staff, now gathered about young Captain Gilbert and following his lead, for by this time they had quite submitted to the influence of his genius; and presently they found ample confirmation of his views in precisely that incident in Bazaine's career which had formed the first portion of the indictment against him. Comparing the situation on August 16th, 1870, outside Metz, with that at Ulm on October 13-14th, 1805, they noticed that whereas Mack had nearly defeated Napoleon's design by asserting his own initiative and moving away, Bazaine by merely doing nothing at all, on that eventful morning in August, had in fact achieved a concentration of not less than 180,000 men against the right wing of Moltke's columns on parallel roads, which could only bring 30,000 troops on to the ground during the first five hours, and up to the close of the day could but reinforce this endangered unit with about 50,000 more. Even that much could not have been accomplished but for the magnificent marching of the Prussian soldiers, and the fact that the Corps Commanders nearest at hand had all felt the danger threatening from the north, and without actually disobeying orders received from Moltke, had modified them in execution so as to be ready should the threatened storm burst upon them.

Napoleon had said that he never engaged in a battle unless he had 999 chances out of a 1000 in his favor. Now the Emperor was a born mathematician, and particularly careful about figures—for his own consumption. In his words, therefore, this meant that once his plan was made, and his manœuvre or "swing of the square" had begun, nothing the enemy could do would prevent the realization of his, Napoleon's

will. Only an earthquake, or some other meteorological manœuvre, could prevent his manœuvre from attaining its purpose. But Clausewitz, in all essentials Moltke's tutor, in a long summary of the many causes which interfere to hamper a General's design, had wound up by stating that of all these many dangers the greatest would always remain the "independent will-power of one's opponent." Contrasting these two attitudes of mind towards the same problem, both men possessing intellectuality of a very high order, it became perfectly apparent to the French Staff that Napoleon, in making his statement, affirmed absolutely that he had, in fact, acquired the power of destroying the independent will-power of his adversary, and as a consequence had nothing to fear from him. A few trial campaigns on the map served finally to establish the truth of this assertion.

That the conclusions drawn by the French Staff are sound can be shown by a simple diagram, within the reach of everyone's capacity. Draw on a sheet of paper some half-dozen parallel lines representing columns of troops twenty or thirty miles long, and then anywhere near the centre line pin down one corner of a square of paper which will serve for the Napoleonic lozenge or "square;" then pivot it about to either hand. It will be immediately apparent that whichever way the "square" rotates it must bring superior numbers against the columns it confronts, because the centre of gravity of the "square" has a shorter distance to travel, and the greater the number of the enemy's columns, the greater the advantage to the "square." Thus if Germany invaded France on a front of 180 miles, say in ten columns of 60,000 men each, a French army of only 400,000, in four equal groups at the angles of the square, could always bring its whole 400,000 into action against 200,000 or 300,000 of the enemy, before the latter could bring reinforcements from the distant flank to the assistance of the columns assaulted.

Further, whereas the German columns, once launched on their respective roads, were compelled to adhere to them, and hence their progress could be predicted day by day, no one, not even an aviator, could tell which way the French "square" proposed to swing until it was actually moving, when the news would arrive too late to stave off coming disaster. Of course, the handling of such masses in actual practice is by no means so simple as it appears in this elementary statement; but once the French Staff got hold of the idea, they introduced it into their entire system of training, and from this new point of view rearranged the whole conditions for the defence of their frontiers. In this way they were much helped by the natural lie of their great roads and railway systems, for whether the Germans took from the French the idea of the "square" or not, the trend of the French roads, mountains, and rivers precluded them from adopting it in actual practice, until they had won clear of all the many defiles which conditioned the lines of their invasion, while the French retained far greater freedom for lateral movements, and could practically turn, or swing their great "bataillon carré" as they chose, sending it by railways far out of reach of cavalry raids, or other disturbances.

It must, of course, be remembered that though in Napoleon's days, when movements could only be made by marches, the limitations of the square shape had to be strictly observed, the relation is one of time only, and nowadays troops are really as close to a battlefield, strategically speaking, if they can reach it in thirty hours by rail or sea, as they would be if they lay forty miles away by road only. The General of the present day is not tied by distance measured on

the map, but can afford to think in terms of time only.

Thus, for all practical purposes, if the modern French advance guard, i.e., the point of the square nearest the enemy, can hold the latter for sixty hours by fighting in retreat, the remaining groups might be, let us say, at Le Mans, Langres and Tours, and yet be practically as close at hand as if they were only some sixty miles apart by road.

The whole subject was much debated in all countries, for the French books on strategy are everywhere openly on sale, and it is not to be supposed that they escaped the best criticism the German Staff could bring to bear upon them. But as a body, the German critics were too completely hypnotized by the Clausewitz and Moltke tradition to appreciate the central claim, viz., that this method destroyed the "independent will of the adversary"—Clausewitz's greatest indeterminate in the whole equation. Further, they condemned the scheme as quite impracticable with modern peace-trained short-service armies and peace-trained commanders. What was quite practicable, they said, for Napoleon's veterans and war-trained marshals would prove utterly beyond the endurance of the modern armies, for nothing tries the nerves of young soldiers more than a long-continued retreat under heavy fire. Now, if we turn to the events of the present campaign, we can see that it was exactly at this point that their reasoning failed, and we can now understand the tremendous efforts the German Staff put forth to overwhelm and destroy the British contingent.

To begin with, we find a strong Allied advance guard between Mons and Charleroi, which immediately fixes and destroys the "independent will" of their German adversary, that acts almost automatically on the suggestions conveyed by its antennae, its cavalry. At once the great columns swing in to attack and envelop their opponent, exactly as Napoleon endeavored to do at Ulm, and as Moltke successfully did at Woerth and Sedan. But now, quite unexpectedly, the British, who by good fortune for all of us, held the post of honor, developed the kind of resistance no German officer ever expected from modern troops—least of all, from the "despised mercenaries," as they were pleased to consider our men.

Up to about the third day of the retreat, I believe the German Staff still felt confident of victory; but about that time I imagine they began to question whether indeed they had not under-valued the essence of Napoleonic strategy, and when, putting out all their strength, bringing odds of at least five to one against us, they still failed to break us, the suspicion must have grown to conviction that Joffre, as Generalissimo, was holding them, and they began to lose their heads; I know them so well. From this time onwards, it seems to me that the machine, so carefully organized and trained by Moltke, began to take charge of the man. The Staff no longer controlled the machine as intelligent thinkers, but became mesmerized by their own phrases sedulously repeated in every lecture room and textbook for several military generations.

They had still something more than a sporting

(Continued on Page 18.)

PASO ROBLES MUD BATHS

MOST CURATIVE BATHS KNOWN
MAGNIFICENT NEW BUILDING
LOW ROUND TRIP RATE

Shaw to Wilson

An Open Letter from the Great Satirist to the President of the United States

Sir—I petition you to invite the neutral Powers to confer with the United States of America for the purpose of requesting Britain, France and Germany to withdraw from the soil of Belgium and fight out their quarrel on their own territories. However the sympathy of the neutral States may be divided, and whatever points now at issue between the belligerent Powers may be doubtful, there is one point on which there can be neither division nor doubt, and that is that the belligerent armies have no right to be in Belgium, much less to fight in Belgium, and involve the innocent inhabitants of that country in their reciprocal slaughter. You will not question my right to address this petition to you. You are the official head of the nation that is beyond all question or comparison the chief of the neutral Powers, marked out from all the rest by commanding magnitude, by modern democratic constitution, and by freedom from the complication of monarchy and its traditions, which have led Europe into the quaint absurdity of a war waged formally between the German Kaiser, the German Tsar, the German King of the Belgians, the German King of England, the German Emperor of Austria, and a gentleman who shares with you the distinction of not being related to any of them, and is therefore describable monarchically as one Poincare, a Frenchman.

I make this petition on its merits, without claiming any representative character except such as attaches to me as a human being. Nobody here has asked me to do it. Except among the large class of constitutional beggars, the normal English feeling is that it is no use asking for a thing if you feel certain that it will be refused, and are not in a position to enforce compliance. Also, that the party whose request is refused and not enforced looks ridiculous. Many Englishmen will say that a request to the belligerents to evacuate Belgium forthwith would be refused; could not be enforced; and would make the asker ridiculous. We are, in short, not a prayerful nation. But to you it will be clear that even the strongest Power, or even allied group of Powers, can have its position completely changed by an expression of the public opinion of the rest of the world. In your clear western atmosphere and in your peculiarly responsible position as the head centre of western democracy, you, when the European situation became threatening three months ago, must have been acutely aware of the fact to which Europe was so fatally blind: namely, that the simple solution of the difficulty in which the menace of the Franco-Russo-British Entente placed Germany was for the German Emperor to leave his western frontier under the safeguard of the neighborliness and good faith of American, British and French Democracy, and then await quite calmly any action that Russia might take against his country on the east. Had he done so, we could not have attacked him from behind; and had France made such an attack—and it is in the extremest degree improbable that French public opinion would have permitted such a hazardous and unjustifiable adventure—he would at worst have confronted it with the fullest sympathy of Britain and the United States, and at best with their active assistance. Unhappily, German kings do not allow Democracy to interfere in their foreign policy; do not believe in neighborliness; and do believe in cannon and cannon-fodder. The Kaiser never dreamt of confiding his frontier to you and to the humanity of his neighbors. And the diplomatists of

Europe never thought of that easy and right policy, and could not suggest any substitute for it, with the hideous result which is before you.

Now that this mischief has been done, and the two European thunderclouds have met and are discharging their lightnings, it is not for me to meddle with the question whether the United States should take a side in their warfare as far as it concerns themselves alone. But I may plead for a perfectly innocent neutral State, the State of Belgium, which is being ravaged in a horrible manner by the belligerents. Her surviving population is flying into all the neighboring countries to escape from the incessant hail of shrapnel and howitzer shells from British cannon, French cannon, German cannon, and, most tragic of all, Belgian cannon; for the Belgian army is being forced to devastate its own country in its own defence.

For this there can be no excuse; and at such a horror the rest of the world cannot look on in silence without incurring the guilt of the bystander who witnesses a crime without even giving the alarm. I grant that Belgium, in her extreme peril, made one mistake. She called to her aid the Powers of the Entente alone instead of calling on the whole world of kindly men. She should have called on America, too; and it is hard to see how you could in honor have disregarded that call. But if Belgium says nothing, but only turns her eyes dumbly towards you whilst you look at the red ruin in which her villages, her heaps of slain, her monuments and treasures, are being hurled by her friends and enemies alike, are you any the less bound to speak out than if Belgium had asked you to send her a million soldiers?

Not for a moment do I suggest that your intervention should be an intervention on behalf of either the Allies or the Entente. If you consider both sides equally guilty, we know that you can find reasons for that verdict. But Belgium is innocent; and it is on behalf of Belgium that so much of the world as it still at peace is waiting for a lead from you. No other question need be prejudged. If Germany maintains her claim to a right of way through Belgium on a matter which she believed (however erroneously) to be one of life and death to her as a nation, nobody, not even China, now pretends that such rights of way have not their place among those common human rights which are superior to the more artificial rights of nationality. I think, for example, that if Russia made a descent on your continent under circumstances which made it essential to the maintenance of your national freedom that you should move an army through Canada, you would ask our leave to do so, and take it by force if we did not grant it. You may reasonably suspect, even if all our statesmen raise a shriek of denial, that we should take a similar liberty under similar circumstances in the teeth of all the scraps of paper in our Foreign Office dustbin. You see, I am frank with you, and fair, I hope, to Germany. But a right of way is not a right of conquest; and even the right of way was not, as the Imperial Chancellor imagined, a matter of life and death at all, but a militarist hallucination, and one that has turned out, so far, a military mistake. In short, there was no such case of overwhelming necessity as would have made the denial of a right of way to the German army equivalent to a refusal to save German independence from destruction, and therefore to an act of war against her, justifying

a German conquest of Belgium. You can therefore leave the abstract question of international rights of way quite unprejudiced by your action. You can leave every question between the belligerents fully open, and yet, in the common interest of the world, ask Germany to clear out of Belgium, into France or across the Channel into England if she can force no other passage, but at all events out of Belgium. A like request would, of course, be addressed to Britain and to France at the same time. The technical correctness of our diplomatic position as to Belgium may be unimpeachable; but as the effect of our shells on Belgium is precisely the same as that of the German shells, and as by fighting on Belgian soil we are doing her exactly the same injury that we should have done her if the violation of her neutrality had been initiated by us instead of by Germany, we could not decently refuse to fall in with a general evacuation.

At all events, your intervention could not fail to produce at least the result that even if the belligerents refused to comply, your request would leave them in an entirely new and very unpleasant relation to public opinion. No matter how powerful a State is, it is not above feeling the vast difference between doing something that nobody condemns and something that everybody condemns except the interested parties.

That difference alone would be well worth your pains. But it is by no means a foregone conclusion that a blank refusal would be persisted in. Germany must be aware that the honor of England is now so bound up with the complete redemption of Belgium from the German occupation that to keep Antwerp and Brussels she must take Portsmouth and London. France is no less deeply engaged. You can judge better than I what chance Germany now has, or can persuade herself she has, of exhausting or overwhelming her western enemies without ruining herself in the attempt. Whatever else the war and its horrors may have done or not done, you will agree with me that it has made an end of the dreams of military and naval steam-rolling in which the whole wretched business began. At a cost which the conquest of a whole continent would hardly justify, these terrible armaments and the heroic hosts which wield them push one another a few miles back and forward in a month, and take and retake some miserable village three times over in less than a week. Can you doubt that though we have lost all fear of being beaten (our darkened towns, and the panics of our papers, with their endless scares and silly inventions, are mere metropolitan hysteria), we are getting very tired of a war in which, having now re-established our old military reputation, and taught the Germans that there is no future for their Empire without our friendship and that of France, we have nothing more to gain? In London and Paris and Berlin nobody at present dares say "Sirs, ye are brethren; why do ye wrong one to another?"; for the slightest disposition towards a Christian view of things is regarded as a shooting matter in these capitals; but Washington is still privileged to talk common humanity to the nations.

Finally, I may remind you of another advantage which your aloofness from the conflict gives you. Here, in England and in France, men are going to the front every day; their women and children are all within earshot; and no man is hard-hearted enough to say the worst that might be said of what is going on in Belgium now. We

(Continued on Page 18.)

Poems About San Francisco

CLXXIV—OUR LADY OF VICTORIES

(To Loyal San Franciscans Wherever They May Dwell)

("Our Lady of Sorrows," "Our Lady of the Gate" and "Our Lady of Welcome" are three poems by Samuel J. Alexander which have already appeared in this series. Now comes "Our Lady of Victories." The poet who speaks of his city as "our lady" may be expected to exhibit knightly devotion and that is what Alexander conspicuously displays. The following like the other poems from his pen is taken from his volume "The Inverted Torch.")

By Samuel J. Alexander

The hills rise up between us and long level leagues divide,
Flung from off our Mother's Bosom, we have wandered from Her side,
But wherever we may roam
Yet our hearts are still at Home,
And She holds them in Her keeping, where the gaunt and shattered Dome
Wraps the ocean mists about it, in its hurt and angry pride.

We have built our household altars on the Padres' Royal Way
That dallies with the shining hills, that loiters with the bay,
Where the spendthrift Morning spills
Floods of light upon the hills
From his brimming golden flagons, that the patient Night refills,
On the Alameda hills that guard the gateways of the Day.

God, with loving purpose lingered o'er the primal solitude,
Smiled content upon His handiwork and "saw that it was good."

And the radiance of His Smile
Lingers o'er each shining mile
Of the green and lustrous valley and the redwood's cloistered aisle,
Over marshland and o'er meadow, over mountain and o'er wood.

But Her children claim their Birthright; they have written large their claim
In the Sybil's book of Destiny, escaping from the flame.

By our claim of Birth and Blood,
By Her claim of Motherhood,
We shall claim our Right inherent, long withheld and long withstood,
To the deep sky-filling thunder of Her great, historic Name.

A whisper on the Belmont hills; the Redwood plains were stirred;
The Woodside mountains bent their crests of lofty pride, and heard;
And a sudden splendor broke
O'er the San Mateo oak,
And it tossed its arms on high to grasp a rainbow, as She spoke,
With the Promise of Her Coming, long desired and long deferred.

By the shadow of Her Midnight, writ aforetime on Her brow,
By the radiance of Her Morning, shining full upon Her now,
By red dripping Spear and Rod,
By the Pathway that He trod
When the hills were rent asunder by the dying cry of God,
She hath pledged Her Soul on high in recognition of Her vow.

By all things that man holds holy, She shall surely come to them,
In Her robes of Royal Purple, with Her Regal diadem,
And the haughty light that lies
In the depths of those dark eyes
Shall grow mellow as the moonlight in the dusk of tropic skies,
As Her children kneel about Her, clutching at Her garment's hem.

Majestically moving from the re-established throne,
Her feet efface the painted lie upon the boundary stone;
For Her Faith and Love abide
To Her Own, that scattered wide,
See Her myriad watch fires flicker from the quiet country side.
She comes across the alien fields to claim again Her own.

The Spectator

A Sermon to the Parsons

Beloved Brethren of the Pulpit: The text I have selected for your edification today may be found in the First Epistle General of Peter, Chap. II, v. 1, wherein we are reminded of the importance of laying aside all guile and hypocrisies and evil speakings. "He that lends an easy and credulous ear to calumny is a man of very ill morals, and he that repeats injurious gossip is unfit for our holy calling. It is important, beloved brethren, that we should abstain from infusing untruths into the droppings of our sanctuaries, for we are losing the confidence of a stiff-necked generation, and already the dearth of business in our churches is wickedly construed as implying that we are not uniformly successful in saving souls. As a matter of fact, with the exception of a senile Methodist, a pet chimpanzee, a negro orphan, an artful courtesan and a dashing widow, there has been nobody converted hereabouts for almost a lustrum. It does seem that the pulpit is falling into disrepute. Now it occurs to me that a recent happening maketh timely my sermon today. Let us not exhaust our religion in a charnel-house morality and rebukes grounded in falsehood. The Good Book is full of warnings against evil-speaking. As far back as Deuteronomy we may find these words: "Neither shall thou bear false witness against thy neighbor." We are advised elsewhere to put from us a "froward mouth and perverse lips." Moreover it is to be observed that a single andy gallagher will not suffice "to give verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative;" for it is written, "One wit-

ness shall not rise up against any man for any iniquity, and well we know that when Jezebel had to make good her prevarications respecting Naboth no fewer than two sons of Belial were employed to bear false witness." So, beloved brethren, while the rule is Believe that story false which ought not to be true, if we be inclined to give it circulation make sure of two witnesses.

Lathrop's Self-Betrayal

The perseverance of the California Hotel Men's Association in pursuit of the truth has been rewarded. By inducing the self-revelation and self-betrayal of Rev. Charles N. Lathrop they have discovered the truth. The truth is that when this shining ornament of religion and morality gave utterance to a little scandal a few weeks ago he had not the slightest peg to hang it on. Father Lathrop's words were these: "If a certain floor of a certain large hotel in this city persists in being given over for immoral purposes, I would hate to close down that hotel for one year in view of the coming Exposition." Now there is nothing equivocal or elliptical, nothing vague or susceptible of misinterpretation in these words. Father Lathrop did not say that in the event of his finding such a hotel he would hate to close it down. Clearly, emphatically he affirmed the existence of such a hotel. It was a certain large hotel. He did not mean a French restaurant or he would have said so, for we find that he does differentiate hotels from French restaurants. Called upon to give the name of that hotel which has "a certain floor"

given over to immorality, what does this zealous reformer of the pulpit say? He says there are fifty large hotels, and no one could say that he reflected on any specific hotel. Father Lathrop is feebly disingenuous. To say there are fifty large hotels in San Francisco is to quibble meanly. Largeness in this instance is a relative term. The St. Francis is our largest hotel, and there are only two hotels that approximate to it in size. But the question is not whether Father Lathrop reflected on any specific hotel. The question is one of veracity—of Father Lathrop's veracity. Father Lathrop presumes to be a moral guide of the public. He is active in public affairs. He has presumed at times to censure individuals. The hotel men are not the only men interested in this matter. Father Lathrop is on trial. He afforded us the opportunity to weigh him in the balance, and he has been found wanting.

An Artful Dodger

Father Lathrop conveniently assumes that the only question growing out of his imputation is the question of the morality of our hotels. Conveniently he loses sight of the question as to whether a certain preacher who may become a prosecutor under a law that facilitates blackmail, is gifted with a detracting tongue. He would shift the issue, and put the hotels of San Francisco on trial, and to justify this course he quotes the impulsive and vociferous Andy Gallagher to the effect that there are fifty hotels in San Francisco "which are used for immoral purposes." Andy amended this statement almost in the breath in which he made it. He reduced

the number to twenty-five. Having had time to think it over, he will probably make another cut. But at any rate Andy, if called on, will not take refuge behind a clergyman. He would rather try to make good and fail than to repeat the scandalous utterances of some other person. Andy's instincts are not those of Father Lathrop. Now wholly on the strength of the Gallagher assertion Father Lathrop would have the hotels investigated by men of his own designation or by a legislative committee. There is at least this to be said of Father Lathrop,—that whatever may be thought of the mind that he reflects in his written statement he is not lacking in backbone. The man has the courage of his insolence. But we cannot but wonder as to his present standing in the Episcopal church of this diocese and speculate as to the probability of an ecclesiastical cork being clapped into his mouth that we may have the opportunity to rap it with the secular mallet of our hearty approval.

An Inspiration for Aked

Perhaps the Rev. Charles Aked, who expressed his opinion of the Church Federation the other day, may find inspiration for a sermon in the conduct of his occasional colleague Father Lathrop. Surely Dr. Aked does not stand for the general principle that any hawker of scandal may justify an investigation of anything. If this Lathrop principle were to become universally accepted, in time we might be scandalized by an investigation of the churches, for while there are and always will be immoralities practiced in hotels, the same is true of churches. Some years ago a church in this city was the scene of the most shocking immoralities. A Sunday school teacher outraged girls in the church, and murdered them in the church. There have been wicked clergymen in San Francisco who seduced

women under the roof of the sacred edifice in which they preached their most impressive sermons. Right up on the corner of Post and Mason, where Dr. Aked holds forth, there was an awful church scandal some years ago. But a church is consecrated to religion, and no sensible clean-minded man would have churches in general under suspicion. Nor would he care to go poking his nose around in the corners of a hotel in quest of the odor of immorality. I am sure that Dr. Aked could discuss this subject with great eloquence. Last week he discussed the press, and censured it for its occasional lapses into idle gossip. Here is one of his own cloth doing the same thing. Indeed, as doubtless he knows, there are many clergymen very much given to gossip and to wholesale utterances of most uncharitable nature. Dr. Aked speaks as a man who has a grievance against the press, a circumstance that inclines some folks to listen to what is said by Examiner men as to his divorce from that journal. For awhile he was a very enthusiastic yellow journalist. Yellow journalism paid Dr. Aked a good salary. Also it enabled him to boom the hotels that he stopped at, the brand of flies that he fished with, the guide that guided him in Yellowstone Park, the dictionary that came to his table and other things until the reporters wondered what would be thought of them in the business office if they pursued the same felicitous course. In a very short time as a yellow journalist Dr. Aked came to the end of his tether.

Nat Goodwin's Book

The long expected confessions of Nat Goodwin are at last published, and everybody is skimming the pages to find the record of his matrimonial ups and downs. It is the work of a vulgarian who is at his best-worst when

washing the dirty linen of his ephemeral families.

"Have you any idea what the price of American beauties is?" Nat quotes somebody as asking Charlie Hoyt.

"I ought to," answered Hoyt; "I married one."

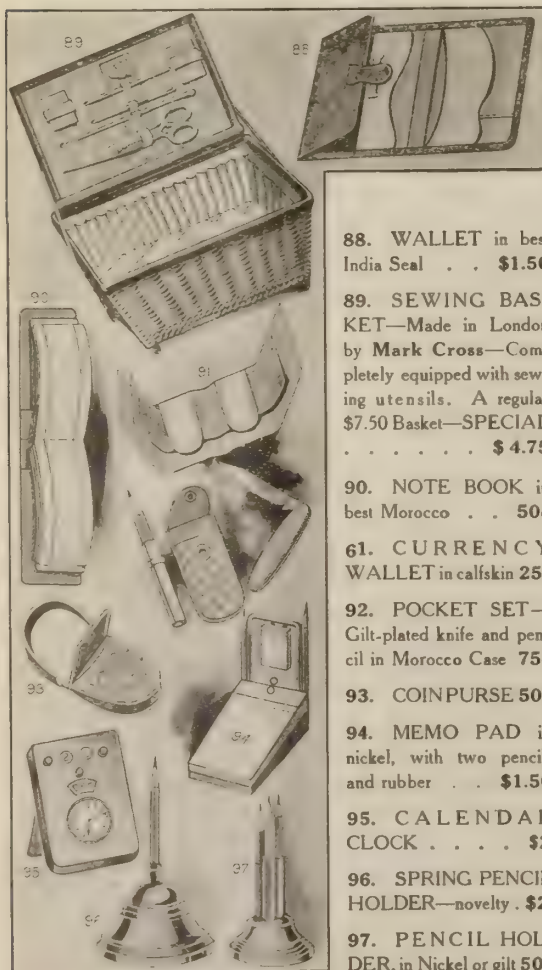
"I," says Goodwin, "indulged in flowery dissipation, for I married a bunch, and yet there are some curious creatures who wondered why I was appearing in vaudeville while Hoyt was playing a harp!"

Nat makes it abundantly apparent that he counts the cost in hard cash. The family of his second wife, Nella Baker Pease, were mercenary. "The brother must have emanated from the same pod in which the husband, Pease, was conceived, or on some coral reef where sponges predominate. He proved a most absorbing person." When the husband sued him for alienating Nella's affections, Nat bought him off for \$5,000. When Nat wanted to divorce Nella she consented, he says, for \$20,000. While he was the husband of Maxine Elliott his favorite diversion was collaboration with the butler in "figuring out the expenses of the previous month as the pale moon cast its rays over my book of memoranda." He reviews the past in terms of the stock market: "I have always been long on the market of home and wives." This self-utterance makes Nat short on the market of manhood.

How He Married

Nat makes it plain that he was more proposed to than proposing.

"It is very simple," said Nella Baker Pease when Nat was sued by Pease. "Go to Buffalo, buy him off, come back to Boston and marry me. Your mother is very fond of me and I love her and Dad immensely; I am passionately fond of art; I think you are one of the most



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116. ASH TRAY in crystal with nickel match holder . . . 25c

charming men whom I have ever met, and I know I can make you superlatively happy."

Nat puts it up to the reader:

"After that what could a true born American do?"

It was in Australia that Maxine Elliott courted him, he says. The American papers reached them there, full of the two divorces which had made them both free, full also of speculations about another romance. Nat and Maxine had a scene.

"You two people are acting like a couple of fools," said Maxine's sister Gertrude. "There's only one way out of it and you've got to take it."

"What is it?" Maxine and Nat asked.

"Cable America you're engaged and are to be married some time next season."

Nat left the room. "At the theatre Maxine and I made no reference to Gertrude's suggestion. On our return to the hotel I tried to excuse myself from our usual supper. But Max, with a merry little twinkle in her eyes, said, 'Oh, come on.'"

"What do you think of Gertrude's suggestion?" asked Max.

"What do you think of it?" Nat parried.

"I'm game," said Max.

"You're on," said Nat.

Slurring His Wives

Nat blackens a woman's name with the easiest nonchalance. He tells of the week-ends Maxine attended in England.

"These Saturday to Monday gatherings as a rule were the rendezvous for unblushing husbands and wives whose mates were enjoying the hospitality of opposite houses of intrigue. Generally no husband is ever invited to these meetings accompanied by his own wife. . . . It is a sort of clearing house for the sale of souls and the ruin of women's morals. . . . In nine weeks my wife made nine trips of from two to six days' duration each."

At the end of his first tour with Edna Goodrich he "knew that the end was at hand." The reason? "Perhaps I was influenced by the fact that my friends told me at every conceivable opportunity of the record of the young woman and her mamma. Of course I indignantly refused to listen to these allegations; but the fact that there existed grounds for such allegations may possibly have disturbed me."

What do Nat's readers think of him on reading statements like that?

The Lighter Pages

There are witty things in the book, but not enough to counterbalance these caddish pages.

"As for Bob Acres," he writes, "I can only quote a really great actor, William Warren: 'Jefferson played Bob in The Rivals with Sheridan twenty miles away.'"

"Summer is not as bad as it is painted," remarked Maurice Barrymore looking at a landscape by Joseph Jefferson on the walls of the Lambs Club.

And there is this story about Maurice:

Barry went home late, or rather early, one Sunday morning after a long session at the club. He met his wife on the stoop of their dwelling. She evidently was on her way to church. As Barry said afterward, "She was made up for the part perfectly and had a prompt book with her." She simply bowed haughtily and was about to pass on when he apologized for being away all night.

"Oh, by the way, Georgie, dear, I was with Geoff Hawley last evening."

"Indeed," said his wife, "I thought Hawley was a man!"

This was a body blow to Barry, but he took his punishment smilingly and as she disappeared down the steps shouted after her:

"Where are you bound for, dearie?"

To which, without turning, she replied:

"I'm going to mass; you can go to —!"

Listen to Our Chief Justice

At the annual meeting of the California Bar Association in Oakland, the Hon. Matt I. Sullivan, Chief Justice by the grace of Governor Johnson, made a speech on that threadbare but always fresh and interesting topic—the law's delays and the need of reforming our judicial system. He cited as one of the most flagrant instances of "rank injustice resulting from technical rulings of courts and consequent delay," the case of Cox against McLaughlin which was in the courts from the sixties till the eighties. This case grew out of a contract for the building of a railroad. Cox, a contractor, sued to recover about \$15,000 for work performed. The case was tried four times, each time Cox obtained judgment and four times judgment was reversed. It was admitted, said Sullivan, that Cox performed the work "contracted to be performed," and he added that the plaintiff becoming "exasperated with the treatment accorded him by the courts, one day walked into the office of his rich antagonist and without a moment's warning killed him." Further: "Public opinion as in the case of Lococo who recently murdered George Gray in San Francisco, seemed to commend the act. The committing magistrate found that the killing was justifiable homicide, and Cox was never brought to trial." Our Chief Justice by appointment of his friend the Governor has no other comment to make on the assassination of McLaughlin, or on the part that putative public opinion sometimes plays in the administration of justice in the great State that supports several universities and educates men and women in the art of self-government. "Cox was never brought to trial," says the Chief Justice. Why? Because of public opinion, which, according to the Chief Justice, who is concerned about the administration of

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justice, influenced a self-popularizer of the police court. And this Chief Justice of our State, like the police magistrate who turned Cox loose, taking it for granted that our silly newspapers reflect public opinion, publicly announces that public opinion seems to commend the murder of George Gray. Are we to conclude from this that the Chief Justice looks complacently forward to the turning loose of Lococo? He has nothing to say on this trivial point.

The Misinformed Jurist

It is too bad that Chief Justice Sullivan is imperfectly informed about the case of Cox against McLaughlin for the case is one that illustrates the evil of yielding to the whims of the dear people in their moments of hysteria. Had Chief Justice Sullivan known all the facts of the case before making his speech in Oakland he might have pointed a better and more pertinent moral and adorned a quite different tale. Too bad he didn't confer with his brother Jeremiah F. Sullivan, who, curiously enough, was the learned judge by whom the case of Cox against McLaughlin was decided after its fourth reversal. According to Chief Justice Sullivan "the lower courts played battledore and shuttlecock for twenty years with a case, the intrinsic merits of which were apparent to all." Now the truth of the matter is that the intrinsic merits were quite different from what they were said to be by the man who killed McLaughlin. Chief Justice Sullivan errs in saying that Cox had "admittedly done the work contracted to be performed." If Chief Justice Sullivan will take the trouble to read the decision of Justice Temple reversing the case for the fourth time he will find that Cox was not the kind of man the dear hysterical people thought he was when he shot McLaughlin.

A Few Plain Truths

Had the dear people known that Cox's "rich antagonist" had been resisting through the years certain fraudulent claims of the plaintiff who had bribed his engineer to make false estimates of the

amount of work done and to alter the alignment of the railroad for the benefit of Cox perhaps the dear people might not have yielded to their emotions at the time of the murder. A just decision was rendered for Cox by Superior Judge Jeremiah F. Sullivan, but it was for less than \$100,000. Cox's claim was for \$150,000. In other words, Cox had been fighting through the years to enforce claims based on the reports of a crooked engineer corrupted by himself, and he finally got judgment for the amount he had actually earned, and meanwhile the man whom he tried to defraud and whom he had shot was in his grave unmourned by the dear people who had applauded not only the assassin but also the police judge who had given ear to that bloodiest of all tyrants—the adorable Vox Populi.

Julian Street's Impressions

There are two excellent drawings in Collier's this week—one of the Olympic Club's famous salt-water pool, and the other of the dining room of our famous Cliff House at fox-trot time. Both drawings were made by Wallace Morgan. He was here a few weeks ago with Julian Street who has made his impressions of San Francisco the fifteenth chapter of his "American Ramblings, Observations and Adventures." Both gentlemen spent a lot of their time while here at the Cliff House, the setting of which, says Mr. Street, reminds poets of Sorrento, Italy. They also availed themselves of the hospitality of The Olympic Club, which Mr. Morgan describes as the "last word" in athletic clubs. Julian Street's description of San Francisco is a prose rhapsody. He says among other things: "With her hills San Francisco is Rome; with her harbor she is Naples; with her hotels she is New York. But with her clubs and her people she is San Francisco—which, to my mind, comes near being the apotheosis of praise."

Osborne Wants Lowrie

Thomas Mott Osborne, the millionaire warden of Sing Sing, would like to have Donald Lawrie

as one of his assistants. He wrote to the author of "My Life in Prison" offering him a position. The bond of sympathy between the two men is that both have served time, though with a difference. Lowrie went to San Quentin for law-breaking; Osborne served a short term in Sing Sing some time ago because his zeal as a prison reformer prompted him to see what penal servitude was like. From all accounts he was mighty glad to get out. It is doubtful whether Lowrie will accept the proffered billet.

More Money for Loans

From the Monthly Financial Letter of The Anglo and London Paris National Bank I learn that an important result of the establishing of the Federal Reserve Bank system in this city was the liberation of legal reserves aggregating about \$37,000,000, which, upon a very conservative estimate, would serve as a basis for loans to three times that amount should the member banks exercise their legal rights. According to the same letter the sea-borne traffic of this port is increasing rapidly, in part at the expense of transcontinental carriers.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Excitement on the Chronicle

"Shiver my timbers!" quoth the waterfront reporter as he rushed downstairs to the Chronicle bar to splice the mainbrace.

"Whaddaya know about that?" asked the police reporter as he rolled a Bull Durham.

"An absolutely unique order," said the book reviewer.

"It will double my work on first nights," said the dramatic critic.

"Dead easy for me," said the golf expert.

"Well, you can't get ruled off for trying," said the sporting editor.

"Gee, but it's got their goats," said the office boy, surveying the scene in his habitually dispassionate way.

And all because the city editor of the Chronicle had posted a notice on the bulletin board in the local room that hereafter every member of the staff without exception would be expected to turn in five society items every Friday evening for use in the Sunday society section.

A Staff of Bavardes

It seems that the society editor of the Chronicle has been overworked, and the city editor takes this means of relieving the pressure upon her. Henceforth every reporter on the Chronicle will do society reporting on the side. It is the first time that such a rule has been made in any newspaper office, so far as I know. The excitement the order caused may be imagined. Everybody was in a flutter except the city editor who wore a cryptic smile, and the overburdened society editor who made no secret of her satisfaction. Speculation as to the character of some of the society items which will be submitted might cover a wide field. The police reporter would have no difficulty if the policemen's ball were a weekly event; as it is, he will probably have to go pretty far off his beat to secure the five necessary items. The real estate editor will no doubt be deluged with items carrying mention of swagger homes in the various restricted residence districts. The court reporter will find the superior judges willing to describe the recherche affairs given by their families. The man on "outside stations" will bring in news of society happenings in Bernal Heights and the Potrero. And so on. Decidedly, the society pages of the Chronicle will make interesting reading.

The Chic Miss Childs

A charming belle of the season is Miss Emeline Childs of Los Angeles. Physically she is of the Andalusian type and wherever she goes she looks rather different from our local beauties on account of her style in dress. She goes in for pronounced effects in line and decoration, but entirely within the bounds of refinement and suitability to her youthfulness. She is of New



MRS. F. H. LINCOLN

One of the younger Fort Scott matrons who is taking an active interest in the grand military pageant-ball.

York rather than of Paris, and has the courage to wear "cute" things that make one think of Nell Brinckly and the spring-time of youth. At the Charity Ball, as well as at several other affairs, she was the guest and protegee of Mrs. Eleanor Martin, and as such found a firm, consistent and modish setting for her sparkling style. In dress as in nearly everything else, individuality counts; many of our beautiful San Francisco women have this, but they are more loyal to our city shops than our city shops are to them, and so remain, I regret to say, a bit archaic when it comes to dressing "up to date" as many of them find out to their regret when they go to New York all dressed "out" in San Francisco clothes. Frequently, when a San Francisco woman returns from New York in what are there perfectly normal garments she is gazed at askance here and pronounced to be "outré." In a year or so, sometimes two or three our ladies adopt the same styles without feeling like pioneers in a dress movement.

A Style of Our Own

Our remoteness from fashion centres has always made this true of San Francisco. The excuse of those in a position to supply the dress needs of the city has been, "Yes, San Francisco has a style of its own on account of the climate."

It is paradoxical that only eastern and foreign visitors of fashion have the courage to don furs on cold penetrating summer days and nights and to discard them on some of our very warm winter days. After all, we slavishly follow the New York and Paris lead as far as our dry goods merchants will permit us. It is surprising how many people who "go in" for dress are getting their ideas from eastern houses and sending orders there to be executed, for far be it from the alert San Francisco woman to be willing to be an "also ran" when the World's Fair procession of fashionables whom we expect put in an appearance. It is not obligatory for a fine-looking San Francisco mondaine to be expensively attired in order to be modiste. If our conservative merchants continue to be blind to this palpable fact, the resourcefulness of the San Franciscan ambitious to shine in the galaxy of her fashionable visiting sisters is quietly but unerringly at work. As in house decoration so in the art of dress, women are cultivating themselves to an astonishing degree; which is a fact to which our slow-going local merchants would do well to awaken.

Her Grandmother's Granddaughter

Miss Doris Ryer has caused a sensation in local society circles. She is very sweet and attractive, and everyone wants to capture her for the motif of some affair. Mrs. De Young was one of the first hostesses to entertain for her, which is not surprising as she has known Mrs. Ryer from the latter's childhood. In the days when Mrs. De Young gave brilliant entertainments for Mme. Patti and other visiting celebrities, Mrs. Hubbard, Miss Doris' handsome, dashing and clever grandmother was always one of the most welcome guests. She had the grand manner delightfully tempered by a fascinating gaiety, and was devoted to music. She painted



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her own portrait, and a very fine portrait it was. To an artist who praised it, she said: "Why not? Don't I know better than anyone in the world what I look like? I'm sure I study my face in the looking-glass a great deal more than anyone else does vis-a-vis." Miss Doris' mother, Blanche Hubbard, married very, very young, so although very charming, she did not have a brilliant bellehood as a girl. Even as a pretty, attractive, wealthy widow she seems entirely too mature for her years which are many, many fewer than those of some of our very gayest matrons with glib proclivities.

A Gipsy Cabaret

There was a great crush in The Olympic Club Tuesday night of last week. Yet it was not the occasion of a boxing tournament. There is more than athletics in The Olympic Club nowadays. The Olympians provide a lot of entertainment for their sweethearts and wives, as in the old days back in the sixties when the club in its infancy was the centre of the social life of the young city. Last Tuesday night there was a Gipsy Cabaret in the club. It was Melville Marx's idea. The gymnasium was converted into a huge gipsy tent of the richest coloring, and at the sides were tables, and the guests were served by girls from the theatres dressed in gipsy costumes. There was a fine vaudeville performance, and there was dancing—dancing galore all over the house, for the gymnasium was not large enough to accommodate all the fox-trotters on

the premises. Melville Marx has been receiving felicitations on having pulled off the most enjoyable affair in the history of Olympia.

An Interesting Engagement

Cards announcing the engagement of Miss Gertrude Hughes to Dr. William Henry Brownfield have been sent out during the week, and congratulations have been pouring in upon the young couple from their many friends in San Francisco and Los Angeles. Miss Hughes is the niece of Mrs. John Jacob Lermen of this city, with whom she has lived since her graduation from the Convent of Notre Dame. Dr. Brownfield is well known to the profession in Los Angeles as one of its brilliant young surgeons. Dr. Brownfield's family is prominent in the financial and social life of Chicago where in fact he intended to locate permanently after a short stay in California, but Cupid has ordained otherwise and he will now continue to practice his profession in Los Angeles. The wedding is expected to take place shortly.

At the Dolce Far Niente

The "Russian Trot" and the "Erl King Waltz" were the dancing novelties revealed to the members of the Dolce Far Niente Club who attended the dance at the Cliff House Thursday night. They were both received with acclaim, the merry-makers declaring that Mlle. La Gai and Quentin Tod had never appeared to better advantage. The dance was a very smart affair signalized by exquisite gowns in the very latest mode and (as usual) by the beauty of the women who attended. There was a very large attendance, and the merriment never abated for a moment. The dinner parties preceding the dance were elaborate and many in number, some of those who entertained guests being Mr. Herbert W. Wills, Dr. Alanson Weeks, Mr. Fred Swanton and Mr. William A. Lange.

The Origin of Our Dances

It is well known to those who study such matters that the turkey trot was, if not the source of all the newer dances, at least the effective stimulus for their introduction. It is also well known that the turkey trot originated on the Barbary Coast of this city. San Francisco, therefore, is responsible for the dancing mania that has swept over the world. But the turkey trot was the modification of a dance of negro origin. Whence did this negro dance come? The subject being one of importance the scholars have tackled it. One of them has answered the question. He is a learned German, and his answer is contained in an encyclopedic work on the Dutch West Indies. The negro dance on which the turkey trot was based, he affirms, comes from the Dutch West Indies. It is called the "wintidans," and it is "a religious frenzy, a propitiation of spirits recognized as influential in the affairs of human life." When the people assemble for the wintidans "the music is a potent agent in stirring up the passions of the dancers." The dancers "prepare themselves for the dance by smearing their bare bodies with white clay." We read further: "Under the influence of the fiendish music and the drink, which is not spared in such conventicles, all the dancers begin to make wild movements of the limbs and bodies. Wilder grows the music, still more frenetic the dance; men roll on the ground, they leap, they clamber up the trees, they cast themselves into the water, they perform a thousand antics. The dance goes on throughout the night until all are exhausted." We are told also: "In the enthusiasm of this wintidans men utter wild statements which are accepted unhesitatingly as the voice of the world-soul."

A Clear Case

It is plain that the German scholar makes out a good case for the Dutch West Indian origin of the new dances. He might almost be describing the tango, the maxixe or some other new-fangled gyration instead of the primitive wintidans. With us, too, the "music is potent in stirring up the passions of the dancers." Our dancers do not smear their bare bodies with white clay, but the women's bodies are pretty bare and their skin is smeared with rice powder, rouge, etc. At our dances, too, drink is not spared. **The dancers do not roll on the ground or climb trees or throw themselves into the water, but they dip, they whirl and execute other movements of a frenetic sort.** And our dances also continue through the night till all are exhausted. It is true of our dancers, too, that wild statements are uttered, usually by the men in the ears of their partners, but it is doubtful whether these wild statements are "accepted unhesitatingly" even by debutantes.

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Gossip of the Theatre

Peterson and Hynes Dramatized

Miss Jane Doe and Miss Ida Caw of the Purity League call on Police Chief Grieterson and District Attorney Kines to demand the appointment of the great Mr. Cheney as special prosecutor of the grafters in Oakland. Being perspicacious to a degree the audience at Pantages penetrates the thick disguise of these names and realizes that the hullabaloo across the bay has been staged. Hence it follows the drama with profound interest. Poor Miss Doe and Miss Caw get all the worst of it. They are no match for Chief Grieterson who has an amazing flow of highfalutin, or for District Attorney Kines who stands oratorically to his guns. The two Purity leaguers are completely flabbergasted when the Chief offers to expose all the corruption in Oakland, warning them however that the noise of bones rattling in skeleton closets will drown the voice of Mr. Cheney. At the horrid prospect the two strike terror-stricken attitudes and the curtain hides the fearsome tableau. But why should Kines libel Hynes by wearing a most obvious toupee? That is very unkind. "Graft" is the name of this effort of Walter Montague's. Another feature of the bill is a smiling woman who dares the strong men of the audience to lift her. This is Annie Abbott, "the little Georgia magnet." Many men try, singly and in groups, but they don't succeed. It would be more humiliating had not Sandow failed to accomplish the feat in the presence of Queen Victoria. Miss Abbott would make a great anchor woman in a tug of war team.

—The Second Nighter.

Tina Lerner's Playing

Tina Lerner has a face of fine beauty, but it is her seriousness that most impresses. Even when she smiles it is a faint smile that only partially lightens the gravity of her countenance. She seems to have the sadness of one who follows perfection with passionate insistence and is unhappy because it is humanly unattainable. Her animation is in her fingers. Her soul magnetizes them and they express its meaning. She is a strange figure at the piano. She bends low over the key board, as though communing with it. Perhaps she whispers to it as a mother to her child. Certainly the keys and Miss Lerner have many secrets, secrets which the marvelous fingers reveal as much of as Miss Lerner is willing her audience should know. Her music is very wonderful but one cannot help thinking that it is not all of the music within her. She is so aloof that one imagines she holds back some of that inner music. But she gives us full enough measure. The music of stately dances—a Minuetto and a Rondo by Tartini, a Sgambati Gavotte, the Beethoven-Busoni Ecossaises—the music of Chopin and of Liszt—the Russian music of Rachmaninoff, Tscherepnine and Balakireff—it all takes on new beauty beneath those magic fingers. To hear Tina Lerner is a privilege.

—The Music Lover.

Ruth St. Denis

On Monday night Ruth St. Denis and her company of artistic dancers and splendid orchestra will open a season of six nights and two matinees at the Alcazar by arrangement with Will L. Greenbaum who brought us such artistic dance performers with Pavlova, Genée and Maud Allan. With Miss St. Denis will be seen Ted Shawn whom the Eastern press has called "the American Mordkin," Hilda Beyer, a most beautiful young premiere from the Berlin Opera

Ballet, Miss Evan-Burrows Fontaine, an interpretative classic dancer, and the Hindoo actors who have been associated with Miss St. Denis throughout her career in both Europe and America. Miss St. Denis specializes in the dance motifs of India, Persia, Japan and other Oriental countries and in her own line stands as absolute as do Pavlova and Genée in theirs. She is a supreme artist and her work is recognized as



PRINCESS RADJAH

The creator of oriental dances, next week at the Orpheum

without equal by all her colleagues. The features in which the star will appear during next week's engagement will include "The Peacock," "The Snake Charmer" with music from Delibes' "Lakme," "In Old Japan" with music by Robert Hood Bowers and "Radha," a mystic Hindu dance of the five senses. With her company she will appear in the romance of the desert "Oureida" and "The Earth Cycle," a series of dances representing the four seasons, with music by Strauss and Delibes. Ted Shawn who is said to be the handsomest male dancer on the stage, will present "The Dagger Dance" with music from the Herbert-Redding opera "Natoma" and with Miss Beyer he will dance "The Joy of Youth," music by Strauss, and "A Springtime Idyl," music by Saint-Saens. With Miss Beyer and Miss Fontaine he will render "The Spirit of Autumn," a Grecian fantasy. One part of the program will be devoted to the modern dance, and most beautiful interpretations of the Ta Tao, Brazilian Maxixe, the St. Denis Mazurka, Hesi-

tation Waltz, the Little Quaker Girl, etc., are promised. Scenery, costumes and orchestra will be up to the highest standard. Box offices will be maintained at Sherman, Clay and Company's and the Alcazar. At the midweek matinee on Thursday popular prices of 50 cents and \$1.00 all over the house will prevail.

Ruth St. Denis in Oakland

Ruth St. Denis and her complete company and orchestra will give two special performances in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Tuesday afternoon, December 15, at 3:15, and the same night at 8:15, Manager Bishop laying off his stock company for this occasion. The program will be identical with the elaborate one to be offered in San Francisco. The sale of seats will open at Ye Liberty on Thursday, December 10, and mail orders will receive careful attention. At the special performance there will be 500 special seats at 50 cents and 500 at \$1.00 in the balcony.

Arrigo Serato, Master of the Violin

This Sunday afternoon at the Columbia our music lovers will have the opportunity of hearing the greatest violin virtuoso that Italy has produced since Paganini, Signor Arrigo Serato, of whom Fritz Kreisler said: "I know of no greater master of the instrument." Serato is making his first tour of America and has already won a position among the first of visiting artists. In New York after he played with the Philharmonic Orchestra he was immediately engaged for a return date and it is very rarely that any artist has had the honor of playing with this orchestra twice in one season. The Sunday concert will be a benefit for the charity work of the Vittoria Colonna Club, an organization of about one hundred Italian women whose labors among the poor are most effective. On this occasion, with the assistance of Homer Samuels, pianist, Serato will play the Sonata by Veracini, Concerto in D minor by Wieniawski and works by Tartini, Simonetti and Sarasate. The second and final concert will be given Sunday afternoon, December 13, with an entire change of program. The Pacific Musical Society will attend on this occasion. Box offices are now open at Sherman, Clay and Company's, Kohler and Chase's and the Columbia. On Saturday night, December 12, Serato will play at Stanford University under the auspices of the Peninsula Musical Association.

San Francisco Quintet Club

Works by Mozart, Beethoven and Cesar Franck will be played by the San Francisco Quintet Club at its second concert at the St. Francis on Sunday afternoon, December 20.

John McCormack

Manager Greenbaum has succeeded in inducing John McCormack to sing four times for him this season, so we shall hear the prince of tenors at the Cort Sunday afternoons, December 27 and January 3, at the Scottish Rite Hall in a special program on New Year's afternoon and in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Tuesday night, December 29, Manager Bishop laying off the stock company for this event.

The Symphony Concerts

After the concerts of this and next Friday afternoon, and the special concert of Sunday afternoon, December 13, at the Cort, the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will take a vacation

until Friday afternoon, January 8. Miss Tina Lerner, the beautiful Russian pianist, will be the soloist on all three occasions. She will play three great concertos. Friday's program will be devoted entirely to the works of Tschaiowsky. Next week's program will be the request program, Conductor Hadley selecting the works which received the highest number of votes at the last three concerts and which include Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, Saint Saens' Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra, Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" and two movements of the Tschaiowsky Symphony "Pathetique."

Princess Radjah at Orpheum

The Orpheum bill next week will have as joint headliners Johnny Johnston and His Collegians, and the Princess Radjah. Johnston and his associates will transfer a bit of college campus to the stage. He is a splendid comedian. Princess Radjah, the creator of oriental dances, is an Egyptian with all the grace, witchery and fascination of her race. Her Cleopatra Dance has for its theme the suicide of "The Serpent of the Nile" and her Arabian Chair Dance which is little short of marvelous, is performed while she holds a chair with her teeth. Little Minnie Allen who styles herself "The Volcano of Mirth," has made herself an immense favorite in vaudeville, singing comedy songs. Genevieve Warner who is said to be the foremost harpist this country has produced, will perform several favorite selections. She also sings in a delightful mezzo soprano. The El Rey Sisters, Zoe and Klaire, will introduce their original and timely dances on skates. Will Oakland, the famous lyric tenor, and his associates will return for next week only and repeat their great hit "At the Club." The holdovers will be Charlie Howard assisted by Bobbie Watson and Dorothy Hayden; Chas. Cartmell and Laura Harris; and Dorothy Toye, the phenomenal double-voiced vocalist.

Three Magicians at Cort

Le Roy, Talma and Bosco, the great triple alliance of magicians, will head a company of fifty mystery people, jugglers and illusionists at the Cort, commencing this Sunday matinee. The engagement is a limited one and a part of their round-the-world tour. Since the death of Herman the Great there has been a dearth of magicians playing the larger legitimate houses of America, theatregoers having failed to give their stamp of approval to the ordinary magician. It may be safely stated that no magician now living has been so singularly honored by royalty as Servais Le Roy. As an inventive and creative

genius of magical apparatus, Le Roy is said to stand in the front ranks. In London he maintains one of the largest factories ever given over to the manufacture of magical devices. He constantly maintains a large force of workmen engaged in experiments. Likewise Le Roy has representatives in the Orient and India. The Le Roy, Talma and Bosco company carries baggage and equipment weighing over one hundred tons and filling three ordinary baggage cars, along with three African lions and one hundred head of other live stock, making it one of the most stupendous magical productions the world has ever seen.

Forbes-Robertson Coming

A theatrical announcement of unusual importance is that of the coming to the Cort of Sir J. Forbes-Robertson, the distinguished English actor. The engagement is scheduled to begin on Monday evening, December 21. Forbes-Robertson is now making his farewell tour of America and is appearing only in those cities in which he did not play last year. A repertory of four plays will be given: "Hamlet;" Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra;" Kipling's "The Light that Failed;" and Jerome's "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." It was in the latter that Forbes-Robertson was seen at the Cort two years ago. The star will be supported by his London company. His leading woman is Miss Laura Cowie, a beautiful and wonderfully talented young actress who has won high praise from Eastern critics.

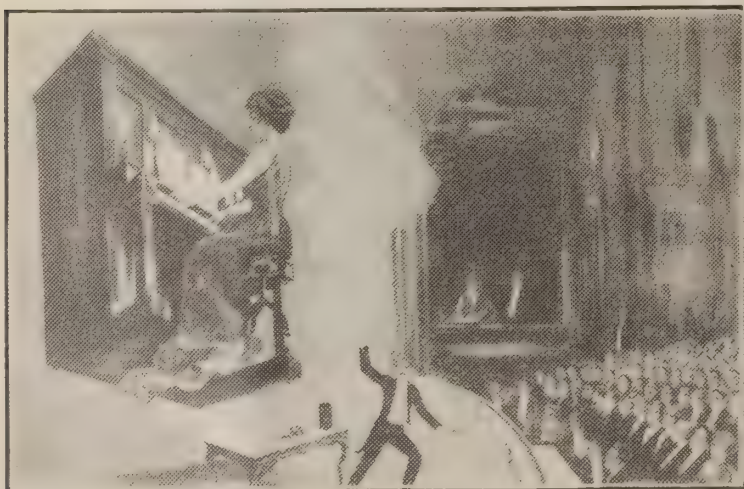
Warfield in "The Auctioneer"

David Belasco will present David Warfield at the Columbia Monday night in a brilliant revival of his first great success "The Auctioneer." Mr. Warfield's remarkable creation of Simon

Levi in this play has been classed as worthy of a Dickens or a Balzac. He is a complex creature, at once crafty and hard, yet generous by impulse, staunch and loyal in his family affection, and pathetic in his uncomplaining courage amidst adversity. To provide scope for the development and display of all these varied traits is no easy task for a playwright; to embody them in a living, breathing, convincing personality as Mr. Warfield does, is a work of artistic genius. The supporting cast numbers fifty and is made significant by the appearance of all the living members of the original cast. Some of the prominent names are Marie Bates, Lola Moynello, Harry Lewellyn, Guy Milham, Louis Hendricks, Eva Randolph, Frank Nelson, Harry Rogers, Esther Sacheroff, Richard Lembeck, Alice Avery, Leonard Doyle, Giles Low and Tony Bevan. Mr. Warfield's engagement will be for two weeks, with matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays. There will be no Sunday performances.

"The Little Darling" at Pantages

"The Little Darling of Vaudeville" is what the profession styles Frances Clare who with Guy Rawson and their little friends, head the new eight-act show opening at Pantages on Sunday. Miss Clare is a winsome little comedienne and the production which she will offer is called "Yesterday." There are eight of the "little girl friends" who sing nursery songs and dance. "The Good Shepherd of Mayo" is a beautiful dramatic tale of the Emerald Isle to be presented with a strong cast headed by Charlie Reilly, the brilliant young Irish tenor. Victory Bateman, a former stock leading actress and a prime favorite on the coast, has the leading role. Another jolly Irishman is Arthur Whitlaw whose rollicking ballads and stories have made a



THE LEVITATION TRICK

One of the illusions performed by LeRoy, Talma and Bosco, the great magicians, at the Cort, beginning Sunday matinee, December 6.



DAVID WARFIELD

Who appears in "The Auctioneer" at the Columbia for two weeks beginning Monday night, December 7.

big hit. Joseph H. Neimeyer and Kathryn McConnell have a travesty on ball room dances. The New Orleans Creole band which broke into vaudeville in this city, returns by popular request with a brand new repertoire of ragtime hits. Roy and Anna Harrah, society tango skaters, and Esther King, a high class vocalist, complete the bill.

Entertaining Dansants

Some of the most entertaining dansant affairs have been recently arranged by Miss Claribel Kirby and Mr. Gilbert Littlejohn of the Kirlaw studios, both here and in Oakland. Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown, Mrs. Wyatt Allen and Mrs. J. A. Folger have been staging several delightful afternoons and evenings in the city with the assistance of Miss Kirby, and Mr. Littlejohn has been giving his time especially to the Claremont Country Club across the bay, where a number of dancing coteries are in progress under the direction of Mrs. William Thornton White and Mrs. Ashley Faull. The newer and more popular dances such as the Lulu Fado, the Fox Trot and the Pavlowa Gavotte, have been receiving especial consideration, and each day brings new enthusiasts to learn the steps of the latest dances, although the one step and waltz still keep their popularity.

The Crush at Solari's

The casual passerby in the neighborhood of Geary and Mason Tuesday night must have thought at first blush that some very unusual and very swagger performance was taking place

Happy, happy we'll all be
Pavo Real (pa-vo-re-al).

at the Columbia Theatre. But on second thought he would connect the phenomenon with Fred Solari's. What was the phenomenon? Lines of motor cars that stretched up and down Geary and up and down Mason. They were the cars of those who attended the "lucky dance" at Fred Solari's that night. Society was out in force. The parties came from clubs, hotels and homes here and down the peninsula. And what a dance it was! The jollity was never greater. Fred Solari's is one of the most favored dancing places in town. The secret is—cuisine, atmosphere and that indefinable quality sometimes called "class."

Fresh Air for Tavern Dancers

One cannot dance with comfort in vitiated air, yet of all places where fresh air is most essential, those places where dancers congregate are often the most poorly ventilated. Not so at Techau Tavern, however. Here one finds the air always fresh and wholesome, making dancing a delight. This is due to the installation of a perfect system of ventilation which the management, ever ready to provide for the comfort of its guests, was quick to arrange. Cool, fresh air, a perfect floor and admirable music attract throngs of dancers to the Tavern every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings.

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HENRY HADLEY - - - - CONDUCTOR

Henry Hadley, Conductor

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and SPECIAL, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 13
at 50c, 75c, \$1.00 Box. Loge Seats \$1.50

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Soloist at All Concerts

Tickets on sale at box offices of Cort Theatre, Sherman, Clay and Kohler and Chase.

Mail orders filled in advance of window sales



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Italy's Master Violinist

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THIS SUNDAY BENEFIT VITTORIA COLONNA
and SUNDAY AFT., DEC. 13, FAREWELL CONCERT
Tickets—\$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00; Sherman, Clay & Co.'s,
Kohler & Chase's and Columbia.

Knabe Piano



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Other Star Dancers

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SIX NIGHTS, Commencing MONDAY DEC. 7
MATINEES—THURSDAY and SATURDAY

Tickets—\$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00 and 50c at Sherman, Clay &
Co.'s and Alcazar.

"Pop Matinee Thursday, 50 cents and \$1.00

IN OAKLAND

ST. DENIS AT YE LIBERTY

TUESDAY AFT. and NIGHT, DECEMBER 15
Seats Ready Next Thursday

December 20 - 2nd Concert S. F. Quintet Club
And Then—JOHN McCORMACK

A Chamber Music Concert

A chamber music concert will be given at Sorosis Club Hall on next Tuesday evening by Mrs. Robert M. Hughes, pianist, Mr. Hother Wismer, violinist, and Mr. Herbert Riley, 'cellist, assisted by Mrs. Irene LeNoir Schutz, the contralto. One of the most interesting numbers will be a trio for violin, 'cello and piano, the work of a local composer, Mr. John Harraden Pratt. Mrs. Schutz will sing lyrics by Secchi, Massenet and Moussorgsky. Another trio will be the Brahms Trio in C major, op. 87; and Mr. Riley will render a Concert in C major by Haydn. Tickets may be had at Sherman, Clay, Kohler and Chase, Wiley B. Allen and at the hall on the evening of the concert.

PANTAGES VAUDEVILLE

MARKET STREET OPPOSITE MASON

"The Little Darling of Vaudeville"

FRANCES CLARE

With Guy Rawson and Their Little Girl Friends
in the Beautiful Musical Story of Youth

"YESTERDAY"

"The Good Shepherd of Mayo" with

CHARLIE REILLY & CO.

ARTHUR WHITLAW, the Irish Jester; McCONNELL
& NEIMEYER, Society Travesty Dancers; ORIGINAL
CREOLE RAGTIME BAND; ROY & ANNA HARRAH,
Tango Skaters; ESTHER KING, the Singing Maid.

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Next—Commencing Monday, December 21—FORBES-
ROBERTSON in Repertory.

COLUMBIA THEATRE

The Leading Playhouse Geary and Mason Streets

TWO WEEKS BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT,

DECEMBER 7

David Belasco Presents

DAVID WARFIELD

In

"THE AUCTIONEER"

MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY

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Balcony, 50c.

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"Cleopatra Dance;" MINNIE ALLEN, "The Little Vol-
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GENEVIEVE WARNER assisted by Charlotte Francis,
Violinist; EL REY SISTERS, Clever Skaters; WILL
OAKLAND and His Associate Singers in "At the Club;"
CHARLIE HOWARD with Bobbie Watson and Dorothy
Hayden; CHAS. CARTMELL & LAURA HARRIS: Last
Week DOROTHY TOYE, the Phenomenal Double Voiced
Singer, Soprano and Tenor.

Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, \$1.00.
Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.



"TED" SHAWN and HILDA BEYER

Classique dancers with Ruth St. Denis, whom Will L.
Greenbaum will present at the Alcazar the
week of December 7th

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARIE LABATAILLE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of
the last will and testament of MARIE LABATAILLE, de-
ceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims
against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary
vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of
this notice to the said Executor at the law office of A.
COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and
County of San Francisco, State of California, which said
office the undersigned selects as his place of business in
all matters connected with said estate of MARIE
LABATAILLE, deceased.

JACQUES LABATAILLE,

Executor of the last will and testament of MARIE
LABATAILLE, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 5, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR.,

Attorney for Executor,
333 Kearney St., San Francisco.

12-5-5

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—After remaining closed for four months, the trading floor of the New York Stock Exchange was thrown open last Saturday for business in listed bonds. Trading was limited to listed bonds and the minimum price was fixed by the committee of five. Business was not very large and prices were from one to three points lower than the last sale on July 30. If trading in bonds causes no trouble stocks will be treated the same way very soon. Commission houses favor trading in a limited number of stocks not largely held abroad and increasing the number of issues as rapidly as is safe. This would prevent foreign liquidation at the start, and if prices hold well, in the case of stocks not extensively owned in Europe, foreigners would be less likely to sacrifice their holdings of the others. It has been evident for some time that the financial conditions in our own country are amply able to stand whatever strain may come from the reopening of the exchange and also that an investment absorption would follow the resumption of open dealings; in fact there has already been evidence that investors are anxious to place their funds. The advance in the average price for stocks as well as bonds proves this and undoubtedly the buying movement will be accentuated when transactions can be made through the machinery of the Stock Exchange. There are many optimistic enough to believe that dealings in stocks will be resumed late this month, that European selling will be found less of an obstacle than predicted, and that the ease in the financial conditions coupled with the improving tendency shown by general business, will promote buying in sufficient quantities to absorb whatever selling there is from that quarter. The advance in the price of copper metal has increased the demand for copper shares and if we realize the expected increase in the demand for steel the same will be true of the steel shares. The revival of business will tend to increase railway traffic and there is hope that the Interstate Commerce Commission will render a decision sufficiently liberal to restore confidence in the ability of the companies to provide for dividends and improvements and to finance their short term obligations into long term bonds on reasonable terms. There is a better feeling in cotton trade circles, and while the market is practically inactive there seems to be very little pressure and prices are holding steady around 7 3-4 for spots in New York. With any signs of peace this commodity would show a good advance and must not be overlooked.

Wheat—The net result of the movement of prices is slight and only moderately above the level that prevailed a week ago. Meanwhile the market has been somewhat lower and somewhat higher. The news has undergone little if any change. Advices of foreign crops are discouraging, and it is apparent that preparations

are considerably restricted owing to lack of men and animals and also to the fact that much of the territory is occupied by the warring nations. Reports relating to the Argentine crop indicate that damage has been done by recent unfavorable weather and that the surplus that may be available for export is an indefinite quantity. The export demand has lost neither in size nor urgency, and the amount sold appears to approximate a million bushels daily. At the same time there is a reduction in the primary movement, and the receipts last week are more nearly approached by the shipments than heretofore. The Northwest and Southwest report a falling off in the country offerings. Interest in the market has not broadened materially, being held in check by the constant heavy movement from the country, and while the export demand has been greatly out of the ordinary, its influence has been somewhat diminished by this movement. But now that receipts bid fair to grow less while foreign necessities must continue as urgent as ever, it would seem that the supply and demand situation would be such as to stimulate interest and activity and bring about considerably higher prices.

Corn has suffered a decline as a result of the increased movement brought about by the clear cold weather which prevailed last week. This factor has caused the liquidation of numerous holdings and has also been the means of creating some bearish sentiment and local pressure. The movement, however, has not been as free as was generally anticipated and this with the fact that there are no burdensome holdings, has enabled the market to offer more than ordinary resistance. Argentine shipments for the week were again liberal while the export demand for our corn has come to a halt. The Eastern demand, however, is fair. A liberal movement accompanied by hedging sales would make for a lower range of prices.

Napoleon and Moltke

(Continued from Page 7.)

chance of forcing their way into Paris on the heels of a panic-stricken crowd of refugees, and there is reason to believe that treachery was at work in several places to prepare an outbreak within the city itself—enough at least to justify in their eyes a repetition on a grander scale of the horrors of Louvain. And I know that the gravest anxiety was felt in the highest quarters within Paris itself during those critical hours, whilst the thunder of the guns could be heard by the garrisons of the northern forts. But the Allied army fell away to the eastward, and, driven by their own catch-phrase: "The enemy's field army must be the first objective," they went after it, never seeing the trap into which they were falling. For now the wheel of the

"bataillon carré" began to declare itself. Where the 6th French army had been hidden all this time I do not know, though I have a strong suspicion; but suddenly it emerged out of Paris and the district to the southwest, and combining its attacks with those of the British, the Germans were almost caught between two fires, and compelled to retreat. The pursuit which was now initiated has been not only masterly in conception and execution, but it has a special interest for us as vindicating, once and for all time, the value of our regular army system. For fresh troops to attack and drive before them forces already heavily shaken contains no new lesson, but for an army, hustled and harassed by days of fighting and retreat to spring forward, with ranks filled up, with all the zest of fresh arrivals, is something which I believe to be without parallel in military history, and I know that it has astonished our allies quite as much as our opponents.

Shaw to Wilson

(Continued from Page 8.)

talk to you of Louvain and Reims in the hope of enlisting you on our side or prejudicing you against the Germans, forgetting how sorely you must be tempted to say as you look on at what we are doing, "Well, if European literature, as represented by the library of Louvain, and European religion, as represented by the Cathedral of Reims, have not got us beyond this, in God's name let them perish." I am thinking of other things: of the honest Belgians, whom I have seen nursing their wounds, and whom I recognize at a glance as plain men, innocent of all warlike intentions, trusting to the wisdom and honesty of the rulers and diplomatists who have betrayed them, taken from their farms and their businesses to destroy and be destroyed for no good purpose that might not have been achieved better and sooner by neighborly means. I am thinking of the authentic news that no papers dare publish, not of the lies that they all publish to divert attention from the truth. In America these things can be said without driving American mothers and wives mad: here, we have to set our teeth and go forward. We cannot be just: we cannot see beyond the range of our guns. The roar of the shrapnel deafens us; the black smoke of the howitzer blinds us; and what these do to our bodily senses our passions do to our imaginations. For justice, we must do as the medieval cities did: call in a stranger. You are not altogether that to us; but you can look at all of us impartially. And you are spokesman of Western Democracy. That is why I appeal to you.

—G. Bernard Shaw.

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| 11:20A | Bay Point and Way Stations. |
| 1:00P | Sacramento, Pittsburg, Bay Point. |
| 1:40P | Concord and Way Stations. |
| 3:00P | Sacramento, Pittsburg, Bay Point. |
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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 59860; Department No. 1.

ELIZABETH BRASSEUR, Plaintiff, vs. RAPHAEL BRASSEUR, Defendant.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to RAPHAEL BRASSEUR, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the city and County of San Francisco, this 16th day of October, A. D. 1914.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

GERALD C. HALSEY, Attorney for Plaintiff, 105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-7-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 59,413.

EDNA M. HEIN, Plaintiff, vs. PEDRO GARCIA and BONITA GARCIA, his wife, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: PEDRO GARCIA and BONITA GARCIA, his wife, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 26th day of September, A. D. 1914.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD LANDE, Attorney for Plaintiff. 11-14-10

ORDER

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9988, N. S.; Department No. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY JANE BRAGG, Deceased.

Robert Bragg, a creditor of the estate of Mary Jane Bragg, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate and personal property of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said decedent appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 14th day of December, 1914, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department 9, probate, of said Superior Court, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted requiring and directing the executor and the executrix of the will of said deceased to sell so much of the real estate and personal property of said deceased at either public or private sale, as shall be necessary.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of the hearing of said applications be given to Robert Bragg, as executor, and to Rebecca Bragg Martenstein, as executrix of the will of said deceased, by citation to be served on said executor and said executrix at least ten days before the said time of hearing, and that notice be given to Elizabeth Bragg Cumming, who has appeared in the above entitled matter by T. A. Perkins, Esq., her attorney, by service of a copy of this order upon said T. A. Perkins at least ten days prior to said time of hearing, and that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of the hearing of said application to sell said personal property be given by posting as required by law.

J. V. COFFEY,

Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated: October 30, 1914.

GERALD C. HALSEY, Attorney for Petitioner, 105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-7-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 59,610; Dept. No. 10.

E. E. FREDERICK, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES T. SALE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CHARLES T. SALE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 5th day of October, A. D. 1914.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

ARTHUR BRAND, Attorney for Plaintiff, 817 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-24-10

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SAN FRANCISCO

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXIV

San Francisco, December 12, 1914

No. 1164



MRS. HELEN ISABEL BURNHAM

Worthy Matron Albert Pike Chapter No. 284, Order Eastern Star

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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Did Wilson Protest?

According to the World and Post of New York, Administration journals, President Wilson has protested "against attacks on cities occupied by non-combatants by means of bombs dropped from aircraft." It is said that the protest was made early in October at secret conferences with the diplomatic representatives of the belligerent Powers. This may be so, but the news is somewhat incredible inasmuch as the protest is said to have been based upon our participation in the convention adopted at the Hague which provides "for notice of twenty-four hours of purpose to attack a zone inhabited by non-effectives, to enable such persons within that time to remove themselves from the danger zone." Incredible is the news since it argues on the part of our President a misconception of the general character of the "scrap of paper" on which was written the articles in the several Hague conventions. Is it possible that Mr. Wilson is no better informed about these matters than the average peace propagandist? The Hague agreement which is so frequently cited by worthy citizens as a sufficient justification for protests on the part of our Government, limits its own binding force. It is "only binding on the contracting parties in case of war between two or more of them." Further, there are articles in the several conventions rendering the general provisions inoperative unless all the belligerents are parties thereto. Now all the belligerents are not parties to the convention said to be the basis of President Wilson's protest. It was ratified only by the United States and Great Britain. The really important Hague conventions are hardly worth the paper they are written on. Few of them have been ratified by all hands.

The Uplift Tax

If you are so poor that you have to borrow money Uncle Sam will take from you two cents for each hundred dollars that you promise to pay. This is the war tax on promissory notes; that is to say, it is one of the devices by which the Democratic party meets a deficit of its own devising. "War tax!" A euphemism of the New Freedom; a portable tool for the extraction of money without incurring too much re-

sentment. What would it be called if war were not? A "pork-barrel tax" would be an unhappy designation, and President Wilson would reject it for its vulgarity, if for no other reason. An "Uplift tax" would be more acceptable to a man of his fine sense of the delicacy of words and phrases. A lover of truth, it must have been hard to reconcile President Wilson to a misnomer. Even now he would doubtless prefer to have the name of the great Democratic supertax indicate precisely the nature of it. Now it is mainly due to his zeal for uplift—material and spiritual—that the ordinary sources of income have proved inadequate to the needs of government. It is the Democratic idea that to improve the lot of the plain citizen the opportunities of his more successful brother must be diminished. This is according to the academic theory of the way to equalize opportunity. Hence tariff reduction, one of the guaranteed blessings of which is cheaper living. As to spiritual uplift it was accomplished by thrilling Big Business with dread of the policeman. And now President Wilson is so proud of his bi-uplift that he drops into rhetoric about it every little while. From letters of his that conveniently find their way into print we learn that great has been the moral progress of the American people, high their uplift, and solved the problem of equal opportunity. President Wilson enjoys serenity of mind. At Williamstown, Mass., on Thanksgiving Day he attended the union Thanksgiving service, and at the end of the prayer, the keynote of which was thankfulness for the peace prevailing in this country, "his earnest 'amen,'" according to a New York Sun correspondent, "could be heard above the subdued murmur which ran through the congregation." Which reminds us of Hazlitt's definition of cant: "the voluntary overcharging or prolongation of a real sentiment."

The Mann Law

Thus far the Mann law, commonly known as the White Slave law, has served only to deprive the flamboyant pulpit of a topic. Our clerical generators of hysteria have nothing more to say of white slavery. For them it is no longer a burning question. A little while ago the militant reformers of the pulpit were deeply concerned about white slavery. They were telling us that many depraved men were in the business of recruiting the trade of harlotry; that these men went about looking for young girls to lure into the oldest of professions, and that when the crop ran short they administered knock-out drops to unsuspecting maidens or inveigled them into houses of prostitution where the unfortunate victims of a great organized industry were outraged and held as prisoners until they became compliant. Our militant moralists embarked on a crusade against this horrible industry, and so earnest were they that maidens everywhere were in a panic, and mothers had gooseflesh whenever their daughters ventured out in the dark. Soon were perceived the effects of the power of suggestion. Escapes from the clutches of white slavers were of everyday occurrence. Thrilling stories the news-

papers told of the snaring of sweet maidens who had been missed for a night. White slavery accounted for the brief absence from home of many a mother's darling. So bold and intolerable became the white slaver that Representative Mann invented a wonderful law that apparently made white slavers as scarce as hen's teeth. They evaporated, vanished, like the insubstantial pageant of a dream. But the law remains, one of the readiest and handiest of the instruments of blackmail. If it has put no white slavers in jail, at least it has put money in the purse of many an enterprising young woman. A mere threat to invoke it is enough to cause the average man who has exposed himself to prosecution to loosen his purse strings. That Colonel Charles Alexander of Providence, R. I., is not that kind of man is unfortunate for Miss Jessie Cope. As to the Federal officials who induced her to agree to share her loot with them, we cannot see that they have won agreeable distinction. Their duty is to enforce a bad law, not to set traps for persons who avail themselves of an instrument of blackmail made by an asinine Government.

In the Heat of Controversy

The emotions are the masters, the intellect is the servant. So Spencer tells us in one of his essays which has for its thesis the proposition that the chief component of the mind is feeling. For illustration had he lived the great philosopher might have pointed to the intellectual giants of Europe who are keeping alive the controversy over the question of responsibility for deluging the continent with blood. This controversy has kept pace with the war, and so strong are the emotions of the partisans that the thought element is overshadowed. That the heart controls the mental activities of the controversialists is evident from the absurdity of propositions which are put forth for general intellectual acceptance. Here, for illustration, is the famous historian Dr. Otto Seeck arguing that the war was prearranged by France, Russia and England, and pointing by way of proof to a newspaper report that the French President "during his stay in St. Petersburg had in a purposely conspicuous manner shaken the hand of the Servian Minister and carried on a whispered conversation with him." Here is a scholar insensible of his obviously unphilosophical acceptance of the divination of the French President's purpose. But he goes further. Evidently in his opinion this handshaking episode was a symbol that all who ran might read for he says: "It (the demonstration, as he calls it) announced that France was determined to go to war for the Servian band of assassins." This of course is not Dr. Seeck reasoning as a detached and disinterested historian. It is Dr. Seeck the partisan, patriotic German, to whom it is utterly incredible that his country is in the wrong. His heart having told him that the other European Powers conspired against Germany, every circumstance that might give corroboration to the organ of his affections he embraces as conclusive proof of the soundness of his dearest conviction. There is no question of Dr. Seeck's honesty. His is not a national character-

istic. It is a weakness shared by the controversialists of all the warring nations. They are all talking against the wind. The whole truth will probably emerge from the welter of crimination and recrimination about one hundred years from now, and posterity will talk it over soberly and intelligently in some distant century when perhaps the Martians will be urging on the inhabitants of this sublunary sphere a practical plan of universal arbitration.

Jordan's Fresh Idea

Our great itinerant seer, David Starr Jordan, lately returned from Europe, is again on the go, spouting like a vagrant geyser in transit. When last heard from he was in Albany addressing the State Teachers' Association on his inseparable topic—War. This topic has become Dr. Jordan's meal ticket. He had it copyrighted. He has an estate for life in it, free from all encumbrance of wit or common-sense. He will never exhaust it. A big man is David, as measured by his tailor. With hand aloft expounding with the oracularity of the Tutelar Codfish the problems he has solved for posterity, he bears a striking resemblance to Liberty's husband enlightening the world. The other day Dr. Jordan received a letter from Dr. Otto Seeck, which he gave to "The Fatherland" for publication, thus letting us know that he was not unacquainted with the famous man he misquoted in England. Dr. Seeck convinced Dr. Jordan that Germany was not to be justly charged with responsibility for the war, and so at the earliest possible opportunity, which arrived at Albany, Dr. Jordan put the blame on England. "It was England's persistent refusal to join in the abolition of piracy at sea," says Dr. Jordan, that makes her "greatly to blame" for the war. In justice to Dr. Seeck it should be explained that he is not responsible for

Dr. Jordan's view of the matter. According to Dr. Seeck it was for Germany "a life question" that the strength of her ally Austria "should remain unimpaired." The war in his opinion was inevitable because of a combination of remote causes, and this is the opinion of most men of intelligence. But Dr. Jordan loves to be specific even at the risk of being ridiculous. And, by the way, his view is at variance with that of his dear colleague Samuel Harden Church, president of the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh. President Church being a wild-eyed partisan of the Allies holds the Kaiser and German militarism responsible for war. He is quite as cocksure as Dr. Seeck, and not less dogmatic than Dr. Jordan. Learned doctors, how emphatically they disagree!

Wanted: A Jokesmith

The Comic Spirit is not to be found among all the students of the State university at Berkeley. The news is authoritative. It comes from the editors of one of the university magazines. It does not find us at all incredulous. The Comic Spirit is never intrusive. It goes only where it is welcome, where there is understanding of it, where ideas worth while are current and the perceptions quick. A spirit that addresses itself exclusively to the mind, it haunts only the atmosphere that sparkles with intellectual activity. Our university at Berkeley is not the only American university whence the Comic Spirit has fled. The fact is the atmosphere of the average American university is fatal to that delicate and sensitive spirit. Wherever folk take themselves with exceeding seriousness; wherever they are given to hysteria, to solemn dogmatism, to ponderous discussion of the imponderable and to intense partisanship, the Comic Spirit has a sense of being de trop. The absence of the Comic Spirit is to be presumed with certitude whenever

signs are visible of burning questions, excessive enthusiasm or sloppy sentimentality. Now it is a great misfortune to a people to be deprived of the kindly ministrations of this spirit, for its mission is the purification of public taste, the enlightenment of the public mind. The essence of the Comic Spirit is common sense. It is comedy that reveals our perilous shortcomings, and the abundance of them in this country is proof of the diffidence of the spirit that laughed Spain's chivalry away, and that covered with ridicule the "saw-toothed monster," (as Aristophanes called him) who chicaned the mob of ancient Athens." In Athens, by the way, the Comic Spirit was introduced under the divine protection of Dionysus, celebrated for his devotion to the wine-jar. Conceive, if you can, Dionysus giving the Comic Spirit divine protection in a country where a Cabinet officer may banish wine from the navy without fear of being laughed into a fatal malady. Comedy in the old days was Bacchanalian. In all times it has been the enemy of Puritanism. It loves license. Yet the wittiest of men were the gravest. Pascal, Rabelais, Fielding, Cervantes, Dickens—all were reformers. The profane Aristophanes was a very ardent civic patriot. The most comic of men, he strove to make good citizens. A lover of conservatism, he was the greatest reactionary of his day. Rabelais was not only obscene but filthy; and the wisdom of him has passed into the practice of life, the development of humanity. He wrote not for maids or bachelors, but through the centuries he has been the delight of the wisest and soundest of minds. Too bad the spirit of him isn't here to discuss the Redlight Abatement law and the arrogant morality of its fathers. Oh, for a Moliere in Berkeley, the occasional habitat of the solemnest of pundits—President Benjamin Ide Wheeler!

Perspective Impressions

President Wilson is now for cutting down the expenses of the government. Well, as he has made everybody else retrench, why not?

"Love, not dreadnoughts," says Mr. Bryan, "will bring peace to warring Europe." Now for a piffle cocktail: a little grapejuice and a dash of Chautauqua bitters.

The Board of Education of New York is wrestling with the question whether a woman teacher should lose her job when she becomes a mother. Naturally the question suggests itself: A married or a single teacher?

Amos Pinchot complains of a friendly attitude to the philanthropic enterprises of so wicked a plutocrat as Mr. John D. Rockefeller. Amos doesn't stop to reflect how fortunate is himself in being allowed to roam at large.

So Schmitz will run for Mayor! Perhaps Gene could tell us why the grand jury peril has been abated by Judge Sturtevant. A grand jury would be of some benefit if it did nothing more than find out for us how many touring cars are burning up the money of taxpayers nowadays.

A man need not think himself good to be insufferable; he need only think himself better than his neighbors.

The longer the Mann white slave act remains in its present form the more malodorous it will become.

Woman suffrage, we read, "is winning in the liberal-minded West." What is the sign of liberal-mindedness? Is it a love of change for change sake?

Every church steeple, says the Rev. Josiah Sibley, is a reminder of faith in God. In this respect the church steeple is more effective than many a pulpit.

Ability to choose requires power and genius. Watching and waiting is a state of indecision. There are persons who never seem to have quite made up their minds which leg to stand upon.

Americans have a great respect for a man with a specialty. An authority on beetles, or only seaweed, is listened to when talking on a problem of government as though he were inspired.

It seems that the Russians count their chickens before they are hatched.

"Redmond defends valor of the Irish." Our idea of a work of supererogation.

Senator Phelan admits that he spent \$3,397 on his campaign fund; indicating that Senator Phelan can make a dollar go a long way.

One of the things we've lost interest in since the war started is the Castellane-Gould divorce case.

Edison has lost faith in a neuralgia cure he invented in 1879. Perhaps by 1949 Edison will discover that he was wrong about cigarettes.

Since that Russian ring was broken in Poland nothing more has been said about German aversion to cold steel.

The poet of the Serpent's Tongue complains that mother's daughter across the seas looks on the war with "stranger's gaze." Well, that isn't what mother did when daughter was in trouble back in the sixties.

Varied Types

CCVII—RICHARD E. MULCAHY

By Edward F. O'Day

Here is a man who has his finger on the pulse of finance, a specialist trained to take the temperature of money. And he says we are on the eve of prosperity. It is a cheering message for this season which should be (but is not always) the season of good cheer. It is an optimistic message from one not constitutionally enthusiastic, all the ways of whose business life make for a cold-blooded conservatism. It is therefore an important message, a message we may hearken to without feeling, as we too often feel when such a pronouncement is made, that it comes from the herald of a fool's paradise.

Richard E. Mulcahy of the House of Hutton knows. It is his bread and butter to know. Ask his clients if he be not a safe guide through the mazes of the stock market, and by their reply judge the value of what follows.

All his business life Richard E. Mulcahy has sensed responsibility, has known the danger of idle words. He began at the age of twelve as a telegraph operator in a railway office. That was in Michigan, on a road since absorbed by the Big Four. At twenty he was train despatcher; at twenty-one, superintendent of telegraph. Then he rose to be master of transportation. A little later as superintendent of construction he built many hundreds of miles of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul. For a time after that he was on the Chicago Board of Trade. He returned to railroading as general superintendent of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul. Twenty-eight years ago he went into the brokerage business. Today he is a partner in the big firm of E. F. Hutton and Co. with membership in the New York Stock, Cotton and Coffee Exchanges and the Chicago Board of Trade.

Mulcahy looks back with affection to those old days at the telegraph key. He was an expert. He made the record for fast sending out of Detroit on the occasion of President Hayes' first message to Congress, clicking off forty-six words a minute, and they weren't code words either. That record held for a good many years.

"Telegraphing was an art in those days," he says. "You had to be a good sender, a good receiver and a good writer of long hand. It was before the day of the typewriter."

If you know the typical long hand of the old telegrapher with its swinging script and its words hooked together, you will recognize it today in Mulcahy's handwriting.

But it is in Mulcahy as the announcer of imminent prosperity that we are interested just now. Study his tabulation as he talks it off with the rapidity of a stock ticker:

"There is for instance the mining boom. Rich ore has been discovered of late in some of the Goldfield mines. This is a great thing for this section of the country. The money made in Nevada is spent in California. And the boom brings new investments from the East. Eighty per cent of the mining investors today are from the East. New York, Philadelphia and Boston are as familiar now with mining interests as this country used to be in the old days.

"The general condition of the country west of the Rockies couldn't be better. We have grown the largest crops ever harvested in our history. Take barley. The new money for barley coming to California this year from Europe and the East is about twelve millions. We produce from the soil of California about six hundred million dollars worth of products every year. This year

they will total six hundred and fifty millions. There are abundant crops of all kinds. This means for us about four hundred millions of new money from other States and from Europe

"There is a better feeling generally. People who have been in the dumps are now seeing daylight.

"Our gas and electric securities have all had a big advance in the last thirty days. Corporations which have been undergoing readjustment are now in a more favorable condition than they have been for some time. This readjustment was a condition San Francisco had to meet. Order is now being brought out of disturbance.

"One thing San Francisco is much in need of is better docking facilities. At the present time there are 18,000 bales of cotton around the bay awaiting shipment to Japan and China. Twice as much in transit between Texas and California is being sidetracked and stored till vessel room and dockage can be secured.

"I have never seen fundamental conditions better on this coast than at the present time.

"The Panama Canal has caused very little excitement, owing largely to war conditions, but when one realizes the difference in profit to producers on the Pacific Coast made by canal rates as opposed to rates around the Horn, one appreciates what the canal means for us. On grain of all kinds the Pacific Coast producer is receiving from three to five dollars a ton more than before the canal opened.

"Banking conditions throughout the entire Pacific Coast are probably the best in our history. As soon as confidence becomes a little stronger conditions are sure to improve by leaps and bounds. The immense prices received for farm products this past crop year mean that the farmers will be enabled to lighten their obligations with the banks and put in circulation for commercial purposes the many millions they will spend for farm improvements.

"The railroads are not in as good a position as they were before the Panama Canal was opened. It will take time and a great deal of readjustment of traffic and conditions before the railroads are able to compare their earnings with their earnings in the past. It is to be hoped that public sentiment will lean more favorably toward the railroad interests than heretofore. It is a well established fact that when the railroads and other big interests make money, the laboring man and everyone who depends on his earnings for a livelihood enjoys prosperity and good spirits. You can't kill off the big interests without starving the laboring man. The big interests do not go into new enterprises because they need money, but simply because they want to continue in active life and are willing to place

their funds where they are able to earn a fair rate of interest. These men of industry never carry their money with them when they leave the world. It is distributed and helps all walks of life.

"It is quite noticeable that public sentiment is growing more humane. Take the exchanges of the country. Before an object lesson was given the public it demanded all kinds of restrictions on securities and farm products exchanges. When the war came along these exchanges were the safety valve that saved us from what would have been the greatest panic the world had ever known. Few people realize the true benefit the exchanges have been to all commercial interests. The Stock Exchange, the Cotton Exchange, the Grain Exchange are arteries of commerce as essential as the arteries of the body. I believe that the object lesson given during the past four months has changed many people, induced them to advocate the continuance of these different exchanges.

"I look for a general improvement of business starting soon after the first of the year. I believe we will see the greatest prosperity during the next few years to come that these United States have ever seen.

"We receive from foreign nations from two and one-half to three billion dollars annually for foodstuffs, manufactured goods and other products. Conditions have now changed materially. Our exports have increased largely while our imports show an immense decline.

"The keeping in this country of two hundred million dollars heretofore spent annually abroad by tourists is another factor of great importance. The tourist will now have an opportunity to see his own country. I never met one who didn't want to do this, but when the time came he always found it convenient to go abroad. Now he must stay at home or travel in the United States. He must travel somewhere, so he'll see his own country. Take this item of two hundred millions and multiply it by eighty—our circulating standard—it means an immense amount of money circulated in this country that never had an opportunity to circulate heretofore. The railroads, hotels and all commercial avenues will be benefited through this condition.

"While California may miss many foreign visitors at the Exposition, she will certainly receive more than the same number of Americans who generally travel in Europe.

"I am satisfied that within the next six months our prosperity will have shown itself to such a marked degree that we will all forget the depression we are now passing through. Everything has reached bedrock and cannot be depressed further. That being so we have an improvement ahead without any possible doubt."

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To _____

The Attitude of Italy

By Arthur E. P. Weigall

The neutrality of Italy in the present war came as a surprise to most people, and it was generally attributed to the traditional hatred of the Italians for their Austrian neighbors. Certainly this was one of the contributory causes for their attitude; but I should like to ask the question whether it was not due in the main to their obligations to England contracted during the Turco-Italian War. It is not generally realized that it was England who made the successful invasion of Tripoli possible for Italy, and that, without her help, the occupation of that territory could never have been sustained, notwithstanding the wonderful bravery and dash of the Italian troops. Tripoli may be said to have been England's peace-offering to Italy, as I shall endeavor to show; and the refusal of the Italian Government to take arms against England looks very much as though it were a practical application of the maxim that one good turn deserves another. I do not wish to suggest that there was anything more than an unwritten agreement between England and Italy, or that this alone would have decided the course which our southern friends have adopted; but I think that it is legitimate to ask whether a declaration of neutrality, though so beneficial to the Italians, was not largely impelled by some kind of deeply friendly understanding with England which was a direct outcome of the war in Tripoli.

The fact is not generally appreciated that Egypt, which is next-door neighbor to Tripoli, does not belong to England, but is still a Turkish province, merely policed and controlled by England on behalf of the Sultan and his vassal, the Khedive. In 1882 the English entered Egypt to quell an insurrection which had jeopardized the Khedival throne; and the British army of occupation has remained on the banks of the Nile simply for the purpose of preventing further risings, and upholding the authority of the Khedive as being conducive to the maintenance of law and order. Egypt pays a large tribute to Turkey yearly; and the Sultan has not raised any serious objection to English rule in this province of his, because the British presence there insures the most punctilious payment of this tribute and maintains a state of profound peace in an otherwise rather turbulent portion of his empire. So great a change for the better has been wrought in the condition of Egypt by the occupation, however, that it is felt by the British Government that an evacuation of the country would be little short of a crime against humanity. Not only does British control of Egyptian affairs prevent the oppression of the peasants by the upper classes, not only does it insure all the comforts of peace and justice both for the native and the European population, but it also procures that sense of general security which enables the commerce of the country to expand and prosper. Hundreds of first-rate Englishmen are employed in the service of the Egyptian Government side by side with Egyptians; and although all governors of provinces, all heads of the ministries, and the majority of inspectors, are native Egyptians, the English officials are able to exert a guiding control of the administration. These English officials are in no way connected with the British Government, let it be understood. They become, for the period of their service, Egyptians; they have to wear the Egyptian tartoush, or fez, during office hours; they have to work on Sundays, Friday being the Mohammedan sabbath and day of rest; they receive their appointment and their dismissal from


the Khedive's Government, which acts in the name of the Sultan; and in every way they are servants, not of the British Government, but of the Khedive and his master, the Sultan. The British control is exerted through the medium of the British Consul-General, who is supposed merely to direct from the outside the general welfare of the country. Of course, the British Consul-General actually governs Egypt, and regulates its administration; but it must be clearly understood that nominally Egypt is under the absolute control of the Khedive and the Sultan. Egypt pays a tribute of nearly £700,000 per annum to Turkey; the coinage of the country is issued in the name of the Sultan; all taxes are levied in his name; Turkish is spoken; the whole Egyptian army, with its English or native officers, is at the absolute disposal of the Sultan in time of war; and Egyptian territory may be occupied by Turkish troops at any moment. In actual fact, many of these Turkish rights are now disregarded; but, nevertheless, they were recognized as late as 1892 in an official firman, or decree, and they have never been repudiated by England. It cannot be too emphatically stated that it is actually an integral part of the Turkish Empire.

When, therefore, Italy declared war on the Porte, and seized the neighboring province of Tripoli, the Turkish Government had an absolute right to march its armies across Egypt to fight the Italians in the next province; it was entitled to order the Egyptian army to assist in the defence of the empire; and it had every written authority for demanding the Khedive's assistance in money, materials and men. Egypt was the natural base for Turkish operations in Tripoli; for the sea, being held by the Italians, the Turkish armies could only reach the seat of hostilities by way of the high road through Asia Minor, Syria and Egypt. Thus, there can be no shadow of doubt that Italy had first to ascertain England's attitude on the Nile before the project of the invasion of Tripoli could enter the field of practical affairs. If England had stated its intention of acting according to the letter of the firman of 1892, and of allowing Turkish troops to pass through Egypt, let alone the question of allowing Egyptian soldiers to fight for the de-

fence of their sovereign, Italy would never have risked an invasion of Tripoli. That invasion could only have been made practical by England's definite assurance that Egypt would remain neutral, and would prevent the passage of the Turkish armies through its territory. Moreover, before the declaration of war, Italy had to be satisfied that the British control of Egypt was sufficiently powerful to prevent a revolution in that country which, if successful, would have given Turkey the opportunity of marching a large force through the Delta to Tripoli.

In view of these facts it is surely significant that Lord Kitchener, the only man whose influence could keep Egypt passive at such a critical time, was sent to Cairo a few days before Italy declared war, and that the declaration of hostilities was announced on the next day after the news had reached Rome that he was installed at the British headquarters in Egypt; and it is equally significant that Lord Kitchener at once took the most drastic measures to prevent any Turkish soldiers from passing through to Tripoli. When the Egyptian troops demanded the right to go to the relief of the Turks in the west, Lord Kitchener is said to have told them that if they were to do so he would fill their place in Egypt with British regiments maintained at the expense of the Egyptian nation, a proposition which effectually checked their enthusiasm. When the Bedouin tribes asked permission to serve with the Turks, he replied that if they did not remain passive he would treat their warlike tendencies as an indication that they were fit to be conscribed for the Egyptian army serving in the far-away Sudan—these Bedouin having been always exempt from conscription; when the Egyptian Nationalists desired to raise funds for the Turkish cause he arranged, I believe, that most of the money should be given to the Red Crescent hospitals; and when a few Turkish officers managed to creep through Egypt in disguise, on their way to the seat of hostilities, he caused the strictest watch to be kept on the frontiers by detachments of the 21st Lancers. In a word, England, and England alone, made the conquest of Tripoli by Italy a possibility.

At that time, it must be remembered, a European war was imminent; and it was generally



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understood that Italy was about to join with Austria and Germany in the coming attack upon the Triple Entente. Is it therefore conceivable that England should have allowed Italy to occupy the territory on the immediate west of Egypt, and should have risked giving the gravest offense to Turkey by helping the Italians to do this, if England had supposed that, in a few months' time, they would be fighting against England and menacing England's position on the Nile? To my mind there was, at the time, only one explanation of England's attitude: she helped Italy to fulfil her old dream of occupying Cyrenaica on the understanding that, in the event of a European war, she would not fight against England. At that time I was of the opinion that the neutrality of Italy would make such a war impossible, for Germany would feel herself outnumbered without the assistance of her south-

ern ally; and I am still of the opinion that if Germany had realized that Italy was under so friendly an obligation to England she would have refrained from taking up the sword.

More than two years ago I published an article in which I recorded these facts, and it may be of interest to quote a few lines from it. "No public statement," I wrote, "has been made which would indicate that the British Government made any agreement with Italy, but there can be very little doubt that such an agreement was made. England appears to have undertaken to keep Egypt absolutely neutral and to allow the Porte no assistance from its vassal. England's attitude to Italy was as follows: 'Since it appears to be inevitable,' said England, 'that some European Power will pounce upon Tripoli, we in Egypt much prefer you as our neighbors to, say, the Germans; and though we do not wish

to offend Turkey by actively taking your part, we will show our friendliness to you by holding Egypt neutral. It is England who has given Italy the opportunity of seizing her coveted portion of North Africa, and by giving this to her we have won no less a prize than the peace of Europe. Now we need fear no war, for we have hemmed Germany and Austria around in such a manner that they could fight only a campaign of defence. England on the north, France on the west, very possibly Russia on the east, and now Italy on the south, are leagued around the Teuton race, not to menace, but to pacify; not to make war, but to make war impossible."

Alas! my words have proved untrue in regard to the prevention of war, but with reference to the supposed compact with Italy, based on thorough friendship, events do not indicate that any error has been made.

"The Greatest Poet of Modern Europe"

By Professor G. S. Gordon

(Before the war started in Europe not many of us knew of Treitschke or Bernhardi. Today these are household words. Now another great name is emerging, that of Emile Verhaeren, the Belgian poet. Verhaeren was called to general attention when the French Academy proposed to award a fauteuil to Maurice Maeterlinck only to elicit from that celebrated author the statement that the honor should be conferred on a greater writer than himself, viz., his compatriot Verhaeren. Some of Verhaeren's poetry has been translated into English, but in this country his worth has been appreciated only by the literati. Quite recently Verhaeren was made a Doctor of Letters of the University of Leeds, a professor of the university presenting his name in the following address.)

Ordinarily, sir, on these occasions one is supposed to show reason why the degree should be conferred; but you will not expect me to equate even the highest distinction which universities can offer with the work of the greatest poet of modern Europe. We offer him what we can, in homage and admiration, conveying to him, by this symbolic ceremony, our high and united sense of his value to the world, as a great poet, a great patriot, and a great man.

And first of all, we honor him as the representative of a nation whose unparalleled sufferings and fortitude are today the pity and admiration of the world. Monsieur Verhaeren, sir, is not only a member of that nation; he is also, by the acclamation of his countrymen, its representative poet. He was born and bred in the heart of Flanders, and though he has traveled much since then, and written much that is meant for all the world, yet in all his passionate excursions among the sights and sounds of Europe, in all his glowing speculations on the life of modern cities, on the new gust of speed, and great masses and the beauty of energy—speculations too grand and embracing to be confined within the limits of a nation—in all these excursions and speculations he has never forgotten the sights and sounds of his own country. The great winds and waters and large horizons of Flanders and the lusty vigor of its life still govern, and have always governed, both his vision and his verse.

The circle of his career, indeed, is one of the grandest and homeliest in Europe. It is just a generation since his first book, "Les Flandres," stirred the readers of Belgium. Three years ago the fifth book of "Toute la Flandre" concluded a cycle of national poetry such as no other country can parallel. He had begun with Flanders, and, having made the physical and spiritual tour, first of himself, and then of Europe, has come back to Flanders and home. His country has not betrayed him. If any man in these recent months was conscious of surprise at the tragic resolution of Belgium in the face of force so tyrannous and overwhelming, let him read the poems of Verhaeren. He will find there the living and historic soul of Belgium, and will discover, what he should not have forgotten, that

Belgium, though a young nation, is composed of peoples among the oldest and most tried in Europe, veteran peoples hardened by centuries of endurance, and yet with sap in them, who know how to live and how to die. He will find also a philosophy of life so ravishingly strong, so confident of mastery, so sure of beauty in the very heart of deformity, and of joy in the very throes of pain, with such gusto in living and fast breathing, such embracing of destiny—not submissively, but fiercely and with a will—such confidence in man and his creations, in crowds, and great engines and factories, and all the speed and roar and multitudinousness of modern life, that rising from such reading he will be inclined to cry out that all other poets are insipid beside Verhaeren.

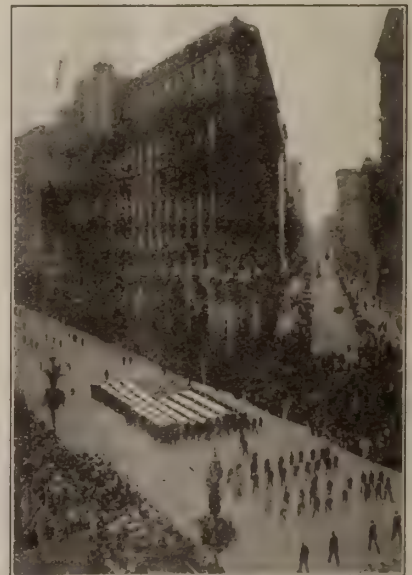
And here let me remark how opportune it is that Monsieur Verhaeren should be here to remind us of such things at a time when poetry and the arts seem momentarily at a stand. Nations now are being tried, we shall soon be told, not by their books and pictures, but by their lives. No time now for strong lines and experiments in faith; but the faith we have lived by that we must fight by; we can take no other with us into battle. That harmony of the senses and the soul which it is the business of poetry and the arts to refresh and maintain, how will it sound when the stern discord of war crashes across its chords? I confess there is much poetry and much art which could give no answer to this question; but it is not the poetry and the art of Verhaeren. Life being itself the great battle, and Verhaeren being true to life, there are no laxities in the magnificent deployment of his great themes. It is a poetry to live by, to love by, and to fight by. When it first appeared, indeed, it seemed to some of the readers of poetry too rude and stubborn for the uses of peace. I believe French literature was not prepared for you, and a little pulled in her skirts to let you pass. She feared your hobnails, and wide gestures as if you would paint the sky. But these days are over, and the young men of France and Russia, now more than ever (when they find time to read again)—and, I hope, our young men with them—will make the attics ring with the sonorities of your great verse; and, what is more, act upon it, and join in that great hunt for the beauty of fact in which you have shown the way, and for that still distant unity of Europe of which you have seen and described the far-off dawn.

How far off that unity still is no one who turns from the books of "Toute la Flandre" to the records of the war can be anything but in-

tolerably aware. So much that Verhaeren and all Belgium loved is defaced for generations or destroyed for ever. But there is comfort in the strength of a race which has been distinguished for centuries by these two qualities above others—tenacity and fecundity. Tenace and feconde—they are words of which Monsieur Verhaeren is fond, and they are his favorite words for Flanders.

There is a willow on a clear sandy road, near the dunes, down between Furne and Coxysde—a tree which Monsieur Verhaeren knows and loves. It was struck one evening by a thunderbolt, and its trunk rent in two. Ever since one of its sides is barren and white; but the other lusty and full of sap, and blossoming with flowers in every crevice. As I repeat the words in which the poet expresses his admiration of the old tree's struggle between life and death, they come to me as a parable of the Belgian people:

"J'ai admiré sa vie en lutte avec sa mort
Et je l'entends, ce soir de pluie et de tenebres,
Crisper ses pieds au sol et bander ses vertebres
Et defier l'orage—et resister encor."



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Poems About San Francisco

CLXXV—SAN FRANCISCO

(A sonnet by San Francisco's former mayor contributed several years ago to *Sunset*.)

By Edward Robeson Taylor

What matters that her multitudinous store—
The garnered fruit of measureless desire—
Sank in the maelstrom of abysmal fire,
To be of man beheld on earth no more?
Her loyal children, cheery to the core,
Quailed not, nor blenched, while she, above the ire
Of elemental ragings, dared aspire
On Victory's wings resplendently to soar.
What matter all the losses of the years,
Since she can count the subjects as her own
That share her fortunes under every fate;
Who weave their brightest tissues from her tears,
And who, although her best be overthrown,
Resolve to make her and to keep her great.

The Spectator

For Heney's Sake

"On the whole I approve Governor Johnson's letter, but I think he missed a fine opportunity."

The speaker was my friend The Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock. He was discussing with Commissioner Dwyer the Governor's refusal to appoint the Hon. Francis J. Heney a special investigator of governmental conditions in Alameda county.

"What was the opportunity?" Dwyer asked.

"To throw in a suggestion about that thirty-thousand dollar receipt that folks have been plaguing Heney about so long. The Governor might have suggested that District Attorney Hynes should clear up that ancient mystery."

"I thought," said Dwyer, "that Heney explained that matter in Oakland the other night."

"Joe, you're easy, easier than I thought, and you know, Joe, I've never had you pegged up as high as the clock."

Dwyer blushed at the reproach. "What was wrong with the explanation?" he asked.

"Well," said the clockwinder, "in the first place it was a confession that there was something to explain. Cynical persons have been asking Heney about that receipt for a long time. They began asking about it seven years ago, and Francis J. held on to his tongue with both hands. All of a sudden, after seven years of silence, he bobs up in Oakland and explains. Now I used to think that the higher-ups were just gratuitously pestering our little patriot. I didn't believe there was any receipt: thought it was all a frame-up of some kind."

"Well, what do you know about it now?" Dwyer asked.

"Not a thing," said the clockwinder; "not a thing except that there was something for Heney to explain, and that it took him seven years to take the public into his confidence. Think of all the witnesses that could die in seven years. Of course I don't know a thing about it, but whatever the facts they are Oakland facts, and the Contra Costa Water Company is still in Oakland. It seems to me that the Governor, on account of his love for the Progressive party and his old-time affection for Heney, should have suggested that in fairness to the lovable little fellow the District Attorney should get busy and vindicate him."

Schmitz and Rolph

"By the way," said the clockwinder, "what do you think of Schmitz for Mayor?"

The question seemed to make Dwyer uncomfortable. He did a lot of thinking before making reply, and then he said that he had not given the matter much thought. "What do you think?" he asked.

"I think it wouldn't be a bad thing for him to run. It would encourage the dear people to make comparisons."

"But Schmitz was indicted," said Dwyer.

"Granted," the clockwinder retorted.

"And Mayor Rolph is above suspicion," Dwyer added.

"True, but he deprived the city of an opera house, which is something not to be forgotten. And you must remember that Schmitz was in his third term before he was indicted."

The Clockwinder's Choice

"Would you prefer Schmitz to Rolph?" Dwyer asked.

"Like you, Joe," the clockwinder replied, "I haven't given the matter much thought. I'm for Supervisor McCarthy for Mayor; that is if we can induce him to run. And that's one reason I'd like to see Schmitz run. I feel that Schmitz and Rolph would appeal to the same element."

"You're wrong," Dwyer observed, "Rolph has the church element with him."

"Let him have it. He deserves it. But on second thought I'm not so sure he'll get it. I've been told that several long-hair boys are behind this Schmitz movement. They say however devilish Schmitz may have been at least he took good care to keep within striking distance of the dollar limit. 'Admitting,' said one of them to me, 'there was graft when Schmitz was Mayor, what about this enormous extravagance? Is it some kind of a new sign of righteousness and purity in politics?' I couldn't answer the impertinent fellow, but he went on questioning me. He asked about the municipal railroads that were to make money and reduce taxes. He wanted to know if it was true that a team employed by a private contractor did as much work as six teams employed by the city. He wanted my opinion as to whether the building up of a political machine at public expense was justifiable since any-

thing that might keep Mission Jim on the job was in the public interest."

"What did you tell him?" Dwyer asked.


"I advised him to consult Chief Justice Matt I. Sullivan."

The Disingenuous Lathrop

We are all familiar with the manner in which the Rev. Charles N. Lathrop took refuge behind Supervisor Andy Gallagher when the committee from the Northern California Hotel Men's Association called upon him for an explanation of his statement that a certain large hotel of this city had one floor given over to immorality. Father Lathrop did not enlighten the hotel men concerning his original statement; he merely called their attention to the fact that Supervisor Andy Gallagher had declared at a meeting of the Board of Supervisors that he could name twenty-five local hotels where immorality was countenanced. The implication was that Father Lathrop had been extremely conservative in declaring that one large hotel was in bad repute. "You see," he seemed to say to the hotel men, "I might have made my statement much stronger." Now I have looked a little into the circumstances surrounding the Andy Gallagher utterance, and as a result I cannot regard Father Lathrop in any light but that of an extremely disingenuous clergyman. And at that I am letting him off easy.

What Andy Meant

The occasion of Andy Gallagher's statement was a discussion in the Board of Supervisors of



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a proposal to "tilt the lid" uptown by allowing dancing in certain tenderloin resorts. A certain hotel keeper appeared before the city fathers to protest against this measure. The discussion was about hotels in the tenderloin. They are not the sort of hotels whose owners are admitted to membership in the Northern California Hotel Men's Association. That is to say, they are not respectable hotels. They are hotels frequented by women of the night life, and their rooms are frequently rented several times over in one night. In New York such resorts are called Raines Law hotels. It was of these hotels that Supervisor Gallagher was speaking, and his remark was meant to discredit the pretensions of a tenderloin hotel keeper to whom it pointed very closely. Yet when Father Lathrop was waited on by the managers of the St. Francis, the Stewart and the Bellevue he used that remark to bolster his untenable position. He allowed them to suppose that he saw no difference between the respectable hostilities they conducted and the disreputable "dumps" of the tenderloin. I have said that Father Lathrop was disingenuous; perhaps some people would use a harsher adjective.

Lathrop's Chance

It is to be presumed, by the way, that when the Redlight Abatement Law goes into effect Father Lathrop will take immediate steps to close the twenty-five hotels of which he learned from Andy Gallagher's statement. The law will give him the machinery for doing so, and being a citizen and a minister with a high conception of his duties he will undoubtedly consider such an action ob-

ligatory. We look forward to seeing Father Lathrop the busiest enforcer of this law. We feel that he will be the most strenuous crusader in the cause of redlight abatement. We do not see how he can shirk his responsibility in this regard, unless indeed Bishop Nichols takes steps to muzzle him. It would not be the first time, I believe.

Our Gay Night City

Here we have that rare bird, the black swan—an Englishman who took a cursory glance at America, went home and wrote about the country in laudatory vein. His name is Maurice Baring. Now Maurice Baring is not the typical Englishman who writes letters to the Times. Maurice Baring is a man of letters, who numbers among his chums in London G. K. Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc and H. G. Wells. He is the great English authority on Russia. There are few more fascinating books than his "Mainsprings of Russia." A little while ago Baring made a trip around the world, and spent twenty-four hours in San Francisco. This is what he says of the city in his book "Round the World in Any Number of Days:" "The climate is like champagne. There is gaiety in the air. The streets and houses seem to radiate amusement and cheerfulness. San Francisco is essentially a night city, and next to Paris, I should say it was the gayest night city in the world." One cannot be sure that this should be taken as a gratifying observation. It all depends on the viewpoint. Some folks regard the gayety of the city as discreditable. They prefer the solemnity of a New Eng-

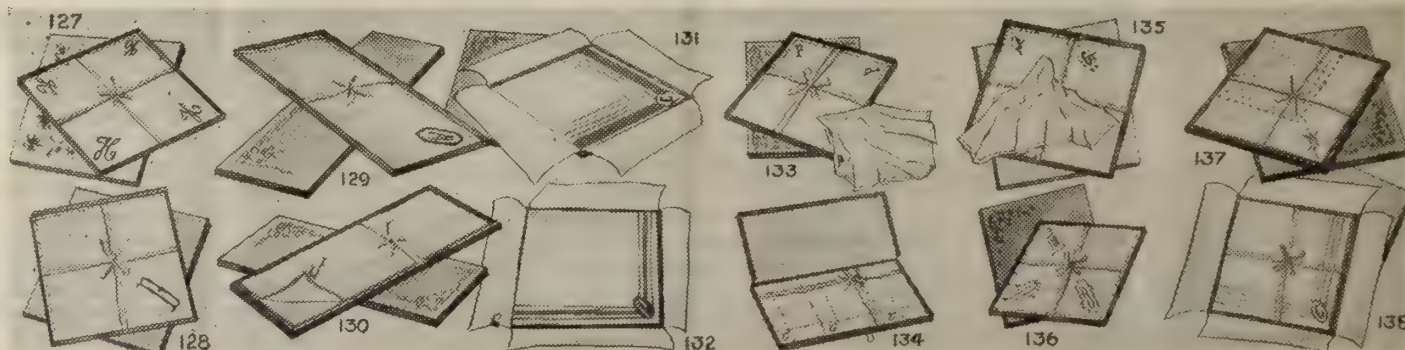
land village. We have in our midst a certain provincial preacher with the parochial viewpoint, who saw a lot of gayety on a slumming excursion one night; gazed on some of the sources of it as through a microscope, but disinterestedly of course, and he has been for taking the champagne out of the climate ever since. One well may wonder whether his ideal city is Los Angeles, where the lid is on so tight that when a woman ventures out alone in the dark she is almost sure to encounter men who are tempted to relieve the monotony of life by indulging in "familiarities" without an introduction.

The Finest Club in the World

To come back to Baring. The first thing, he says, that struck him in San Francisco, "and in America altogether was the architecture." Some years ago, he relates, he was talking art in Florence, and some one who was present said he wondered whether there would ever be a Renaissance in architecture. Another man observed that the Renaissance was already happening in America. "I do not think," says Baring, "there are any modern buildings in Europe which can compare with the modern buildings in America." Speaking of the Pacific-Union Club, which was remodeled by Willis Polk, he says: "Here again was an example of beautiful architecture." This club he pronounces "the last word of luxury," and adds "but the luxury is subordinate to taste and design. It is not over-ornamented. . . . I do not think there is in the whole of the world a club to compare in luxury, solid comfort and fine proportion with the San

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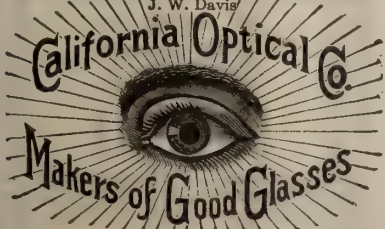
Discovering "New Franks"

Although Maurice Baring was only twenty-four hours in San Francisco he had time enough to discover here the best restaurant of his world-wide experience. Let him describe it: "I had dinner at a restaurant called the 'New Franks.' It is a small restaurant, and it provides the best food I have ever eaten anywhere. When people speak in this way of a restaurant, they often mean that they happened on that day to be hungry and to have a good appetite. I was not hungry the night I went to the New Franks. I was not inclined to eat, but the sheer excellence of the cooking there excited my greed, and bade my appetite rise from the dead. The cooking was perfect. There is no other word for it. When I say the cooking was perfect, I mean the food was perfectly cooked. I don't mean that there were dozens of messy entrees and highly spiced sauces. The food was of the simplest. I had soup (soup a l'oignon, a dream!), fish, and chicken, and I never tasted anything so good in my life. Anatole France tells somewhere the story of a king, who, powerful as he was (or rather just because he was all-powerful), was condemned to the luxury of a huge kitchen and a huge staff of cooks, who served him up elaborate tasteless dishes which meant nothing to him. And this was sad, adds Anatole France, for he liked good food (car il aimait la bonne chere). He would have found it at the New Franks, which is under the direction of Mr. Peter Kochely, a Dalmatian. His cook, or cooks, are Frenchmen, and I think a part of the success which his restaurant enjoys and the greater part of the excellence which it reaches are due to his eagle eye, which detects from a distance the likes and dislikes of every customer."

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At the Olympic Club

Mr. Baring also visited the Olympic Club, and this is what he says of it:

"There is also a wonderful home of athletics, which I visited, called the Olympic Club, which has not long been built. It contains every kind of bath you can imagine, and an enormous salt-water swimming-bath. It is the kind of bath you can imagine the ancient Romans built for themselves, and, indeed, American cities lead one to think that in many respects they are like ancient Rome; the quantity of marble employed; the detailed supply which is ever present to meet the demands and the needs of the individual."

A Dinner Without Speeches

The Bohemian Club has achieved what many of its member considered impossible—a dinner without oratory. There are many orators in Bohemia, and they love to scatter their jewels of talk post-prandially. But all of them were rigorously excluded from the spotlight last Saturday night when the club dined Dr. Humphrey Stewart by way of wishing him godspeed on the eve of his departure for San Diego. There was plenty of music at the Stewart dinner, as was appropriate at a dinner in honor of a musician; but there was no toastmaster to say "We have with us tonight," and there were no spellbinders fasting during dinner for the good of their voices. According to some it was a very successful dinner in spite of the absence of speakers. According to others it was very successful because of that lack. But the latter view is not held by the orators.

San Diego's Gain

Dr. Stewart goes to San Diego as organist of the exposition to be held there next year. That fair will last a year, but when it is over we shall not have Dr. Stewart back again. For he goes to San Diego under contract with John D. Spreckels to take permanent charge of the great open-air organ which will be a feature of the exposition and will continue to be a feature of San Diego after the exposition closes. In other words we are losing one of our foremost musicians. He is being taken from us by one who appreciates his worth more than we have ever appreciated it. In this matter John D. Spreckels appears in his by no means infrequent role of patron of the arts. Mr. Spreckels knows Dr. Stewart's worth, and when Dr. Stewart leaves this city on Mr.

Spreckels' yacht the Venetia, it will be the beginning for him of an association which assures him congenial occupation and sufficient leisure to prosecute his original work amid inspiring surroundings. San Diego has innumerable reasons for being proud of John D. Spreckels; its satisfaction in securing through Mr. Spreckels an organist of Dr. Stewart's standing will doubtless be mixed with wonderment that San Francisco should find no means of keeping him.

They Advertise Us

Speaking of San Diego and its exposition reminds me of the very kindly spirit our southernmost sister city is manifesting toward our World's Fair. The San Diego fair officials are spending a great deal of money in high class magazine advertising. In these attractive advertisements they never fail to mention and to boost the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Our World's Fair, in other words, is profiting by every dollar San Diego spends in advertising its own exposition. This is such a rare thing that it would be ungracious on our part not to notice it and express gratitude for it. I believe that before the San Diego fair officials started their advertising campaign they made overtures to our fair officials looking toward co-operative advertising, and that our fair officials declined to go in with them. In spite of this San Diego is giving us a great deal of valuable publicity free of charge.

Hough Perry's Guides

I told recently about the soreness of local newspapermen over the slight they received from George Hough Perry, that official who is in charge of the publicity of the World's Fair having forgotten till the last minute to invite them to the dedication of the Press Building. This matter has been the subject of general conversation at the Press Club.

"What could we expect?" remarked one newspaperman. "Perry used to be advertising manager of a department store. He doesn't know the newspaper game from our angle. But he might have consulted Arthur Dutton or Oscar Fernbach of the World's Fair forces, for they are working newspapermen of long experience and the highest standing. Instead, whom do you suppose he went to for advice when the time

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came to dedicate the newspaper headquarters at the Fair?"

I told my interlocutor that I was at a loss to guess.

"Professor Barr who looks after conventions for the Fair," said my informant. "Professor Barr is a very estimable gentleman; he used to be a school teacher in Sacramento. But what could he be expected to know about newspapermen?"

Exit the Dramatic Critic

There has been a shakeup in the Oakland office of the Examiner, and Neill Wilson has been sent over to take charge. Wilson's place as dramatic critic has been taken by a young reporter named John Holm. Young Holm is not allowed to sign his name, and is not expected to indulge in dramatic criticism. It is his function to report a play as he would report a meeting of the Board of Supervisors or a fire. With Alan Dale's retirement from the Hearst service this may come to be the general system of treating the theatre. Hearst is heavily interested in moving pictures, so it may be that he thinks too much and too serious notice of the drama would hurt his film business.

Earl's Eye on Us

E. T. Earl, owner of the Tribune and Express of Los Angeles, has been entertaining the notion of starting a morning newspaper in this city. Not long ago Earl sent a confidential agent to this city to look over the field. One of the first things this agent did was to seek out R. A. Crothers and Fremont Older of the Bulletin, and propose that they co-operate with Earl in the establishment of a penny morning paper. The Bulletin men turned the proposition down. Whether Earl has abandoned the project or still clings to it I do not know. It would seem, however, that we are chastised sufficiently for our sins without having to bear the additional burden of an Earl newspaper.

Magdalena Bay in Litigation

Magdalena Bay, one of the finest harbors on the Pacific Coast, the harbor that Japan had designs on, and probably has till, is involved in litigation which has been going on for years. This fact was disclosed the other day by Thomas M. Rowlette, a New York lawyer, counsel for Mrs. Ludie Edward Ball, who has the deeds. The land involved, including nearly all of Lower California from the Cordilleras to the Gulf, is worth millions—just how many is mostly guesswork. It runs north and south 400 miles and is from ten to fourteen miles wide. James Edwards, Mrs. Ball's father, bought it in 1903 for \$395,000, which isn't quite ten cents an acre.

Magdalena Bay, tempter of two nations, lies right in the centre of this great strip of coast, the deeds to which convey fishing and other water rights. This harbor, first widely known when the American battleship fleet stopped there for target practice on their world tour in 1908, would make one of the best naval bases in the world for the country fortunate enough to come into possession of it. It is forty miles long and twelve wide—all deep water. The town is a trifling place. Warships can shoot all around and do no harm. For years the wisdom of the United States acquiring this harbor has been urged and of late more sharply than ever because of stories that Japan might obtain it if we didn't. There is no doubt that the Japanese have their eyes on the bay. They have established several thriving colonies above and below it on the coast.

Japanese Want the Land

Mr Rowlette says he is hanging on to the deeds to this land because the Chartered Company of Lower California owes Mrs. Ball a sum that, with interest, amounts to about \$40,000. But Mr. Rowlette adds that he understands a Japanese syndicate is trying to get the land and that money or no money he will not in that case surrender the deeds without the law's compulsion. The State Department at Washington, he says, knows well where the deeds are and how he feels about them. Rowlette first heard of the property in 1903 when James Edwards, adventurer, explorer, promoter, who had an office next door to Mr. Rowlette, walked in upon his neighbor leading his young daughter by the hand. Edwards had been told he had not long to live. Of this he informed Rowlette, adding that he wished to make a will leaving all he had to his girl. "Here in this tin box," the pioneer went on, "are the deeds and Mexican grants to 4,000,000 acres of land on the west coast. I bought it from Flores, Hale & Company for \$395,000 and the Chartered Company of California has bought it of me, but still owes \$31,000. Whatever happens, I don't want you to let them have these deeds until they pay what they still owe." Rowlette accepted the trust and Edwards died soon afterward. Since then there has not been a day, says the lawyer, when the Chartered Company of Lower California or some of the men in it—John E. Blackman, W. F. Lakin and others—have not been trying their hardest to get hold of the Edwards deeds.

Heney's Nephew Interested

"The purpose, I am assured, is to be able to give title to a Japanese syndicate," says Mr. Rowlette. "Ordinarily, were they ever to come

forward with the money due, I should surrender the papers at once, but if the land is to go to Japanese, with the probability of Japan gaining Magdalena Bay as a naval base, I shall fight my hardest not to give them the title papers, money or no money.

"The first intimation I had that there might be trouble came from William J. Heney, a nephew of Francis Heney, who came in my office not long after Edwards' death and remarked that John E. Blackman was coming after these papers."

The Cool Air of the Tavern

Those who attend the Informal Dansants which take place at Techau Tavern on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings of each week are more than delighted with the cool, fresh, wholesome atmosphere of the cafe; a detail of comfort too often overlooked in places where dancers congregate. Additional ventilating devices have recently been installed and a scientific system developed with the result that the popularity of these tri-weekly dances is constantly increasing and the fine maple floor in the veranda of the main cafe is always thronged on these evenings.

Mrs. Hasche (to new boarder)—How did you find your steak this morning, Mr. Johnson?

Johnson—Oh, quite easily! I'm a detective.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Amy Requa Long, Roof Painter

This is the veracious account, as it is being told in society and club circles across the bay, of how Amy Requa Long, the daughter of Mrs. Isaac Requa, overcame the difficulties which lay in the way of having her roof painted. It is the story of the stratagem by means of which the wife of Brigadier General Oscar F. Long outwitted her not-easily-outwitted mother. Mrs. Isaac Requa's home "Highlands" in Piedmont is one of the show places of Alameda county. The home of her daughter Mrs. Long is close by, and while less elaborate is a very beautiful home. Just before the rains set in Mrs. Long decided that it would be advisable to have her roof painted. But there was a difficulty in the way. Mrs. Long felt that she could not afford the expenditure. By the terms of the late Isaac Requa's will, his widow holds the purse strings; and Mrs. Long is compelled from time to time to appeal to her mother for help in meeting unusual expenses. Mrs. Requa is a business woman of great ability, and there are times when she does not feel it proper to respond to these appeals. This was one of them. When Mrs. Long told her mother with feminine pointedness that she wanted to have the roof painted but couldn't afford to, Mrs. Requa made no comment, gave no sign of being interested.

Mrs. Long's Stratagem

But Mrs. Long is very resourceful, so she did not give up. Instead she bought a pair of overalls and a sweater, laid them out conspicuously on her bed and invited her mother to tea. As soon as Mrs. Requa entered her daughter's bed room she noticed the strange garments.

"Amy," she said, "what does this mean?"

"Well, you see, mother," Mrs. Long answered, "I must have my roof painted before the rain starts. I cannot afford to hire a painter, so I have bought the overalls and sweater and will do the painting myself."

Mrs. Requa was overcome with astonishment, but made no comment. When she returned home, however, she did just what Mrs. Long thought she would do—she rang up her painter. Mrs. Long had already unfolded her scheme to this painter, and had secured his promise to tell Mrs. Requa that she would probably break her neck in the attempt. All unsuspecting, Mrs. Requa told the painter what Amy proposed to do.

"Do you think she can do it?" she asked anxiously.

"Mrs. Long," replied the suave painter, "is a very capable woman. She can undoubtedly paint

the roof, but just as surely she will break her neck before she finishes."

Mrs. Requa commissioned the painter to do the job and charge the bill to her. Mrs. Long smiled with satisfaction as she stowed the overalls and sweater in a closet.

Our Social Centre

Somebody remarked in the course of the last Dolce Far Niente merrymaking that the Cliff House had come to be the centre of the city's social life. I heartily agree. One cannot keep in touch with what society is doing unless one cultivates the Cliff House habit. This is a fact not as fully appreciated by many San Franciscans as it ought to be. Travelers of the more sophisticated sort, such as Julian Street, grasp it immediately in some mysterious way, by intuition perhaps. The result is that the distinguished people who come here may always be found lunching, dining, supping at the hospitable place by the sea. The result is too that distinguished travelers are carrying to the four corners of the earth pleasant memories of Mine Host Carruthers. Meanwhile society is also making the Cliff House its favorite rendezvous. Society motors thither of an afternoon for "tea and things," as Bunker Bean would say; and society has such an appreciation of the Cliff House music that some of its gilded contingent may be found dancing there every night in the week. So popular indeed is this dancing music that the management of the Fairmont has arranged to borrow it for tea dances on Nob Hill. We have here a sincerer form of flattery than imitation, namely appropriation!

A Merry Party

"I came because my wife loves to dance."

Thus Roy Bishop as he descended the stairs to the cosy room where the members of the Dolce Far Niente were gathering for dinner. I had heard similar remarks before, so I watched Roy Bishop and his charming wife. Sure enough, Mrs. Bishop loves to dance. And she is one of the most graceful and most expert dancers of the Dolce Far Niente. I doubt if she missed a single dance. But singularly enough, the assistant to the president of the Palace Hotel Company did not miss a single dance either. He was up with the first strains from the orchestra and showed himself all through the jolly evening a most devoted servant of Terpsichore. I was not a bit surprised. Nowadays the men who go to dances because their wives love to dance are never wall flowers. They love to dance too, though they are sometimes shy about admitting as much. Mrs. Bishop was one of the best dancers at the Dolce Far Niente. Another woman of whom the same may be said is Mrs. George Wingfield. She too was rarely off the floor. Mrs. Alanson Weeks, Mrs. Edwin Hammer and Mrs. Zeile also displayed a great deal of grace in the latest steps. Among the belles it was perhaps Miss Bernice D'Evelyn who attracted most attention. Miss D'Evelyn is the daughter of Dr. D'Evelyn and is a girl whose brunette beauty is enhanced by an air of unaffected modesty. When she danced with Quentin Tod and Count Montgelas all the other dancers retired to their seats to watch her. It was an unsought tribute not only to her dancing grace but also to her winning demeanor. Many girls

would have found this too much of an ordeal, but Miss D'Evelyn is not self-conscious. It was a pleasure to see her blush when the spectators burst into applause as her partners escorted her to her seat. It showed that she was quite unspoiled.

Another Reconciliation

It will be good news for their many friends that Leonard Hammond and Ruth Merrill Hammond have made up their differences and are soon to start married life all over again. Their separation caused considerable unhappiness to those who realized that the differences which led to the divorce were not of the unmanageable sort. The well known fact that they never lost interest in each other takes on new significance in view of the latest development. Their coming together will be acclaimed by a wide circle. This is splendid news and the sort I delight to chronicle. It makes us think better of society folks. It is a coincidence that it should follow so closely on the announcement that the Sylvanus Farnhams have withdrawn their divorce suit and will forget their troubles.

Mrs. Burnham Installed

The installation of Mrs. Helen Isabel Burnham as Worthy Matron of Albert Pike Chapter Order of Eastern Star which took place Thursday evening, December 3, at Albert Pike Memorial Temple proved to be the most brilliant and successful event of its kind that San Francisco has ever witnessed. Long before the hour set for the commencement the hall was filled to its capacity and it is estimated that several hundred people were unable to gain admission. The Chapter room represented the interior of a medieval European Cathedral and at its altar the officers took their obligations. Mrs. Burnham's first official act was to deplore the terrible war that is devastating Europe and to call on all present to rise and unite in singing Dyke's majestic old hymn for peace, a request which was unanimously and fervently complied with. The installing cere-



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mony was most impressively performed by the retiring Matron Mrs. Georgiana Caples who was assisted by Horace Bernard Brown and George McLean. Mrs. Caples received a number of beautiful and costly gifts including a jewelled Past Matrons Star and a silver dinner set. Past Patron Brown also was presented with numerous tokens of esteem which took the form of a reading lamp and silverware. Mrs. Burnham received from Past Patron Speakman a gavel of office made from the wood of historic ruins dug up in Manila and many beautiful floral tributes. A splendid choir under the direction of Godfrey Price which included Bernat Jaulus, violin soloist; Anton Logar, flute soloist; Walter Hornig, French horn; Filippi Dellepiane, organist; Ethel Jones and Mrs. Godfrey Price, sopranos; Ida Pierce, contralto; Benjamin Liederman, tenor; and Godfrey Price, basso, rendered a service of sacred music. Mr. Dellepiane played a march "Star of Bethlehem" specially arranged by E. M. Rosner for the occasion with consummate skill and expression. It was greatly admired. The officers installed with Mrs. Burnham were

Gerald Luke Dillon, Worthy Patron; Catherine Hazel McLean, Associate Matron; Wilhelmina McLean, Secretary; Mary Hanna Speakman, Treasurer; Vecie Ellen Brown, Conductress; Rebecca Dannemark, Associate Conductress; Edwin Lycurgus Forster, Chaplain; Emma Marcella Moran, Warden; Casper Henry Lutterkort, Sentinel; Josephine James Ambrose, Adah; Louise Abbie Long, Ruth; Ruth Maria McLean, Esther; Daisy Falconer Patterson, Martha; Lulu Helen Schulz, Electa.

A Card Party for "Mary's Help"

An affair which promises to be a society event with nearly all the leading society women interested, is the card party which will take place in the rose room of the St. Francis Tuesday evening, December 15, for the benefit of the free clinic of the Mary's Help Hospital. The free clinic cares for hundreds of patients who would otherwise have to go without medical aid. During the past year 9000 cases were treated and 40,000 prescriptions filled free. The officers of the Auxiliary which was started a year ago by Rt. Rev. Bishop Hanna for the purpose of raising funds are: president, Mrs. Mary Tobin; first vice-president, Mrs. A. Loughborough; second vice-president, Mrs. A. P. O'Brien; treasurer, Sister

melon ever and other surprises. Before the play Miss Alexander will give some songs and stories specially planned for the youngsters, and several specialties will be introduced by talented children. Among Miss Alexander's patronesses for the afternoon are the Mesdames Horace C. Breeden, Samuel Boardman, James L. Flood, Phil Kearny Gordon, Phoebe Hearst, Lawrence Harris, Horace D. Pillsbury, George A. Pope, Max C. Sloss, Sidney M. Van Wyck Sr. and Miss Laura McKinstry.

Puckett's Anniversary

Invitations are being sent out for the twenty-first anniversary ball of Puckett's College of Dancing, which will be given on January 8. Judging from the attendance of past years the ball room which is one of the largest and most attractive in the city, will be taxed to its capacity. Puckett's enjoys an enviable reputation in this city. An old established college of dancing, it has never fallen behind the times; has in fact kept just a little in advance of them, so that its pupils are never embarrassed by the appearance of the newest dances in these days of rapidly changing dancing fashions. Its pupils have the opportunity of learning them as soon as they become the mode in Europe or the East.

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TINA LERNER

Pianist, in recital with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra at the Cort Theatre, Sunday afternoon.

Angela; secretary, Mrs. John S. Reardon. The committee on prizes has been ably assisted by a committee of gentlemen headed by John J. O'Toole, Supervisor Wm. H. McCarthy and J. F. Cunningham, with the result that many beautiful prizes have been secured from the downtown business houses. There will be a prize for almost every table. Tickets may be secured at the Mary's Help Hospital, or from any of the ladies interested.

Miss Alexander's Christmas Matinee

Miss Clara Alexander whose "Heures Intimes" were such a success during October and November, will give a children's Christmas matinee in the ball room of the Fairmont Hotel, Saturday, December 19, at half past two, when one of the features will be her original Christmas play, "The Pickaninnies' Christmas," which she first presented at the Waldorf-Astoria last December, under distinguished patronage. Miss Alexander will appear in the dual role of a negro "mammy" and the "Black Santa Claus" who only makes his appearance once in a million years, and she will be assisted by two very clever children, little Eugenia Clenchard and Master Reginald Vaughn who will play the pickaninnies. The play is modeled on English pantomime and will offer many novelties, including a lively "possum, a "magical" Christmas tree from which all the kiddies in attendance will be remembered, the biggest water-

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Gossip of the Theatre

The Ancient Dance

"Her attitudes signified sighs and her whole person a languor so intense that one knew not whether she was weeping for a god or dying of joy in his embrace." Such was Herodias when the Tetrarch shouted "Come! come, thou shalt have Capernaum! the plain of Tiberias! my citadels; half my kingdom." So Flaubert relates. Now Radjah, though she isn't imitating Herodias at the Orpheum, reminds one of the lustful lady who preferred to all else the head of Iokanaan on a charger. The writhing and swaying, the billowy undulating of the stomach, that Flaubert tells us about, Radjah does, but she calls hers a Cleopatra dance, and to prove it she wears a snake on her person, a real, live coiling serpent several feet long. Well, perhaps Cleopatra danced just that way, for the dance of her time was mainly a spectacle stimulating to the masculine imagination. The Queen of Sheba danced that way. The Nubian girls of the Cataracts taught her how to sway and to writhe and to undulate her hips. The Bacchantes of Lydia were skilled in this same dance solitaire, that was meant to please fat plutocrats; and the dancers of that far-off day wore transparent skirts, like Radjah, only they were more richly ornamented. Watching Radjah at the Orpheum I fell into a reverie. There is nothing so new, I reflected, as what is extremely old. A people may flatter itself that it is progressive by going back to ancient times for its political contrivances; so also with its forms of entertainment. Who knows but that in time the abnormal may become the only thing that is common!

—Theodore Bonnet.

In the Music World

Serato revealed himself to us last Sunday as one of the world's greatest violinists, a serious and sincere artist deserving of the high praise bestowed on him by Kreisler. Not even the brilliant Austrian himself can evoke from the heavenly instrument sweeter or purer tones. The music that Serato gives us sweeps over an audience like a summer wave full of light and motion. The spiritual depth and the joy of music Serato reveals to us. He played a beautiful program, numbers drawn in long classic lines and others with intricate fretwork. In all he showed faultless technique and fine poetic understanding. His audience listened to him reverently. Many were there who must have been proud of their countryman, for the ladies of the Vittoria Colonna society were the patronesses of the occasion. It is principally the Italians of this city who are keeping alive, as they ever have done, the best traditions of our music world. Signor Serato plays again on Sunday. A notable performance was that of the Symphony Orchestra last Friday; notable not only because the soloist Tina Lerner is a star of the first magnitude, but also because the orchestra played with vehement enthusiasm and almost flawless execution. The magic of the Russian music got into Hadley's baton and the presence and glorious performance of the illustrious Russian pianiste magnetized the players, to say nothing of putting the audience into a receptive, responsive mood. The Concerto No. 1, B flat minor was the same which thrilled us when Miss Lerner first played here, and we eagerly listened to the repetition. She played as before—with the same dynamic power, the same ability to sound delicate singing tones with feathery lightness and dreamy grace. The other number was the Symphony,

opus 58, after Byron's "Manfred" and was very finely played, as was also the less fascinating "Romeo and Juliet" fantasia.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

Warfield as Simon Levi

Was it not Wilde who maintained that a genius does not progress, that he simply proceeds from one masterpiece to another? It would seem to be true of David Warfield. His earliest achievement is his latest triumph. The Simon Levi of today is no better and no worse than the Simon Levi that several years ago made conquest for Warfield of national fame. This is to say that Simon Levi was a perfect characterization then, and remains so now. Nothing has been added, nothing taken away because nothing could be



DAVID A. CURRY

"Stentor of the Yosemite" at the Savoy Theatre.

added or taken away. This is to say also that David Warfield is a genius. Who will contradict that statement? None, certainly, who has sat beneath his spell. It is his greatness to glamor the commonplace, to show us the laughter and the tears in ordinary things, to turn the light of understanding on what looked mean and trivial to our imperfect (because unsympathetic) vision. Warfield is a true and a helpful interpreter of our common humanity, like Dickens was, or Millet or Burns. "The Auctioneer" is good for us as "The Old Curiosity Shop" or "The Angelus" or "The Jolly Beggars" is. There is warmth at the heart of Warfield's genius; there is tenderness in its soul. He is a public benefactor. A lesser man would spoil Simon Levi with sentimentality which is bad art, or with exaggeration which is not art at all. But the genius of Warfield is ever sure. There is never a wrong touch, never a false value. If there were a Louvre for theatrical masterpieces this picture of Simon Levi would have a place in it.

—Edward F. O'Day.

The Philharmonic

The seventh concert of the Peoples Philharmonic Orchestra Association held at the Pavilion Rink was well attended and consequently satisfactory from a financial standpoint, as the Association is organized solely for the purpose of giving to the people of San Francisco Symphony Concerts throughout the year at minimum prices. The place of honor on the program was given

to Walter B. Bell, a member of the orchestra. His composition Symphony No. 2 "Spring" was very well rendered by the orchestra, Herman Perlet conductor, and proved a delightful composition in parts, although the work had too much sameness throughout and seemed rather long on that account. The other numbers given by the orchestra were the Overture to "Ruy Blas," Mendelssohn, and the "Danse Macabre" by Saint Saens which were played in a very creditable manner. A local composer G. Vargas, was also represented on the program by a "Valse Mignon" which was so pleasing to the audience that the number had to be repeated. Of the soloists, Mr. Ralph Errolle, tenor, sang the "Che gelida Manina" from "La Boheme" and for an encore "Donna e Mobile" from "Rigoletto." This artist who was a member of the Chicago Opera company sings with the greatest ease and we hope to hear more of him. The other soloist of the evening was Madame Geraldine Sartori who attempted the "Le Perl du Brazil" aria, which apparently was beyond her powers. These concerts, in order to be educational and more enjoyable for music lovers, should have a better selection of numbers than presented at this concert, but it is gratifying to announce that the next concert program for January 7 is made up of compositions by Schubert, Delibes, Mendelssohn and Rubinstein and gives promise of being most enjoyable and instructive to those able to attend.

—A. Sutter.

Ruth St. Denis' Dancing

Ruth St. Denis is at home in all ages, in all climes. She is ancient; she is modern; she is of the East and of the West; she is homely and exotic. Now she is Radha, the slave of the five senses; now she is a queen of the ball room of today; always she is a dancer of witchery, of grace, of abandon, of passion. She excites and soothes; she has the gift of making symbols speak for her; she is primitive; she is ironical. She transports us out of the present and out of ourselves; she makes us live a while the life of lands we have never seen, giving us moments of high imagination and deeply stirred emotion. She intoxicates the brain; she subjugates the heart. To watch her is to be swirled in ecstasy, to riot in the Arabian Nights. You go away from Ruth St. Denis surfeited with the sensuous banquet of beauty.

—The Second Nighter.

"Mutt and Jeff in Mexico"

"Mutt and Jeff in Mexico" is the title of the third edition of Bud Fisher's cartoon comedy, produced in musical comedy form by Guss Hill. Situations ludicrous in the extreme are suggested by Mutt as the Rear Admiral and little Jeff as the Captain of a battleship. The play has a scenic production built at great expense, together with hundreds of gorgeous costumes. "Mutt and Jeff" comes for an engagement of two weeks commencing with tomorrow's matinee at the Alcazar. The management is entirely justified in urging patrons to secure seats in advance. Popular prices will prevail and there will be the regular Alcazar matinees on Thursday, Saturday and Sunday with a special holiday matinee on Christmas Day.

"The Yellow Ticket" Coming

Following Warfield at the Columbia on Monday, December 21, will appear the much talked

of attraction "The Yellow Ticket." The play was written to awaken sympathy with the Jew's condition in Russia. But it appeals to all people because its story is an intensely absorbing one. It had a long run in New York. In the cast are W. L. Abington, Belle Mitchell, Paul McAllister, John Ravold, Robert Cummings, Dorothy Ellis, Reginald Carrington, Arthur Maitland and others. The advance sale begins Thursday.

Last Week of Warfield

So great has been the demand for seats for David Warfield in "The Auctioneer" that the management of the Columbia had to utilize the space occupied by the orchestra for additional seats. There will be no Sunday night performance. Matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday.

Arrigo Serato

This Sunday afternoon at the Columbia that master-violinist Arrigo Serato will give his farewell concert and on this occasion the Pacific Musical Society will attend, the event taking the place of one of the regular club concerts. The assisting artist is Homer Samuels, a pupil of Josef Lhevinne. The program will include the "Chaconne" by Vitali, "Prelude and Fugue" by Bach, "Concerto" in D minor by Vieuxtemps, "Evening Song" by Schumann, "Zapateado" (Spanish Dance) by Sarasate and by special request some of the beautiful Kreisler adaptations. Seats may be secured at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s, Kohler and Chase's and the Columbia.

San Francisco Quintet Club

The San Francisco Quintet Club, the most important of our local ensemble organizations, will give its second concert next Sunday afternoon, December 20, in the Colonial Ballroom of

the St. Francis. Nathan Firestone, the viola artist, will assist in the rendition of the following important and beautiful program: "Quartet" for strings Op. 76 No. 4, Haydn; "Serenade" Op. 25 for flute, violin and viola, Beethoven; and "Quintet" for piano and strings, Cesar Franck. Tickets may be secured at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's.

John McCormack

Last year hundreds of people who came from as far as Marysville to hear John McCormack found the Auditorium so crowded that the police would not allow another person to enter. This year the Irish tenor is meeting with greater favor than ever even in the Eastern cities where the financial depression is being felt far worse than here. In order to give everyone an equal chance to secure tickets for the concerts Manager Greenbaum announces that he will now receive mail orders and fill them in the order of their receipt. McCormack will sing three times in San Francisco as follows: Sunday afternoon, December 27, at the Cort, Friday night, January 1, at Scottish Rite Hall, and Sunday afternoon, January 3, at the Cort. On Tuesday night, December 29, he will sing in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse. Address mail orders with current funds to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s, San Francisco, or Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland.

Alma Gluck Coming

Manager Greenbaum's first stellar attraction for Exposition year will be Alma Gluck, the

youngest star that ever made a successful debut at the Metropolitan Opera House and one of the very few artists of the operatic who are really great concert singers. Alma Gluck has been hailed by the press as "the successor to Sembrich" and the great Polish prima donna entirely agrees. Like John McCormack Alma Gluck succeeds in reaching the hearts of all who hear her, and it is this quality that has made her so popular and successful wherever she has given a recital.

Ruth St. Denis in Oakland

Tuesday afternoon at 3 and again in the evening at 8:15 Ruth St. Denis and her company will give special performances at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland.

Yosemite Films at Savoy

The Savoy Theatre will be re-opened for the week beginning Monday, with a novel, beautiful and instructive entertainment, accompanied by a "lecturette" by the best known man in the valley, also known as "the man with the voice" and "the stentor of Yosemite," David A. Curry. The cinematographer who accompanied the Sierran Club on its annual outing this year, has secured five reels of what are pronounced to be the most wonderful and beautiful scenic pictures extant, many points being visited that are entirely off the beaten track. There is no lack of action in the films, the hardy Sierrans having entered heartily into the spirit of the affair. Curry who has a camp in the valley and has acted as host to over fifty thousand guests in the



JOHN McCORMACK

The most popular concert star before the public. He will sing at the Cort Sunday afternoons, Dec. 27 and Jan. 3, and at Scottish Rite Hall Friday night, Jan. 1. In Oakland he sings Tuesday night, December 29.



MONTGOMERY and MOORE

Next week at the Orpheum.

last fifteen years, is a robust man with a voice that can be heard a mile. He knows everything worth knowing about the subject in hand and his talk is said to be a cheerful entertainment in itself. Matinees will be given every day at half past two, with the evening performance at a quarter past eight.

Montgomery and Moore at Orpheum

William J. Montgomery and Florence Moore, last seen here as the stars of "Hanky Panky," will be the headline attraction next week at the Orpheum. They have an act which eclipses all their previous vaudeville efforts and makes a strong demand on their versatility. Robert Everest brings "A Monkey Circus," new and augmented in every detail. Herbert Wililams and Hilda Wolfus will offer their original travesty "Almost a Pianist." Alfred Bergen, baritone, will give a song recital in fifteen minutes, ranging from ballad to grand opera. Barry and Wolford are a clever and popular singing couple who sing their own songs. The holdovers will be Minnie Allen; Princess Radjah; and Johnny Johnston and his Collegians.

The Special Symphony

The first special symphony concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra which the Musical Association of San Francisco is practically donating to the music hungry public compelled by employment or otherwise to remain away from the regular symphony concerts on Friday, will be given at the Cort this Sunday afternoon at three o'clock sharp. It will have as soloist Miss Tina Lerner, the Russian pianist. The prices are one-half those for the regular concerts. The program is one of the best ever given. Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay and Co., the Cort and Kohler and Chase.

Forbes-Robertson Coming

Mail orders are pouring into the Cort at a lively rate, indicative of the interest taken in the engagement of Forbes-Robertson who is making his farewell tour. His engagement at the Cort will begin Monday night, December 21. Four plays will be given: "Hamlet," Kipling's "The Light that Failed," Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra," and Jerome's "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Following is the arrangement: First week, beginning Monday, December 21; Monday, "Hamlet," Tuesday, "The Light that Failed," Wednesday Matinee, "Hamlet," Wednesday night, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," Thursday night, "The Light that Failed," Friday night, "Hamlet," Saturday matinee, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," Saturday night, "The Light that Failed." The second week, beginning Monday, December 28: Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights and Wednesday matinee, "Caesar and Cleopatra," by Bernard Shaw; Thursday night, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," Friday night, "The Light that Failed," Saturday matinee, "Hamlet," Saturday night, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back."

The Cort Magicians

The reign of magic at the Cort will begin its second and final week with tomorrow night's performance. LeRoy, Talma and Bosco and their company of necromancers have scored emphatically with local amusement seekers. Their entertainment is a novelty these days, for a whole performance devoted to magic is not common. The organization has lived up to its advance reputation. The three stars are experts, and the entertainment is lavish in its setting. The lions are ferociously in evidence, and ducks, geese, rabbits and other livestock contribute to the effectiveness of the illusions. Servais LeRoy, re-

garded as the world's foremost illusionist, presents many ingenious and mysterious effects.

Gorgeous Spectacle at Pantages

Captain J. J. Carey, hero of the Hanalei wreck, will be the headliner at Pantages next week. The bill also includes Staley, Birbeck and Staley in a gorgeous transformation specialty. Their act is called "The Musical Blacksmiths." The company are all accomplished players. Edgar Atchison Ely and his comedians, will present "Billy's Tombstone." With Sydney Drew in the leading role it scored a tremendous success. Dunn and Mitchell are talking comedians. They call their act "The Lemon City Land Agent." Joe Lanigen is a monologist with new quips and topical parodies. Old time songs which delighted our grandfolds will be rendered by Lovell and Lovell. The couple show the songs on slides and the audience is invited to join in the singing. Dainty Mlle. Cheville is a barefooted and graceful dancer of Grecian dances. The Three Kraytons in a hoop rolling novelty, and the usual Keystone film will round out the bill.

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Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, \$1.00.
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Monday, December 21st "THE YELLOW TICKET"

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Trading in listed bonds on the Stock Exchange last week was regarded as normal. Trifling recessions in a few active issues were offset by gains in others. Offerings were not heavy and the market appeared to be quiet and healthy. In stocks almost every important issue with the exception of Steel common was passing through the clearing house at prices equal to or above the closing prices of July 30 last, less any dividend paid since then. It looks as if it would do no harm to transfer this business to the floor of the exchange now that everyone knows the prices. If the Paris Bourse opens next week as announced, the New York Stock Exchange can hardly refrain from following its example. International houses believe that no heavy selling for foreign account would follow the resumption of stock exchange trading on this side, because there are few weak accounts outstanding in London and Paris and the retirement of the New York City revenue warrants and other maturing American obligations has made foreign investors realize that the United States is the safest place to keep money in on this earth. Money was much easier last week and call loans fell to 4 per cent. The copper market was strong and the demand for the metal was good at around 13 cents. This gave strength to the copper shares market and there was a good demand for all the copper stocks with prices at or better than the July 30 closing price. There were a few reports of railroad earnings that showed up well, especially the grain carrying roads. Some of the Steel companies have resumed operations and a number of furnaces that have been idle for some time have again become active. On the whole there is a better feeling in all lines of business and with any encouragement from the President in his message business should improve.

Wheat—Early in the week the market experienced quite a setback but finally wound up the week with a fair advance from the lowest figures. The cause of the break was the change in speculative sentiment. This change was brought about by newspaper reports of Russian successes which were interpreted by the pit crowd to foreshadow an early end to the war. Another item which added to the fear of holders was an estimate given out of a large Argentine crop. Of course an early end to the war, releasing Russian exports, would legitimately be a bearish factor, but the foreigner keeps on buying wheat and when later in the week Russian victories were denied and German victories claimed, the wheat market was caught in an oversold position and a quick rally followed. Our exports continue at the rate of over a million bushels a day. This country has already exported in five months about the same quantity that was exported for twelve

months last year. Our visible supply has grown large because of the big demand for wheat, and attractive prices and the wishes of the banking interests have all helped to bring out wheat on this large crop. This has about reached its maximum. While it is a little early in the season to talk crop scares, nevertheless reports on the growing crop are not showing up well, and Kansas and Nebraska are urgently in need of rain. If this continues, a holding movement will spread amongst the farmers and receipts will be affected. We continue bullish on wheat and advise its purchase on every setback.

Corn—There is very little to be said about corn. The market has been a very narrow affair, prices at no time covering more than a half cent range for any one day. The strength in wheat has been a help to the market which would have declined on the heavy receipts and increasing stocks at all primary markets. There is practically no demand for export and the Eastern demand is not large enough to take care of the current receipts.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARIE LABATAILLE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of MARIE LABATAILLE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARIE LABATAILLE, deceased.

JACQUES LABATAILLE,

Executor of the last will and testament of MARIE LABATAILLE, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 5, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executor,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco.

12-5-5

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| 9:00A | Sacramento and Pittsburg only. Carries Parlor Observation Car. |
| 11:00A | Sacramento, Pittsburg, Bay Point. |
| 11:20A | Bay Point and Way Stations. |
| 1:40P | Sacramento, Pittsburg, Bay Point. |
| 1:40P | Concord and Way Stations. |
| 3:00P | Sacramento, Pittsburg, Bay Point. |
| 4:00P | Bay Point and Way Stations. |
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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 58724.
D. K. SEIBERT, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES ZARO and ROSA ZARO, his wife, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to: JAMES ZARO and ROSA ZARO, his wife, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of August, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

HARRY K. WOLFE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
322 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-12-10.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PIERRE BERGES, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of PIERRE BERGES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Pierre Berge, deceased.

ALBERT P. BERGES,

JOSEPH BERGES,

Executors of the last will and testament of PIERRE BERGES, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 12th, A. D. 1914.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executors,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-12-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 59,413.

EDNA M. HEIN, Plaintiff, vs. PEDRO GARCIA and BONITA GARCIA, his wife, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: PEDRO GARCIA and BONITA GARCIA, his wife, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 26th day of September, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD LANDE,
Attorney for Plaintiff. 11-14-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 59860; Department No. 1.

ELIZABETH BRASSEUR, Plaintiff, vs. RAPHAEL BRASSEUR, Defendant.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to RAPHAEL BRASSEUR, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the city and County of San Francisco, this 16th day of October, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER,
Deputy Clerk.

GERALD C. HALSEY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-7-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 59,610; Dept. No. 10.

E. E. FREDERICK, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES T. SALE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CHARLES T. SALE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 5th day of October, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk.

By J. F. DUNWORTH,
Deputy Clerk.

ARTHUR BRAND, Attorney for Plaintiff,
817 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-24-10

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TOWN TALK



Christmas Number 1914

Vol. XXIV. No. 1165

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 19, 1914

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

A Slogan for 1916

Republican politicians in Washington are of the opinion that "The business man in politics," a slogan of the campaign of 1896 that was conducted by Marcus A. Hanna will be ripe for revival in 1916. The man to make the slogan ring true, it is believed, is Myron T. Herrick of Ohio, who was distinguishing himself as Ambassador to France when our President recalled him that a job might be provided for a Bryan henchman. The Ohio Society of New York perceiving the potentialities of Herrick has invited him to be the guest of honor at a dinner in January, which will probably be made the occasion for launching a boom. It's a little early to speculate as to Presidential candidates, and as to Presidential campaign slogans, they are not to be hatched in advance and kept in cold storage. To have a telling quality a slogan must come as the inspiration of the moment, and touch chords quick to vibrate in unison with its sentiment. Is the need of a business man in the Presidential chair to be felt as keenly and as deeply in 1916 as we feel it today? If so the optimists are away off in their reckoning. According to some of them not even a Wilson with all his long drag-chain of ideals can protract much longer the season of hard times. From informed centres come the glad tidings that the dying clouds but feebly contend with growing light. Who knows but that before 1916 the exalted Pedant will have discovered that he has been preaching bosh as in the old days at Princeton! However, bitter memories of a brief experience of the pre-transformed doctrinaire may persist and make potent and forceful the slogan that touches a responsive chord today.

Arcades Ambo

In this fashion the Solomon of our State Department uttered himself at the annual convention of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America: "If preparedness prevented war there would be

no war in Europe for they were prepared." Thus does Secretary Bryan argue the soundness of the Administration's position with reference to the urgent demand for adequate national defense. Mr. Bryan is as feebly and obviously disingenuous as his master, the President. According to Mr. Wilson there is no necessity of converting this Republic into a "nation under arms." Nobody has said there was. And nobody knows where Mr. Wilson got the impression of a movement to place the nation under arms. Likewise nobody knows where Mr. Bryan got the impression that the advocates of adequate national defense have been arguing that preparedness for war is a guaranty of peace. "To be prepared for war," said George Washington, "is one of the most effectual ways of preserving peace." This bit of political philosophy has become one of the aphorisms of statesmanship. It is a proposition that intelligent men accept without modification or limitation. Nobody has ever attempted to mend it by enunciating in a more unqualified manner the simple fact which it embodies. Now what are we to think of these eminent men who are pleased to indulge in argumentative white lies? Like the writer of imaginary conversations they put what imbecilities they please in the mouths of men from whom they dissent, and view with mixed emotions of sorrow and disdain the antagonists they pretend to have refuted. This is the small coin of disputation. Men of the highest character are above this sort of thing. President Wilson and Secretary Bryan, we are sorry to say, appear to be guided, unconsciously perhaps, by that principle of sophistication which is said to be derived by evangelical clergymen from the predominance of their pietistic feelings. The principle drives men into all sorts of fallacies, and causes them to venture close upon the precipice of falsehood.

Consider the Jingo

The Wilson-Bryan theory is that no nation is so well able to keep out of war as one that is unprepared for war. This theory is not borne out by the experience of nations. Quite recently we saw that unpreparedness for war did not keep Turkey out of war with Italy. It did not keep Spain out of war with the United States, nor China out of war with Japan, and unless we are tired of exacting respect for the Monroe Doctrine it will not enable us to enjoy many years of repose. But if the Wilson-Bryan theory is to be generally accepted, and there is any pleasure in being logical, we should convert the institutions at West Point and Annapolis into seminaries for young ladies and put the War Department out of business. If it is wise to be unprepared for war then we should

not encourage jingoes by maintaining the symbols of war. And why keep divers spots on our coasts bristling with guns if we have no ammunition? It is better to be wholly unprepared for war than to be in a state of semi-preparedness. If we are to be unprepared for war let it be generally known right here in America; not in Washington only, but wherever there is a jingo who thinks we can "lick the world," for if we are to be unprepared for war it is important we should be thoroughly prepared to truckle to any truculent nation that would like to pick a quarrel.

A Scientific Civilization

More than once the war in Europe has been pronounced an indictment of Christian civilization. To concur in this sentiment is to accept the civilization of Europe as Christian. Is it not rather a secular civilization whose God is science, whose religion is a philosophic materialism? All that is best in civilization is the fruit of Christ's appearance among men. Far from Christian are those elements of civilization which are compatible with the selfishness that breeds conflict, and with the hungry pursuit of perishable joys. The bloody harvest of this war is the fruit of a mode of life entailing perpetual combat, which therefore is not to be attributed to the principles of Christianity. It is a scientific and philosophic civilization which is under indictment; not the civilization founded by Jesus Christ who inspired the martyrs and dried so many tears and preached the littleness of self-love. That civilization makes progress after its own law, a general law of moral and mental gain. Its advances are not to be represented by motion in a straight line. It halted long before the war. Perhaps the war may give it new impetus. Even now there is more praying in Europe than there has been for many years. There has been a great revival of faith in religion, and this year the Socialists of France who desecrated the churches long before the Germans came, and who had the name of God banished from the schools, will not be agitating for a philosophic Christmas. Last year they would rationalize the festival of the Nativity; sterilize it and cleanse it of superstition. Cocksure of everything, Christmas in their philosophy was nothing more than the pagan feast of the winter solstice with its wassail and its natural rites transformed by the early Christians. Though the records of this process were lost in the glooms of unrecorded history, nevertheless the Atheists of France knew all about it. To them it was quite clear that the ancient Saturnalia had been shrewdly converted by the poor ascetics of Rome into a shout of goodwill. By them piety was recon-

ciled with social usage. So the twentieth century Jacobins, scientific altruists, abhorring a festival that kept alive a Christian superstition, were in favor of changing the name, calling it "the Feast of St. Friend." They would be tolerant of established customs, but would rely on the instinct of goodwill to keep them alive. This aversion to the sacred traditions of Christianity, an aversion born of a preposterous egotism, was the keynote of the civilization that now lies weltering in the blood of nations.

Puritanism vs. Christmas

Father Christmas has survived many hard knocks, and it is improbable that he has been at all perturbed by the program of the twentieth century rationalists who would reform him by formula. These rationalists who would make Christmas somewhat dull and conventional by a scientific exercise of the instinct of goodwill, are the direct descendants of Christmas reformers of centuries ago. They have inherited an obliquity of mental vision which in divers periods has been responsible for certain distressing aberrations that are mistaken for a divine discontent. Their affliction is an insidious distemper of the soul, their energies are devoted to the business of making life more turbulent and less tolerable. In short, they are congenital reformers. Always there are many groups of them, each with its pet aversion, but in mind and temperament they are one. Born to go about sowing the seeds of hatred, they conceive that they are working for the greater glory of God. They first became rampant and furious in the days of the Reformation. In those days Father Christmas had a tough time of it. He received almost a fatal blow in some of the sterner Protestant countries. Then came John Knox who banished him for several generations from Scotland. Christmas savored too much of Catholic superstition to suit John; so the godless saturnalia went over a week and became the debauch of Scottish New Year's Day. But in time Father Christmas came back to Scotland, smiling and garlanded, and he has been happy there almost ever since. Between the years 1644 and 1660 Christmas reformers were again busy. During the gloomy days of Noll and Jack Presbyter and Barebones Parliament Father Christmas was arraigned, convicted and imprisoned a dozen times. The first attack on him occurred in the year when his festival fell on a Wednesday, which was the day appointed for the monthly fast. The Puritan Parliament solemnly ordained that the day should be kept "with the more solemn humiliation because it may call to remembrance our sins and the sins of our forefathers, who have turned this feast pretending the memory of Christ into extreme forgetfulness of Him." The House of Lords calls for a sermon, and Mr. Edward Calamy rises to oblige. "This day!" he cries, "is commonly called Christmas Day, a day that has been abused to superstition or profaneness. Truly I think the superstition and the profaneness are so rooted into it that there is no way to

reform it but by dealing with it as Hezekiah dealt with the brazen serpent. This year, God by His providence has buried this feast in a fast, and I hope it will never rise again." That year there was no Christmas revel in London. Boys were arrested for playing football, and fragments of holly and rosemary were to be found in the gutters. For sixteen years the pulpsteers of London thundered against Christmas Day. They denounced it as the heathen's feasting day in honor of Saturn their heathen god, and as the Papists' Massing Day. But Christmas survived. Christmas Day became a day of riot in London, for Parliament with its Puritan edict was defied, the saints of the covenant were hooted and stoned in the streets; and the constables who essayed to tear down the pump of Cornhill gay with rosemary and holly, a memorial of superstition, took to flight with bleeding faces, seeking shelter from the malignants. The red-coats marched in arms against Christmas, two damsels were set in the stocks for eating mincemeat on Christmas, but the birthday of our Lord was remembered, and Christian tradition was never entirely extinguished. In time the godless revels of the Papists were resumed, and the Puritans solaced themselves with attacks on the theatre and with demands for the tucker. Blessed tucker! It concealed from the roving eye womanly charms that ravish good churchmen. Triumphant is Christmas, but survives also the Puritan. If he has forgotten the tucker he has not been reconciled to the improprieties of Dame Fashion. And if he is tolerant of Christmas he abhors the wassail bowl, and would make piquant the festivities of the day with discreet doses of grape juice.

London the Propagandist

The Nation of London laments the sensationalism of the modern novel, and points to Jack London's "John Barleycorn" as a good example of the tendency to pursue sensation at any cost of feeling and at any sacrifice of art. "It is simply and crudely," says The Nation, "the autobiography of a drunkard—of a self-conscious, moralizing, and, within limits, imaginative drunkard." London says he wrote the book to hasten the issue of universal prohibition. The Nation says the result is only "a sensational tract." The tendency of the modern novel is doubtless as described by The Nation, but what does it matter? The novelist who is more concerned about sensation than

about art is not a menace to literature or taste. He is merely a merchant with sensations to sell, and probably he is incapable of producing art of the kind that is worth while. There is but one objection to the novelist who writes books with a view to fastening a crotchet on the body politic. The objection is that he invests a private prejudice with a false prestige. The folks that read a tract disguised as a novel take it more seriously than they would take a frank treatise by the same author. It is a curious paradox that fiction is more potent than truth even in the domain of controversy notwithstanding that the sole object of controversy is the discovery of truth. The novelist has it all his own way. He conducts both sides of the controversy, shaping incidents and arguments to support his thesis. Thus we see Jack London arguing in behalf of the fanatical Prohibitionists who recently conducted a furious campaign in this State, and making out a very plausible case in the role of a reformed drunkard. We do not know that Mr. London is really reformed. Intention and abstention for a period are not conclusive evidence of reform in the case of a man whose sense of self-respect is so much weaker than his inclinations to drunkenness that he makes a beast of himself at intervals during a period of years. But admitting that London has reformed, the question suggests itself, On what theory does he conceive that it would be advisable to condemn all men to total abstinence? All men are not drunkards. It is only the few who are in need of reformation, and prohibition does not reform them. Indeed where there is prohibition drunkards multiply, and it cannot be said of men who keep sober in prohibition States that prohibition is their salvation, since, after all, the drunkard is the exception, not the rule, among men who drink. Now Jack London is an example of a tendency more deplorable than the novelist's tendency to sensation. He is an example of the tendency of the American novelist to concern himself with burning questions and to ponder them not like an artist but like a propagandist. Mr. London, however, is an artist, but sobriety has made a dogmatist of him, and dulled his sense of humor. As a propagandist it would be well for him to imitate the fantasy of Chesterton. He might find a few valuable hints in "The Flying Inn," the fantastic novel in which the sanest of British humorists laughs out of court the fanatics whom London would weep in.

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HUMILITY IN ART

By GEORGE STERLING

What do they know who did not see the Dream?
O brother! tho men praise thee and acclaim,
They did not see the vision and the flame,
Nor saw the wings of Beauty lift and gleam.

Thou to thyself in silence shalt confess
How scant thy tidings of that angel are
That blazed upon thee like a nearer star,
Shaking all Heaven with its loveliness.

But thou has seen—and what thy tale to men?
The vouchsafed Presence canst thou render whole?
The iris of her footprints in thy soul?
The Wind that passed and cometh not again?

Be meek, who sawst the marvel of her face
Nor canst restore her semblance to the throng!
Bow down, who knowest how thy sorry song
Shall never be the witness of her grace!

From that high garden where thy feet were led,
What evanescent lilies dost thou bring!
Thou who hast heard the seas of Heaven sing,
Return an echo of their quiring fled!

Is it for these that thou wouldst take thy throne,
Or mail thy spirit with indifference—
The stammered words, the music dulled by sense,
The tawdry colors and the mangled stone?

Perspective Impressions

One way to make yourself miserable is to think of the best sellers you'll get for Christmas.

"The public is tired of hearing from me," says Teddy. At this remark Ananias sighed. "The Colonel," he said, "is deteriorating into truth."

How about organizing a society to save defenseless girls coming to the Exposition from the prying females of the Purity League?

We found the father of the family very gloomy. "Worried about Christmas bills?" we asked. "No," he answered, "I'm trying to figure out a way to elude the eastern relatives who will swarm in on me next year."

Dr. Harvey Wiley's four-year-old takes a graham biscuit along when he goes to a party, and munches it while the other youngsters are consuming candy, cake and ice cream. But why does he go to parties?

Secretary Daniels has been telling the House Naval Committee what "the sentiment of the people of the United States" is about naval matters. One wonders how he found out.

The Almighty, according to the Rev. George Burlingame who is in the confidence of Heaven, "is not unwilling to take the most unpromising stuff for His divine workshop." This theory accounts satisfactorily for the Burlingames.

Newspaper headline: "Daniels sees disarmament." Yet Josephus poses as a total abstainer.

The crowning terror of Christmas time is the art calendar.

Are the Supervisors ushering in the psychological moment for Eugene Schmitz?

What some folk call prudence is sometimes what others call meanness.

Piety, if we may judge from its busybody professors, is a form of arrested mental development.

Rev. Albert Palmer of Plymouth Congregational Church, Oakland, says this war is the last. That is our idea of an utterly unimportant statement.

In the earlier part of his career, says Dr. Eliot defending John D. Rockefeller, the oil man simply followed "the ethics of his day." Followed? Perhaps, but at what a distance!

We learn that each member of the local Iowa Society wrote ten letters to Iowa asking old friends to come here for the Exposition. We suppose it's all right, but if they decide to stay in California let us point out to them the advantages of life in Los Angeles.

Nobody has told us a new Ford joke for a week, and we are quite content.

Judging from the law reports affections are never so costly as when alienated.

This is one month in the year when we don't envy the postman. There are eleven others.

Poor Santa! if he goes to Europe this Christmas they'll seize his reindeer for war purposes.

Speaking of New Year's, do you even dimly remember the good resolutions with which you began 1914?

Progress note for 1914: Having attended many dances this year our knowledge of anatomy is vastly increased.

If we were Joe Leiter we'd pay pretty nearly any price to have the public forget that attempt to corner wheat.

"Predicts future for Philippines," says a headline. Nothing so very remarkable in that. Now, if he had predicted a past—

The man who winds the ferry clock says he reads all the war news and a lot of the special articles on the subject, but he's blest if he's been able to make out from maps or anything else who in thunder the Huns are.

The Three Low Masses

A Christmas Story

From the French of Alphonse Daudet

I.

"Ah, Garrigou, turkeys?"

"Two fine truffled turkeys, father. I stuffed them myself."

"Jesus-Maria! How I love turkeys! Hurry with my surplice, Garrigou. And what else did you see in the kitchen?"

"We have done nothing since noon, but pluck pheasants, lapwings, chickens. We made the feathers fly. And they brought eels from the pond, and golden carp, trout, and—"

"How big are the trout, Garrigou?"

"As big as that, father. Enormous!"

"Mon dieu! It seems to me that I see them. Did you put the wine in the cups?"

"Yes, father. But indeed! it is no such wine as you will drink before long, after the midnight mass. If you could just look into the dining-hall at the chateau, and see all those decanters, filled with wines of all colors. And the silver plate, with carved centrepieces, the flowers and the candelabra! Never again will such a feast be seen. Monsieur the marquis has invited all the nobles of the neighborhood. There will be at least forty at the table, without counting the notary and the bailiff. Ah! you are very fortunate to be one of them, father! Simply from smelling those fine turkeys, the odor of truffles follows me everywhere."

"Come, come, my boy! Let us beware of the sin of gluttony, especially on the eve of the Nativity. Go at once and light the candles, and ring the first bell for mass; for midnight is near at hand and we must not be late."

This conversation took place on Christmas night in the year of grace one thousand six hundred and something, between the Reverend Dom Balaguère, former prior of the Barnabites, and now stipendiary chaplain of the Lords of Trinquelage, and his little clerk Garrigou, or rather him whom he believed to be his little clerk Garrigou; for you must know that the devil on that evening had assumed the round face and insignificant features of the young sacristan, that he might the more easily lead the father into temptation and induce him to commit the frightful sin of gluttony. And so, while the pretended Garrigou (hum! hum!) made the bells of the chapel ring out lustily, the reverend father finished attiring himself in his chasuble, in the little sacristy of the chateau; and, with his mind already perturbed by all these gastronomic details, he repeated to himself as he dressed:

"Roast turkeys, golden carp, and trout as big as that!"

The night wind blew, scattering abroad the music of the bells, and one after another lights appeared in the darkness on the sides of Mount Ventoux, on the summit of which rose the ancient towers of Trinquelage. They were the farmers and their families coming to listen to the midnight mass at the chateau. They climbed the hill singing, in groups of five or six, the father ahead, lantern in hand, the women enveloped in their ample dark cloaks, in which the children huddled together and sheltered themselves from the sharp air. Despite the hour and the cold, all those people walked cheerily along, upheld by the thought that, after the mass, there would be a table laid for them in the kitchens, as there was every year. From time to time, on the steep

slope, the carriage of a nobleman, preceded by torch-bearers, passed with its windows gleaming in the moonlight like mirrors; or a mule trotted by, jingling his bells, and by the light of the mist-enveloped torches, the farmers recognized their bailiff and saluted him as he passed:

"Good evening, good evening, Master Arnoton!"

"Good evening, good evening, my children!"

The night was clear, the stars glistened more brightly in the frosty air; the wind had a sting in it, and a fine hoarfrost, which clung to the garments without wetting them, maintained faithfully the traditions of Christmas white with snow. At the summit of the hill, the chateau appeared as their destination, with its enormous mass of towers and gables, the steeple of its chapel rising into the blue-black sky; and a multitude of little twinkling lights, going and coming, flickering at every window, resembled, against the dark background of the building, sparks among the ashes of burnt paper.

The drawbridge and postern passed, they were obliged, in order to reach the chapel, to go through the first courtyard, filled with carriages, servants, bearers of sedan-chairs, brilliantly lighted by the flame of the torches and the blaze from the kitchens. One could hear the grinding of the spits, the clattering of the saucepans, the clink of the glasses and silverware, and over it all, a warm vapor, fragrant with the odor of roasting flesh and the pungent herbs of complicated sauces, led the farmers to say, with the chaplain and the bailiff and everybody else:

"What a fine réveillon we are going to have after mass!"

II.

Ting a ling; ting a ling, a ling!

That is the signal for the mass to begin. In the chapel of the chateau, a miniature cathedral with intersecting arches and oaken wainscoting reaching to the ceiling, the tapestries have been hung and all the candles lighted. And such a multitude! and such toilets! First of all, seated in the carved pews which surround the choir, is the Sire de Trinquelage, in a salmon-colored silk coat, and about him all the noble lords, his guests. Opposite, upon prie-dieus of silver, the old dowager marquise in her gown of flame-colored brocade has taken her place, and the young Dame de Trinquelage, with a lofty tower of lace upon her head, fluted according to the latest style at the French court. Lower down, clad in black, with enormous pointed wings and shaven faces, are seen Thomas Arnoton the bailiff and Master Amboy the notary, two sober notes among those shimmering silks and figured damasks. Then come the stout majordomos, the pages, the huntsmen, the stewards, and Dame Barbe with all her keys hanging at her side upon a slender silver ring. In the background, on the benches, sit the lesser functionaries, the maid-servants and the farmers with their families; and lastly, at the farther end, against the door, which they open and close with care, the scullions come between two sauces to obtain a whiff of the mass, and to bring an odor of réveillon into the church, which is all in festal array and warm with the flame of so many candles.

Was it the sight of those little white caps which distracted the attention of the celebrant of the mass; was it not rather Garrigou's bell,

that frantic little bell jingling at the foot of the altar with infernal precipitation, which seemed to be saying all the time:

"Let us hurry, let us hurry. The sooner we have finished, the sooner we shall be at the table."

The fact is that every time that that devil's own bell rang, the chaplain forgot the mass and thought only of the réveillon. He imagined the bustling cooks, the ovens beneath which a genuine forge fire was burning, the steam ascending from the open saucepans, and, bathed in that steam, two superb stuffed turkeys, distended and mottled with turffles.

Or else he saw long lines of pages pass, carrying dishes surrounded by tempting vapors, and entered with them the huge room already prepared for the feast. O joy! there was the enormous table all laden, and blazing with light; the peacocks with all their feathers, the pheasants flapping their golden wings, the ruby-colored decanters, the pyramids of fruit resplendent amid the green branches, and those marvelous fish of which Garrigou had told him (ah, yes! Garrigou indeed!) lying upon a bed of fennel, their scales glittering as if they were fresh from the water, with a bunch of fragrant herbs in their monstrous nostrils. So vivid was the vision of those marvels, that it seemed to Dom Balaguère that all those wonderful dishes were actually before him on the borders of the altar-cloth; and two or three times, he surprised himself saying the benedicite, instead of the Dominus vobiscum! Aside from these slight mistakes, the worthy man read the service most conscientiously, without skipping a line, without omitting a genuflexion; and everything went well until the end of the first mass; for you know that on Christmas day the same celebrant must say three masses in succession.

"One!" said the chaplain to himself, with a sigh of relief; then, without wasting a minute, he motioned to his clerk, or to him whom he believed to be his clerk, and—

Ting a ling, a ling, a ling! ting a ling!

The second mass had begun, and with it began also Dom Balaguère's sin.

"Quick, quick, let us make haste!" cried Garrigou's bell in its shrill little voice; and that time the unhappy celebrant, wholly given over to the demon of gluttony, rushed through the service and devoured the pages with the avidity of his over-excited appetite. In frenzied haste he stooped and rose, made the signs of the cross and the genuflexions, and abridged all the motions, in order to have done the sooner. He barely put out his arms in the Gospel, he barely struck his breast at the Confiteor. The clerk and he vied with each other to see which could gabble faster. Verses and responses came rushing forth and tripped over one another. Words half pronounced, without opening the mouth, which would have taken too much time, ended in incomprehensible murmurs.

"Oremus ps—ps—ps—"

"Mea culpa—pa—pa—"

Like hurried vine-dressers, trampling the grapes into the vat, they both wallowed in the Latin of the mass, sending splashes in all directions.

(Continued on Page 33.)

The Indian Army in France

Pictures of Camp Life—Sikh and Gurkha Under Western Skies—Native Soldiers' Complicated Commissariat

By An Anglo-Indian

I was in Boulogne the other day when I heard that if I went to a certain old city of romantic tradition I should find many friends with whom I had yarned over camp fires. The chance was too tempting to resist, though I had to travel by slow trains which dragged themselves along at some eight miles an hour for the best part of two days.

In the morning a flock of sheep and blunt-faced bearded goats driven through a French boulevard by Punjabi Musulmans—who to ring them round safely were almost as numerous as their charge—was my first glimpse of the East in the West. One of them carried a lamb born in the train. I heard another call out instinctively in his own language to an old market woman who was in danger of being run over by an Indore transport wagon, "Buddhi, Buddhi, nikal joo" (Old woman! old woman! get out of the way). Following them I passed an Indian bakery, two long rows of domed mud kilns—lepai-ed as they call it in the East, or plastered with mud but without the concomitant of cowdung which, to the Indian mind, is needful for cleanliness. There were a score of them on either side, each with its turbaned cook tending the ash fire. One of them told me he came from Jullundur. These men carry their atmosphere with them. There was nothing in that yard hooded with fog to remind him or me that we were not at Jullundur still on a thick November morning.

The first signal of the camp, if one omits the mud, was the huge stack of hay and Indian boussa (chopped straw) covered over with green tarpaulin and looking in the mist like Epsom grand stand. Then came the familiar smell of hot chapatties baked over a wood fire. Soon a dusky group of camp followers became visible in the gloom, huddling over the ashes in their thick ill-fitting khaki jackets and mufflers and grey sweaters and balaclava caps. They looked cold, though the temperature was several degrees higher than it is on a winter morning in their native Punjab. "Do you like this climate?" I asked a bellows-boy from the United Provinces. "Sahib," he replied, "it is a very good climate." But a neighbor qualified his eulogy. "The sun has been sitting behind the clouds for three days, and he will not come out, and the earth is wet." For a month or more these men had seen sunny France at her best, but for some days she has not improved upon the Frenchman's traditional image of our foggy and "nook-shotten Isle."

The most fashionable promenade in — for a long time has been to go to the camp and see le repas des Hindoos. La toilette des Sikhs is another attraction, even more bizarre and curious, though as a spectacle, to the fair onlooker at least, requiring some concession of modesty. The native soldiers do not frequent the city as a rule unless they are marching through, so the citoyenne must bestow her offerings on the humbler camp-followers. The daughter of the concierge will run out into the street and pin her tricolor to the coat of a Musulman driver. The blanchisseuse will hold out a cigarette bashfully to a Sikh farrier, who is forbidden by all the laws of his Gurus to smoke. Her child perhaps will be honored by a joy ride in the mule

transport wagon as far as the corner of the street.

The cult of the Asiatic, always strong in France, is now, thanks to the added sentiment for the brave ally, almost an obsession. A young princeling in my hotel is embarrassed by many kind smiles and glances. A motor car will drive up and disgorge a bevy of heavily-furred ladies in the lounge where he is sitting. All through dejeuner their eyes will wander to him. The interest, of course, is half military and patriotic, and half due to the romance that dwells in everything remote. Moreover his coat betrays decorations suggestive of unfamiliar chivalry. The young chief takes the incident in the very best of good taste, managing somehow to give this silent demonstration the air of a national rather than a personal tribute of good will. If there is a child in the group he will pat him on the cheek or offer him a bar of chocolate, and they will all laugh naturally together.

The Entente permeates all classes. An officer over the way has a white-turbaned Madrassi bearer, dark as Gehenna, who is the idol of the hotel staff, and is taken out to the banlieues on Sundays, with all due observance of hospitable rites, to be shown to curious relations. His presence is a distinct financial gain to the restaurant that his master frequents.

Of the composition of the camp I must say nothing, but the mere catalogue of creeds and castes from which the Indian Expeditionary Force is drawn will suggest to anyone who knows the East the most complicated problem of commissariat. The Gurkha, the Rajput, and other Hindus will eat goat or mutton, provided the animal has been killed in a special and orthodox way. The disgust which the strict Hindu feels at physical contact with beef is so intense that he will sometimes vomit at the sight of it; the prejudice is so inveterate that Mahomedans who are the descendants of Hindu converts cannot reconcile themselves to the taste. Happily, pork, the Moslem abomination, does not complicate the question of army rations.

But the crux is not so much the nature of the meat to be provided as the manner in which it is killed and cooked. In the case of sheep the Sikh villager's gorge will rise when he sees meat prepared by the Mahomedan butcher, who kills by the Halal, or throat-cutting stroke, just as the Mahomedan feels it an outrage that meat should be hung up for sale that has been killed by the jatka—the stroke at the back of the neck affected by the Sikhs. In France now a certain amount of tinned mutton is eaten willingly by the troops, but the great bulk of commissariat meat must be sent alive to railhead and slain there in accordance with prescribed rites. Hence the herd of sheep and goats in the boulevard. I found an old abattoir full of them—goats from all the hills of France, from Corsica and Dauphiné and the Cevennes, from stony Languedoc and Roussillon on the Spantish border, and bearded giants from the Pyrenees, which, standing on end, might pluck the leaves from the shisham like a young camel, a breed which is likely more than anything else to inspire the Indian with reverence for the virtue of the soil.

That the men may know whether they are eat-

ing clean or unclean flesh units are detached to a point near railhead, where each man, be he Mahomedan, Sikh or Hindu, dispatches his beast by his own peculiar sacrificial stroke, marks it as clean, and sends it on to his comrades in the trenches.

No beef is killed at the front, as the mere proximity of a Mahomedan slaughter-house might carry pollution to the Hindus. For drink the army rations of the Indian troops is rum, but the Mahomedan, being debarred by the Prophet from all fermented liquor, is given an extra ration of sugar and tea. The huqa being too cumbersome an article for service equipment the Indian soldier receives two packets of cigarettes a week. Even the transport animals have their ingrained fads, a kind of caste fastidiousness. Indian mules and country-breds who might be having the time of their lives nose suspiciously our sweet English hay, preferring their own chopped straw, the driest of provender. If an English cavalry regiment ever finds itself fobbed off with Indian fodder men and horses show disgust in their own way.

The Gurkha is proverbially an accommodating person and gives his British officer, with whom he is on the friendliest possible terms, as little difficulty as possible. But in Bombay when a regiment was embarking the question arose as to whether they would eat frozen meat. A conclave of officers decided that it would be better to put the case to the men. The Subadar was called, and, after a little wrinkling of the eyebrows, said: "I think, Sahib, the regiment will be willing to eat the iced sheep provided one of them is always present to see the animal frozen to death."

There are other complications, but these are typical. The strict law is often aggravated or modified in the case of men of the same denomination by local or regimental influence and tradition. The point is that these men need sympathetic handling; that they are playing their proud part in our war is a proof that they have received it. It must be remembered that little more than a hundred years ago the Sikhs were smearing Mahomedan mosques with the blood of swine, and the Mahomedans were fouling the Sikh Gurudwara with slain cattle. That these races who used to kill each other at sight should now be fighting side by side for the British Raj against Germany is a phenomenon that should make the disciples of Treitschke look into their political philosophy.

When I reached the hotel in the evening the news had come in of the casualties among the Indian troops. "I have lost half my pals," a man said to me at dinner. We were all feeling that. Nevertheless one dined, and hesitated a moment whether it should be red wine or white. The French habitues from the city came and went, elderly men of business and comfortable looking dames, mostly in black. In the hall their bowlers and hats mixed oddly with the field service caps and overcoats of our soldier men, as if the verandah of a dak-bungalow in the Quetta hills on a Staff Ride night had disgorged itself into the entrance of a Paris hotel. At midnight we saw more friends off by a troop train to fill in the gap.

Varied Types

CCVIII—JOHN FARLEY

By Edward F. O'Day

"How can I express it better," said John Farley in that full, rich, round voice of his, "how can I express it better than in the pathetic words of the immortal Maro: *Quantum mutatus ab illo?*"

The words drew me as the words of John Farley always do, for John Farley is a graceful exponent of the nearly lost art of conversation. The words piqued my curiosity. To whom, I wondered, was the celebrated raconteur applying the language of Virgil. I drew near. I joined the group of men hanging on John Farley's every syllable. I discovered that John Farley was instituting a comparison between the saloon drinker of San Francisco's today and the bibeur of that mourned, that memory-wreathed yesterday when The Cocktail Route flourished like a bay tree on Mount Lebanon.

You see, this is not an interview. Our premier conversationalist does not unbend for publication. He scorns the self-conscious effusion of talk intended for the printed page. He would have his mots live only the ephemeral life of tongue-to-tongue transmission. He does not want his epigrams embalmed. He is no worshiper of the dubious fame that sprouts from printer's ink. Yet Wolsey had his Cavendish, Johnson his Boswell, Scott his Lockhart, Byron his Tom Moore, Macaulay his Trevelyan, Whitman his Horace Traubel. Why should not John Farley have his jotter-down of fugitive words, his sly recorder of names and dates? I shall therefore repeat what I heard in the entrancing half-hour with our best talker which followed my chance capture of the Virgilian quotation.

"Changed indeed!" continued John Farley. "The saloon drinker of the City That Is differs quite as much from the saloon drinker of the City That Was as the place he frequents differs from those grand old shrines of Bacchus. In the days whose light fond memory brings around me the great saloons of San Francisco were accustomed to welcome the jurist, the leader of the bar, the dreaded political boss, the fashionable physician, the courted actor and the still more courted millionaire.

"Along The Cocktail Route of an afternoon went such men as Hall McAllister than whom I have heard few lawyers more eloquent; Creed Hayman the arbiter of political destinies; Dr. James Simpson who felt the pulse of every society matron on Pacific Heights; with him the inimitable Ross Jackson, that prince of viveurs, that uncrowned king of Bohemia who gave The Cocktail Route its imperishable name; E. J. Buckley with the halo of association with Edwin Booth about his classic brow; Billy Emerson and Charlie Reed, never-to-be forgotten monarchs of minstrelsy; and young Jim Fair whose epigrams stimulated the brain and lit the eye like the cocktails.

"For two hours, from half after four till half after six, the town's representative men traveled that route of good fellowship, drinking like the gentlemen they were, discussing the day's news, yes, by Jove! and making the day's news, as the reporters who followed in their wake knew full well. There was nothing like The Cocktail Route in any other city of the seven seas, and now that it has gone, never to return, the world is a little grayer, a little less mirthful, a little emptier of the divine ichor of camaraderie. What said Horatius Flaccus? 'Eheu, fugaces, Postume, Pos-

tume!' Or as some poet has admirably rendered the line, 'O for the days that are lost to me, lost to me!'

"Let us go back for a moment, exercising that genial gift of memory that differentiates us from the lower animals. Let us retrace our steps over the lost ground of that cheerful era. We begin at the Crystal Palace, Bush and Kearny, within a pebble's cast of the great temples of Thespis. Our first cocktail is served as it were a libation in the sanctuary of Dionysus, and so are all that come after it. We go next to The Mirror. Then around the corner in Sutter street to The Reception at the entrance to Clara lane where my dear old friend Chenoweth welcomes us. There and at Gobey's, more famous for its ter-rapin than for its cocktails, there are side rooms where a lady may be entertained with discretion. We are not pressed for time, nor the slaves of chronology, so in this jaunt of memory it may be that we find a successor of Chenoweth at The Reception. Never mind! After a few minutes in Ernest Haquette's Laurel Palace at the corner of Kearny and Geary we join the carefree throng in Market street, and when we reach The Peerless at Ellis and Market, here is Chenoweth presiding over a new sanctum of hospitality. Or it may be that you enter The Peerless a little later still, to find yours truly administering its cheerful rites in partnership with dear old 'Pop' Sullivan."

John Farley paused, and a silence of sympathetic interest fell upon his hearers. All thought the same thought; all conjured the same engaging vision. Upon "that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude" there flashed the vision of handsome John Farley mixing an Old Fashioned Cocktail, blending the magic of his personality with its ingredients until it became a drink that Ganymede might have offered to the Lord of Olympus. Farley sighed, passed an index finger lightly across his eyes, and resumed:

"What days of delight they were! And ah, what nights Ambrosian when, as often happened (and I say it proudly) the great Sir Henry Irving strode in after the play and honored me with his conversation. Many a midnight waned as I talked with Richelieu, with Richard, with Becket, with Matthias. Golden hours they were!

"In those better times there were other saloons less important than the great stopping places of The Cocktail Route, but not to be omitted even in a hasty survey. There was a cosy spot in Post below Kearny where the old yachtsmen used to foregather in the days when there were great gentlemen skippers on the bay. There was Caley and Roeder's at O'Farrell and Dupont. There was the Richelieu where Adam and Kibbe laid the foundation of their fortunes. And there was the very celebrated buffet under the Grand Hotel.

"But today the saloon is decadent. Gentlemen prefer to take their cocktails in their clubs or in hotel bars. But greater than the decay of the saloon is the decay of the cocktail. The bar tender is not taught to consider the individual taste. He no longer takes the time to a cocktail his predecessor was taught to take. In fact he discourages the ordering of mixed drinks. And there is a profounder difference. The atmosphere of the saloon has deteriorated. It is no longer an intellectual atmosphere. The men behind the

bar used to be men of brains. They knew life and art. They absorbed a variety of information. They were well worth a man's conversation. It is not so today.

"It was this city's distinction that its cocktails and mixed drinks were the best and most varied in the world. Our cosmopolitanism was as evident in our drinks as in our dishes. New-comers brought us drinks unheard of before; and many were invented here. The Gibson cocktail is one of these. I remember asking for one in a big New York hotel. The bar tender had never heard of it. I showed him how to mix it, and he told me later that it had become immensely popular. I found, however, that it was known at the Lambs and Friars, actors having brought it to those clubs on their return from San Francisco.

"Where are those elder bar tenders, those genial ministrants of another day? Gone forth to spread the cult to the four corners of the world, some of them. Others have retired. Dear old 'Pop' Sullivan exemplifies their lusty health, their perennial youthfulness. He retired with a blushing bride eleven years ago, making his home at Long Beach. He bought an annuity of some seventy odd thousand dollars. It paid him \$550 a month and now, at seventy, he has collected the principal. No doubt he will outlive the actuary who calculated the risk!

"But I have indulged the reminiscent vein too long. A truce to these dear old memories 'quorum' (if I may quote the great Roman again) 'pars magna fui.' It is not well to turn too often to the past. Better to think of the present and to look to the future. There have been great men since Agamemnon as there were heroes before him. After all, what's Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba? Omar has it right:

Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,
And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one knows;

But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,
And many a garden by the water blows."

And so he who was our foremost mixologist and remains our foremost conversationalist, he who was Mine Host at the Cliff House and still tenders to the fortunate and the worthy the hospitality of his intellectual entertainment—and so he ceased, and I went away to make note of all that I could remember of his sparkling talk.

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"The Gift Center"

FOR USEFUL
CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Sculpture at the World's Fair

By Edward F. O'Day

"Sculpture," says Stirling Calder, "will sing the chorus of the Exposition."

The statement is a bit fanciful, but it has the seal of authority, for Calder is Chief of Sculpture at the Exposition. At least he is chief in all but name. The much better known Karl Bitter holds the office and receives the emoluments. But for some obscure reason Bitter is not on the job. It may be that he passes final judgment on the sculpture; Calder, however, is the man in charge. So when Calder says that sculpture will sing the chorus of the Exposition he speaks as choragus, and we cannot do better than examine the sculpture in the light of his very lyrical remark.

What is the chorus of the Exposition? What is the burden of our song of celebration? What refrain is repeated over and over again in the canticle of gorgeous buildings, jeweled towers and illuminated arches? The theme of our song, I take it, is the Panama Canal; its chorus, western opportunity. We sing the glory of a tremendous achievement, of man's latest triumph over nature. We chant epithalamium for the wedding of the oceans. We raise our voices in exultation at the birth of our bigger career. In the chorus of our song there should be words of hope and courage, words that express our manful striving, our consciousness of a great destiny, our passion for progress. And this chorus should be rough with the untamed power of the West; it should be strong with the rocky resistance of our hills; it should be sweet with the fragrance of our rich soil. It should be a chorus of the rippling muscles and the fruitful loins of a vigorous young civilization.

Does the sculpture sing this chorus? Are the artists in clay giving harmonious voice to this refrain in the music they render under direction of Choragus Calder? Seeking answer to this question I have traversed the Fair grounds studying the sculpture already set up and striving to grasp the significance of uncompleted pieces still in the workshop. I cannot say that I have been lifted to the top of enthusiasm; that I have found the chorus uniformly clear, distinct, intelligible. I discovered much fine work, inspiring work, work worthy of high praise. But a chorus? a unison of expression? a concert of meaning? I am afraid that I missed that very often.

"The plan of the sculpture," says Stirling Calder, "is designed to form a sequence from the first piece that greets the visitor on his entrance from the city, throughout the five courts and the circuit of the enclosing walls."

That is a less fanciful way of saying that the sculpture is the chorus of the Fair. And what will be the first piece to greet the visitor? the sculpture which will sound the key note for the music? Calder answers that it will be his "Fountain of Energy."

The dominating figure of this "Fountain of Energy" is a nude youth on horseback. His arms are extended at full length to left and right. Two small winged figures are perched on his shoulders. The pedestal for this is a globe which will be set in the midst of elaborate compositions symbolizing the eastern and western hemispheres.

Mr. Calder gives me to understand that all this depicts the building of the Panama Canal. The youth is depicted (I quote from an official description) "as though advancing steadily

through the waters of the dam. The commanding gesture of his extended arms maintains the passage, while the attendant winged figures of Valor and Fame form an encircling crest above the head." Mr. Calder has informed me further that he sought to represent the Energy which "not only achieves but maintains;" and that in the extended arms he intended "an almost Mosaic gesture of command."

It is a big idea, but disappointing in execution. The gesture is not "almost Mosaic." The winged figures perched on the shoulders give the conception a twist not merely fantastic but grotesque. I find in the work what may be found in other World's Fair sculptures (and murals too), a complicated symbolism that puzzles the mind. It does not tell its story simply and directly, as the art of the West should. I said something of this to Calder, and he replied:

"Symbolism in art should never insist on its message. The design should be handsome, it should excite curiosity, satisfy the desire for beauty. The symbol should never be didactic. It should not teach or preach anything but the sermon of the joy of visual things."

It seems to me that symbolism should never have to insist much on its message. It should talk plainly, else there is no excuse for it. The symbolism of the "Fountain of Energy" is so far from self-explanatory that Mr. Calder promised to send me a writer interpretation of it. Obviously he cannot do as much for everybody who goes to the Fair and looks at this sculpture. Let us therefore regard the "Fountain of Energy" as a highly decorative piece of Exposition sculpture, and to that extent successful. But let us not ask it to start the chorus of the Fair, even if it is the work of Choragus Calder.

There are other important groups of sculpture which Mr. Calder deems in need of elaborate literary interpretation. He promised, for instance, to send me an explanation of the "Column of Progress." This Column stands at the northern outlet of the Court of the Universe, fronting the Marina, the yacht harbor, the bay and the Marin hills. Let us quote from the authorized explanation of this Column. It depicts "the unconquerable impulse that forever impels man to strive on, assailing in endless generations the confining barriers of existence, his eternal optimism and stern joy in effort."

How is this expressed? By a shaft that reminds you at once of the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square, London. The Nelson Monument is topped by a statue of the great sailor. It is one of the most famous monuments in the world because one of the simplest; a child can understand it. The Column of Progress, however, is topped by a group of three figures, symbolical figures that need explanation. The central figure is called "The Adventurous Bowman," and a noble figure it is, a man drawing his bow string against the heavens. But the others? "A male figure," we read, "crouching to support the bowman, seems blindly to give the aid of his supporting effort" and "a kneeling female figure whose attitude is one of mingled anxiety, hope and fear, bears in her hands a scourge and a wreath of laurel."

How many Fair visitors craning their necks to study these figures set one hundred and sixty feet above the ground, are going to tarry long enough to work out the symbolism? If the artist Herman A. MacNeil had set the figure of our patron saint St. Francis of Assisi on the top of that shaft, the world and his wife would un-



"FRASER CARRIED THE IDEA IN HIS HEAD FOR YEARS"

So says Stirling Calder of "The End of the Trail," destined to be among the most admired statues of our Fair

derstand. Here again, it seems to me, the words of the Exposition chorus are hard to follow.

When we come to the great groups that crown the arches of the Court of Abundance, the "Nations of the East" and "Nations of the West," we really find work that sings the Exposition chorus in tones that all may understand. These groups need no interpretation. They tell their story in glowing words of one syllable. Already everybody in San Francisco knows and approves these compositions. I should say that they are destined to an ever increasing popularity for every day of the Fair. Here is symbolism of the soundest Exposition sort. Leo Lentelli, Frederick Roth and Stirling Calder collaborated on these splendid masses. Just how to apportion the credit I do not know further than to say that the animals—the elephant, the camels and the bullocks are the work of Roth. If all the sculptural compositions of the Fair were worthy of comparison with the "Nations of the East" and the "Nations of the West," what a triumph the sculptors would achieve!

When the layman thinks of American sculpture there are certain names that immediately occur to the mind. Remembering the Chicago World's Fair he thinks of Frederick MacMonnies whose great Fountain was the outstanding sculptural triumph of that exposition. He thinks of Daniel Chester French whose Statue of the Republic was another famous work of art there. He thinks of George Grey Barnard; and he thinks of Gutzon Borglum who, it is interesting

to remember, studied his art in San Francisco. These are big men in their art, men of message, of treative genius.

It is too bad that these men are not among the sculptors who are singing the chorus of our Fair. It is true that French has contributed a piece for the Court of Honor entitled "Mystery of Creation," but Mr. Calder tells me that it is inappropriate for that position and "perhaps too funereal" for use at all. Gutzon Borglum received a commission but threw it up, says Mr. Calder who adds that he is hard to get along with, that "if things are not done his way he won't play." MacMonnies and Barnard, it seems, were not included among the Exposition sculptors. Considering that we sought the aid of Eastern talent in voicing the chorus of the Fair it must be set down as a great misfortune that these men are not among the singers. A chorus led by them would be a mighty chorus indeed. And their work shows that they could interpret the West.

Whom do we find in their places? For the most part clever sculptors, men of facility, of conventional imagination, the modelers of graceful figures no whit unlike hundreds of other figures we have seen at other Expositions. The result is that in the chorus of the Fair which the sculptors will try to sing we are bothered by pretty music that doesn't belong, the music of innumerable nudes that express "Spring," "Summer," "Rain," "Sunshine," "Earth," "Air" and so on and so on. It is all very well in its

way, this music, but what has it to do with the chorus? How does Choragus Calder make it fit in?

A great deal of this work is of unimpeachable craftsmanship, be it noted. The men who did it knew their business. But there is no inspiration in it. It expresses nothing that hasn't been expressed in much the same way many times before. It is decorative, but justifies itself no further.

Fortunately there are pieces of sculpture of deeper interest. There are works that show original power, works of western poetry and romance, works that embody thought, sincere, fine, arresting works. There is "The End of the Trail" by James E. Fraser. "Fraser carried that idea in his head for years," Mr. Calder tells me. It was worth carrying. It is an Indian on horseback. They are both dead beat with weariness and thirst, at the end of their endurance. You may weave for them what story you will of fighting, of trailing, of hunting. Or if you please, you may see a deeper meaning in the work. This Indian may be the last of his race, beaten, fore-spent in contest with the white man. Either way the statue sings the chorus of the Fair; it is a poem of the West. I shall be surprised if this work remains in staff; it is indeed worthy of perpetuation in bronze. Another interesting, if rather curious work, is Solon Borglum's "The Old Pioneer."

There are statues that tell vividly the story of the old Spanish days which must not be for-



IT HAS A SURE VOICE IN THE CHORUS

Sculpture, according to Calder, will sing the chorus of the Exposition. Douglas Tilden's "Modern Civilization" easily meets this difficult demand

gotten in a Panama-Pacific celebration. There are "Cortez" by Charles Niehaus and "Pizarro" by Charles C. Rumsey, equestrian statues in front of the Tower of Jewels; there are "The Pirate" and "The Conquistador" by Allen Newman niched over the portals of the palaces along the Marina. These are statues to set the blood of the small boy a-racing, summing up all his dreams of galleons freighted with pieces of eight, of bloody deeds on the Spanish Main, of treasure islands, of the old stirring days of the Philippines when commerce spelled adventure. Here again the sculptors have contributed their appointed part to the chorus of the Fair.

Of the California sculptors it may be said truthfully that they have put a great deal of thought into their work, and that their technical skill is of a superior kind. Douglas Tilden's "Modern Civilization" is an ambitious group in motive, simple and forthright in execution. It has a sure voice in the chorus. Haig Patigian's "Steam" and "Electricity" and his spandrels for the Palace of Machinery have already excited much enthusiasm. No subjects could have been more difficult, but Patigian has handled them in a fashion of fine directness and virility and yet with an imagination that sees and expresses the poetry of modern work. The same applies in a lesser degree to Ralph Stackpole's "Man with the Pick" which has feeling and dignity. Robert Aitken we claim still. His "Earth," "Air," "Fire" and "Water" are conventional, it is true, but the execution is fine. Given his subject he did his best, but it is doubtful whether the works contribute much to Mr. Calder's chorus. Arthur Putnam, unfortunately, has not enjoyed the health that would permit him to give of his glorious best. His "Mermaid" is an early work adapted by another hand to its present purpose. It is beautiful, but we must wait until the Fair opens to see the greatness of Putnam, "the American Barrie" as I have heard him called, in the Palace of Fine Arts where he will be worthily represented, I am sure.



"THE PIRATE"

Allen Newman here portrays an ancient frequenter of the Isthmus

Much of the sculpture is not yet in shape to be surveyed. For some knowledge of this we may turn to the official announcements from Mr. Calder's department. They at least pique curiosity.

Looking out upon the South Gardens will stand two important mural fountains (we learn), the work of two of the most distinguished women sculptors of this country. These fountains which will terminate the open colonnades on either side of the Tower Arcade opposite the main entrance, are "El Dorado" by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney (who before her marriage was Gertrude Vanderbilt), and the "Fountain of Youth" by Mrs. Edith Woodman Burroughs. The models for the latter have already been enlarged in the exposition studios, and are ready to be put in place. This fountain is considered one of the most interesting contributions yet made to the



"EARTH"

One of a group of four fine works by Robert Aitken

Exposition's sculpture, and is of unusually decorative composition. In its fanciful conception, its feeling for humor and pathos, and in the purity of its execution, we read, it is instantly seen to be characteristic of Mrs. Burroughs's work. The central figure is a young girl-child, standing on a pedestal amid growing primroses. Dimly traced upon the face of the pedestal are the features of the parents, from the upturned faces and uplifted hands of whom the primroses seem springing. On either side of the pedestal are mural surfaces executed in low relief, where wistful old people sit in boats straining eyes and ears towards the beauty and laughter of their lost youth. Chubby children handle the sails of the boats.

In addition to the Column of Progress an excellent instance of MacNeil's work will be the frieze in low relief of the Signs of the Zodiac, which will be beneath the domes of the pavilions of the Court of the Universe, we are also told. This frieze which will be repeated in each pavilion, was designed in such a way that it could be recast. The central figure is Atlas, the first great astronomer, and on either side are seven of his fourteen daughters, who, according to mythology, were changed by the gods into stars. The frieze is conceived and executed after the Greek manner.

Upon the upper ramps of the sunken garden, between the two fountains and the triumphal arches, will be placed four groups by Paulanship, called the foremost of the younger generation of American sculptors who was awarded the Barnett prize at the recent winter exhibit of the National Academy of Design. These four groups are "Eternity and Change," "Order and Chaos," "Music" and "The Joy of Life."

One of the main beauties of the Court of the Universe, we further learn, are the "stars" which are to ornament the colonnades. The "stars" are the figures of slender young women, placed above each column, which take their name from their star-like jeweled head-dress. The design is by Stirling Calder.

The Court of the Four Seasons on the west of the central Court of the Universe, it is announced, will be dominated sculpturally by the genius of Albert Jaegers, the designer of the Baron von Steuben monument at Washington, D. C., a replica of which was later presented to the Emperor of Germany by the United States Congress.

A great group of this sculptor, entitled "Nature," will occupy the pedestal beneath the archway at the head of this court. Four other groups by this sculptor will also be placed on pylons within the court. His "Feast of Sacrifice" group, a bull and two figures of beautifully simple composition, will be placed centrally at the foot of the court.

The selection of Furio Piccirilli to execute the groups of the Four Seasons of this court, we are assured officially, was a happy one. Both Jaegers and Piccirilli possess classic styles which are most harmonious. The spandrels and attic figures which decorate the arcades of this court will be the work of August Jaegers, a brother of Albert Jaegers.

The main monument of the court which is also executed in pure classic style, showing, however, a certain lightness of manipulation, is the Fountain of Ceres, the work of Evelyn Beatrice Longman, which is to stand in the center of the court.

The Court of Abundance is conceived in rich architectural style, showing the Spanish and Levantine influences. The groups in this court, we learn, the greater number of which have not yet been made public, will be the work of Chester Beach, one of the most virile of younger American sculptors, whose work recently attracted the widest attention throughout Europe and America, of Leo Lentelli, the well known Italian-American sculptor, who shows in his recent works signs of astonishing modern tendencies, and of Charles Harley.

Robert I. Aitken, we are further told, has designed a fountain for this court; and Albert



"THE ADVENTUROUS BOWMAN"

Herman MacNeil's noble figure of a man drawing his bow against the heavens



"SPRING"

By Piccirilli, in the conventional Fair style

Weinert has modeled two powerful figures for the top of the arcade, "The Primitive Man" and "The Primitive Woman." Weinert is also the sculptor of "The Miner" which is to grace the niches in the east wall of the Palace of Varied Industries.

Surmounting tall pedestals outside the Tower of Jewels, will be four figures by John Flanagan, of the types who conquered the Pacific Coast for European civilization, the "Adventurer," "Philosopher," "Priest" and "Soldier." Upon the upper terraces of the Tower will be repetitions of a vigorous equestrian figure "The Armored Horseman" by F. M. L. Tonetti, suggestive of the Spanish explorer in the southwest.

The two main free standing monuments of the Court of Abundance will be the Fountain of the Rising Sun and of the Setting Sun, executed by Adolph A. Weinman of New York City.

Sherry E. Fry (famous for his western studies of Indians), has modeled a beautiful, slender figure to crown the minor domes of Festival Hall.

The friezes, at the base of the spires of the Palace of Horticulture will be the work of Eugene Louis Boutier. John Bateman has designed figures for ornamental vases, and the caryatides for this building.

The Palace of Fine Arts will be decorated by figures and friezes designed by Ulric H. Eller-

husen of New York. Bruno Louis Zimm whose execution is said to show remarkable delicacy and spirit, has executed three relief panels, symbolic of the striving of Art toward the unattainable, for the rotunda of this Palace and the spandrels for the lesser doorways.

In the center of the Court of Flowers which is to be Eastern in influence, will stand the fountain designed by Edith Woodman Burroughs in celebration of the Arabian Nights' Tales. In the Court of Palms will stand another fountain decorated with heroes and heroines chosen from the fairy tales of Western Europe, the design and sculptor of which have not yet been announced. Within the Court of Palms, upon towering spires, will be placed numerous repetitions of "The



"THE MERMAID"

Arthur Putnam's earlier manner is not Putnam at his best, but all his work is fine

Fairy," a fanciful conception of Carl Cruppe, a talented young pupil of Karl Bitter.

I have quoted at length from the announcements made by the department over which Stirling Calder presides so that the reader may correct my judgment of the sculpture if it is thought that I have been too chary of enthusiasm in estimating its worth. Let me add here that the official description says in summing up:

"The sculpture of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, scattered throughout the grounds at San Francisco, cannot fail to be most interesting to all who have faith in art as a living thing, transcending itself in each phase of its evolution, for it will embody the very best efforts of the most virile of contemporaneous American sculptors."

With very important exceptions it does this. Gutzon Borglum, French, MacMonnies and Barnard are among "the most virile of contemporaneous sculptors," are they not? But for what we are to receive let us be duly grateful. It is sound work, sincerely designed, offered in good measure. It will not expose us or American art to ridicule, most assuredly.

Some will feel that the opportunity to express the underlying meaning of the celebration was not taken advantage of as fully as might have been expected. That is perhaps true here as it has been true at all World's Fairs, and to no



"SUMMER"

By Piccirilli, "singing a chorus" heard at all Expositions

greater extent. Perhaps our sculptors have been even more articulate and more coherent than a great many other Exposition sculptors. Perhaps they had the idea of permanence well in mind. That the effort of the department of sculpture was to impress this idea upon them very strongly, may be inferred from the following, taken from an article put out by an authorized spokesman of Mr. Calder:

"All the art of the Exposition will not prove ephemeral. Many of the pieces will save themselves by virtue of their own excellence, and already steps are being taken to find permanent places for many of the groups. The failure to preserve the beautiful, inspiring "Column of Progress" would be an irreparable loss to art, and action will undoubtedly be taken to put this exquisitely magnificent monument into some enduring medium."

But to end where I started, what about the chorus the sculpture is to sing? Perhaps I have leaned too heavily on Mr. Calder's figure of speech. Perhaps not. Certainly I have not heard throughout a clear chorus. Some of the voices are silent, some sing out of tune; a goodly number sound the burden of the Fair's song powerfully, arrestingly and in tones not soon to be forgotten.



"CORTEZ"

Charles Niehaus here helps to tell the romantic story of Spanish America



"THE OLD PIONEER"

The great Gutzon Borglum is not represented, but his brother Solon is

A Symposium of War Poets

BATTLE

By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

I.—UNDER FIRE

We eat our breakfast lying on our backs,
Because the shells were screeching overhead.
I bet a rasher to a loaf of bread
That Hull United would beat Halifax
When Jimmy Stainthorpe played full back instead
Of Billy Bradford. Ginger raised his head,
And cursed, and took the bet—and dropt back
dead.

We eat our breakfast lying on our backs,
Because the shells were screeching overhead.

II.—THE MESSAGES

"I cannot quite remember . . . There were five
Dropt dead beside me in the trench—and three
Whispered their dying messages to me . . ."

Back from the trenches, more dead than alive,
Stone-deaf and dazed, with a broken knee,
He hobbled slowly, muttering vacantly:

"I cannot quite remember . . . There were five
Dropt dead beside me in the trench—and three
Whispered their dying messages to me . . ."

"Their friends are waiting, wondering how they
thrive—

Waiting a word in silence patiently . . .
But what they said, or who their friends may be

"I cannot quite remember . . . There were five
Dropt dead beside me in the trench—and three
Whispered their dying message to me . . ."

JEANNE D'ARC—1914

By Alma Durant Nicolson

Rise from the buried ages, O thou Maid,
Rise from thy glorious ashes, unafraid,
And wheresoe'er thy Brothers need thee most,
Arise again, to lead thy tireless host.
France calls thee as she called in days gone by!
She calls thy spirit where her soldiers die;
She knows thy courage and thy sacrifice,
And wills today to pay the selfsame price,
All-confident that when the work is done,
She shall behold her Honor saved and Victory
won.

God calls thee, Maid, from out the Past—
The Past of France where thy strange lot was
cast—

And bid'st thee fling about this fearful hour
Thy dauntless Faith, that was thy magic Power.
And Freedom calls, with all-compelling voice,
She calls the Sons of France, and leaves no choice,
No waver and no alternating will;
Where Freedom calls, all other calls are still,
All-confident that when her work is done
Ye shall behold your Country saved and Victory
won.

THE DISPATCH RIDER

(A. D. 1914)

By Dudley Clark

As the Arab is wed to his steed, so the man and
the metal are one;
Linked by the lust of speed, pledged to the thing
to be done;

Having one end to gain, moulded in one desire;
A hand, a heart, and a brain; a tank and some
hidden fire!

And it's ride, ride, ride in the sun, the rain and the
wind!

It's ride, ride, ride, with never a look behind!

The eyelids are red with fatigue; the bearings are
clogged with dust!

Cries the Iron to the Man: "D'ye think we can?"
Say the Man to the Iron: "We must!"

Swift through the quivering air Death from the
hill descends;

Leaps from the treacherous snare; lurks where
the roadway bends:

Death with the twain doth ride when the parch-
ing cylinders-fret;

But the throttle is open wide, and the teeth of
the rider are set!

For it's ride, ride, ride in the glare of an autumn
noon!

And it's ride, ride, ride by the gleam of a wintry
moon!

The forehead is streaked with blood; the lubri-
cant's dried to a crust!

Cries the Iron to the Man: "D'ye think we can?"
Says the Man to the Iron: "We must!"

IS YOURS THE ONLY LAW?

By F. H. Martens

Is yours the only law?

Is yours the only right?

Must all men bow before

The menace of your might?

And crossing England's ways

Submit them to her hate,

Who blasts them with a phrase:

"The Hun is at the gate!"

The old commandments stand

For Teuton as for ye,

To nerve his cause and hand,

To keep him strong and free.

Again the sword ye draw

That ye have drawn of old,

That profit come of war,

That ye may have and hold

The Seven Seas alone,

The trader's golden fruit,

The while the Teutons groan

Beneath the Cossack knout.

Does not the Teuton leave

His hostages to fate?

Does not the Teuton grieve:

"The Hun is at the gate!"

May not on the Most High

In prayer the Teuton call?

Or is He England's God

And not the God of all?

The old commandments stand

For Teuton as for ye,

To nerve his cause and hand,

To make him strong and free.

Is not the Teuton's goal

The same as that ye claim?

The tears that wring his soul

Are they in him a shame?

The Teuton fights for all,

For freedom, culture, right;

Then what if England fall,

The world shall still have light!

FIVE SOULS

By W. N. Ewer

First Soul

I was a peasant of the Polish plain;
I left my plough because the message ran:
Russia, in danger, needed every man
To save her from the Teuton; and was slain.
I gave my life for freedom—This I know;
For those who bade me fight had told me so,

Second Soul

I was a Tyrolese, a mountaineer;
I gladly left my mountain home to fight
Against the brutal, treacherous Muscovite;
And died in Poland on a Cossack spear.
I gave my life for freedom—This I know;
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

Third Soul

I worked in Lyons at my weaver's loom,
When suddenly the Prussian despot hurled
His felon strength at France and at the world.
Then I went forth to Belgium and my doom.
I gave my life for freedom—This I know;
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

Fourth Soul

I owned a vineyard by the Wooded Main,
Until the Fatherland, begirt by foes
Lusting her downfall, called me, and I rose
Swift to the call—and died in fair Lorraine.
I gave my life for freedom—This I know;
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

Fifth Soul

I worked in a great shipyard by the Clyde.
There came a sudden word of wars declared,
Of Belgium, peaceful, helpless, unprepared,
Asking for aid; I joined the ranks and died.
I gave my life for freedom—This I know;
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

THE MUNSTER FUSILEERS

By J. B. Dollard

They went out from Tipperary, 'twas a long way
to go,
And they stepped so light and airy, 'twas a joy
to see their stride;
Oh, they whistled "Garryowen"
Just to keep their blood a-goin'
Till the colleens were so proud of them that
every tear was dried!

It was "Good-by, Tipperary," and "God bless
you, Slieve-na-mon,"
"Happy days, old Ballindreary, sweet Clonmel
and Galtymore,"
Fare you well, dear Suir River,
In the sunshine all aquiver,
While we march without a shiver to a field of
death and gore!"

Well, they fought for old Tipp'rary's name, at
Charleroi and Mons,
Intrepid as their sires of old who knew not how
to fly,
And the foeman all his years
Will remember the wild cheers
Of the Munster Fusileers who went so gloriously
to die!

BELGIUM

By H. D. Rawnsley

When I bethink how nations wax and wane,
These like ripe fruit slow-cankered from inside,
These falling swift from overweening pride
That held the gentle heart in high disdain,
This battered to its knees to rise again,
One thing alone above the surging tide
And flux of things seems surely to abide,
The soul that doth invincible remain.
To you, heroic Belgium, beaten down
Because you trusted in a neighbor's word,
Has come the terrible night, but comes the morn.
Wasted with fire and bleeding from the sword,
Proudly you wear self-sacrifice for crown
And find your soul immortally re-born.

Elsie in New York

By O. Henry

No, bumptious reader, this story is not a continuation of the Elsie series. But if your Elsie had lived over here in our big city there might have been a chapter in her books not very different from this.

Especially for the vagrant feet of youth are the roads of Manhattan beset "with pitfall and gin." But the civic guardians of the young have made themselves acquainted with the snares of the wicked, and most of the dangerous paths are patrolled by their agents. And this will tell you how they guided my Elsie safely through all peril to the goal that she was seeking.

Elsie's father had been a cutter for Fox & Otter, cloaks and furs, on lower Broadway. He was an old man, with a limping gait, so a chauffeur ran him down one day when livelier game was scarce. They took the old man home, where he lay on his bed a year and then died, leaving \$2.50 in cash and a letter from Mr. Otter offering to do anything he could to help his faithful old employee. The old cutter regarded this letter as a valuable legacy to his daughter, and he put it into her hands with pride as the shears of the dread Gleaner and Reaper snipped off his thread of life.

That was the landlord's cue; and forth he came and did his part in the great eviction scene. There was no snowstorm ready for Elsie to steal out into, drawing her little red woolen shawl about her shoulders, but she went out, regardless. And as for the red shawl—Elsie's fall tan coat was cheap, but it had the style and fit of the best at Fox & Otter's. And her lucky stars had given her good looks, and eyes as blue and innocent as the new shade of note paper, and she had \$1 left of the \$2.50. And the letter from Mr. Otter. Keep your eyes on the letter from Mr. Otter.

And so we find Elsie starting out to seek her fortune. One trouble with the letter from Mr. Otter was that it did not bear the new address of the firm, which had moved a month before. But Elsie thought she could find it. She had heard that policemen, when politely addressed, or thumb-screwed by an investigation committee, would give up information and addresses. So she boarded a downtown car at One Hundred and Seventy-seventh street and rode south to Forty-second.

A kind-faced, sunburned young man went past Elsie into the Grand Central station. That was Hank Ross, of the Sunflower Ranch in Idaho, on his way home from a visit to the East. Hank's heart was heavy, for the Sunflower Ranch was a lonesome place, lacking the presence of a woman. He had hoped to find one during his visit who would congenially share his prosperity and home, but the girls of Gotham had not pleased his fancy. But, as he passed in, he noted, with a jumping of his pulses, the sweet, ingenious face of Elsie and her pose of doubt and loneliness. With true and honest western impulse he said to himself that here was his mate. He could love her, he knew; and he would surround her with so much comfort, and cherish her so carefully that she would be happy.

Backed by his never-before-questioned honesty of purpose, he approached the girl and removed his hat. Elsie had but time to sum up his handsome, frank face with one shy look of modest admiration when a burly cop hurled himself upon the ranchman, seized him by the collar and backed him against the wall. Two blocks

away a burglar was coming out of an apartment house with a bag of silverware on his shoulder; but that is neither here nor there.

"Carry on yer mashin' tricks right before me eyes, will yez?" shouted the cop. "I'll teach yez to speak to ladies on me beat that yere not acquainted with. Come along."

Elsie turned away with a sigh as the ranchman was dragged away. She had liked the effect of his light blue eyes against his tanned complexion. She walked southward, thinking herself already in the district where her father used to work, and hoping to find some one who could direct her to the firm of Fox & Otter.

But did she want to find Mr. Otter? She had inherited much of the old cutter's independence. How much better it would be if she would find work and support herself without calling on him for aid!

Elsie saw a sign, "Employment Agency," and went in. Many girls were sitting against the wall in chairs. Several well-dressed ladies were looking them over. One white-haired, kind-faced old lady in rustling black silk hurried up to Elsie.

"My dear," she said in a sweet, gentle voice, "are you looking for a position? I like your face and appearance so much. I want a young woman who will be half maid and half companion to me. You will have a good home and I will pay you \$30 a month."

Before Elsie could stammer forth her gratified acceptance, a young woman with gold glasses on her bony nose and her hands in her jacket pockets seized her arm and drew her aside.

"I am Miss Ticklebaum," said she, "of the Association for the Prevention of Jobs Being Put Up on Working Girls Looking for Jobs. We prevented forty-seven girls from securing positions last week. I am here to protect you. Beware of any one who offers you a job. How do you know that this woman does not want to make you work as a breaker-boy in a coal mine or murder you to get your teeth? If you accept work of any kind without permission of our association you will be arrested by one of our agents."

"But what am I to do?" asked Elsie. "I have

no home or money. I must do something. Why am I not allowed to accept this kind lady's offer?"

"I do not know," said Miss Ticklebaum. "That is the affair of our Committee on the Abolishment of Employers. It is my duty simply to see that you do not get work. You will give me your name and address and report to our secretary every Thursday. We have 600 girls on the waiting list who will in time be allowed to accept positions as vacancies occur on our roll of Qualified Employers, which now comprises twenty-seven names. There is prayer, music and lemonade in our chapel the third Sunday of every month."

Elsie hurried away after thanking Miss Ticklebaum for her timely warning and advice. After all, it seemed that she must try to find Mr. Otter.

Near Fourteenth street Elsie saw a placard tacked on the side of a doorway that read: "Fifty Girls, Neat Sewers, Wanted Immediately on Theatrical Costumes. Good Pay."

She was about to enter, when a solemn man, dressed all in black, laid his hand on her arm.

"My dear girl," he said, "I entreat you not to enter that dressing-room of the devil."

"Goodness me!" exclaimed Elsie. "The devil seems to have a cinch on all the business in New York. What's wrong about the place?"

"It is here," said the solemn man, "that the regalia of Satan—in other words, the costumes worn on the stage—are manufactured. The stage is the road to ruin and destruction. Would you imperil your soul by lending the work of your hands to its support? Do you know, my dear girl, what the theatre leads to? Do you know where actors and actresses go after the curtain of the playhouse has fallen upon them for the last time?"

"Sure," said Elsie. "Into vaudeville. But do you think it would be wicked for me to make a little money to live on by sewing? I must get something to do pretty soon."

"The flesh-pots of Egypt," exclaimed the reverend gentleman, uplifting his hands. "I beseech you, my child, to turn away from this place of iniquity."

(Continued on Page 31)



CHARTREUSE

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GREEN
YELLOW

Poems About San Francisco

CLXXVI—1915

(Wallace Irwin is an adopted son of San Francisco, and very loyal to the city where he had his start in life. He loves to celebrate San Francisco, witness his "Stevenson Memorial," his "San Francisco Fog," his inimitable "Telygraft Hill" and his "Ballad of Chinatown" which have appeared in this series. The following was written for "Sunset," and is taken from the files of that fine magazine.)

By Wallace Irwin

We have tunneled the heart of darkness, we have traversed the upper air;
For who shall write in the Book of Man, "This thing thou shalt not dare?"
So we of the Race of Dominance, masters of hand and brain,
Have wielded the staff of Moses now and smitten the Lands in Twain,

Saying, "Let two great ocean tides never be sundered more,
Salt of the East and salt of the West mingle from shore to shore;
For our land is an undivided Land, and surely, if we be One,
Then a Union of Seas shall aid our strength as a Union of States has done."

O open the gates, my people! to the mingled seas give sway,
To the ships of peace and the ships of war that furrow the cloven way,
To our steel-constructed watchdog pack charged with destruction fleet,
To our peaceful train of merchantmen laden with coal and wheat.

For the races of men shall mingle when the seas of the earth are wed
And the ships of a hundred kingdoms the path of the sun must thread,
Till the treasure-galleys of Commerce, borne by the winds of Fate,
Shall cast their magnificent anchors down in the tide of the Western Gate.

The Spectator

Why Dr. Clappett Is Sad

Several mornings ago a big rough-looking carelessly dressed man went to the home of Dr. Clappett, pastor of Trinity Episcopal Church.

"I would like you to marry me," he said, "at half past twelve today."

"Wouldn't any other time do as well?" asked Dr. Clappett.

"No," answered the stranger, "that is the only time that will suit the convenience of my bride-to-be."

"Then I'm sorry," replied Dr. Clappett, "but I cannot marry you. I always make it a point to lunch with my family, and our hour is half past twelve."

The stranger was visibly disappointed.

"However," added Dr. Clappett, "I am sure my assistant the Rev. Mr. Clark will be able to perform the ceremony at that time."

The stranger departed, and Dr. Clappett thought no more of the incident until the Rev. Dr. Clark came to him that afternoon, waving a check.

"It was very kind of you to send that Alaska miner to me," he said to Dr. Clappett. "He paid me a wedding fee of five hundred dollars."

"Five hundred dollars!" gasped Dr. Clappett. And he cannot help reflecting sadly what a lot of Christmas presents it would have bought for his six sons.

Our Malady Diagnosed

James A. Emery, the well known San Franciscan who is special counsel for the National Association of Manufacturers with headquarters in Washington, D. C., has been giving a good deal of thought to our condition since his brief visit here in September. I have before me a letter of his which I deem of such importance that I shall quote from it for the general good. "The community," writes Mr. Emery in reference to San Francisco, "sadly needs an intelligent and courageous exposition of the influences which

its industrial conditions are exerting on foreign investment. A debtor city, through misfortune, it possesses the most remarkable industrial advantages of which I have knowledge, and but for the artificial economic disadvantages under which it permits itself to labor, it should be a magnet to industrial capital. San Francisco sadly needs to have the mirror held before her that she may see herself as others see her. There is nothing the community needs so much as education on this subject. A period of depression like the present is one in which thoughtful workmen, not less than employers, should have a more open mind toward facts which may enable them to understand their continually increasing contribution to the burdens of their situation."

A Union Tax

"Did you happen to notice," continues Mr. Emery, "as an illustration of these conditions, brought out in the hearings before the Federal Industrial Commission in your city, that the Bricklayers' Union levies a tax of one-half of one per cent on the cost of all construction into which brick-work enters. Numerous receipts were placed in evidence from contractors who had paid this tax, some under the definitely stated protest that they did so under threat of strike, which meant serious loss. This, while significant, is a very trivial example of the very direct tax which a dominant closed shop unionism lays on the community. An investigation of the industries which have left the city and its vicinity will probably disclose some very interesting and startling conditions. It is a subject somebody will take up some day with interesting results."

The Scattered Vice

O virtue! virtue! how many imbecilities are committed in thy name! Virtue must triumph at all hazards. At least it must appear to triumph, else its professional guardians will be under suspicion of loafing on the job, not at-

tending to business. They must give evidence of activity, of accomplishing their high moral purposes. How better than to deprive that necessary, inevitable evil commonly known as prostitution of official recognition? To recognize prostitution as a necessary inevitable evil is to indict our social arrangements, and therefore

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it must not be so recognized. To regulate an evil is to give it official recognition and therefore it ought not to be regulated; it ought to be proscribed. When you proscribe an evil you imply that extirpation or banishment is to be its fate. But prostitution is an evil not to be extirpated; not for the present anyway. Who says so? The public authorities say so. They confess their inability to banish prostitution. They confess it in the public prints, and nobody pronounces them incompetent or dishonest. And so the women who follow the trade of harlotry, who were formerly constrained to an isolated district, excluded from residence and business sections of the city, kept under the vigilant eye of the police, are now scattered broadcast. Prostitution as formerly regulated imperiled the health of the few; now it is a public menace to health and morals. But Virtue has triumphed. Prostitution is no longer on anybody's conscience. Responsibility is on Society, a circumstance that makes it somewhat easy to shift the blame heavenwards.

The Wandering Outcast

To whom is credit due for the glorious triumph of Virtue in the gay city of St. Francis in this year of our Lord? It is a triumph by which many changes have been wrought, and as a consequence of which we shall soon become familiar with new aspects of life. Again, as in the days remote when the city was young, long before popular preachers began the work of purification, the prostitute will burgeon in our midst. Already, indeed, she may be seen along the highway, in the shopping district and wherever the theatre is disgorging its throng, rubbing shoulders with respectable women and cultivating the acquaintance of men. Harassed by hypocrisy she becomes a hypocrite herself, takes lodging in office-buildings and offers her services as a manicure or massage artist. Virtue has triumphed, and as a consequence the prostitute has broadened her outlook and enlarged the sphere of her activities. She is versatile. She gives vapor baths and reads the future in the palm of a hand. In a pinch she will do "gentlemen's mending." By reason of the triumph of Virtue the cyprian has been rendered more accessible; she has been given facilities long denied. When vice was officially recognized the outcast was merely receptive; now she goes forth as in Babylon of old practicing the blandishments of her trade. Once there was a municipal clinic where precaution was taken against the spread of a terrible plague, but Virtue was intolerant. To give official recognition to the clinic was to imply that it was in the interest of society to safeguard men and their offspring, even to the third generation, from the consequences of a certain sin. Now the clinic is closed, for Virtue has triumphed over the abomination, and the plague has the freedom of the city along with the co-operation of the outcasts who have been denied official recognition.

A Clergyman Has Pity

Father Lathrop, to whose genius and piety Virtue is in a measure indebted for her triumph, is now calling on people of "good will" to come to the aid of the outcasts. He says that 1,000 women have been "thrown out of their settled business," and he is sorry for them. Father Lathrop, being a devout clergyman, though he may fall seven times a day, cannot tell a lie. He is really sorry for these women, and he really believes they have been thrown out of their "settled business" and that there will be a great crush of them at the Rockhurst Center where they are to be given aid. One wonders how

Father Lathrop feels about the women who will continue to serve as "priestesses of humanity." If he does not already know, he will soon learn that prostitution has not come to an end in San Francisco. Has he pity for the impenitent ones for whom he has made existence a little harder, the sinners whom Christ came on earth to save? What about them? Greater, if not nobler, men than Father Lathrop have had much pity for women of this class. Men whom all the world honors have written of these women in terms of deep compassion and sympathy. These men, learned philosophers, were far from regarding the poor outcast as an object deserving only of execration and justifying the sort of discouragement and hardship that Father Lathrop and his brethren have succeeded in visiting upon her. They believed that, like Father Lathrop himself, she served quite an important purpose in society. Without her, they considered, the wives, mothers and daughters of men would soon realize how essential she was to their welfare. They believed there was a place in society for her to fill, a place where shame was her portion, and her agonies they would never care to make more poignant.

The Essential Ascetic

An unsophisticated man is this good Father Lathrop. Like many less austere clergymen he has a view of life no wider than that of village gossips. Apparently he is of the opinion that the main object of religion is to regulate the relations of the sexes, and that the most grievous of all sins is indulgence of the fundamental passion of human nature. To be sure, the primary ties of kinship and the relation of the sexes are the deepest roots of human wellbeing, but how absurd to regard them by themselves as the equivalent of morality! The fundamental passion of

human nature is not a bad passion at all. Poets call it the Grand Passion. They tell us it is the one thing by which poor mortal man is given a prelibation of heaven. They pronounce it God's greatest gift to man. For the benefit of society it has to be regulated, but Father Lathrop is for universal chastity, and evidently he entertains the notion that this end may be compassed through the laws of man. If Father Lathrop would study the lives of some of the ascetic saints of the desert whom he imitates he might perceive that he is demanding too much of human nature. Many of those saints were men of fragile sanctity, and renunciation meant more to them perhaps than to Father Lathrop. I doubt that renunciation in his case meant a mighty conquest over nature. One has but to glance at Father Lathrop to see that from the beginning he was spared from the fiery furnace of passion and the fierce heat of desire. He is no Amfortas obliged to build ramparts and moats against the temptress. Father Lathrop never would have had any difficulty in keeping Kundry at a distance.

Back to the Ancients

Father Lathrop has had so little experience of life, has so much to learn of its mysteries, one cannot but infer that he divides his time between his prayers and his business of purifying society. It is to be presumed that if he knew anything of the history of prostitution he would not be engaged in a quixotic attempt to blot it out in San Francisco. To him the fallen woman is the personification of Vice itself. As a matter of fact once upon a time her occupation was followed in accordance with religious decree. That was when Ishtar had her altar among the emblems of worship in the grove fronting her temple in Babylon. Herodotus tells us every woman

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INDUSTRY

had to spend a time in the grove awaiting the will of the first that put a coin in her lap; and it was the clergy of Babylon that shared the wages of her celestial passion. What we now call vice was then sanctified. When the glory that was Greece shone, in Athens Beauty had her marts, and there were seminaries where Phryne and Lais and Aspasia were educated. Eros was the mightiest of all gods, and passion received the same encouragement at Athens as stoicism at Sparta. True Christianity had not come, but there was morality in Greece, and there was intolerance of vices against which the clergy no longer crusade. Father Lathrop has made the mistake of constituting himself an authority in matters of which he is profoundly ignorant.

A Long Beach Acquittal

Herbert N. Lowe, the Long Beach florist who alone of the thirty-one "social vagrants" recently arrested for unnatural practices, pleaded not guilty and stood trial, has been acquitted by a jury of his townsmen. Of the rest it will be recalled that one, John E. Lamb, committed suicide while several took jail sentences without trial and the rest got off with fines aggregating \$5,275. Lowe faced the music. At his trial the jury heard the evidence of the two men who had trapped him, and his confession to Chief of Police Cole and Detective Cervantes of Long Beach was also introduced. Nevertheless the jury found him not guilty. The verdict arouses speculation. It has a suspicious smell as of chloride of lime, or perhaps whitewash. The "good men and true" who do jury duty at Long Beach seem to be laboring under a perverted understanding of their responsibility to the law and to their oaths. Either that, or there is a more widespread sympathy with the sexual divagations prevalent at Long Beach than even the cynical would suspect. The moral temperature of the community may be further measured by the fact that there has been furious dissension in the Long Beach Chamber of Commerce ever since the scandal was unearthed. There are two factions in the Chamber, and at the forthcoming election of Directors the issue on which the candidates will divide is the cleaning up of the beach town.

Fred Carpenter's Muse

It will be remembered that President Taft had a secretary who showed want of tact and was gracefully separated from the White House by means of an appointment as Minister to Morocco. The name of this secretary may or may not be recalled. He was Fred Warner Carpenter. Comes now Mr. Carpenter, challenging our attention with a slender volume called

"Verses from Many Seas" very beautifully gotten out by that publisher of exquisite taste Paul Elder. This slender volume is a volume of very slender, nay exiguous verse. Mr. Carpenter's muse is a pretender to Parnassus; she has no actual dwelling there and, I should say, hardly a calling acquaintance with the genuine Parnassians. It would seem as if Mr. Carpenter were the victim of friends who praised his verses for fear of hurting his feelings. There are many poetasters who are betrayed into publication by such means. They lack the critical taste to pass properly upon their own lucubrations. Sometimes they even lack the ear which tells them when metre halts or words do not rhyme. Mr. Carpenter must be of this sort. If he had a real friend to advise him he'd never have come before the world of poetry-readers with this volume. "Verses from Many Seas" is a mistake.

Lines to Taft

In his introduction Mr. Carpenter tells us of his travels in many lands. He says that the beauties of the places he has seen inspired him to versification. But of all the pictures in his mind, the sweetest is that of his association with Mr. Taft. Nobody will question the sincerity of this. Mr. Taft is a very lovable man, and extremely good-natured. But even his known good nature must have been strained when it came to praising Mr. Carpenter's poetry. One can imagine Mr. Carpenter boring Mr. Taft with his verses, reading them when he was in the White House, franking them thither (perhaps) when he was Minister in Morocco. What must Mr. Taft have thought when Mr. Carpenter read him the following:

Here's just a little tribute
To our work and play,
Through the many years of life,
Which now seem but a day.

In the far-off Philippines,
In China, and Japan,
Russia, Rome, and Washington,
The flower of our land.

Then, when you were President,
The days were full of care;
But you firmly held the rudder,
Whether winds blew foul or fair.

And Time, which mellows all things,
Will bring the day again,
When the people all will realize
How much you did for them.

Mr. Taft is not in need of rehabilitation among intelligent Americans; but it is just as well for his sake that only one man among his appointees thought of going to his defense in rhyme.

A History of Restaurants

A stomach of bronze would seem to be essential to any man who would have so intimate an acquaintance with the restaurants of San Francisco—past and present—as Clarence Edwords reveals in his book *Bohemian San Francisco*, published by Paul Elder and Company. In Paris the milieu of Bohemianism is the cafe, and likewise in San Francisco its atmosphere is impregnated with the odors of the kitchen. And so Mr. Edwords in making a book about our Bohemianism saturated himself with the restaurant atmosphere. His book is full of recipes, but it is not a cook book. Rather is it a history of eating hereabouts from the days when Spanish dishes were the vogue through several periods of change down to the present. Mr. Edwords takes us back to the dawn of restaurant life in

San Francisco and tells us about restaurants that flourished when our fathers were young. He has revived names long since forgotten, and he gives us the recipes of dishes that made many a chef famous. In the variety of its restaurants San Francisco is unique. There is here the cooking of all nations. Apparently Mr. Edwords has sampled all kinds of cooking—Mexican, Japanese, Chinese, Italian, French and Spanish, and cooking peculiar to no nationality. He can guide you to restaurants you never heard of, and he can tell you how to prepare the piece de resistance of each of them. On these themes he has the enthusiasm of Brillat-Savarin. There is no evidence of dyspepsia in his writing. He has made a very interesting contribution to Californiana. Mr. Edwords is a veteran newspaper man who was for years on the dailies and who is now

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The Cocktail Route

Clarence Edwards has written the story of "Bohemian San Francisco" as seen chiefly in the atmosphere of restaurant life through the years. "Now, as before the fire," says Edwards in his interesting book, "we have the greatest restaurant city of the world—a city where home life is subordinated to the convenience of apartment dwelling and restaurant meals—but the old-time Bohemian finds neither the same atmosphere nor the same restaurants." The old-time Bohemian is sensible of many changes. What a change, for instance, has been wrought in the saloon life of San Francisco! Where is the cocktail route of yesteryear? The old-time Bohemian spent a lot of time along the cocktail route that stretched from Kearny and Bush along the erstwhile fashionable thoroughfare to Market thence to Chenoweth's at the gore of Market and Ellis. In the days of the cocktail route with its palatial resorts where rare works of art were displayed, the Bohemian spent an hour or two before dinner in congenial, convivial company in front of broad mirrors reflecting beautiful nude statuettes and long rows of cut glassware. Bankers and lawyers, the bon vivant, the broker, the artist, the journalist, the doctor—men of all professions commingled along the cocktail route. Those were the days of the skilled mixologist, the man whose specialty was a gin cocktail that gave you just a suggestion of the "farewell" of the bitters. The soft toddy, most seductive of drinks, was a favorite tippie on the cocktail route, and ah! what sherry cobbblers, what delicious fizzes, what punches those old-time mixologists could brew! They were famous round the world. It was not until a San Francisco barkeeper went to New York that Gotham learned the first rudiments of the art of mixing drinks as practiced by John Farley, "Pop" Sullivan and the Chenoweths. The cocktail route is gone. Few of the mixologists of yesteryear remain. You may find them in The Buffet—Frank Corr's—on New Montgomery street opposite the Palace, a step removed from the site of the Grand Hotel bar of old, which formed one angle of the cocktail route that debouched here and there. Frank Corr keeps alive the memory of the gay route, and in The Buffet you may meet almost any

day an old-time Bohemian who still cultivates a fine taste in mixed drinks.

Field Gets a Tip

Prison humor is apt to be of rather a gruesome sort, as those know who have heard the end men at a San Quentin minstrel show. The fact was brought home to Charles K. Field, editor of *Sunset*, the other day. Field was indicted by a federal grand jury some time ago for a technical violation of the law which forbids the publication of photographs of government fortifications, his offense being the quite innocently intended reproduction in *Sunset* of photographs of the Panama Canal taken from an aeroplane. His case will come up soon in the district court. The other day Field received a letter from Louis Victor Eyttinge, a long-termer in the Arizona State Penitentiary at Florence. Under the prison system worked out by Governor Hunt, the convicts at Florence are given every opportunity to do outside work which does not interfere with prison discipline. Eyttinge conducts from the prison a regular business of advertisement writing and publicity work. He is an expert in writing "letter that brings business" and makes quite a good living at it. His letter to Field contained a tip regarding a business opportunity. He informed Field that there was about to be a change in the editorship of the *Leavenworth New Era*, the paper published at the federal prison at Leavenworth, and he suggested that Field make application for the position as it afforded an opportunity for congenial work! The humor of this lies in the implication that the editor of *Sunset* is soon to be a resident of Leavenworth, so Field may be pardoned for not laughing heartily at the witticism.

An Entrancing Volume

Do you know who had the honor of christening San Francisco bay? Perhaps you think it was named by the Portola party of 1769. No. It was named much earlier, probably by Sebastian Rodriguez Cermenon, a Portuguese navigator who was commissioned in 1595 by Philip II to search for safe harbors along the coast for vessels in the Philippine trade. Do you know that it was John C. Fremont who named the Golden Gate? Do you know that General Vallejo named Mare Island after a favorite white mare of his? Do you know that Alameda took its name from

a grove of cottonwoods along the creek? that Tamalpais means Bay Mountain? that Mount Diablo was named after a devil supposed to have been seen there during a battle of the Spaniards and Indians in 1806? that Sausalito is a "little willow grove?" that Marin county was named after a converted Indian chief who was a ferryman (marinero) on the bay? that Tiburon means shark? that Point Lobos means Seal Point? that Point Reyes (Kings Point) was named by Vizcaino in honor of the Three Wise Men, because it was discovered on their feast? How much do you know about the place names of California? Perhaps very little, especially if you have no Spanish. Then a new book on the subject is bound to interest you. It is "Spanish and Indian Place Names of California, Their Meaning and Romance," written by Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez (a sister of the late Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson) and published by A. M. Robertson of this city. It is a finely made book, of superior typography and rich in carefully selected illustrations. It gives the history of all the Spanish and Indian place names, and as that history is full of interest and is interwoven with much romance and many a beautiful legend, sacred and profane, you will find it an entrancing book. You may consider yourself fortunate if somebody presents it to you at Christmas.

Jack London's Discovery

Not long ago Jack London learned that Fremont the Pathfinder had once made a trip to the Hawaiian Islands and had brought back with



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him a number of Hawaiians who settled in California. London's information was that the islanders had gone into the region where the Feather River flows into the Sacramento. London determined to find the descendants of these old colonizers if any remained. He explored the region in question until he came upon people who showed unmistakable signs of Kanaka origin.

"Aloha," said Jack.

"Hello," answered the man he addressed.

"No," said Jack, "not hello but aloha, aloha oie." The native smiled.

"Aloha nui," he answered.

I'll bet Jack puts his discovery into a story.

A Disgruntled Concessionaire

The concessionaire who will display an immense model of the Panama Canal at the World's Fair is an easterner named Meyer. His big building stands in a fine location at the western end of the Zone, not far from the Palace of Machinery. Between his building and the Palace of Machinery there was an open space, and the concessionaire informed the Fair authorities that if this space was left open he would make the western facade of his building conform to the architecture of the Palace of Machinery. The Fair authorities thought that an admirable idea, and the concessionaire spent a large sum—as much as \$20,000 I am told—in ornamenting his western facade. And then along came the Southern Pacific with an application for space in the Fair. The question was, where to put the railroad company. The question was answered when the Fair authorities assigned to it that open space aforesaid. Meyer went to the Fair authorities and uttered a mighty howl of protest.

What about the agreement? "Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Fair authorities, and asked him to produce his agreement. It had not been reduced to writing. To say that the concessionaire is disgruntled is not overstating the situation.

Parnell in Court

Charles Stewart Parnell, the "uncrowned king of Ireland," made an unexpected appearance in the superior court the other day. And with him came the beautiful and irresistible Kitty O'Shea. That their appearance caused excitement goes without saying. Judge Lawlor took a deeper interest in the case at bar when they entered. An Irish juryman sat up, breathless with excitement. Their appearance was a deciding factor in the suit that was being argued. Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea were brought in by Tom O'Connor, himself descended from the last crowned king of Ireland. O'Connor was defending James W. Neil against a charge of criminal libel brought by Kate Barney. Kate Barney had joined the Rebekkahs as Mrs. James W. Neil and when she was involved in an anonymous-letter scandal in the lodge, James W. Neil was induced to make affidavit that she had never been married to him though she passed as his wife. Hence the charge of criminal libel and evidence in the shape of a mass of correspondence wherein Neil addressed Kate Barney as "my dear wife." In meeting this evidence Tom O'Connor brought Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea into court. Producing Mrs. Parnell's recently published "Charles Stewart Parnell; His Love Story and Political Life," O'Connor showed the court that whereas Kitty was not divorced from Captain O'Shea until 1890, as early as 1882 Parnell addressed her in his letters as "my own darling wife" and signed him-

self "your own husband." That settled it; Kate Barney lost her case.

Zick Abrams, Journalist

It gives me pleasure to present the versatile Zick Abrams, erstwhile bookmaker and gambler, in the interesting role of a newspaper correspondent. Zick is among the correspondents duly accredited to the World's Fair. He will be entitled to a desk and a typewriter in the fine Press Building. Zick represents the Tammen publications of Denver at the Exposition. His credentials were forwarded to Exposition headquarters by Harry Tammen himself, and were vised by Frank Burt, Director of Concessions, an old Denverite and a close friend of Tammen. From bookmaker to litterateur! After all it is not such a long step.

Fragrant Gifts at Tavern

The name of Colgate stands pre-eminent among the manufacturers of high grade perfumes and it is greatly to the credit of the management of Techau Tavern that the preparations of this well known house have been selected as souvenirs to the ladies who are present at the Tavern on Saturday afternoons. Last Saturday the souvenir was Colgate's Florient Perfume and each lady was the recipient of a dainty little bottle of this delectable scent. It has been arranged that the preparations of the Colgate company will form the Saturday afternoon souvenirs for some time to come. The attendance at the Informal Dansants on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings of each week is increasing rather than diminishing, which only goes to show that the management in providing perfect ventilation was duly appreciated.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Latest Entrants

Comes now a friend of mine who goes to many dances and declares that the feminine whirlers and dippers and steppers are getting more than their share of reclame.

"Why don't you mention the men who are mastering the very latest whirligig eccentricities?" demands this friend.

Sadly I inform him that that has been my wont for some time past. Whereupon he submits me to the Socratic or third degree method of truth-eliciting.

"Have you mentioned Dr. J. A. Black?" he asks.

I admit that I have not.

"Then mention him," he snaps back. "Get abreast of the times. Tell your readers that the great head specialist has transferred his attention to feet. Or put it another way. Say that Dr. Black is interested in heads and their ailments during professional hours, and tremendously interested in feet and their control when the shades of evening fall. Dr. Black is one of the foxiest fox-trotters in trotodom."

I make a note of Dr. Black.

"Have you mentioned Dr. Hartland Law?" my friend goes on.

I think I have not mentioned Dr. Law.

"Put him down," says my friend. "And put down Marshall Hale. And R. F. Brown. And W. Sherwood. Niftier one-steppers you won't find anywhere than Law and Hale, and Brown and Sherwood. Their one-stepping feet remind me of the feet of a good poet—they never limp. When I have time I'll give you some more names."

The Auditorium Fancy Ball

Mayor Rolph and President Moore have jointly proclaimed that the Exposition-Civic Auditorium is to be officially opened with a grand fancy dress ball the night of January 9, and the public interest awakened by the announcement presages the biggest social event in California's history. It is supported by the united municipal and Exposition influence, which means a union of the city's most influential social elements. That the arrangements will be perfect is assured by the fact that they are in charge of Thornwell Mulally who made such a brilliant success of the Ball of All Nations last spring, and that the attendance will be tremendous is indicated by the advance demand for reserved places. Boxes, each containing eight chairs, are being sold at \$50 apiece, and the prices range downward to \$1 for general admission, thus enabling all the people to participate. A total attendance of at least

10,000 is confidently expected, and there will be ample room for more than that number on the main floor and in the various balconies. A number of special features are promised, each of them distinctly unique, and society is already planning something new in the way of costumery. Of course there will be country cousins aplenty in attendance, for the event means not only the first formal opening of any building in the Civic



MRS. JOHN J. PERSHING

The wife of Brigadier General Pershing who is prominent among the patronesses of the Military Pageant Ball

Center, but also the official inauguration of the Exposition, and will occupy a prominent place in California annals.

Society Neglected Him

And who should be singing at the Metropolitan Opera House now with all the great stars, but Lucca Botta, the tenor who sang our hearts away last year? It ought to be a satisfaction that again we in San Francisco heard him first—those of us who did went wild with enthusiasm. Alas! many of us were conspicuously absent. I recall that upon the night of his debut in Tosca Mrs. Frederick Kohl was the only boxholder present. It was chiefly the Italians who recognized the worth of the young tenor. Great was their enthusiasm when they heard him sing "When the Stars." In New York he made his debut as Rodolfo, his least convincing role, but later he sang in Traviata. Also he appeared in Cavalleria with the great Emmy Destinn. He is to continue during the season. The other tenors are Caruso and Martinelli, so the young man with the golden voice is in distinguished company.

Minstrel Show and Dansant

The principal event of last week was the big affair given for the Associated Charities. It was a stupendous undertaking to raise so much money in so short a time, but William F. Humphrey with the Olympic Club behind him was equal to it as it was a foregone conclusion that

he would be, once he had undertaken the project. The minstrel show was a success from a theatrical point of view. With a real professional atmosphere and excellent talent it aroused genuine enthusiasm at all three performances. Of course the box office receipts would have gladdened the heart of any theatrical manager. The dansant afterwards at the St. Francis not only brought in more gold but was a social and artistic success. There were beautiful women, lovely gowns, exquisite dancing and a tempting supper. Mrs. J. J. Gottlob and Mrs. Vincent Whitney who were most active in arranging the dansant received warm congratulations. Seated at tables arranged around the Colonial ballroom and in the boxes above were many prominent persons and not a few celebrities. The adjoining beautiful Italian ball-room was not before the setting for such a beautiful scene. Indeed, when the orchestra played in mezzo voce Finiculi-Finicula while the tap of the gay dancers' feet beat accompaniment, it seemed like a dedication of the softly lighted Italian hall of pleasure.

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Rethers, 2900 Scott street, was the scene of a merry children's party recently. The doctor and his charming wife, like the prince and princess in the fairy tale, have six fine sons and a little niece, Miss Blanche Hanlon, in their family, and they are a superb clan of youngsters whose model upbringing is the admiration of all who come in contact with them. On this occasion "the Retherses" as they are called by an army of young friends entertained sixty children. There were games, music, dancing and a delicious supper. The young guests left beaming with the joy of an evening spent in the houseful of children.

Our Alice in Boston

Our own Alice Neilson has made conquest of Boston. The sacred portals that open on the Back Bay have swung wide to let her in. News comes that she is the protegee of Mrs. Jack Gardner who rules the Back Bay with the hand of absolutism. Mrs. Jack Gardner and our Alice have been together in New York, putting their heads together and planning a series of recitals to be given in Boston in January. While in Boston Alice will be the guest of Mrs. Gardner in the latter's palatial home. That in itself is a tremendous privilege. Only those hall-marked with the most high-browed culture are allowed to enter there. Mrs. Gardner's art collection is world-famous, and Alice is to be congratulated on her luck in getting on such intimate terms with its owner.

The Death of Mrs. Bruguere

There is profound sorrow over the death of Mrs. Pedar Bruguere who passed away Wednesday night after a long illness. Dr. Bruguere is heartbroken at this sad culmination and his many

friends who are aware of the unwearied devotion he showed his wife during her several years as an invalid are endeavoring to console him as best they can. Mrs. Bruguere was a woman of exceptional gifts highly cultivated. She was a charming hostess when her strength permitted her to dispense hospitality. Before her marriage Mrs. Bruguere was Miss Nana King, the daughter of Mrs. W. S. Townsend. She had many true friends who are plunged in grief over her death.

The Somerton Dinner-Dance

One of the smart events of the week will be the dinner dance which will open the Hotel Somerton on Monday evening. Hotel Somerton is situated in Geary between Mason and Taylor and will be run by Mrs. W. F. Morris whose success as the proprietor of the Hotel Cecil, one of the most exclusive and best appointed private hotels in San Francisco, is well known. Mrs. Morris' daughter, Mrs. H. K. Devendorf, will be the hostess at the Somerton. The new hotel is beautifully furnished and fitted throughout. The lounge and living rooms are done in soft shades of gold and blue with luxurious divans, handsome brocaded Morris chairs and all the appointments that the last word in comfort and elegance imply. One of the charming features of the Somerton is the dainty room which Mrs. Morris will dedicate especially to tea-dances. The floors are inlaid and highly polished. The walls are done in soft cream with delicate frescoed panels. The tables and chairs are of wicker and artistic designs of chintz. The bed rooms are furnished in mahogany, with velvet carpets and dainty curtains. The dining room is cosy and well kept. Here Mrs. Morris will reduce the high cost of living and will endeavor to serve the homiest of

plain, good cooking. In other words, she will eliminate thrills and substitute comfort. A number of tables have already been reserved for the dinner dance on Monday evening when an old-fashioned Southern dinner with fried chicken and cream gravy, corn pones and Maryland biscuit will be served. The affair will be entirely on the Southern order. Miss Clara Alexander will give a number of the old-time darky selections and all the old dances like the Virginia reel and the quadrille as well as the modern fox trots, hesitations and one-steps will be enjoyed. Reservations for tables may be made at either the office of Hotel Somerton or at the Cecil, Post between Mason and Taylor streets. The first event of importance to be held at the Somerton will take place on Saturday evening when the Hotel Men's Association of San Francisco will hold a meeting there.

No Exhibition Dances

One of the very busiest young ladies in San Francisco these days is Thalia Weed Newcomb. "I am so busy," she confides, "that I have not done my Christmas shopping early." She is busy, of course, taking care of the clients of her dancing academy at 1443 Polk street where she collaborates with John Joy Robinson in giving instructions in the latest dances. The Newcomb-Robinson classes are patronized by the most prominent people in society, and their vogue has never for a day shown any sign of diminution. At these classes a new and interesting rule has just been formulated. No exhibition dances are taught any longer. The multiplication of exhibition dancers, in the opinion of Miss Newcomb, has destroyed the importance of this form of dancing entertainment. "Where mediocrity comes in," she says, "art flies out, and there is a

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woeful amount of mediocrity in the exhibition dances one sees these days. We have decided that with us they shall be tabu. People are tired of them. Our clients have approved our stand. They say that our rule is a life-saver as they were being bored to death by these interminable exhibition dances."

Miss Alexander at Fairmont

The Children's Christmas matinee to be given by Miss Clara Alexander today at half past two in the ball room of the Fairmont Hotel is attracting no end of attention in society circles and the event bids fair to be as successful in this city as was the one given by the drawing room entertainer at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, last December. The principal feature of the entertainment will be a short play, "The Pickaninnies' Christmas," in which Miss Alexander, impersonating a negro "mammy" and the "Black Santa Claus," will be assisted by two clever children, Eugenia Clinchard and Reginald Vaughan. There will be a distribution of gifts from the tree and, in addition, the program will include some beautiful dances by pupils of Veronine Vestoff and specialties by several talented children.

Dancing at Fred Solari's

Last Thursday an unusually large and enthusiastic crowd at Fred Solari's enjoyed an exhibition by Monsieur Le Boy and Miss Alice Rinaldo of the latest New York ball room dances. As the number of restaurants having dancing increases Fred Solari's is becoming more crowded on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings. This is explained by the fact that dancers are extremely discriminating. They make comparisons, and the comparisons are so favorable to Fred Solari's that they go there again and again, bringing more and more of their dancing friends with them. They know that they will find at Fred Solari's a perfection of music, of ventilation, of service, a floor not to be surpassed and at atmosphere of the most engaging jollity. There will be a special dinner de luxe on New Year's Eve. The reservations are numerous already, but in order that his patrons may enjoy dancing on the main floor that evening Fred Solari is sacrificing a number of tables. This indicates the importance of making reservations as early as possible.

Ukulele's Triumph

From what Kelvin Keech tells me, Santa Claus is going to distribute a great many ukuleles this Christmas. Just how many bright-eyed maids will awake on Christmas morning to find the beautiful Hawaiian instrument peeping from the silk stocking by the fireplace I cannot say off-hand, but Kelvin Keech says that the number of

sales indicates a distinct vogue. The Keech studio at 435 Powell street is the haunt of shoppers who come to buy the ukulele for a Christmas present. Kelvin and Alvin Keech owe a great deal of their success to their popularity in the best society. They came here from the Hawaiian Islands with the best of letters and have been received with open arms in exclusive households. They control the booking of the best Hawaiian instrumental and vocal talent, and have a Hawaiian orchestra that is much in demand for society dances. It renders all the best dance music, including the desirable Castle House selections.

A Loyal Native Son

Dave Warfield is no longer drinking imported champagne in "The Auctioneer." Shortly after



MRS. W. E. LEWIS

Wife of Major Lewis, Medical Corps, U. S. A. She is one of the younger matrons of the army set who is working for the success of the Military Pageant Ball to be given at the Civic Auditorium.

the opening of his present engagement at the Columbia he met his old friend Al Coney, chief celebrant of the glories of the nectar called Golden State. Presto! Warfield's taste in wine improved. At every performance of "The Auctioneer" Simon Levi rejects the French brand, and calls for the wine of his native State. And now according to Coney there is no longer any room for improvement in the play. It is a perfect drama.

Pavo Real

Of the many surprises that will be sprung during next year—of the many new attractions that will add to San Francisco's fame—we predict that none will even equal much less surpass in beauty or pleasure Pavo Real. This is the title that has been selected for the finest ball room in America. Its doors will be opened to the public Wednesday, December 23. This latest and most beautiful addition to the city's attractions occupies the entire third floor of the Tait-Zinkand Cafe building, 168 O'Farrell street. On the opening night and every night until further notice the patrons of Pavo Real will be entertained by the world's greatest exponents of the modern dance. Mlle. La Gai and Quentin Tod—those famous

artists—will in Pavo Real have a ball room in which to demonstrate their wonderful skill that in splendor rivals any room in Europe. Pavo Real is sure to be appreciated by every lover of dancing.

Ethel—Gladys Smith's face always reminds me of a delicately tinted china cup.

Brother Tom—Yes; it's a beautiful mug.

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can be framed by E. B. Courvoisier as expeditiously and as satisfactorily as a little Copley print or one of your family photographs. Christmas stock now ready for your inspection. 431 Sutter street, between Powell and Stockton.

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Gossip of the Theatre

More of Lerner

The request program of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra was well composed and a compliment to the musical taste of the public. Schubert's Symphony No. 8, B minor, was exquisitely given. There was a Debussy number, very beautiful, but the least attractive of the works of the "Mallarme of music," whose qualities are lightness, brilliance, agility, daintiness—qualities that are typically French. There were two allegro movements from Tschaiakowsky's "Pathetique," but especially there was Saint Saens' Concerto, No. 2, with Tina Lerner at the piano. This was the event of the concert. At each hearing Tina Lerner becomes more entrancing. She is wonderful. She played Saint Saens with the brilliance attainable only by an artist of the highest technical dexterity and deepest artistic insight. The concerto as interpreted by her brings us new sensations, delights our senses with new appeals. . . . On Sunday the orchestra played the Kalinnikow Symphony (No. 1), Liszt's "Liebestraum," "Le Carnaval Romain" (Berlioz) and with Miss Lerner a concerto (Grieg). Besides Miss Lerner played two Liszt numbers, two Chopin numbers, and then surprised the insistent audience by playing an encore, a Chopin Etude.

—H. M. B.

Dramatizing Teeth

It remained for an ingenious playwright to build a vaudeville playlet around a set of false teeth, and lo! the thing has been done. Not a promising subject, it may be thought. False teeth are not ordinarily inspiring. The jokes made about them are usually as funny as the pallid witticisms that celebrate the mother-in-law. But false teeth can be made funny. They can be made excruciatingly funny. The attempt to show them in such a light has been made by an anonymous dramatist whose effort is the hit of the bill at Pantages this week. He calls his work "Billy's Tombstone" and it is acted by Edgar Atchison Ely and a good company. It keeps the audience roaring for twenty minutes. Dentistry has invaded vaudeville successfully. Ely is a good actor of the slap-bang juvenile type and he has pretty girls with him. The rest of the bill is excellent. There are the three Kraytons who make hoops perform amazing antics. There is Joe Lanigan who claims to be an original monologist, and is. There is Mlle. Cheville who does classic dances with the real beauty of classicity. There are Lovell and Lovell in touching songs of the long ago sweetly sung. There are Quinn and Mitchell who get a hundred laughs with their "Lemon City Land Agent." And there are Staley, Birbeck and Staley, "the musical blacksmiths" billed as "vaudeville's most elaborate novelty" and going far to justify that ambitious claim. Altogether a very good bill.

—The Second Nighter.

The Yosemite Pictures

The wonderful motion pictures, in five reels, of the Yosemite and high Sierras have been pleasing large audiences at the Savoy every afternoon and evening this week, and will be shown for the last times Sunday, which day has been set apart as the occasion of a benefit for the Associated Charities. Those who have visited the Yosemite are delighted with the pictures, while those who have never looked upon the beauties of the famous park are given the best idea possible of what may be seen in that re-

markable region. The entertainment is made doubly interesting by the lecturette given by David A. Curry, "the Stentor of Yosemite," who has made the valley his headquarters for the past fifteen years and is thoroughly at home when describing the many marvels of the high Sierras.

San Francisco Quintet Club

This Sunday afternoon in the Colonial Ballroom of the St. Francis the San Francisco Quintet Club will give its second concert. This is the most important ensemble organization that San Francisco has yet boasted of and at this concert the club will have the assistance of that



JOHN McCORMACK

The great Irish tenor who will appear at the Cort on the Sunday afternoons of Dec. 29 and January 3, and at Scottish Rite Auditorium New Year's night, January 1.

splendid artist, Nathan Firestone. The program will include a string Quartet by Haydn, Trio for flute, violin and viola in the form of a Serenade by Beethoven and the glorious Quintet for piano and strings by Cesar Franck. Tickets may be had at the usual music stores and on Sunday at the St. Francis.

Alma Gluck Coming

No singer before the public has had a more remarkable career than Alma Gluck who at the age of twenty scored unprecedented triumphs at the Metropolitan Opera House. The young artist was little more than an amateur when opportunity knocked at her door and in one night she became famous. Her voice, art and personality have combined to place her in the front rank of the world's great singers before she has reached her twenty-sixth year. Alma Gluck will make her first western tour this season, and Greenbaum has secured her for three concerts, opening on January 31 and closing Sunday afternoon, February 7.

The McCormack Concerts

Next Tuesday morning the sale of seats will open at Sherman, Clay and Company's, Kohler and Chase's and the Cort for the concerts of the most beloved singer now before the public, John

McCormack, the young Irish tenor whose success has been colossal on both the operatic and concert stage. He has just reached his thirtieth year and his voice is taking on new richness and beauty with every season and should continue to do so for the next ten years. He will be assisted by Donald McBeath, the gifted young violinist, and Edwin Schneider, the composer-pianist who has visited us with several great artists. The first concert will be given Sunday afternoon, December 27, at the Cort. The artist will sing the exquisite Aria from Mozart's "Don Giovanni," a Hungarian Folk Song entitled "There is on Earth but One Precious Pearl" arranged by Korbay, a Norwegian ballad "Sylvelin" by Sinding, a Russian song "O Thou Billowy Wave" by Rachmaninoff, a group of three classic old Irish melodies and compositions by Landon Ronald, Cyril Scott and Coleridge-Taylor. Of course the encore numbers will include "I Hear You Calling Me" and many other favorites identified with McCormack. The second concert will be given Friday night, January 1, at Scottish Rite Auditorium when an entirely different program will be given, the star singing among other great works the Aria from "La Boheme," Weingartner's "Among the Stars," Elgar's "In Moonlight" and by special request Schubert's "Ave Maria." The third concert will be given Sunday afternoon, January 3, at the Cort when the Aria from Mascagni's "I Rantzau," Hugo Wolf's "Secrecy," Max Reger's "Quiet the Woods" and Bizet's sublime "Agnus Dei" will be featured. Mail orders should be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay and Company's. On Tuesday night, December 29, McCormack will sing in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, repeating his great opening program. Tickets for this event will be ready at Ye Liberty on Tuesday.

Herbert Payne on Motion Pictures

Herbert Payne, Menlo Park millionaire, clubman and executive head of the California Motion Picture Corporation, who recently returned from a honeymoon in Europe, brings back with him a store of interesting observations on the status of the motion picture industry on the other side of the Atlantic. The war has naturally upset and revolutionized the whole order of things—and nothing more, according to Payne, than motion pictures. French, German and English companies have all quit operations. The result then, when the war is over, and affairs again approach the normal, will be a tremendous demand for the films that have been produced in America during the interim. Meanwhile the American theatre has practically only the American producer to look to for its supply of pictures. "When Europe finally turns from the grim business of war," said Payne, "and finds heart to look again for a measure of amusement, the motion picture theatre will be in greater demand than ever. It will far more easily and sooner re-establish itself than the opera or the legitimate drama. The financial stringency following the war will put the more expensive forms of entertainment quite out of reach of all but the very few for a long time to come. The European demand for motion picture film is bound then to be tremendous and the supplying market will be America. It follows too that there will be an unusual call for film dramatizations of American stories which have won popularity in the Old World. Everywhere I went, in Germany and France as well as English speaking countries, I found no writer of Ameri-

can fiction so much lauded as Bret Harte. More of his works have been translated than of any other writer of this country. Harte is mightily admired in America but in Europe many worship him almost to the point of idolatry. The repertoire of Bret Harte films that the California Corporation is now accumulating will stand us well in stead when the war is at an end." Payne had an exciting time escaping from the war zone, but eventually emerged with no more serious mishap than the loss of his ten thousand dollar Italian motor car with which he was touring the continent. By decree of the needy military authorities the automobile was left at Carlsbad. Payne was given to understand, through a somewhat hazy explanation, that should the car escape the ravishes of conflict better than the rest of Europe, there was a process of red tape by which he might reclaim it after peace was declared.

"The Yellow Ticket" at Columbia

The next attraction at the Columbia will be "The Yellow Ticket" announced for a fortnight's engagement, beginning Monday night. The play contains a particular appeal to the Jewish race and especially to Russians. Michael Morton, the author has not hesitated to dip his pen in vitriol for the purpose of proclaiming, through a great dramatic medium, the plain truth about some vital conditions in Russia of the present day. A splendid cast including Belle Mitchell, Warner Orland, Edward Foley, John Ravold, Louis Hart-

men, Dorothy Ellis, Reginald Carrington and Arthur Maitland will appear. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday, Christmas Day (Thursday) and New Year's Day.

Billy B. Van at Orpheum

The Orpheum Road Show under the direction of Martin Beck which opens next Sunday matinee will be better and brighter than ever. Billy B. Van and the Beaumont Sisters, a trio whose fame is international, will present for the first time here the one-act comedy by Bob Janette called "Spooks" which is said to be even funnier than Mr. Van's famous skit "Props." Carlos Sebastian and Dorothy Bentley are appropriately styled Sovereigns of Modern Dance. Miss Bentley will wear several beautiful costumes and Mr. Sebastian will prove his versatility by singing songs and performing a piano solo. Roger Imhoff, Hugh L. Conn and Marcelle Coreene, three inimitable funmakers, will appear in a military farce entitled "Surgeon Louder U. S. A." Violinsky is the nom de theatre of a clean-cut young man who is an eccentric genius of the violin and piano. Charles De Haven and Freddie Nice who scored heavily with their remarkable dancing in "The Passing Show of 1913" have returned to vaudeville with a delightful act in which they present three distinct and original terpsichorean efforts "Pauline," "Cane Dance" and "Tangle Footed Monkey Wrench Dance." Robert Everest's Monkey Circus and Herbert Williams and



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San Jose—
T and D's Theater de Luxe
January 3, 4 and 5.

Richmond—
Richmond Theater
January 6 and 7

Sacramento—
T and D's Theater
January 8 and 9.

Alameda—
Alameda Theater
January 10 and 11.

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Miss Hazy
(Miss H. Ross)

Hilda Wolfus are also included in this great show. Montgomery and Moore, who are creating quite a furore, will be a special and additional attraction.

Mutt and Jeff Next Week

The great fun show "Mutt and Jeff in Mexico," which has been delighting crowds at the Alcazar, will enter upon the second and last week of its engagement next week, beginning with the Sunday matinee tomorrow. There will be popular priced matinees on Thursday and Saturday, besides a special holiday matinee on Friday, Christmas Day. All that has been said of "Mutt and Jeff in Mexico," in advance, has certainly been lived up to in the bright, snappy and hilarious musical comedy production that is now in our midst. It is all new, and certainly no greater laughing creation has ever been in this city. People all over the United States have been delighted for years with the Bud Fisher cartoons which were the inspiration for Gus Hill's big musical comedy success, and those who have laughed at the antics of the funny pair in the daily papers are now flocking to see them in the flesh.

Nita Allen at Pantages

Nita Allen, a bewitching singing comedienne, and for several seasons leading star with the La Salle Musical Comedy Company of Chicago, is one of the new recruits in the vaudeville field who has been engaged specially for Pantages next Sunday. Miss Alexander is a strikingly beautiful actress with an assortment of Parisian frocks which she changes several times during her number. Another splendid feature is Maurice Samuels, the eminent character actor, who will offer his own playlet of emigrant life entitled "A Day at Ellis Island." The Oxford Trio, originators of basketball on wheels, have a great novelty act. Willie Dunlay and Bessie Merrill

will indulge in pert patter interspersed with bright songs. Two dapper looking lads, Nadell and Kane, have an entertaining specialty with a budget of brand new material. A beautiful young vocalist, Agnes Von Bracht, is a soprano of unusual culture and brims with personality. All of her songs are of the popular kind. The usual laugh-provoking motion picture will round out a strong holiday bill.

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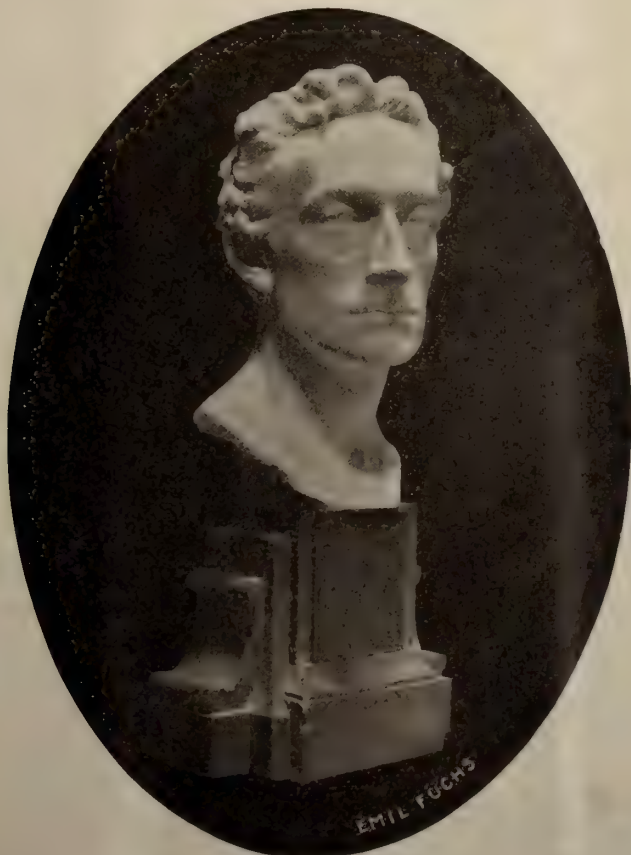
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FAREWELL OF

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First Week—Friday, Wednesday Matinee, "Hamlet;"
Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday Evenings, "Light That
Failed;" Wednesday Evening, Saturday Matinee (Xmas
Matinee Benefit Belgian Fund), "Passing Third Floor
Back."

Second Week—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday Matinee
and Evening, "Caesar and Cleopatra" (by Bernard Shaw);
Thursday, Saturday Evenings, "Passing Third Floor
Back;" Friday, "Light That Failed;" Saturday Matinee,
"Hamlet."

Prices—\$2 to 50c.

should retire from the theatre at the summit of his power, but his visit to San Francisco at the Cort beginning Monday night, marks his last appearance in this city. Forbes-Robertson is not the man to "lag superfluous on the stage." His exit will be the stateliest part he has ever played, and all who witness that final performance of "Hamlet" will carry away with them the memory of one of the greatest princes the English stage has ever seen. It is now seventeen years since Forbes-Robertson produced "Hamlet" in London for the first time and since then he has come to be regarded as the greatest modern player of Hamlet. He has never been seen in San Francisco in this tragedy, but his present

engagement will give playgoers the opportunity. "The Light that Failed," another of the plays he is to act here, is a dramatization of Rudyard Kipling's novel. "Passing of the Third Floor Back" was played here three years ago. In addition to the regular performances of this piece, it will also be given at the Christmas matinee for the benefit of the Christmas Fund for Homeless Belgians. The performance of Shaw's brilliant satire "Caesar and Cleopatra" for the first time here during the second week of the engagement promises to be an event of unusual interest. The repertoire follows: "Monday and Friday nights and Wednesday matinee, "Hamlet;" Tuesday,

Thursday and Saturday nights, Kipling's "The Light that Failed;" Wednesday night, Saturday matinee (also Christmas matinee for the benefit of the Christmas Fund for Homeless Belgians), "Passing of the Third Floor Back." Second week: Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday matinees and night, Bernard Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra;" Thursday and Saturday nights, "Passing of the Third Floor Back;" Friday, "The Light that Failed," and Saturday matinee, "Hamlet." Miss Laura Cowie will appear in all the leading feminine roles. The supporting company is practically the same as supported the star in London and New York.

His "Missus"

By Leon Frapic

At the office, whenever Dubour mentioned "the missus" everyone shook with suppressed laughter, his large, clean-shaven face took on such a ludicrous expression. How touchingly submissive that big man must be at home! He was generally known as "the good little boy." Not that the others were all masters at home! Oh, no! Varnard, for instance, had to light the fires because the maid used too much wood and madame could not think of spoiling her hands; and Bijou was forbidden to smoke—snuff was much more economical. But then, once away from the domestic tyrant, not one maintained that attitude of respectful obedience, nor adhered so religiously to the home regulations. Dubour's housewife evidently made him regard her as infallible, she certainly held him well in hand; no wonder he was in such good health—not the slightest excess, not the smallest caprice did she allow him. Sometimes at luncheon he would sigh, "I have too much meat, but I would rather force myself to finish it—the missus knows better than I what I should eat, and she would scold if I left any." Before going home in the evening he was often pressed to come and have a drink, simply for the pleasure of hearing his frightened refusal: "Oh, no, thank you, I can't; it is impossible. I am expected. I must not be late." It was evident that, office work excepted, he did nothing without the approval and consent of his petticoat government. If, for instance, a subscription list happened to be brought around, either for a funeral wreath or a presentation, he asked that it be brought again the next day, when he always gave generously, but it was clear that the amount must first be discussed with "the missus."

Dubour was no talker, little was known about him and speculation was difficult, for he had entered the service late and after several unsuccessful attempts at business. At the end of two years the most inquisitive had extracted from him but few barren allusions to his failure and to family sorrows—details as to the awe-inspiring "missus" were entirely wanting, so that chatters had to content themselves with feeble jokes, such as, "She must have a mustache," or "Surely she is always armed with a poker."

Although holding merely a modest post in a government office, Dubour was always well, even elegantly dressed—showing that he must still have a remnant of his former fortune—and this added to the consideration due him by reason of his forty years. Besides, his never-failing kindness and willingness to oblige had made him justly popular but he was really too much "the good little boy."

It was partly owing to the affection his col-

leagues felt for him that they concocted the plot to make him late, and thus disobedient to the commands of the terrible "missus." They wanted to break through his ridiculous submission, and felt convinced that it only needed one determined effort to shake off the yoke. The cleverest attempts, one after the other had failed; at last Leflot proposed a sure plan for the fete day.

As it happened, St. Isidore fell on the thirtieth of the month. Five minutes before the office closed Dubour's colleagues surrounded him with such beautiful flowers, such hearty good wishes, that only the veriest boor, the greatest coward, could have run away on the plea that it was time to go home; and Leflot tore past, shouting: "I will wire to your place," and allowing no time to object. At the same instant bottles of champagne were produced from a cardboard box, and glasses were placed in a row.

"Silence, everyone, it is Leflot's turn to speak."

The latter, who had only pretended to run to the post, now announced in a decided manner: "That's done—in a quarter of an hour your people will get the message."

Dubour, at rest on this point, touched, flattered and dazed by the many speeches and continued handshakes, drank several glasses of champagne and found himself, as if by magic, tipsy.

He let himself be dragged without protest to

the cafe and willingly agreed to dine with his gay comrades at the restaurant. Then, as time went on—nine, ten, eleven—they all danced with glee behind his back. What a scolding he would get! To make matters worse, the others had made him spend ten francs of his salary—he who surely always took every cent to "the missus."

At last the question arose as to how "the good little boy" was to be got home. There was no good carrying the joke too far, and, besides, the opportunity to see the anger of the dread tyrant must not be missed. However, no one seemed willing to take the risk—the "terror" must be waiting with a broomstick, and trouble was to be feared for whoever brought him back.

After much discussion, Leflot was obliged to sacrifice himself; he had, for his defense, authority, logic and strength, for was he not chief clerk, a lawyer and an ex-amateur fencing champion?

Dubour was quite helpless—the beautiful bouquet hung over his shoulders, tied on with a piece of blindcord, a card was pinned on to his coat with: "Leave until midnight," inscribed thereon, the ends of his tie floated behind him, and he was singing.

Leflot, still fairly sober, led his victim by the arm.

He was dumfounded. Dubour had stopped him at a poor-looking tenement house, and the light

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of the wax vestas showed him a steep, narrow staircase, badly polished.

All at once Dubour was seized with his old instinct of submission. He kept saying "Hush!" at every step and stammered, "I shall slip into my room, shut the door and not let the missus see me. Here it is!"

The door was not quite shut, and a tiny ray of light was visible. After a moment's hesitation Leflot, remembering his official standing and his legal and sporting importance, bravely pushed his way in. There was no entrance hall, and he suddenly found himself in the dining-room.

What a surprise! Evidently St. Isidore was to have been feted here also, but "the missus," tired of waiting, slept on a chair in front of her useless preparations. On a round table, covered with an oilcloth, was a leg of mutton, now quite cold—one place showed that a child had supped; the other two, quite undisturbed, proved that "the missus" had not dined. In front of one of the rolled serviettes was placed a four-cent bunch of flowers in a vase and a new pipe-case. The

whole modest, loving home life was shown in the simple arrangement of these few trifles.

And "the missus," a real housewife with a serious face, short-sleeved dress and blue apron, was no other than Dubour's little twelve-year-old daughter.

She woke up as if from a horrible nightmare and seemed to guess the whole story at a glance. But her first thought was for the reception of the guest.

"Pray sit down, monsieur," she said. Then came the anxious question: "Have you dined, father?" Then the loving kiss, and one from little brother, who had at last been put to bed, greatly distressed at not having recited his little poem.

Dubour had sat down and in spite of his drunken helplessness, showed his satisfaction at being home again. Sitting opposite, Leflot tried to give some plausible explanation.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "tonight's irregularity is entirely due to established office custom, from which none can escape—nothing excessive, I assure you; besides—" He spoke volubly, without really knowing why, for with this little girl there was no reason to use the eloquence that might have been politic with the wife of a colleague.

But somehow he was touched. The loving preparations had been useless, the joyful anticipation destroyed and turned to solitary and anxious waiting; and all the time—while talking with a gravity acquired by long practice in inventing excuses—he saw before him the whole scene: the little gift bought with money saved by personal sacrifice, put aside cent by cent—the present gazed at weeks beforehand over and over again in the shop window.

He carefully inspected this housekeeper, this dread virago, and saw only a little child who should still have been playing with her dolls, and who, with rare devotion, preferred pipes to toys. She was thin and delicate, her fair hair done up in a tight little knot, and she stood there in her poor little frock, smiling kindly and seemingly convinced of the "office tradition" and the "nothing excessive." "Certainly, sir, what must be, must be, and as you say, it is nothing uncommon."

Leflot was at first satisfied with his persuasive volubility. But, while listening, approving, seemingly without moving, "the missus" set to work so quietly that it was almost unnoticeable. She seated her father comfortably, gave him a cup of cold coffee, put a handkerchief into his hand, arranged his tie, took off the flowers, the blind-cord and the card. Not one proof of the "excesses" which she so indulgently denied escaped her.

Noticing all this, a feeling akin to timidity over-

came Leflot. There was a simple, gentle thought in the child's mind, which was willing to agree with his argument. "Certainly, sir, you are quite right." But by the side of this was another thought, unspoken, which judged things from a higher standpoint. There was the clear-sightedness of the housewife, which in every family assures its well-being, its security and regularity; the guiding thought, which cares for, repairs and watches over; there was that recall to wisdom and temperance to which the strongest and most favored must listen at times.

The quiet, decided, orderly movements gave proof of the strict and loving protection none can well do without.

The dainty, kindly little housekeeper accompanied Leflot to the bottom of the stairs, to light the way; serious, calm and reserved, she thought of everything, but without ostentation.

"Pardon me, sir," she said, "the lining of your pocket is pulled out—you might lose your purse. Take care, there is another step. At the end of the street you will get an omnibus—it is not yet half-past twelve."

When the heavy door had closed Leflot—chief clerk, lawyer, ex-amateur fencing champion—stood still a moment, gazing at the house with a tender, rather sad smile; he felt himself to be only a "little boy."

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For the Saving of Souls

By Robert Bracco

Sister Filomena, her lips close to the grating of the confessional, began humbly:

"Father, I am not sure that I have sinned. Sometimes my conscience tells me that I have and sometimes it tells me that I have not. And when it tells me that I have not, I suffer more than when it tells me that I have."

The father-confessor did not understand. "Speak more clearly, my daughter. And tell me everything. You are so young! At eighteen one's conscience cannot be trusted. Let me judge. The Lord will give me light. Speak."

"Listen, father; this is the whole truth. Toward midnight on Monday, No. 7 in ward five, where I have been substituting for Sister Maria since I entered the hospital, received the consolations of religion. The physician on duty said there was no longer any hope. He told me that the suffering could not last long and that death would surely come before dawn."

"There will not be many paroxysms," the doctor added, 'but if you think I am needed, call me without hesitation. The other patients will give no trouble either to you or to me,' and he went to get some sleep."

"I had nothing to do but administer a teaspoonful of medicine every half-hour. I took my accustomed place beside the bed, and as I sat there, thinking, I began to pray for the soul that was passing."

"For whose soul?"

"For the soul of the poor man who was suffering."

"It was a man, then?"

"Did I not say so, father?"

"You spoke of No. 7, if I am not mistaken, and No. 7, my daughter, has no sex. It does not matter; go on."

"It was almost three o'clock, when in a weak voice—I could almost hear the death-rattle—he gasped:

"Sister Filomena, it has come.' Since midnight he had lain silent almost in a stupor."

"Courage, my brother,' I whispered in his ear; 'courage.'

"Then slowly, slowly, forcing himself to utter every word clearly, he continued: 'I am ready. It is sad to die at twenty-five, but I am resigned. And perhaps it is better so. I was alone, I was poor. I thought I was a poet, and I was nothing. I thought I was loved, and no one loved me. If I did not have you beside me now, I should die as if abandoned in a desert.'

"He was silent, and I repeated: 'Courage, my brother, God is with you.'

"After a few moments I saw that his deep, blue eyes were dim with tears."

"Will you grant me a favor, Sister Filomena?" he asked.

"Any that I can, my brother."

"And he said: 'Do you wish me to die blessing Him who made me?'"

"Every good Christian should die so,' I answered."

"You answered well, my daughter."

"The dying man said softly: 'Help me to do so,'"

"How, my brother?" I asked.

"Help me to cross without bitterness the threshold of the life I am leaving. Let me carry with me into the next life the memory of a kindness. Sister Filomena, have pity on a dying man. Give me—a kiss."

"A kiss!" the priest exclaimed.

"I repeated again, 'Courage, my brother; prepare yourself for the kiss of God.'"

"Well said, my daughter."

"But with failing breath he begged: 'Grant me this favor. Do you not understand, Sister Filomena, that you will be my salvation? Would you be forever weighed down with remorse? Would you have me lose my soul? Would you be the cause of my damnation?'"

"And you, my daughter. And you?"

"Father, I was frightened by those words. I reflected that, dying in bitterness, he might run the risk of everlasting damnation, and I, too, if I should be the cause. I reflected that every minute that passed death took a step toward him, and that the end must come before dawn. In the quiet room, I could hear his labored breathing. There were but few patients in the ward, and they were sleeping peacefully. The lights had been lowered. The white beds, in the dim light, looked like tombs. A great sadness came upon me. I stooped and kissed him. I barely caught the words, 'Thanks, thanks.' Then I began to pray again."

"And where did you kiss him?" The father-confessor by his quiet voice, tried to conceal his anxiety, the perplexity that was troubling his judgment."

"Father, it was almost dark," Sister Filomena answered quietly, 'but I think I kissed him on the mouth.'"

"An imprudence, an imprudence, to say the least! I understand that it was done with good intentions, my daughter. You were moved by a sentiment of Christian piety—sublime, if you will, but mistaken—I might almost say dangerous. On the brow instead of the mouth would have been better; and that would have been sufficient to save his soul. Still, you kissed a man who was almost dead."

"That is what I said, also."

"And now that he is duly dead and buried—requiescat in pace—we will think no more about him."

"But, father, it is not quite so. He is living."

"Living!"

"Yes. He was in a dying condition until dawn. With the first rays of the sun came relief. The doctor, on entering the ward, could not conceal his surprise from the sick man, on whose lips there was a slight smile. He made a careful examination, gave him a hypodermic injection, and said in a low tone: 'It is strange, strange. Perhaps we shall get the better of the disease.'"

"But that is a disaster!" exclaimed the father, in dismay."

"Father, what are you saying!"

"This is a serious matter, my daughter. If you kissed a living man on the lips and he continues to live, I do not know what is to be done. With death at the door it was different. All would have adjusted itself in the sight of the Lord. But if he lives, the Divine Clemency may be seriously perplexed. Let us speak openly. We must save appearances."

After pondering a little, he questioned further. "Tell me, daughter, what sort of a man is this doctor?"

"Oh, a good man!"

"But his standing as a physician?"

"He is one of the best."

"And how is the sick man today?"

"He is better."

"You are lost!"

"Oh, my God!"

"You still dare to utter His name?"

"I am a wicked sinner, father!"

"Unworthy to wear that habit!" But as Sister Filomena burst into bitter sobbing, the priest spoke less cruelly. "I cannot see my way clear. You told me just now that when your conscience tells you that you have not sinned, you suffer more than when it tells you the opposite. How is such a contradiction possible? How am I to understand that?"

"I do not know, father. I feel what I feel, and I am confessing it just as it is."

"And you repent, now, of what you have done?"

"If it is a sin, I must repent."

"But do not think that I will give you absolution now. We will wait a few days. Who knows? We will see what turn the illness of this young man takes, and act accordingly. Now go. I do not wish to hear more today. And when you approach the bed blush; you understand?"

"I always blush, father."

A few days later Sister Filomena came again to her father-confessor.

"Well, how is No. 7?"

"I think he is much improved."

"And what do the doctors think?"

"They say that he will recover."

"My child, there is no longer any hope for you!"

"That is what I told him."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him that I was lost on account of him, and that if I had known that he would live, I should not have kissed him."

"And what did this healthy poet answer?"

"He answered that he did not desire my pardon, and that he, in his turn, would save my soul."

"He might have done that by dying!"

"Yes, father; and so he has sworn to me that on the day when they tell him that he has fully recovered, he will kill himself for me."

This was a new complication. The priest reflected a few moments; then with an air of resignation and resolve, he said:

"On the whole, it is better to give you absolution. If that sort of a man begins to die again, we shall have to begin once more at the very beginning."

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Elsie in New York

(Continued from Page 16.)

"But what will I do for a living?" asked Elsie. "I don't care to sew for this musical comedy, if it's as rank as you say it is; but I've got to have a job."

"The Lord will provide," said the solemn man. "There is a free Bible class every Sunday afternoon in the basement of the cigar store next to the church. Peace be with you. Farewell."

Elsie went on her way. She was soon in the downtown district where factories abound. On the large brick building was a gilt sign, "Posey & Trimmer, Artificial Flowers." Below it was hung a newly stretched canvas bearing the words, "Five Hundred Girls Wanted to Learn Trade. Good Wages from the Start. Apply One Flight Up."

Elsie started toward the door, near which were gathered in groups some twenty or thirty girls. One big girl with a black straw hat down over her eyes stepped in front of her.

"Say, you'se," said the girl, "are you'se goin' in there after a job?"

"Yes," said Elsie, "I must have work."

"Now don't do it," said the girl. "I'm chairman of our Scab Committee. There's 400 of us girls locked out just because we demanded 50 cents a week raise in wages, and ice water, and for the foreman to shave off his mustache. You're too nice a looking girl to be a scab. Wouldn't you please help us along by trying to find a job somewhere else, or would you'se rather have your face pushed in?"

"I'll try somewhere else," said Elsie.

She walked aimlessly eastward on Broadway, and there her heart leaped to see the sign, "Fox & Otter," stretching entirely across the front of a tall building.

She hurried into the store and sent in to Mr. Otter by a clerk her name and the letter he had written her father. She was shown directly into his private office.

Mr. Otter arose from his desk as Elsie entered and took both hands with a hearty smile of wel-

come. He was a slightly corpulent man of nearly middle age, well dressed, radiating.

"Well, well, and so this is Beatty's little daughter! Your father was one of our most efficient and valued employees. He left nothing! Well, well. I hope we have not forgotten his faithful services. I am sure there is a vacancy now among our models. Oh, it is easy work—nothing easier."

Mr. Otter struck a bell. A "Miss Hawkins" came in.

"Miss Hawkins," said Mr. Otter, "bring in for Miss Beatty to try on one of those Russian sable coats and—let's see—one of those latest model black tulle hats with white tips."

Elsie stood before the full-length mirror with pink cheeks and quick breath. Her eyes shone like faint stars. She was beautiful.

Alas! She was beautiful.

I wish I could stop this story here. Confound it! Confound it! I will. No; it's got to run out. I didn't make it up. I'm just repeating it.

I'd like to throw bouquets at the wise cop, and the lady who rescues Girls from Jobs, and the sky pilot who objects to costumes for stage people (there are others), and all the thousands of good people who are at work protecting young people from the pitfalls of a great city; and then wind up by pointing out how they were the means of Elsie reaching her father's benefactor and her kind friend and rescuer from poverty. This would make a fine Elsie story of the old sort. I'd like to do this; but there's just a word or two to follow.

While Elsie was admiring herself in the mirror, Mr. Otter went to the telephone booth and called up some number. Don't ask me what it was.

"Oscar," said he, "I want you to reserve the same table for me this evening. . . . What? Why, the one in the Moorish room to the left of the shrubbery. . . . Yes, two. . . . Yes, the usual brand; and the '85 Johannisburger with the roast. If it isn't the right temperature I'll break your neck. . . . No; not her. . . . No, indeed. . . . A new one—a peacherino, Oscar, a peacherino."

Tired and tiresome reader, I will conclude, if you please, with a paraphrase of a few words, that you remember were written by him—by him of Gad's Hill.

Lost, Your Excellency. Lost, Associations and Societies. Lost, Right Reverends and Wrong. Reverends of every order. Lost, Reformers and Lawmakers, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts, but with the reverence of money in your souls. And lost thus around us every day.

Bellboy—Are you the gent wat's been ringing all the time, sir?

Hayseed—I dunno. I just lost my collar button and was trying to dig this little one out of the wall with my knife.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—There was a rush to buy stocks when the Exchange opened for business and the dreaded liquidation for foreign account did not make its appearance. Prices of nearly all listed stocks were well above the closing figures of July 30 and there was a good class of buying in all, with the coppers shares showing the most activity. The railroads showed a good advance and were no doubt helped by the forecast of a 5 per cent increase in Eastern freight rates. There is undoubted improvement in the prospects for general business and a gain also in the volume of trade transacted. The receipt of orders from abroad has revived many industries and in some cases the plants are pushed to the limit to fill orders. So far as can be told from the news of the war there is no prospect whatever of an early ending but every indication of a prolonged struggle. It is safe to assume under these conditions, that the demand for war materials, foodstuffs, etc., will continue and that our foreign trade will reach an enormous volume with a tremendous balance in our favor. It seems only logical that the prosperity resulting from these orders in so many industries should have a decided influence in helping others and that the whole country should either directly or indirectly be benefited. The exports of wheat have reached such proportions that already we have sent abroad an amount as great as we exported during the entire year following the last crop. It is a fact also that we still have the greater part of the cotton output for sale and eventually Europe will need all we can spare. The favorable position of our export trade has been reflected in the foreign exchange market and rates have reached a new low point following the rally that came after the first big break. On the whole the situation has improved in every way and sentiment seems to be more cheerful with predictions of a good advance in the entire list.

Wheat—While the volume of trade in wheat the past week was not very large prices were firm and a fair advance was scored toward the end. There was nothing new in the situation that has not already been known with the possible exception of the action of Australia in taking off the import duty which will allow imports of wheat from this country. The Argentine news is conflicting. Frost was reported in Argentine and there were quite a few reports telling of the damage done and of the reduction of their exportable surplus to below the hundred million mark. Other cables said the frost damage was nil and exports from that country would increase materially from now on as a good deal of wheat had already been sold. The destruction of the German fleet that has been so active in the South Atlantic removes the

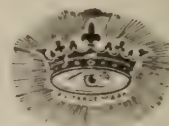
fears of the insurance companies and rates were almost normal again. Exporters have been busy all week and sales are being made at the rate of a million bushels a day. Italy came into the market last week as a buyer of our wheat, and clearances this month are expected to break all records. The domestic demand for wheat is good considering that December is generally a poor month in the flour trade. Receipts show a falling off from last week, but this may be due to the weather as the cold wave was quite general with plenty of snow. The snow fall over the entire winter wheat country was a blessing, coming as it did just before the zero temperatures made their appearance. As long as this European war lasts there is only one side to the market and wheat should be bought on all recessions.

Corn—The corn market was heavy early in the week but the strength in wheat and the change in the weather later in the week brought about a fair recovery. Receipts have been running double last year and there is practically nothing doing in the way of exports. The cash demand too is not encouraging and this is re-

flected in the piling up of stocks of corn at all primary markets. There is some talk of a letup in receipts next week as country offerings have not been large, but unless they show a marked decrease prices will work lower.

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| Capital actually paid up in Cash..... | 1,000,000.00 |
| Reserve and Contingent Funds..... | 1,857,717.65 |
| Employees' Pension Fund..... | 177,868.71 |
| Number of Depositors..... | 66,367 |

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The Three Low Masses

(Continued from Page 8.)

"Dom—scum!" said Balaguère.

"—Stutuo!" replied Garrigou; and all the time the infernal little bell jangled in their ears like the bells that are put on post-horses to make them gallop at the top of their speed. As you may imagine, at that rate a low mass is soon despatched.

"Two!" said the chaplain, breathlessly; then, without taking time to breathe, flushed and perspiring, he ran down the steps of the altar, and—
Ting a ling, ling! ting a ling, ling!

The third mass had begun. He had but a few more steps to go to reach the banquet hall; but alas! as the réveillon drew nearer, the ill-fated Balaguère was seized with a frenzy of impatience and gluttony. His vision became more vivid, the golden carp, the roast turkeys were there before him; he touched them; he—O Heaven! the dishes smoked, the wines scented the air; and the little bell, frantically shaking its clapper, shouted to him:

"Quicker, quicker, still quicker!"

But how could he go any quicker! His lips barely moved. He no longer pronounced the words. He could only cheat the good Lord altogether and filch the mass from Him. And that is what he did, the villain; passing from temptation to temptation, he began by skipping one verse, then two; then the Epistle was too long, and he did not finish it; he barely grazed the Gospel, passed the Credo without going in, jumped over the Pater, nodded to the Preface at a distance; and thus by leaps and bounds rushed into eternal damnation, still followed by the infamous Garrigou (get thee behind me, Satan!), who seconded him with wonderful alacrity, raised his chasuble, turned the leaves two by two, collided with the desks, overturned the communion-cups, and all the time shook the little bell louder and louder, faster and faster.

You should have seen the dismayed look on the faces of the whole congregation! Obligated

to follow by the pantomime of the priest the mass of which they did not hear a word, some rose while the others knelt, remained seated while the others were standing; and all the phases of that extraordinary service were confused upon the benches in a multitude of diversified attitudes. The Christmas star, traveling along the roads of the sky towards the little stable, turned pale with horror when it witnessed that confusion.

"The Abbé goes too fast. No one can follow him," muttered the old dowager as she nodded her head-dress in bewilderment.

Master Arnoton, his great steel spectacles on his nose, looked through his prayer-book, trying to find out where they might be. But in reality, all those worthy folk, who also were thinking of the feast, were not sorry that the mass should travel at that lightning speed; and when Dom Balaguère, with radiant face, turned towards the congregation and shouted at the top of his voice: "Ite, missa est," the whole chapel as with one voice responded with a "Deo Gratias" so joyous, so infectious, that they fancied themselves already at table honoring the first toast of the réveillon.

III.

Five minutes later the throng of nobles was seated in the great banquet-hall, the chaplain among them. The chateau, illuminated from top to bottom, rang with songs and shouts, and laughter and tumult; and the venerable Dom Balaguère planted his fork in the wing of a chicken, drowning his remorse for his sin in floods of the Pope's wine and in toothsome sauces. He ate and drank so much, the poor holy man, that he died during the night of a terrible attack, without even time to repent; then in the morning, he arrived in heaven, which was still all astir with the festivities of the night; and I leave you to imagine how he was received there.

"Depart from my sight, thou evil Christian!" said the Sovereign Judge, the Master of us all. "Thy sin is monstrous enough to efface a whole lifetime of virtue. Ah! thou didst steal a mass from me. Even so! thou shalt pay for three hundred masses in its place, and thou shalt not enter paradise until thou hast celebrated in thine own chapel these three hundred Christmas masses, in the presence of all those who have sinned with thee and by thy fault."

And this is the true legend of Dom Balaguère, as it is told in the land of olives. The chateau of Trinquelage does not exist today, but the chapel still stands erect on the summit of Mount Ventoux, in a clump of green oaks. The wind sways its disjointed door, the grass grows on the threshold; there are nests at the corner of the altar and in the embrasures of the tall windows, whence the stained glass long since vanished. But it appears that every year, at Christmas, a supernatural light wanders among the ruins, and that as they go to the midnight masses and the réveillons, the peasants see that spectral chapel lighted by invisible candles, which burn in the open air, even in the snow and the wind. You may laugh if you please, but a vine-dresser of the neighborhood, named Garrigue, doubtless a descendant of Garrigou, tells me that one

Christmas eve, being a little tipsy, he lost his way on the mountain towards Trinquelage; and this is what he saw. Until eleven o'clock, nothing. Everything was silent, dark, lifeless. Suddenly, about midnight, a carillon rang out at the top of the belfry; an old, old carillon, which seemed to be ten leagues away. Soon, on the road up the mountain, Garrigue saw flickering flames and vague shadows. Beneath the porch of the chapel, people walked and whispered:

"Good evening, Master Arnoton!"

"Good evening, good evening, my children!"

When everybody had gone in, my vine-dresser, who was very courageous, noiselessly drew near, and looking through the broken door, saw a strange spectacle. All those people whom he had seen pass were arranged around the choir, in the ruined nave, as if the benches of olden time still existed. Fine ladies in brocade, nobles belaced from head to foot, peasants in gaudy jackets such as our great-grandfathers wore, and all with a venerable, faded, dusty, weary aspect. From time to time, night-birds, the ordinary occupants of the chapel, aroused by that blaze of light, fluttered about the candles, whose flames ascended straight towards heaven, as indistinct as if they were burning behind gauze; and one thing that amused Garrigue greatly was a certain individual with great steel spectacles, who kept shaking his old black wig, upon which one of those birds stood erect, with its feet entangled in the hair, silently flapping its wings.

In the background, a little old man, with a childish form, kneeling in the middle of the choir, shook desperately a tongueless, voiceless bell, while a priest, dressed in old gold, went to and fro before the altar, repeating prayers of which not a word could be heard. Beyond a doubt it was Dom Balaguère, saying his third low mass.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARIE LABATAILLE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of MARIE LABATAILLE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARIE LABATAILLE, deceased.

JACQUES LABATAILLE,

Executor of the last will and testament of MARIE LABATAILLE, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 5, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executor,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco.

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 58724.

D. K. SEIBERT, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES ZARO and ROSA ZARO, his wife, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to: JAMES ZARO and ROSA ZARO, his wife, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of August, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

HARRY K. WOLFF,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
322 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-12-10.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PIERRE BERGES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of PIERRE BERGES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Pierre Berge, deceased.

ALBERT P. BERGES,
JOSEPH BERGES,

Executors of the last will and testament of PIERRE BERGES, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 12th, A. D. 1914.

A. COMTE, JR.,

Attorney for Executors,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-12-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 59,413.

EDNA M. HEIN, Plaintiff, vs. PEDRO GARCIA and BONITA GARCIA, his wife, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: PEDRO GARCIA and BONITA GARCIA, his wife, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 26th day of September, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD LANDE,
Attorney for Plaintiff. 11-14-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 59860; Department No. 1.

ELIZABETH BRASSEUR, Plaintiff, vs. RAPHAEL BRASSEUR, Defendant.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to RAPHAEL BRASSEUR, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the city and County of San Francisco, this 16th day of October, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

GERALD C. HALSEY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-7-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 59,610; Dept. No. 10.

E. E. FREDERICK, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES T. SALE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CHARLES T. SALE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 5th day of October, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

ARTHUR BRAND, Attorney for Plaintiff,
817 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-24-10

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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ALICE LLOYD

England's daintiest and most popular comedienne with the Second Edition of the Orpheum Road Show

TOWN TALK

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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More Piffle

"The President," says Secretary Bryan, "knows that if this country needed a million men and needed them in a day, the call could go out at sunrise and the sun would go down on a million men in arms." How easy to be a phrasesmith if one need not scruple at piffle! The Secretary of State will never get over the habit of making a noise like a Fourth of July orator. During the war with Spain there was never a time when our army was adequately equipped, and yet we never had a million men under arms. But admitting that arms are available; and that one million men will always be ready to respond to a call to arms, would they also be fit for duty in the field? An army of one hundred thousand trained soldiers would have little difficulty in routing and slaughtering an army of a million raw recruits. It requires months of drilling to make a soldier, and no humane military expert would think of ordering untrained soldiers into battle. To be of any use a soldier must obey orders in battle instinctively, as though responding to pressure on an electric button, and it is only after months of incessant drilling that a soldier becomes thus automatically responsive. What this country needs is not merely the willingness to fight but the ability to fight, for in the present state of unpreparedness the war, according to the foreign plans of campaign recently mentioned by Colonel Roosevelt, would be over long before the army was fit for the field.

The Mind Reader in Washington

In his annual message the other day President Wilson observed that "the people of the United States do not wish to curtail the activities of this Government; they wish rather to enlarge them." Nothing is more wonderful than the obstinacy of our President's hallucination that his is a peculiarly endowed organism one of the powers of which is that of reading the public mind. There has been no sign of the dissipation of this hallucination by the recent elections. Were the President somewhat less self-centred his faith in his gift might have been shaken by the returns that disclosed

public sentiment in many sections of the country, but though not always tenacious of his convictions he clings firmly to the belief that to him the public mind is an open book so easily decipherable that he may read it on the run. This hallucination is much to be deplored. Visionaries serve a useful purpose in the world, but not in public office. Mind readers are entertaining in vaudeville, where they may err without doing any great amount of damage, but in the Presidential chair the mind reader is a source of great danger. This is especially so when the man spends his time among books pondering abstractions and ideals and coining fine phrases by the sweat of his brow.

Poison for the Soldier

The two daily meals of the French soldiers at the front consist of a bar of chocolate, jam, a piece of Swiss cheese, one-fifth of a coffee cup of rum, a kilogram (two pounds) of bread, a large bowl of soup, potatoes, meat, cakes and sardines. A diet to be approved of by all but the Prohibitionist, and, possibly, the Vegetarian. What does the Prohibitionist think of a Government that would poison its soldiers with rum? Rum is a demon. Even beer is a form of liquid damnation, but do the Prohibitionists fancy that the Kaiser, whom recently they were hailing as one of themselves, has barred beer from his Bavarian troops? The only monarch who has turned Prohibitionist is the Czar, and he prohibits only vodka, a distilled liquor. Vodka is perhaps not much worse than rum, but vodka is the Cossack's beverage, and rum is for the Frenchman. The American Prohibitionist is a person who sees no difference between Muscovites and Americans, and all alcoholic beverages are alike to him.

Mr. Crothers' Ideal

The Bulletin is making desperate efforts these days to outbid its contemporary the News for the esteem of the soap-box agitator and his followers. So our distinguished philanthropist Mr. Crothers spends a lot of his time stealing the thunder that thrills the street-corner audience and emitting it through the editorial columns of his great newspaper. Thus we find him complaining of Henry Ford's profit-sharing system because it does not recognize "the right of the worker to a share in the control of the industry" which Ford merely "helps to maintain." According to the Bulletin "Democracy must be woven into the fabric of any new system that is to help us get our tasks done justly and peacefully." There is no man in our midst with more exalted ideals than the pious and good Mr. Crothers. His ideals are not at all short of millennial. But withal he is a practical man. His head is among the stars, but his feet are glued tight to the floor in the neighborhood of the cash drawer. He loves to prate of this, that or the other thing that ought to be, but while he can argue how any particular change is likely

to work, he has no mad zeal for practical illustration. He knows that the long-growing evils of mankind are somewhat complicated, and he isn't going to get rid of them on his own hook. His medicine is for the other fellow. Industrial democracy may be all right for Ford, but the over-righteous philanthropist of the Bulletin is still sober enough to perceive the inadvisability of taking in reporters and printers as partners. They might vote him away from the cash drawer, and the shock would kill him. His ideal has a tight grip on his heart, but his head denies him even the blissful privilege of dividing his profits. When he is enjoying a debauch of ideals he has contempt for money, but at other times his love of a nickel is no less than an ordinary man's regard for his life. A sincere man is Mr. Crothers, a cultivator of ideals, and he would like to see Henry Ford realize the principle of industrial democracy, but he wouldn't care to have the experiment made nearer home among any of his big advertisers. Mr. Crothers' heart doesn't bleed for the clerks in the Emporium or in Magnin's. He doesn't ask that they be given a share of the profits as "an experiment toward a new kind of industrial co-operation." It is important that these firms should keep on advertising in the Bulletin. While they advertise no attempt will be made to educate them up to Mr. Crothers' ideals.

Our Best Hater

The Hearst papers are impugning the honesty of the Administration for granting the Eastern railroads a five per cent increase in railroad rates. The Hearst newspapers would have us believe that there has been a corrupt deal between the Administration and the big interests. This is the sort of journalism by which Mr. Hearst has discredited himself among intelligent men. Mr. Hearst is no velvet-pawed partisan. He never disguises his gall and bitterness as he pours it on the head that has incurred his displeasure. Against the object of his hatred there is no weapon he would scorn to employ. He must wreak his spite, and when wreaking it integrity and fair dealing are not allowed to be the order of the day. The honest criticism to be made of the action of the Administration touching freight rates is that in all probability it has come too late. Mr. Hearst points out that times are hard, and argues that in hard times heavier charges should not be put on business. This is a plausible argument. It appeals to Mr. Hearst's protegee—the Man in the Street. But let it not be supposed that Mr. Hearst makes the argument because he doesn't know any better. Mr. Hearst knows very well that transportation lies at the base of the nation's activities, and comes nearer to being the gauge of the country's prosperity than any other single factor. He knows that whatever affects the interests of the railroads is something vitally close to the interests of the people. He knows that to starve the traffic companies is to throttle trade. He knows that as go the railroads so goes the country, and that

for a long time it has not been going well with the railroads. Too long were Mr. Hearst and other marplot agitators engaged in making recriminations against the railroads because of the sins of railway buccaneers of the past. They kept up their agitation until the capital value of railroads which in 1900 was 15 per cent greater than that of all manufactures and one-half that of agriculture fell to twenty per cent less than that of manufactures and one-third that of agriculture. Capital was needed by the railways, but capital, refusing to be bound by artificial fetters, goes where it can obtain the best security. As a result of the hammering by politicians the railways found it difficult to obtain capital. The prices of commodities in general rise and fall with the fluctuations in supply and demand, but the price of transportation, the only thing the railways sell was held hard and fast by politicians, and all the while the wages of railway employees were rising steadily. Presently the railways found themselves unable to keep up with the growth of manufactures and agriculture. Unable to get capital, they had to retrench, and the effect was felt all along the line, in innumerable branches of industry. The simple truth has at length penetrated the massive brain of our darling idealist at Washington, who now hopes to retrieve the good old times when, according to his own confession, he was doing nothing worse than "preaching bosh" at Princeton. We fear that his awakening has been too long delayed, that too many of his ideals remain to nullify his good intentions. So low has business fallen that the commercial uplift has become a task for giants, and there are pigmies in Washington.

An Official Book Booster

Once more we are reminded of the affiliation between schoolmasters, the rogues of the book trust and the prohibition propagandists of Westerville, Ohio. The most powerful political organization in the United States has its headquarters in Westerville. Ostensibly consecrated to the business of destroying the Demon Rum, its agents in every State are smug and pious reformers, eminently, nay, ostentatiously respectable. Like the saints of Long Beach they are behind every reform movement that has for its object the purification of society. In each State these purists constitute a political machine, and the machine does not confine its activities to the business of disseminating sweetness and light. Keep your eye on the captains of prohibition anywhere, and you will find them aiding and abetting political schemes that are far from sacrosanct. Always you will find schoolmasters and clergymen among them boosting the book trust. Now of these curious affiliations we have been reminded by Mr. Edward Hyatt, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, who has recommended the reading of Jack London's book "John Barleycorn" in the public schools. We know nothing of Mr. Hyatt's affiliations, but we think it may be worth

while to inquire as to the motive of a recommendation which doubtless will receive the warm approval of a certain publishing house. Superintendent Hyatt professes to believe that London's book will teach the young idea to shoot away from the saloon. He characterizes it as "the door to the mysteries of life, to the real world of men," and says it shows how "drink leads down to hell" and teaches that "whisky is an awful curse." Superintendent Hyatt talks like a Prohibitionist straight from Westerville. It would be well for him to read the report of the Committee of Fifty, organized in New York some years ago for the purpose of investigating the alcohol question in all its phases. Among the members of this committee were some of the leading educators of the country. After several years of investigation they reported against just the sort of thing that Mr. Hyatt recommends. They reported that great injury had been done to the public school system of this country by the zealots of the Hyatt type who have "grafted upon the public school system of nearly all our States an educational scheme relating to alcohol which is neither scientific nor temperate nor instructive." Among the men who made this report were Charles W. Eliot, Seth Low, Professor R. H. Chittenden, Rev. Washington Gladden, Dr. H. P. Bowditch and Richard Watson Gilder. Jack London's book may be good reading for drunkards, but it is not good reading for school children. One wonders whether Hyatt really thinks it would be well to familiarize children with the horrors of the experience of a man who used to make a beast of himself? If so, why not extend the principle and recommend Sanger's "History of Prostitution" which is really a scientific work, or Brieux's "Damaged Goods." Surely the publishers of these works would be glad to receive Mr. Hyatt's co-operation, and surely Mr. Hyatt is aware that the social evil is more to be dreaded than the Demon Rum.

Chesterton on London

Doubtless many of our readers have not read Jack London's novel, and perhaps many of them never will. It is not important that they should read it, but it is important they should know what sort of intellect is directing the affairs of our public schools from Sacramento. We may help them somewhat by quoting from a distinguished authority with reference to the tract

disguised as a novel which excited the enthusiasm of Mr. Hyatt. Several discerning, able British critics have reviewed the London book as a specimen of twentieth century American literature, and judging from the impression it made on them they would never think of recommending it as a textbook. The best known of them is Cecil Chesterton, brother of the famous Gilbert Chesterton and editor of The New Witness of London. He describes "John Barleycorn" as a silly book full of provinciality and Jack London as a racy writer who preaches "a sort of Nietzscheanism" with "a certain crude solemnity," and who cannot see certain things at all, among them being Mankind. "He has no vision of the human past," says Chesterton; "no vision of the human present as it exists outside the mushroom cities of his native land. Because he drank too much very bad spirit with the direct object, as he tells us, of getting drunk, he conceives that the whole human race, Egyptians, and Jews, Greeks and Romans, medieval peasants and modern peasants can only have been doing exactly what he did and for exactly the same reason. And because he has now arrived at the just conclusion that his action in drinking too much very bad spirit in order to get drunk was ill-advised, he is quite sure that the vineyards of Burgundy and Gascony, and the cider orchards of Hereford and Devon, must be laid waste, that the Bavarian must lose his beer and the Highlander his whisky." This is precisely the argument which Mr. Hyatt would address to the children of the public schools. As a matter of fact London's argument refutes itself. So the book is really a silly one, but dull Prohibitionists have not been able to perceive the absurdity of it. Chesterton perceived it, and commenting on the fact that in this country serious attempts have been made to enforce prohibition he calls attention to two significant pieces of information obtained from "John Barleycorn;" first that the liquor on which London got drunk in his first orgy was from "a blind pig, there being no licensed saloons in the town;" secondly, that "that the statistics for Portland, the principal town in the prohibitionist State of Maine, show a proportion of drunkenness at least five or six times as great as that of London." Perhaps the book will not serve Mr. Hyatt's purpose, for maybe the average teacher is more perspicacious than he and will not fail to point out to the pupil the silliness of Jack London's argument.

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To

Varied Types

CCIX—DR. W. B. COFFEY

By Edward F. O'Day

Doctors are of two kinds. There are those who know little or nothing outside their profession. All their brain cells are crowded with the lore of medicine and surgery. They pursue no other intellectual interest. They have no worldly wisdom. In matters of business they are as innocent as babes. The other kind of doctor is deeply absorbed in his profession, but he finds time and inclination for extraneous pursuits. He may be prominent in politics; he may be successful in business. All his reading is not in scientific books. He is deeply versed in the ways of the world.

To this class of doctors Dr. Walter B. Coffey belongs. Dr. Coffey is a great surgeon. We have no surgeon in greater demand than he. Probably he performs more operations a day than any other surgeon in San Francisco. But surgery is not all of his life. His mental health thrives on a multiplicity of interests. He knows politics. His judgment in business matters is as sound as his professional diagnoses.

Dr. Coffey's has been a full career. As a young practitioner he became a member of the Board of Health of this city. Shrewd and experienced politicians had been running the Board of Health, and they sought to keep it under their control. But young Doctor Coffey destroyed their influence and easily dominated the Board of Health. He showed himself masterful, a leader of men. This trait has distinguished him all his life.

A surgeon has to be masterful in the operating room. That is no place for the hesitator, the waverer, the seesawer. His many years as a railroad surgeon, with the Southern Pacific and the United Railroads, have intensified Dr. Coffey's masterfulness. Naturally he inspires confidence, even in the most exacting. Who could be more exacting than William F. Herrin? When William F. Herrin's life hung in the balance he picked Dr. Coffey to use the surgeon's knife of salvation.

Dr. Coffey is strong in common sense. His views show common sense. His talk shows it. He does not drag medical terminology into his conversation. The non-medical side of Dr. Coffey is emphasized here because it is illustrated by the remarks which follow. Dr. Coffey made a trip to the Orient recently. Doubtless that trip was rich in scientific acquisitions. But Dr. Coffey, characteristically, brought back something of interest to the layman. He returned with data for the study of our relations with the Far East.

Dr. Coffey found in Japan a condition that all Americans, and particularly all Californians should comprehend. He found in China a condition that should be corrected, and speedily.

Dr. Coffey was in Tokio just after the last election.

"The newspapers of Tokio," he says, "gave the news that Governor Johnson had been re-elected and that James D. Phelan had been elected United States Senator. The papers pointed out to their readers that these men had records of hostility to the Japanese in California. They stated that the new United States Senator from California had been particularly prominent in the anti-Japanese agitation in this State.

"There is a yellow press in Japan, a sensational jingoistic press. Its appeal is to the mob. This press is engaged all the time in inflaming Japanese opinion against the United States. It is a great danger to the friendly relations between Japan and this country.

"For the relations of Japan to this country are friendly. The Government press holds aloof from this anti-American agitation. It deplores such agitation, strongly condemns those who are engaged in it. It voices the sentiment that Japan wants nothing but friendship with the United States. It frowns upon war talk.

"War, however, is made by the mob, and the Japanese mob's favorite boast is that Japan is the bravest and most warlike nation on earth. Whether or not the mob voices the genuine sentiment of Japan it is of course impossible to say. The attitude of the Government and its press is friendly. The attitude may be assumed; it may be a diplomatic pose. The future alone can determine that point.

"One thing there can be no doubt about. An American is sure of friendly treatment in any part of Japan. And he hears the desire for cordial relations expressed very frequently. There was a convention of Japanese hotelmen at Tokio during my stay. The hotelman who presided over the convention told me how sorry all the hotelmen were that the jingo press of Japan was endangering the friendly relations of the two countries. He said they were very anxious to encourage American tourist travel in Japan, so that naturally they had business reasons for desiring pleasant relations."

So much for what Dr. Coffey brought back from Japan. Now for China.

"The Chinese Exclusion Law," says Dr. Coffey, "allows merchants, travelers and students the freedom of the United States. When a merchant wishes to travel in this country he must allow the American Consul to inspect his books. If the Consul satisfies himself that he is a bona fide merchant, and has been a member of a mercantile firm for one year, the permission to enter the United States is granted.

"When the United States invited the nations of the world to participate in the Panama-Pacific Exposition, a special arrangement was made with China by the terms of which all Chinese not of the merchant, traveler or student class coming here in connection with the Chinese exhibit at the Fair must leave the United States within three months after the Fair closes.

"There are a number of merchants in China who wish to exhibit at the Fair, but find it impossible to come to the United States in personal charge of their exhibits. These merchants would like to send responsible employees to San Francisco. Naturally they would pick out the most responsible employee they have, for these men would be in charge of goods worth thousands of dollars. But such men do not belong to

the merchant class because they have not an interest in the business. It would do no good to give them such an interest, for the law requires that a merchant shall have had such an interest for one year. So if these employees came to San Francisco they would be on the same footing as the coolies sent to construct the Chinese buildings. They would have to clear out of the country within three months after the Fair closes.

"The Chinese merchants resent this condition. They never liked the arrangement whereby the American Consul has access to their books, and they take additional umbrage at the restriction placed upon the trusted men whom they would like to send to the Fair. The American Consul must adhere to the strict letter of the law, and the result of this unfortunate condition is that a number of very important Chinese mercantile establishments will not exhibit at the Fair. They cannot come in person, they do not want their responsible representatives to submit to what they consider a humiliating restriction, so they will not participate in our Fair.

"I found a great deal of feeling in China on this subject. 'You invite us to San Francisco,' they say, 'but you put strings on the invitation. Can you blame us for ignoring your invitation?'

"This condition is hurting the Fair so far as China is concerned. It seems to me that even at this late day the matter could be straightened out if the President of the Exposition took the matter up with Washington."

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Behind the Fighting Line

By Francis Watt

From need, not choice, I found myself behind the French fighting line at the end of August this year. My wife and daughter had gone to Normandy on a month's visit to a friend. War was declared immediately on their arrival, and as, from the 4th to the 17th of August there was naught but military traffic on the French railways, no news came through, so I traveled forth into the unknown, a father in search of a family. I confess to another motive—I was curious to penetrate beneath the veil of darkness, to get a glimpse, if only from a distance, of those fair fields where the French and ourselves were at deadly grips with the invader. My bourne was Acquigny, a tiny quiet village off the beaten track, some twenty miles south of Rouen. The road over was easy; the rush was all the other way. No one was going to France for a holiday. The few people on the train and boat had each some important private business on hand, and so they were preoccupied and subdued. I went by Dieppe and Rouen. I got in and out of Dieppe without let or hindrance. Indeed, I got into Rouen easily enough; it was when I tried to continue my journey next day that my troubles began. At the guichet at the Orleans station, I was politely but firmly refused a ticket. I must procure a laissez-passer. I will not tell you how I was referred from official to official, how I had to get myself photographed, and supply enough material for a succinct biography. Sufficient to say that I got it at last! The rules did not apply to strangers only, but to every man, woman and child in France. Thus: the sleepily old cathedral town of Louviers is three miles from Acquigny. Everybody from the village who made the small journey required a pass before he could buy a three-penny ticket. At Louviers these passes were inspected at the station by an official with a cocked hat and superb pair of mustaches, who looked very fierce, in the inverse ratio, I fancy, to his real importance. I remember a poor old market woman who had managed to get a ticket without a pass, being pulled up sharp at the little exit. There was fierce questioning and female tears and protestations, till at length the thing seemed too ridiculous, so she was allowed to go through. But sometimes cocked hat was not there at all; then we all gleefully rushed out, unhindered. The entrance to Louviers by road was, under ordinary circumstances, an imaginary line, for there were houses beyond the municipal boundary, but now a red flag flew in the middle of the path. If you were foolish you stopped, and there was no end of a fuss; if you were wise, you took no notice, nor did anybody else. I afterwards saw bills setting forth the regulations. "Everybody is presumed to know the law." Never before had I realized the quaint irony of the maxim. What was the use of it all, I could not discover, though I was wise enough not to suggest this question to the official mind.

In Rouen life went on in some ways undisturbed. So it must, I suppose, unless shells are actually bursting in the street, whilst red ruin is stalking from house to house. The big cafes on the quays by the Seine were more crowded of an afternoon than I had known them, and if the folks there bought up the evening editions from Paris and chatted of nothing but la Guerre, is it not what we do in London? Through it all there was a restlessness, a sadness, and an apprehension very visible. The burden had a curious sameness, as if it were the repeated utterances of any

man. We are sure to conquer in the end, but what would France suffer before that end came? Yet was there no talk of doing anything but fighting to the finish. We heard not the German guns, but the thought of them filled our minds. The very people that were to bear the brunt of it all where wholly and entirely unafraid and unconcerned, for the town was literally crammed with English Tommies on the way to the front, cheerful souls, whose single care for the morrow was that it might bring them face to face with the foe. They abounded in the streets, they thronged the shops and cafes, they filled an endless succession of trams that bore them to their camps, and they were enormously popular everywhere and with everybody. What prime favorites they were with the girls, by whom also they seemed greatly charmed! When they could not talk to their French comrades, they winked in the most expressive manner, intimating that they were thoroughly at one. Even old men looked after them with benignant and kindly expression. There were not many native soldiers in the town, but these, with their British comrades, only made up part of the crowd that moved on the quays and surged up the long Rue de la Republique and Rue Jeanne d'Arc. There were officers passing to and fro with quick, resolute stride. There were English nurses, tall, majestic figures, clad in sober grey with a fringe of red. The French soldiers always took off their caps to them as they passed, a salute acknowledged by a grave bow. There were black-robed sisters of charity, and priests and peasants from the near fields, who looked bewildered among the crowd, and the constant mixed city folk. War has many phases besides that of actual combat. In the churches were hosts of praying women, little knots of them round the shrine of a favorite saint, whilst placards on the pillars announced services for the success of the allied arms. With all the rapid movement, there was no misconduct. The town was under martial law. At 8 o'clock everything came to a dead stop, for cabaret and shop alike were closed at that hour. For a little longer the hubbub was even greater, then it died away, so that I found myself in deserted streets. I ventured a little into side lanes, where much of old Rouen yet survives, narrow ways, with quaint gabled houses, whose projecting wooden fronts shadowed the path even in the day time, for the Norman capital is still the vile aux vieilles rues in Victor Hugo's words. Ever and again I came out on of those majestic buildings, sacred or secular, which the Middle Ages have bequeathed to the present-day city. At one turning the Facade of St. Maclou loomed out of the darkness, with its portals of solid stone, carved with the delicate tracery of lace-work. What a wealth of fond love and anxious care those old-world artists had lavished on their toil. Year after year, century after century, in times peaceful or troubled, in days bright or dark, they labored on with sublime confidence, persuaded that in the end all must be well for them and their toil.

I got to Acquigny on a sleep Sunday afternoon. At the station nobody asked me for the ticket that had cost me so much trouble. It is a little place of some 700 or 800 folk on the left bank of the Eure which gives the department its name, the few houses scattered amidst fields and gardens. There is a mill, a church and a chateau. I hunted about some time before I found a villager to direct me to the house I sought, where

I found that all was well. A peaceful, lovely spot! The Eure wound in and out among the low wooded hills, of all manner of graceful contours, that rose from its banks. These hills were covered with birch and fir trees; greater heights beyond ringed a circle round the village. Up those heights, twisting like serpents in every direction, white roads wound their way. Lines of tall poplars stood by the banks of the river; also, there were weeping willows, and alders that bent their leaves in the stream. On moonlight nights the picture was of magic beauty, glow-worms gleamed in bunches on the banks, the stream ran silver in the moonlight, the warm night wind stirred in your hair; the villagers were early out, even in the chateau which stood in a great space of green by the water. It is of the time of Francis I. In days of old France, many a powdered dame and cavalier must, you guess, have come forth on such a night to exchange gay words! Hard to believe not many miles away there was confusion and turmoil and destruction, yet we had many reminders. The swift, clear little Itun, that ran at the foot of our garden, drove a mill hard by that went day and night with feverish activity, grinding meal for the troops, and through the dark hours we heard on the highway at our gate the passing of motors conveying desperately wounded men from the front to the hospital. I do not pretend that we were over much troubled; we lived on the fat of the land, and how good that is in a well ordered French country house is to be experienced, not described. I dare say, having little else to do, we lingered over our meals in the garden an unconscionable time, though at every pause the feverish clacking of the mill reminded of distant trouble. We walked in the adjacent woods to the shrine of two old-time saints and martyrs, or to ruined chateaux, though the mosquitos were troublesome and I preferred to loiter in the garden and read old-world books, with which, as it happened, our little library was particularly well furnished.

On the way home we were much more in the throbbing current of life. In our compartment were two English soldiers and a Scots doctor returning to the front after escorting a party of wounded to Paris. One of the soldiers, evidently an educated, able and reliable man, told of his part in the early stages of that retreat from Mons, which tried so severely our troops in the early days of the war. They marched incessantly for ten days, with no sleep and nothing to eat but turnips gathered in the fields, and yet the line was not broken, and the one desire was to be at the foe again, the one hope that there would be a combat on anything like equal terms. He told tales of German cruelty, how a doctor had been wantonly slain; how hospital and ambulance were the first objects on which the enemy fired. He had killed a German major, and had taken from his body a little map dyed with his heart's blood. We looked at the stain with interest and satisfaction.

PASO ROBLES MUD BATHS

MOST CURATIVE BATHS KNOWN
MAGNIFICENT NEW BUILDING
LOW ROUND TRIP RATE

Perspective Impressions

It surely was a Board of "Fire" Commissioners.

Looking over the Christmas bills one almost decides to be a Spug next year.

Resolved: That I shall not make a fool of myself on New Year's Eve.

It is time to prepare for a lot of "fair" witticisms in which the alleged wit will consist of confusing the adjective with the Exposition.

Texas reserved the right of State division when it entered the Union. California, alas! was not so far-sighted.

The senators and assemblymen elected from the wrong side of the Tehachapi met in Los Angeles last week to prepare a legislative program. And a shudder of anticipation passed through the North.

Messrs. Martin, Spader, Jones and Dillon started a blaze that they don't know how to put out.

Wonder if Mayor Rolph is sorry he conciliated Doc Jones by putting him in office?

It is to be presumed that the Redlight Abatement Law will be enforced at Long Beach.

Inspection of certain "hand-painted" Christmas gifts evokes the query, Would they be much inferior if painted by foot?

Afterthought: Some people call it Xmas because Christ is an unknown quantity in their celebration of the feast.

If it were in our power we'd make Dr. Aked and Father Lathrop New Year's gifts consisting of nice new pulpits in Los Angeles.

Thus far German soil is like neutral territory.

A big deficit in the State treasury! Well, why not? Uplift is no cheap luxury.

A streetwalker may be defined as a peripatetic example of what uplift does for a city.

Hobson, according to Champ Clark, is a political lunatic. This is tantamount to a plea in mitigation.

It is a characteristic of the noisiest lovers of humanity that they have very little affection for men and women.

Former Senator Patterson says the Colorado State troops had too much power in the mine fields. Was it because the militia were intoxicated with power that the Federal troops were called in to stop the riot?

The Prodigal Who Came Back Too Late

By Maurice Baring

With the wherefore of his going away we are not concerned. In his case it was a blend of pride, youth and ambition. He did not go straight to a far country; that came afterwards, after he had squandered his substance in Paris, where he was by way of learning to be an artist. His career as an art student was gay but swift. It only lasted six months, and then he sailed for America as a steerage passenger.

When the psychological moment came, which made the hero of the parable resolve to go home, this prodigal wrote a letter. In the course of time he received an answer, which filled him with a great longing; but the pride of his youth had now hardened into determination, and he had made up his mind that he would not go home until he had carved himself a way in the world, and established a sure and independent position.

In ten years time he was secure, and his aim was sufficiently accomplished for him to have returned without losing an atom of his pride; but he waited. He wanted more. He waited another two years; by that time he was not only affluent but well known, a man whose name was in italics; but still he delayed. He made up his mind to go home in the autumn; but he had waited a year too long. Those for whose welcome he yearned, one shortly after the other, quietly and suddenly, were taken beyond the reach of meetings and partings, beyond the joy of welcome and the sorrow of farewell. He had no longer any wish to go home. There was nothing to go home for.

Five years after this he was summoned to England on business, and it so happened that he was obliged to visit someone who lived near his old home. He had taken a taxi from the town. He had to drive straight to his friend's house; but the taxi-driver was doubtful as to the way, and an invincible something at a turnpike crossing made him tell the driver to take the road which he knew—how well he knew it—passed through the village of his infancy and the door of his father's house. It was late in July, and it was what they call a real Wessex day. The

sky was completely overclouded with a soft grey mist, and somewhere behind it something seemed to be shining less bright than a sun and brighter than a moon, which every now and then sent a silver flicker through the greyness, and quivered on the extreme horizon of the sea, which he caught a glimpse of every now and then, beyond the tall hedges of the lanes.

The air was hot and intensely soft. He felt as if the real world had been shut out by this soft, thick, silver-shot greyness, and that he was moving in a dream-world, or that time had shunted for him and gone back many years, leaving everything as it was save for certain familiar faces. The smell of it all—the pungent aroma of the Southern Coast—penetrated his brain and opened cell after cell of sleeping memories.

The trees along the drive—how they had grown. They made an imposing fir wood now. He remembered them a miniature plantation. He remembered his elder sister saying to him once: "When you are fourteen that will be a forest." To be fourteen then had sounded something so impossibly far off, so portentously important and grown up. He was over 35 now; it was not yet a forest; his sister had exaggerated. Suddenly the road took a downward slope, the plantation came to an end, and he was driving past the open space where his home stood. He leant out of the taxi and said, "Drive up to that side door."

There was the home exactly the same as when he had left it; the dignified, comfortable, red brick Queen Anne house, square, solid, but not cumbersome, with its orderly windows, its green shutters, and its careless trimmings of ivy. There, hidden by a tree, was the new wing, which had been built later, and there was the long wall where the verberna grew, and the cherry-pie, and the sweet geranium—and the flower you pulled to pieces to find the chariot of Venus. Should he or should he not go in? Mechanically he had already rung the bell before he had decided, and automatically, when the door was opened by a caretaker, and he had asked if he could see over the house, he had run up the back stairs, straight up to the nursery, the room which had been for

him a magic tower looking on to an enchanted world. It was the same; the wallpaper was there with the flowers he had once wanted to pick, and the long cupboard made by the village carpenter which had held the toys. Then he walked along the passage past the box-room, which had once been a haunt of so much inexpressible romance; past the sink, where he had organized regattas of yachts made of pieces of cork, with pins for masts; down the little staircase till he came on the landing which overlooked the large hall.

But it was there that a shock awaited him. The dignified walls had been covered with a glaring plush, stamped with sprawling gilded flowers; every atom of woodwork had been painted and gilded, meretricious carpets were spread over the floor and rolled up in corners of the room, suggesting the idea that should still thicker, still uglier, and still more gaudy carpets be wanted, they were there ready. He walked down the once dignified staircase into the hall and turned into the drawing-room, which he remembered as the delicate and comfortable home of tradition and culture: of books, flowers, music, china and chintz—classic books—Dickens, Thackeray, Smollett, Pope, Racine, and so back to the great sources of literature; classic music, Mozart, Schubert and Beethoven—enlivened by the lilt of Rossini and the gaiety of Donizetti—flowers that smelt good and tables on which water-colors were painted, satin-wood furniture, and large arm chairs covered with stiff shiny chintz, Dres-

(Continued on Page 17.)

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A Symposium of War Poets

MAGNARD

By Edmond Rostand

(It is said that Alberic Magnard, the composer, was shot while defending his home at Compiègne against German troops. Magnard's greatest work is his music drama "Berenice" in which he used a theme on which Racine based a famous tragedy. To this, and to Corneille's play "Tite et Berenice" the sextet of the sonnet alludes. The translation is by Joyce Kilmer.)

See how this foe of treachery and lies
Who loved the muse with constant love and great
And fought for art against barbaric hate
Fights also for his home, and, fighting, dies!

O Radiant Death, harmonious and wise!
O Perfect Symmetry of work and fate!
Let him dwell in the realms whence rose the State
Where master-poets greet him with proud eyes.

Two Shades will talk to him of Berenice,
For this man's sake their rivalry shall end,
For monument his hearthstone shall abide;
And let this Frenchman in sweet earth be laid;
He did the measure and the purpose blend,
Sang like Racine, and, like Corneille, he died!

THE MEN OF THE EMDEN

By Thomas R. Ybarra

What matter if you
Be stanch and true
To the British blood in the veins of you,
When it's "hip hurrah!" for a deed well done,
For a fight well fought and a race well run—
What matter if you be true?
Hats off to the Emden's crew!

Theirs was the life of the storm-god's folk,
Uncounted miles from the Fatherland,
With a foe beneath every wisp of smoke,
And a menace in every strip of strand.
Up, glasses! Paul Jones was but one of these,
Hull, Bainbridge, Decatur, their brothers, too!
(Ha! those pirate nights
In a ring of fogs,
When you douse your lights
And drive home your blows!)

Hats off to the Emden's crew!
Erect on the wave-washed decks stood they
And heard with a Viking's grim delight
The whirr of the wings of death by day
And the voice of death in their dreams by night!
Under the sweep of the wings of death,
By the blazing gun, in the tempest's breath,
While a world of enemies strove and fumed,
Remote, unaided, undaunted, doomed,
They stood—
Is there any, friend or foe,
Who will choke a cheer?—who can still but scoff?

No, no, by the gods of valor, no!
To the Emden's crew—
Hats off!

THE MADONNA OF TERMONDE

By Clinton Scollard

Within a convent in Termonde
An image of the Virgin stands
Serene, with half uplifted hands
And eyes that seem to look beyond
The mutability of things;
Around, war's ruthless ravagings,
The shattered roof, the crumbling wall,
Are like a sacrilege malign.
And yet some power—was it divine?—
Impalpable, impending there,
Has spared the image and the shrine
That cast a glamor over all
And bid the soul to bow in prayer.

A miracle, so some would say;
An omen. Be this as it may,
The sweet Madonna face inspires
The thought: Above the conflict fires,
The hates, the base desires that sway
The heart of man, God watches still
And works toward that diviner day
When good shall triumph over ill.

TO A RICH MAN

By Frances Chesterton

You call across the roll of drums, across the drums of death,
To us who served you blindly in your days of pomp and ease,
While the sweat poured off our bodies with every laboring breath
And we drank our cup of agony from the first drops to the lees.

Once again we taste our agony—an agony of pride—
As the trumpets call to battle, the call that summons slaves
From mine and field and factory who thought their souls had died,
Whose souls reply triumphant from their unconfining graves.

And we who are your masters, the slaves you thought to scorn,
Who keep the rags of honor, save your honor from the dust,
And yours not ours the moment to flatter and to fawn,
Lest England's pride be humbled, or England's sword be rust.

We knew the form of Freedom; though with strange face she came,
Her splendor grew immortal—she held the deathless crown
To the patient poor who vainly cried for liberty and fame,
And we turn to face you smiling, who had trembled at your frown.

And our God that can deliver us from plague and fire and sword
In our time of tribulation, in death and judgment too,
Bids you gather up your millions, hold fast your worthless hoard
In all time of your wealth—good Lord deliver you.

THE YOUTH THAT DIES

By McLandburgh Wilson

In years to come upon the warring land
Perhaps some plague shall lay its awful hand,
A scourge mysterious that fills the grave,
And she shall call for scientists to save.
Then Fate shall answer to her cry forlorn:
"Behold! the genius whom you crave was born,
But you shall seek for him in vain. He died
A drummer boy, at Marne's red battle tide."

Nay, even now the State makes mortal cry
For mighty minds to save her lest she die.
For great hearts, tender, patient, strong and clean,
For wisdom such as earth has seldom seen.
And if despite the courage of her sons
Her glory passes in the breath of guns,
May Fate not answer: "Lo, the needed Man
Died long ago, a stripling at Sedan!"

BATTERY L

By James L. Harvey

Battery L of the R. H. A.
—Oh, the cold grey light o' the dawn—
Woke as the mists were wreathing pale,
Woke to the moan of the shrapnel hail—
Battery L of the R. H. A.
Sprang to their guns in the dawn.

Six guns all at the break o' day
—Oh, the crash of the shells at dawn—
And out of the six guns only one
Left for the fight ere the fight's begun—
Battery L of the R. H. A.
Swung her round in the dawn.

They swung her clear and they blazed away
—Oh, the blood-red light o' the dawn—
Osborne, Derbyshire, brave Dorrell,
These are the heroes of Battery L,
These are the men of the R. H. A.
Who fought that gun in the dawn.

Ay, that was a fight that was fought that day,
As the grey mists fled from the dawn,
Till they broke up the enemy one by one,
Silenced him steadily gun by gun—
Battery L of the R. H. A.,
One lone gun in the dawn.

SEDAN

By Hilaire Belloc

I, from a window where the Meuse is wide,
Looked Eastward, out to the September night.
The men that in the hopeless battle died
Rose and re-formed and marshalled for the fight.
A brumal army vague and ordered large
For mile on mile by one pale General,
I saw them lean by companies to the charge;
But no man living heard the bugle call.

And fading still, and pointing to their scars,
They rose in lessening cloud where, grey and high,
Dawn lay along the Heaven in misty bars.
But, gazing from that Eastern casement, I
Saw the Republic splendid in the sky,
And round her terrible head the morning stars.

FRANCE

By Cecil Chesterton

Because for once the sword broke in her hand,
The words she spoke seemed perished for a space:
All wrong was brazen, and in every land
The tyrants walked abroad with naked face.

The waters turned to blood, as rose the Star
Of evil fate denying all release.
The rulers smote the feeble crying "War!"
The usurers robbed the naked crying "Peace!"

And her own feet were caught in nets of gold,
And her own soul profaned by sects that squirm,
And little men climbed her high seats and sold
Her honor to the culture and the worm.

And she seemed broken and they thought her dead,
The Over Men, so brave against the weak.
Has your last word of sophistry been said,
O cult of slaves? Then it is hers to speak.

Clear the slow mists from her half-darkened eyes,
As slow mists parted over Valmy fell,
And once again her hands in high surprise
Take hold upon the battlements of Hell.

Poems About San Francisco

CLXXVII—THE STEVENSON MEMORIAL

(Even weak-voiced singers seem to improve the quality of their music when they are inspired by the Stevenson monument in Portsmouth Square. There is Fred Carpenter, for instance. His "Verses from Many Lands" just published by Paul Elder contain but little music, but in the following he is not displeasing. It is the best thing in the little volume.)

By Fred W. Carpenter

"The smelting pot of the races,"
You called our city of old,
As we looked out through the Golden Gate
Toward the Far East, tinged with gold.

From the South Seas came her cargoes,
From Europe, and India's strand,
While men from all the nations
Flocked to the new-found land.

But the shrine of all our memories,
Of the city that is no more,
Is a golden galleon sailing
Toward a distant, dreamy shore.

'Tis your golden ship of fancy,
With those Christmas words below,
Bearing all the love for human kind
That a heart like yours could know.

The Spectator

The Firing of Murphy

"That's one way to improve a man's reputation," said the man who winds the ferry clock.

"What way?" queried Commissioner Dwyer in a tone of great eagerness.

The clockwinder smiled. "It wouldn't apply in your case, Joe," he said. "I mean that if you want to boost a man like Chief Murphy, a competent, modest, retiring official, not given to tooting his own horn, or practicing politics, just put up some kind of cheap political trick on him by way of getting him out of the public service, and then you'll see him touted to beat the band. That's Murphy's case. The people generally had no idea of the kind of fireman they had in the chief's office until Doc Jones and his associates kicked him into the night without two minutes' notice. It was such rough work that the whole city revolted, and then the people began hearing from experts. They soon learned that Chief Murphy was some chief, so big a chief that insurance rates would be raised if the Mayor didn't put him back. The only eulogium that wasn't up to the mark was Rolla Watt's. Rolla gave him a Y. M. C. A. endorsement. 'He's a good chief,' said Rolla, 'but Shaughnessy is a good man, too. They're both friends of mine,' etc., etc. Rolla is a great acrobat on the fence. Did you know that some of his blue-nose friends are trying to start a boom for him for Mayor?"

"No," said Dwyer, "is that so?"

"Oh, yes," said the clockwinder. "That's what brought on the cold snap."

A Doctor's Political Career

After a few moments of meditation the clockwinder resumed: "By the way, Doc Jones appears to have played right into Mayor Rolph's hands."

"What do you mean?" Dwyer asked.

"I feel sorry for Jones," said the clockwinder. "But that's what a doctor gets for going into politics. A doctor ought to stick to his patients.

Now Doc Jones is a good doctor. Out in the Mission his patients swear by him, but he would get into politics. He made Rolph's fight for Mayor in the Mission, and after the election he thought he'd be close up, but Matt Sullivan and Father Crowley elbowed him into the back-ground. He was sore. He nursed a grievance, kept it alive on a diet, and then joined the Missionites, a club organized to put the Indian sign on the Mayor. But the Mayor never turned a hair. He went right on smiling. One day he created a vacancy in the Fire Commission, sent for Doc Jones, offered him the job. The Doc rose to it like a trout to a fly. Now I'm wondering if the Mayor set a trap for Jones."

"What do you mean?" Dwyer asked.

"I was just thinking," said the clockwinder, "that perhaps the Mayor put Jones on the Fire Commission with the expectation of his making an early tragedy of his political career."

Where the Money Goes

The clockwinder was in a talkative mood. "I see," he observed just as Commissioner Dwyer sat down to take his morning nap in a big arm chair, "that there's a deficit in the State treasury."

"A small one," said Dwyer, "it doesn't amount to anything."

"No, it's a mere trifle. Joe. Only about a million. What's a deficit in a State like ours! If the people are satisfied what difference does it make if we run a million short once in a while. And we know the people are satisfied because they want more commissioners like you, Joe."

Commissioner Dwyer smiled.

"But, I say, Joe, the people don't pay you enough; that is, considering the present standard of salaries. You're running along here at the same salary that a Harbor Commissioner got in the old days when the bad railroad machine controlled politics. We've done a lot of splurge-

ing since then. Why, the chairman of the Board of Control gets more money than you. He gets almost as much as we used to pay the Governor. The Board of Control costs us twenty thousand a year in salaries. And there's the Highway Engineer—he gets \$10,000 a year, and he has eight assistants each of whom gets three thousand, almost as much as we pay you."

By this time Dwyer was sitting up and taking notice.

"I'd raise a roar if I were you, Joe," said the clockwinder. "Why not? The deficit is only a million. It isn't right. In addition to the engineers of the Highway Commission we have the engineers of the Department of Engineers whose salaries aggregate \$36,000 a year. Besides we are going to create the job of State Highway Superintendent for Andy Gallagher at \$15,000 a year, and as I have said the deficit is only a million dollars, and anyway no money comes out of the pockets of the plain people because the plain people have abolished the poll tax."

"I didn't know the State was so liberal," said Dwyer.

"Of course you didn't, Joe. You're absorbed in the study of the immorality of the teredo. I'll bet you never looked up the Industrial Accident Board. Think of old Deacon Pillsbury getting \$3,000 a year. That board costs us \$17,000 a year in salaries. And there's the Bureau of Labor Statistics that costs us about \$13,000. Why, Joe, the Secretary of the Railroad Commission gets as much money as you're paid."

"You don't say so!" Dwyer exclaimed.

"Yes, I do. Why, Joe, that commission exclusive of clerks costs us \$45,000 a year. You see, Joe, times have changed; where, in the old days we had one State officer on a modest salary, we now have a commission, and commissions come high. It's the same here in town. We used to have a Superintendent of Streets who spent a lot of time exercising a fast horse in the park.

Now we have a Board of Public Works wearing out automobile tires on the country roads. Naturally the cost of government is increasing, but don't let that worry you, Joe. You're a price-less Harbor Commissioner."

"What about you?" Dwyer asked.

"I'm afraid to ask for a new key to wind the clock."

The Vigilant Press

In police circles there is much conjecturing as to the person whom the newspapers have picked out for Chief White's job. Chief White has never been persona grata to the big wigs of daily journalism. He has never shown them the deference due to men of high degree. In other words, he has not permitted them to dictate the policies of his office, preferring to exercise his own judgment. He has even neglected to consult them, and naturally they are keenly sensible of their paramount importance as panjandarums in civic affairs. Supervisors crawl to them, the Mayor humors them, the Chief of Police is the only functionary who doesn't take them seriously, and apparently he is satisfied so long as he has the confidence of the Police Commissioners. Hence the editorial thunder that splits the empyrean and the ponderous bolts from the central blue at Third and Market. Crooks of all the allied unsocial trades, we are told, are holding high carnival in San Francisco. Well, why not? This is a great winter resort. Every winter since the days when the waters of the bay came up to Montgomery street San Francisco has been the Mecca of gentlemen who know that when the mercury is low there is not a more salubrious climate in the world for persons leading a precarious existence than that which is to be found

by the Golden Gate. The police records tell the same story for fifty consecutive winters. That there is not a great increase of crime this winter, on the eve of the opening of the World's Fair, is an unpleasant commentary on the gentlemen who have charge of publicity for the Exposition. This being an exceptionally cold winter in the East, how are we to account for the small number of migratory hoboes who have paid us the tribute of their presence? Perhaps many of the brakebeam tourists have been frozen stiff on the way out. But to read the Examiner one might suppose that this was the year of a centennial celebration of the Grand Order of Crooks. Well, the Examiner has reminded us that we have an inadequate police force, and that as a result of Examiner teaching the police were able to induce the dear people to raise police salaries so that now we have the highest salaried police in the world. I wonder what would happen to the Examiner if it should ever be tried by a court of competent jurisdiction for all the ills that it has wished on this long-suffering community.

"A Hawk from a Hernshaw"

"I am but mad north-north-west; when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw."

That is the way the line stands in the text of "Hamlet." It is not, however, the way Forbes-Robertson speaks it. For "handsaw" he substitutes "hernshaw." Most Shakespearian commentators agree that "handsaw" is a corruption of the text, that it should be "hernshaw," a hernshaw being a heron; so that Hamlet meant to say that he could tell a hawk from a heron. There have always been some critics of the Shakespearian text, however, who maintained that

Shakespeare meant to write "handsaw," and they have been able to support their contention with plausible arguments. It is one of those moot questions the commentators love, and of course it can never be definitely settled. Actors usually follow the text, whether it bear signs of corruption or not. But the great Shakespearian actors have always had their pet emendations of disputed passages. They like to appear before the public as critical students as well as interpreters of Shakespeare. Irving had a number of these pet passages. Booth had some. I take it that "hernshaw" is one of Forbes-Robertson's favorites.

The Douglas Trial

It looks as though the Oscar Wilde scandal will never down till the wretched Lord Alfred Douglas is in his grave. Douglas' latest appearance before a disgusted public was on a charge of publishing defamatory libels concerning Robert Ross, Wilde's literary executor. The jury disagreed, so Douglas will be tried again. The trial however accomplished all that Douglas could have wished, for the name of Robert Ross seems to have been indelibly smirched by the evidence. Mr. Justice Coleridge referred to this evidence in summing up when he said that when Wilde came out of prison both Douglas and Ross quarreled for possession of him. "Certainly both these persons," he said, "seemed to have fluttered around Oscar Wilde as moths flutter round a candle." Truly it may be said of Oscar Wilde that the evil he did lives after him.

A Friendly Tip

Edgar de Wolfe who used to run the Pleasanton and the Granada and who is now assistant manager of the great Biltmore in New York, is on a flying trip to his old home town. He tells me that he came expressly to see the Fair so that he might talk about it to guests of the Biltmore from first-hand knowledge.

"At the present time," he said, "there is not at the information bureau of the Biltmore a single booklet or folder or card or printed slip containing information about the World's Fair. The clerks at the Biltmore have not even been notified of the date when the Fair is to open."

This is a friendly tip from a man who loves San Francisco, and it is to be hoped that it will be acted on at once by the men of the publicity department.

The Municipal Church

Art has been municipalized (an ugly word, but I did not coin it) through the means of a municipal art gallery and a municipal band; medicine to a certain extent through the means of the municipal clinic. Comes now a Californian mayor with a proposal for a municipal church. It is Mayor Catick of San Bernardino who would municipalize religion. This worthy man would have worship under civic control like water, street cars and other public utilities. He's for union of church and city. Perhaps he thinks that pastors and deacons, sextons and church organists should be elected by popular vote, and recalled where unsatisfactory. All the details of his scheme are not given in the San Bernardino papers from which I derive my information. However, the proposal has caused a deal of pother in the oasis city. One editor calls him a blather-skite, which is not a Christian thing to do. This editor charges that the Mayor misses the deep meaning of religion. That, I submit, is an easy matter if one studies religion and tries to extract its meaning by observation of the doings of some of our amazing pulpites.

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An Evangelist's Rejoinder

One of those aroused to fury by Mayor Catick's proposal is Evangelist Brown who seeks to overwhelm the Mayor with a *reductio ad absurdum*.

"In the amen corner," says Evangelist Brown, "would sit the saloon-keeper and the saint; in the front pews would sit pure mothers, daughters and little children with the gambler, the drunkard and the libertine."

Apparently Evangelist Brown objects to the municipal church because it would bring the publican to worship as well as the pharisee. And yet we have excellent authority for the religious justification of the publican.

The Mayor Comes Back

It was inevitable that Mayor Catick should knock the crutch from under this limping argument. Answers the Mayor to the evangelist:

"I am surprised at what I consider some very uncharitable statements. I learn that one of the arguments against the municipal tabernacle was that it would find the saint and drunkard in the same corner, and find the saloon-keeper, the fallen woman and other sinners in the same pews with wives and daughters. It has always been my idea that it was one of the aims of a church and certainly of an evangelist, to bring out these fallen persons so that an appeal to their better instincts could be made. I admit that I would hope to have them in the tabernacle I advocated so that they might be helped if they need help."

Which seems to me "a hit, a most palpable hit."

On Second Thought

Whereupon Evangelist Brown drew his second wind and thought a second thought, thusly:

"No, not alone is it true that I am not opposed to the saloon-keeper, drunkard or libertine sitting with the saint in the House of God, for I would encourage their attendance and welcome them there. My ideas were that these men and women should not sit in the House of God with equal authority with the saint. Certainly not until after they had experienced a change of heart and been definitely saved from their sins. And the mission of the church is to reach and save these. On the other hand according to the ideas of the mayor these men and women, through the fact of being taxpayers would become members of this church and thereby receive a through ticket to heaven. Men and women cannot be made Christians by legislation, much less by taxation."

More Light

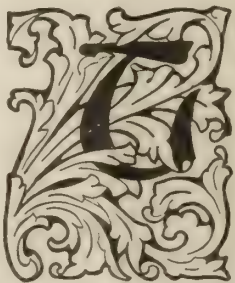
Thus we get new light on the project. The municipal church would sell "a through ticket to heaven," pasted no doubt on a receipted tax bill. This is not the Mayor's notion; it is the evangelist's interpretation of the Mayor's scheme. In the thought of the evangelist the regular church attendant is a saint with a Pullman reservation on the flier to Paradise. He regards Mayor Catick's scheme as an invasion of the evangelical ticket-selling privilege. Perhaps he sees in the offering a possible interference on the part of the Railroad Commission. Rates may be re-

duced. Salvation may be placed within the reach of saloon-keepers and loose livers. Heaven is in danger of becoming vulgarly inclusive. Decidedly, from the evangelist's viewpoint, the municipal church won't do.

For Municipal Pastor

Not being in favor of municipal ownership, even of street cars, I do not feel called upon to indorse Mayor Catick's suggestion. But if municipal religion ever comes I have a candidate for municipal pastor. I refer to Charles Sumner Nash, president of the Pacific Theological Seminary. Some months ago Dr. Nash delivered an address in this city on "Our Widening Thought of God." It has been issued in brochure form from Paul Elder's busy press, and I have just perused it. Dr. Nash outlines a religion that might be preached from the pulpit of a municipal church without hurting anybody's feelings. It is Christianity of great latitudinarianism. It makes very small demand upon the believer. With Dr. Nash the Trinity is a pleasing figure of speech. The Crucifixion is not so much as mentioned. The Resurrection is what you will. Dr. Nash expounds a sort of Harold Skimpole Christianity, an amiably pragmatic faith, just the sort of non-dogmatic system that would suit a municipal church. Why should not Dr. Nash and Mayor Catick collaborate on the details of this extremely original scheme?

EVER DRINK A WHISKY THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OLD



THAT exquisite pleasure has been granted to but very few people. *Back in the year 1852 the late A. P. HOTALING began storing old whiskies in his cellars on Jackson Street as a basis for blending in later years.* There the barrels reposed year after year while the whiskies were mellowed by the subtle process of time. Every approximate ten years, when the contents of each barrel were materially diminished by outage (evaporation), the whiskies were drawn off into vats and reduced to an even palatable proof. Later accumulations of very old whiskies were added and blended and drawn off into newly charred barrels of small capacity, so that the whiskies could more easily come in contact with the wood and absorb the tannin in the char. This added a rich color and flavor. A limited amount was sold to the trade at the end of each ten-year period. The process was repeated every approximate ten years. Today we have whiskies in our cellars that have as their base those distilled thirty-five years ago. This careful blending and aging has produced a pure, wholesome whisky—smooth as velvet—rich in bouquet. One taste and you get the significance of its character. No whisky like it can be had in California, and we doubt if Kentucky has anything finer. A limited amount will be sold direct to the consumer in sealed packages for \$10.00 a gallon.

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By TANTALUS

The Impropriety of Tights

At the recent dansant of the Associated Charities I saw a beautiful young woman doing solo-dancing in bare feet and bare legs decorously veiled, and I was reminded of the dictum of Isadora Duncan that tights are indecent. Sitting there in the ball-room in the midst of many interesting folks representative of the leading professions and noblest activities of this community I realized in a flash that Isadora Duncan was right. It was in expiation of primeval disobedience, I recalled, that we were cursed with a shamefaced diffidence, and I reflected that perhaps our present inclination to view a knee in the same light as an eyebrow was a sign that we were qualifying for redemption. Assuredly tights are a concession to prudery, which is a sin, and bare legs may enable us to return rhythmically to pristine simplicity. I feel certain that I could pick a jury out of the throng that enjoyed the solo-dancing before which I could argue my point without the slightest danger of losing my case. If I were challenged my choice would be Mayor Rolph, Peter F. Dunne, Dr. Washington Dodge, Wm. F. Humphrey, John J. Barrett, Frank Deering, William A. Lange, James Woods, A. W. Scott, Dave Warfield, Quentin Tod and Sam Rucker.

What the Dance Has Done

By the way, these gentlemen at the dansant and others that were there of like standing in this gayest of cities, as it was characterized by Maurice Baring, prolonged my reverie. What a boon, I thought is the dance as modernized, since it has served to relax the dignity of many eminent citizens and render them on occasion as playful as kittens. Many a man whose days of leisure were thought by himself to be no more, now finds time several days a week to take an hour off and a teacher on that he may learn to shake a leg gracefully in the mazes of the divers dances. When they appear at night their dancing is like a spontaneous inspiration, and in some instances their rhythmical motions seem to have emotional meaning, which is quite proper, as all art was in the beginning a religious cult. There, for example, swaying most gracefully, with eyes looking love to eyes are Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Scott. Mrs. Scott's histrionic triumphs were interrupted by the war, and it was easy to see at the dansant that husband and wife were delighted to be reunited. They appeared to be dancing through a honeymoon. Plato commends dancing for exerting a calming influence over four dangerous passions—joy, anger, fear and

melancholy. I hope the Puritans will take Plato's tip and either leave the dance alone or bring it back to the church as a means of reviving the emotional element in religion, and thus saving reformed Christianity from extinction.

Terpsichore's Finest Shrine

When John Tait decided that he must have a special room for his dancing guests he commissioned Clarence Ward to build it. The architect of the Palace of Machinery at the World's Fair designed the Pompeian Garden for Tait when Tait's on Van Ness avenue was the centre of gayety after the fire. That was one of the most delightful dining rooms the city ever knew. So Tait was sure he could make no mistake in asking Ward to dip into his rich imagination once more. Clarence Ward is a poet-architect. He went into conference with his fancy and conjured the vision of a room that might have graced Aladdin's palace. That was the genesis of "Pavo Real," as the new room which has raised Tait's one story nearer heaven has been named. And a royal peacock of a room it is! Looking at its domed ceiling illuminated by a great hanging lamp you might think yourself in a great cathedral of Byzantium. Looking at the walls with their opulent tapestries and their carved woodwork you might imagine that you had stepped into the spacious hall of a medieval manor. Looking at the gorgeous mural paintings you are reminded of a villa at Herculaneum. And yet in the room as a whole there is nothing bizarre or rococo. It is harmonious; with all its highly decorative details it still achieves unity and dignity. It is the successful tour de force of a very bold but very sure vision.

A Birthday Dinner

"Pavo Real" was thrown open to the public Tuesday night, but on Sunday night John Tait had already disclosed it to a number of his intimate friends whom he gathered together in celebration of the architect's birthday. In the course of a splendid dinner Tait presented to Ward a magnificent loving cup which was immediately filled with a cuvee wine and sent the rounds of the board. Then for the first time dancing feet twinkled over the floor of "Pavo Real." Miss Westphal did a classic dance, and Mlle. La Gai, Quentin Tod and Mr. and Mrs. Fetters illustrated the latest steps. These four specialists will be identified with "Pavo Real." To make up the quartet Tait lured Mr. and Mrs. Fetters from the Hotel Bellevue-Stratford at Philadelphia. The guests at the dinner were John Coleman, Frank Hooper, Philip Bekeart, Clarence Ward, John Tait, Ralph McLeran, E. H. Hamilton, Dr. E. N. Short, James R. Miller, Harry Blohme, W. H. McCarthy, Alexander Young, James Woods, Sam Rucker, W. F. Humphrey, Louis Sloss, Ellis Parrish, Edward F. O'Day, Edward Landis, Arthur Stringer, George Uhl, William Fairbanks, H. D. H. Connick, Roy Carruthers, Lawrence Harris, William Lange, W. E. Travis, William Nelson, Roy Pike, Gus Lenoir, Seth Mann and Charles Dickman.

A New Song

A new song has come to San Francisco. It's a parody of "Tipperary," and it was sung for the first time by Roy Pike at the birthday dinner to Clarence Ward in the new "Pavo Real" room at

Tait's. It made an immediate hit, and should be popular, for it points a warning. It runs:

It's a long way to California,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to California,
To the best State that I know.
Farewell, old Seattle,
Farewell, rock and rye;
It's a long way to California—
Washington's gone dry!

There are three other stanzas in which the names of Portland, Tucson and Denver are substituted for Seattle, and the names of Oregon, Arizona and Colorado for Washington.

A Compliment for the Fair

A distinguished visitor in this city recently was John von Zeppelin Obermueller, Consul General of the Netherlands at Shanghai. He is dean of the consular corps there and as such President of the Extra-Territorial Tribunal. With him was his charming wife, a Parisian lady whom he met and married while he represented his country at the French capital. This distinguished couple were entertained during their stay by Henry A. Van C. Torchiana, Consul General of the Netherlands in this city. One day Torchiana took his guests to the Fair grounds. They were delighted with the beauty of the buildings and grounds. They were leaving after a thorough inspection when Madame Obermueller said:

"There is only one thing about your Fair which makes me sad."

"What is that?" asked Consul Torchiana.

"The fact that it is more beautiful than our Fair in Paris was," she replied.

An Incomplete Report

A despatch from St. Louis published, on account of its obvious importance, on the first page of the newspapers states that Miss Clara Busch, a daughter of the beer baron, has just made what is tastefully called "her million dollar debut." Appropriate details are supplied. The flowers cost more than \$10,000. The dinner came to \$14,500.

San Francisco firm First in new industry.

San Francisco has the distinction of being the first city west of the Mississippi where the new "One-piece" Bifocals are ground. The California Optical Company's well known policy of progressiveness is again demonstrated in placing this wonderful double vision lens on the market. They are the only retail optical establishments on the Pacific Coast licensed to grind this marvelous new lens. Reading and distance corrections are ground in one solid piece of hard white optical glass—no noticeable dividing lines between reading and distance portions—no rainbow colors.

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Pears'

SOAP

15c. a Cake for the Unscented

Jewelry worth more than \$500,000 was worn. The gowns made for the occasion cost more than \$50,000. So far so good. But why are we deprived of further information of the most valuable sort? How much did the debutante's slipers cost? What did she pay for her stockings, her lingerie, her gloves? How much ready money did her father have in his pants pocket on this auspicious occasion? How much was spent for champagne? How much for taxis? It must be quite clear that the report of this epochal affair is financially incomplete.

Amy's Snakes

Now that Amy Crocker Ashe Gillig Gouraud Miskinoff (to give her name and her matrimonial history at one and the same time) is back in New York, they are reviving a story or two about her. One has to do with an evening in the New York studio of Edmund Russell, a pallid esthete who is prominent in the queer Bohemian set that hangs on the ragged edge of Manhattan society. One of the guests, a young woman, was sitting on a couch amid a profusion of soft cushions and oriental rugs. Amy was there, gorgeous with strange brilliants. The young woman felt something cuddling against her feet, but at first she paid no attention, thinking it was the pet dog of one of the guests. Finally her attention was attracted, and behold! it was an enormous snake. There was a commotion, and Amy came to the rescue. She explained that it was her snake, and that there were two more crawling about the room. They were her pets, she said. The young woman fled the studio.

Marjorie Rambeau on Broadway

We cannot claim the credit of discovering Marjorie Rambeau. Long before we acclaimed her beauty and her dramatic talent Los Angeles had done the same. Even Oakland knew her before we did. However, we can at least say that we were not indifferent to her high ability. And now the metropolis of the East is going into ecstasies over her, something the me-

topolis of the West, with all its generous praise, did not do. Miss Rambeau is appearing on Broadway in the play her husband Willard Mack tried out at the Alcazar, "So Much for So Much," and is enjoying a personal triumph. The following extract from an article by the dramatic critic of the New York Sun is typical of the notices she has received:

"Miss Rambeau has several valuable assets. She has youth and she has considerable good looks. She is pretty but she has more than prettiness. Her face is bright and it lights up with that responsiveness which is priceless. And, above all, she knows how to act. She demonstrates that in every single scene of this play. Entire simplicity and naturalness she achieves by a sure and deft competence, a thorough mastery of her business."

By the way, it was reported some time ago that Marjorie and Willard had come to the parting of the ways, but this proved to be a canard.

The Somerton Dinner-Dance

The dinner-dance given by Mrs. W. F. Morris at the Hotel Somerton on Geary between Mason and Taylor streets on last Monday evening was indeed the last word in delightful hospitality, a quality for which Mrs. Morris is well known. Although it was the formal opening, the affair had the most charming atmosphere of informality. Mrs. Morris was assisted in receiving her guests by her son-in-law and daughter Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Devendorf. The hostess wore a handsome French frock of chantilly lace and black tulle over cream charmeuse. The waist was made in one of the long loose basque effects of tulle heavily pailletted in jet. The upper part of the skirt was of lace swung over white charmeuse while the full ruffle which fell from it was of black tulle over black charmeuse. Where the basque met the skirt was a garland of American Beauty roses. Mrs. Devendorf wore an attractive gown of dawn pink net over charmeuse of the same shade. The skirt was made en tunique and was of the net edged in a wide band of black velvet. The waist was made in surplice mode and was sleeveless. Across the shoulders was a broad band of velvet. The wide loose girdle was of black velvet. The dining room at the Somerton was artistically decorated in Christmas wreaths, seasonal garlands and yellow chrysanthemums. The tables were radiant in low banks of button chrysanthemums, coreopsis, yellow roses or wall-flowers. At each place was a dear little old-fashioned boutonniere of wall-flowers or the button chrysanthemums encircled with a lace paper-holder. One of the prettiest tables was that at which Mrs. Morris presided. It was decorated in gold baskets filled with chrysanthemums and maiden hair fern. Her guests were Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Devendorf, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Faulkner and several others. Mrs. Charles C. Judson was hostess at a table, her guests being Messrs. and Mesdames Chester W. Judson, Roy Somers, Frank Somers and Mrs. Mary Barnes. Mrs. O. V. Walker entertained her daughter, Mrs. Frederick Henshaw, Miss Elinor Tay and Mrs. John Mighells. At another table were Major S. D. Keleher and Mr. and Mrs. James P. Keleher. Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Address had as their guests Mesdames V. Lewis, Roy Hawley and J. A. McKinney.

A Thirty-five Year Old Drink

A great deal of interest has been manifested among connoisseurs of good whisky by the announcement of A. P. Hotaling and Co. that the firm has in its cellars on Jackson street a whisky that has been mellowing for thirty-five years. The history of this whisky is a most interesting

one, and its quality is worthy of the story that accounts for it. A limited amount of this rare stock will be sold directly to the consumer in sealed packages for ten dollars the gallon. The announcement is made in an attractive folder issued by the firm. Besides telling the story of this golden liquor the folder contains another bit of history. "In the fire of 1906," it runs, "the only block not burned in the wholesale district was the one containing the warehouses of A. P. Hotaling and Co. Someone then wrote:

If, as some say, God spanked the town
For being over frisky,
Why did he burn the churches down
And save Hotaling's whisky?"

The announcement is finely printed on brown paper with a rubricated initial and is being much sought by souvenir-hunters.

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Gossip of the Theatre

Forbes-Robertson as Hamlet

The Queen has drunk of the poisoned cup. The "treacherous instrument, unbated and envenom'd" has pierced the breast of Hamlet. Laertes is "a woodcock to his own springe." The King is killed at last. Hamlet takes the vacant throne with "the fell sergeant, death" at his elbow. Sitting there with the pallor of dissolution upon his brow he bids Horatio: "Report me and my cause aright to the unsatisfied," and a thrill of personal pity passes over the awe-struck audience. "If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart," he goes on, the soft music of his marvelous voice striking on the silent air like a passing bell, "if thou didst ever hold me in thy heart, absent thee from felicity a while, and in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain, to tell my story." The dying Prince hears martial music. "What warlike noise is this?" It is young Fortinbras, "with conquest come from Poland." All the irresolution of life is gone as Hamlet lifts the sceptre with a royal gesture and gives Fortinbras his "dying voice." And now "the rest is silence." The troubled spirit goes forth in a sigh, a noble heart is cracked and the sweet prince, still sitting on the throne with all the dignity of his brief kingdom, seems to hear the angels that sing him to his rest. The music outside changes to a funeral march, the muffled drums roll their tribute of grief, and Fortinbras enters with his soldiers. The body is lifted tenderly to a pallet made of shields and spears, and the procession of death moves slowly to "soldiers' music and the rites of war." Our last view is of that wonderful face uplifted, its beautiful features set in the majesty of death and peace. How can we ever forget that touching scene? It fixes itself in the memory forever. It is the poignant consummation of ineffable tragedy. One thought of the words in another play: "Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it." "The rest is silence." Yes, one left the theatre with something of that great silence brooding in one's breast. How empty words are to convey the profound impression of that spacious spectacle! The purged emotions ask for reticence, not speech. Booth I never saw, but in the years to come when talk takes up the great Shakespearians I shall say with all sincerity and not a little pride, "It was my privilege to behold Forbes-Robertson."

—Edward F. O'Day.

Orpheum Road Show

To the first week's bill of this year's Orpheum Road Show distinction is given by three persons—Herbert William, Billy B. Van and Florence Moore. The three are not in the same act. Herbert Williams is a comedian who does funny things to a piano. Billy B. Van is a farcical actor who has a very funny sketch called "Spooks," and Florence Moore is a comedienne of the cut-up type, who reverses the order of things in vaudeville by employing her associate as a "feeder." A whole show in herself is Florence Moore. Indeed for a time Sunday afternoon she lengthened out the show and threatened to close the bill though she was not the last on the program. She just kept coming back, and the audience never showed any signs of impatience. It seemed as though she couldn't return too often. Yet apparently she was far from exhausting her supply of comicalities. By no means the least of the units of the Road Show is "Surgeon Louder, A. S. A.," a farce, the star of which is Roger

Imhoff, and lovers of the modern dance may get many a thrill from Carlos Sebastian and Dorothy Bentley who show us a few new wrinkles.

—T. F. B.

Fred Butler's Farewell

Next week will be a gala holiday week at the Alcazar, beginning Sunday afternoon with the matinee performance. It will re-introduce to San Francisco theatregoers Fred J. Butler, supported by his own special company of excellent players, in a magnificent revival of the greatest holiday play ever written, "Shore Acres," with its famous turkey dinner and thrilling lighthouse scene. The week will be in the nature of a farewell testimonial to Fred J. Butler, who, on this occasion, will make his farewell appearance on the stage. No better vehicle could have been chosen by the popular star and stage director than James A. Herne's beautiful play of the Maine coast. More times than most people can count has Butler played the role of lovable old Uncle Nat Berry and the saying that "wine improves with age" is certainly true in this instance. Next week will be the twenty-eighth anniversary of Fred J. Butler's appearance on the stage. He made his debut on January 3, 1887, in Oakland, when he appeared in the leading juvenile role of Raoul de Langey in the then famous play "A Celebrated Case." In the company with Butler at the time were such well known artists as Frederic Belasco, George Wessels, W. H. Thompson, E. N. Trayer, Lillian

Owen, Dan Kelly, Margaret Marshall and Dorothy Rossmore. Some of these have passed to the great beyond while others are still active in their chosen profession. Butler will have a great supporting company including Will R. Walling who returns to the stage for one week only; Adele Belgarde, Robert Newcomb, David W. Butler, Effie Bond, Louis Belmour, Kitty Belmour and many other favorites. There will be a special holiday matinee on New Year's Day, besides regular matinees on Thursday, Saturday and Sunday.

Columbia Theatre

"The Yellow Ticket" has won a distinct triumph at the Columbia where it is to remain for a second and last week commencing Monday night. The Michael Morton play is in three strong acts which relate in a very telling manner a story of a young Russian Jewess who fights her way through a series of trying situations despite the efforts of the Czar's officials to triumph over her. Belle Mitchell gives a brilliant and intelligent performance in the role of Marya Varenka. The entire cast is satisfactory and the production very elaborate, the last scene being of exceptional beauty. There will be matinees on Wednesday, New Year's Day and Saturday.

Henry Miller Coming

Henry Miller will play the title role in the forthcoming production of "Daddy Long-Legs" when the Jean Webster comedy is produced at the Columbia commencing Monday night, Janu-



JOHN McCORMACK

The great Irish tenor and his interesting and handsome family. Cyril aged seven, Gwendolin aged five and Mrs. McCormack.

ary 4. Mr. Miller and his company will come here direct from New York and will play a limited engagement in this comedy which is recorded as one of the distinctive hits of the theatrical season. It is noteworthy in connection with this engagement that the comedy was written for Mr. Miller three years ago and he was to have created the title role in it then, but imperative business engagements kept the star from appearing in the production, so his coming engagement at the Columbia will see him as Daddy Long-Legs for the first time.

The McCormack Concerts

John McCormack, the young Irish tenor and the most beloved artist now before the public, will give his first concert at the Cort this Sunday afternoon, assisted by Donald McBeath, a violinist of exceptional talent whom he discovered in Australia, and Edwin Schneider, the American composer and pianist. He will sing an operatic aria by Mozart, lieder by Korbay, Sinding and Rachmaninoff, modern English songs by Landon Ronald, Cyril Scott and Coleridge-Taylor and a group of exquisite old Irish gems arranged by Sir Villiers Stanford, Herbert Hughes and Milligan Fox. The second McCormack concert will be given next Friday night, January 1, at Scottish Rite Auditorium when by special request he will sing the Aria from "La Boheme" and Schubert's "Ave Maria," besides gems by Jensen, Weingartner, Edward Elgar, Coleridge-Taylor, Edwin Schneider and the charming "Lagan Love Song," "She Moved Through the Fair," "In Fanaid's Grove" and "The Next Market Day," the last four being among the finest melodies Ireland has given the world. The final McCormack concert is announced for Sunday afternoon, January 3, at the Cort with still another complete change of program. Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay and Company's, Kohler and Chase's and the Cort Theatre. In Oakland McCormack will sing at Ye Liberty Playhouse next Tuesday night, December 29, and for this event tickets are obtainable at the box office of that theatre only.

Alma Gluck's Programs

Manager Greenbaum announces that he has received the programs for the concerts to be given late in January by Alma Gluck who promises to be the greatest concert singer of the younger generation, and he states that they are the most beautiful and varied lists of song he has ever promised to our music lovers. Mme. Gluck sings fluently in six languages.

Mme. Berkhoel's Concert

Mme. Agathe Berkhoel, a distinguished Scandinavian contralto, will appear in San Francisco about the middle of January. This will be her first appearance here where her husband Harold L. Siegel is well known and possesses a host of friends. It is upon the earnest request of these friends who include a number of the city's most prominent society people and music lovers, that Mme. Berkhoel has been induced to come here. Last season she was engaged as soloist by the Canadian Symphony Orchestra of Montreal, and she toured the British Columbian territory as well as the Pacific Northwest. She has sung with success in opera and concert, and was for a time a member of the Hammerstein company at the Manhattan Opera House. All who have heard her are lavish in praise of her voice and art, the critics expressing themselves as deeply impressed. The musical public is looking forward to an artistic treat when she sings.

Forbes-Robertson's Second Week

"Caesar and Cleopatra," a satire in five acts by George Bernard Shaw, will have its first production in San Francisco on Monday night. Shaw wrote this play for Forbes-Robertson and it is generally considered the best example of Shavian wit on the stage. "Caesar and Cleopatra" will be presented on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday matinee and night. "Passing of the Third Floor Back" will be seen on Thursday and Saturday nights next week and "The Light that Failed," Kipling's play, will be given on Friday while "Hamlet" will be the matinee bill on Saturday of next week. On Christmas afternoon Sir Johnston will give a special performance of "Passing of the Third Floor Back" for the benefit of the Christmas Fund for Homeless Belgians. The entire proceeds of this matinee will be devoted to this worthy cause. Forbes-Robertson and his company will give their services, John Cort the theatre and Jerome K. Jerome his royalties. A beautiful souvenir containing fourteen portraits of Forbes-Robertson in his most famous roles will be given to every lady attending this matinee. Forbes-Robertson's company is practically the same as has appeared with him in London and New York during the past two seasons. Miss Laura Cowie, a young Scotch actress of unusual charm and great promise, is his leading woman.

Alice Lloyd at the Orpheum

The Second Edition of the Orpheum Road Show which opens next week will have as its principal attraction England's daintiest and most popular comedienne Alice Lloyd who brings with her a new repertoire of songs and a number of stunning costumes. Miss Lloyd's popularity in this city is enormous and no more welcome announcement than her reappearance could possibly be made. Dunbar's Nine White Hussars are a

singing band of nine men in snow-white uniforms. They are accomplished musicians and vocalists whose ensemble numbers are interspersed with solos, not the least important of which is a drum solo by a youth who is proclaimed the best trap drummer in America. La France and Bruce, two clever and amusing blackface comedians, will present a ludicrous skit called "The Argument." Johnny Cantwell and Reta Walker will offer a potpourri of song and story entitled "Under the Gay White Lights" in which they represent two ultra-modern Broadway types and afford fifteen minutes of clever and enjoyable entertainment. The other acts will be Carlos Sebastian and Dorothy Bentley, "Sovereigns of the Modern Dance," Imhoff, Conn and Corene in "Surgeon Louder U. S. A.," Violinsky, simultaneous performer on the violin and piano; Chas. De Haven and Freddie Nice; and the irrepressible Billy Van and Beaumont Sisters in "Spooks."

Gladys—Mamma, when people get married are they made into one?

Mamma—Yes, dear.

Gladys—Which one?

Mamma—Oh, they find that out afterwards, darling.

Some people keep us so busy listening to their troubles that we haven't any time for our own.

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Saturday Night—"Light that Failed"
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Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday Matinee and Evening—
Bernard Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra. Thursday
and Saturday Evenings—"Passing of Third Floor Back." Fri-
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Monday, January 4—HENRY MILLER in the Comedy
"DADDY LONG-LEGS"

**The Prodigal Who Came
Back Too Late**

(Continued from Page 8.)

den china and large bowls full of pot-pourri. In-
stead of this, the delicate Adam ceiling had been
painted bright pink and bright blue, and every
detail of the moulding had been gilded; festoons,
like those which decorate a wedding cake, had
been slung across the window. The room was
full of furniture; but it was difficult to see it
for the amount of brass and other ornaments
with which it was covered. Twisted candlesticks,
curved reflectors, glaring silk shades, fringes and
tassels seemed to cover every inch of it; it reeked
of the wealth that is spent for the sake of not-
ifying its existence; it was the final expression of
ostentation, the final negation of comfort: the last
word of what is debased in the coarse expression
of the "new art." He hurried from this room
to others. They were all the same; one more
gaudy, more "artistic" than the other. He asked
the caretaker who owned the house. It was for
sale, she said. It had been bought by a success-
ful commercial man who lived in the North of
England; but he had never lived in the house.
He had decorated it, furnished it, and had once
spent a week there. He had never returned. Now
he wanted to sell it.

The Prodigal went out into the garden. So
untouched was it, so unaltered in every detail
from the last time he had seen it, that everything
which had befallen him in the last fifteen years
seemed to be the dream. The last glimpse of
the tawdry and prostituted rooms was a sharp
piece of nightmare, and this was the reality. He
walked into the kitchen garden. He found the
same tank he had played around with a certain
awe as a child, the same mole was floating about
in it; the rain-gauge was in its old place, and he
wondered whether the door of the hot-houses
where the peaches grew would be locked as it
always used to be. There in the narrow pas-
sage—with its smell of fresh mould—was the
dark little house where the mushrooms grew;
there was the room where the tools lay littered
about, which smelt of bast; like, as they say,
it happens to a drowning man, the scenes and
sights of his childhood rose up before him in a
series of clear, sharp-cut pictures. Every one of
these places had been a kingdom then, with a
strange name and magical qualities. Every one
of the trees had been a fort, every one of the
out-houses had been a kingdom, and some of
them more terrible than a haunted house or a
forest infested by demons. He walked toward
the stables. Everything there was unaltered also,
and there was the duck-pond into which he had
fallen when he was four years old. Only the
loose boxes in the stables were empty; and a
silence brooded over everything. There was not
a man in sight, not a dog, not a cat, in that
place which had once been so full of bustle and
cheerful sounds. He went back into the garden.
There, amidst the sharp scent of the flowers, the
silence was less oppressive, the sense of dream
more natural.

On the grassy lawn in front of the gardener's

house two little children were playing. Surely
those were the gardener's children he used to
play with. No, the gardener's little boy, his play-
fellow, was a grown-up man now, as old as him-
self, dressed in white flannel trousers and a black
billycock, for it was Sunday; and he came out
of the house and explained. These were his
children—the old gardener's grandchildren.

The children became communicative and
showed the Prodigal round the garden; they
made their father open the hot-houses and pick
flowers for a nosegay and a bunch of grapes and
some peaches for the stranger, and while this
happened they stole a tomato.

They prattled on about this and that, about
their father and mother, and then one of them,
a little girl, said to the Prodigal:

"And you, haven't you a father and mother?"
"Yes, I had," he answered, "but they are dead."
"Dead," said the little girl. "Who killed them?"

The Prodigal did not answer that question. He
waved his hand, and walked quickly back to the
house, where the taxi was waiting, and in his
hurry he quite forgot to take with him the nose-
gay which the gardener's son had made him, the
bunch of grapes, and the peaches.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The stock market failed to respond to the good news which was an increase of nearly 5 per cent in the Eastern freight rates as handed down by the Interstate Commerce Commission. There was a little spurt on this announcement of from two to three points in those stocks that will be most benefited by the rate decision, but when this little flurry was over, in the absence of any outside interest, the market reacted again and the good news was apparently forgotten. A wild boom in the stock market just now would be a misfortune. Commerce and industry need all the capital and credit available. Upon them depend the real prosperity of the immediate future. If the attention and the liquid capital of the country are deflected to wild speculation in securities at a time when money can not be drawn from Europe and when we must depend upon our own resources, the bubble would soon burst and we would be worse off than ever. An orderly advance in the stock market justified by improved trade and larger earnings would be welcome, but any so-called discounting of the future would check the very improvement upon which it is based. We have adjusted ourselves to the changed conditions since the war began and the United States is now in a position to go ahead, but it is not strictly true that times are normal. When seven nations containing half the population of the world are at war the times are out of joint and neutral countries such as the United States must pay part of the cost of this madness. The sharp advance in industrial securities was not in keeping with the statements of the business men regarding prevailing conditions. The strength of the low-priced industrials did not prove that the banks have either eliminated them from collateral held to secure loans or that they had greater confidence in such securities than has been supposed. There was a little liquidation toward the end of the week that was supposed to come from abroad but aside from this there was no feature.

Wheat—The wheat market developed strength from day to day last week and Saturday's final prices were the highest on the present upward movement, with every indication of working higher next week. The principal factor has been the enormous takings of wheat from this country by foreigners. Not only England but the entire continent were in the market. Sales of cash wheat ran anywhere from one million to two million five hundred thousand bushels every day for direct export. Exporters became alarmed at the big demand and refused to sell only what they could lay their hands on, and as a result sales were sometimes restricted to the ability to get wheat at primary markets. The weather over the entire wheat country has been

of the winter sort, cold and snow, which will retard the movement for some time. Farmers have shown no disposition to market their surplus wheat freely and are of the opinion that the foreigner must have the wheat regardless of price. This has cut the receipts down and has also given us a fair reduction in the visible supply. Argentine news on the whole was favorable for an early marketing of their crop but the holding tendency seems to have struck that country too. As yet shipments of wheat from Argentina are very small but promise to be much larger after the first of the year. The advance in wheat has been very rapid and no doubt will have a tendency to check the demand from abroad, at least temporarily, which may give us a reaction from present high figures, but sentiment is so bullish and the situation is so strong that we believe advantage should be taken of all reactions to purchase wheat for an investment.

Corn—The corn market has been influenced to some extent by the strength in wheat. Prices have gotten back up into the seventies, but the trade has not been large and the market has been a small affair. Receipts have been very large although the recent cold snap with snow generally over the entire Middle West will no doubt cause an improved feeding demand. Export demand is small and the Eastern demand is not urgent. Stocks are piling up at all primary markets and are now more than three times as large as last year. We are not enthusiastic on the long side of corn and believe corn will follow wheat and in case of a fair set back in wheat corn would follow more readily. However, as long as conditions remain as they are abroad prices will not decline below the 65 cent level.

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; No. 16,550, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN CHRISTIAN FRANKS, sometimes known as J. C. FRANKS, Deceased.

Upon the filing and reading of the petition of Fred C. Franks, Administrator of the Estate of John Christian Franks, deceased, for an order authorizing said Administrator to lease what is known as Camp Two, Franks Tract, which is a part of Subdivision "A" of the Franks Reclamation Company's Tract, lying, situate and being in Contra Costa County, State of California, and more definitely described in said petition, it is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the Estate of John Christian Franks, deceased, be and appear before the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department No. 10, at the New City Hall, Market Street, between 8th and 9th Streets, City of San Francisco, on the 4th day of January, 1915, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause if any they have, or any one of them may have, why the realty, viz., Camp Two of Subdivision "A" of the Franks Reclamation Company's Tract belonging to said estate, should not be leased for the term of one year beginning January 1, 1915, and ending December 31, 1915, at the rental of crop shares as follows: One-third of barley and beans, and one-fourth of potatoes and onions to be baled, sacked, boxed or crated and delivered on levee ready for shipment at cost of lessees. For further particulars reference is hereby made to the petition of the Administrator on file in said matter.

It is ordered that a copy of the foregoing order be published at least once a week for 2 successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, December 16, 1914.

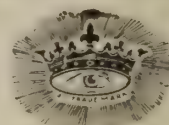
THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

JOHN T. CAREY,
Attorney for J. C. Franks Estate,
San Francisco, Cal.

12-26-

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARIE LABATAILLE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of MARIE LABATAILLE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARIE LABATAILLE, deceased.

JACQUES LABATAILLE,

Executor of the last will and testament of MARIE LABATAILLE, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 5, 1914.

A. COMTE, JR.,

Attorney for Executor,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco.

12-5-5

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| 11:20A | Bay Point and Way Stations. |
| 1:00P | Sacramento, Pittsburg, Bay Point. |
| 1:40P | Concord and Way Stations. |
| 3:00P | Sacramento, Pittsburg, Bay Point. |
| 4:00P | Bay Point and Way Stations. |
| 4:40P | Sacramento, Marysville, Colusa, Oroville and Chico. Pittsburg only stop. Carries free observation car. |
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| 8:00P | Sacramento, Pittsburg and Way. |

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 58724.
D. K. SEIBERT, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES ZARO and ROSA ZARO, his wife, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to: JAMES ZARO and ROSA ZARO, his wife, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of August, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

HARRY K. WOLFE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
322 Kuss Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-12-10.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PIERRE BERGES, Deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of PIERRE BERGES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Pierre Berges, deceased.

ALBERT P. BERGES,
JOSEPH BERGES,

Executors of the last will and testament of PIERRE BERGES, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 12th, A. D. 1914.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executors,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-12-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 59,413.
EDNA M. HEIN, Plaintiff, vs. PEDRO GARCIA and BONITA GARCIA, his wife, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: PEDRO GARCIA and BONITA GARCIA, his wife, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 26th day of September, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD LANDE,
Attorney for Plaintiff. 11-14-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 59860; Department No. 1.

ELIZABETH BRASSEUR, Plaintiff, vs. RAPHAEL BRASSEUR, Defendant.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to RAPHAEL BRASSEUR, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the city and County of San Francisco, this 16th day of October, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

GERALD C. HALSEY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-7-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 59,610; Dept. No. 10.

E. E. FREDERICK, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES T. SALE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: CHARLES T. SALE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 5th day of October, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

ARTHUR BRAND, Attorney for Plaintiff,
817 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-24-10

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